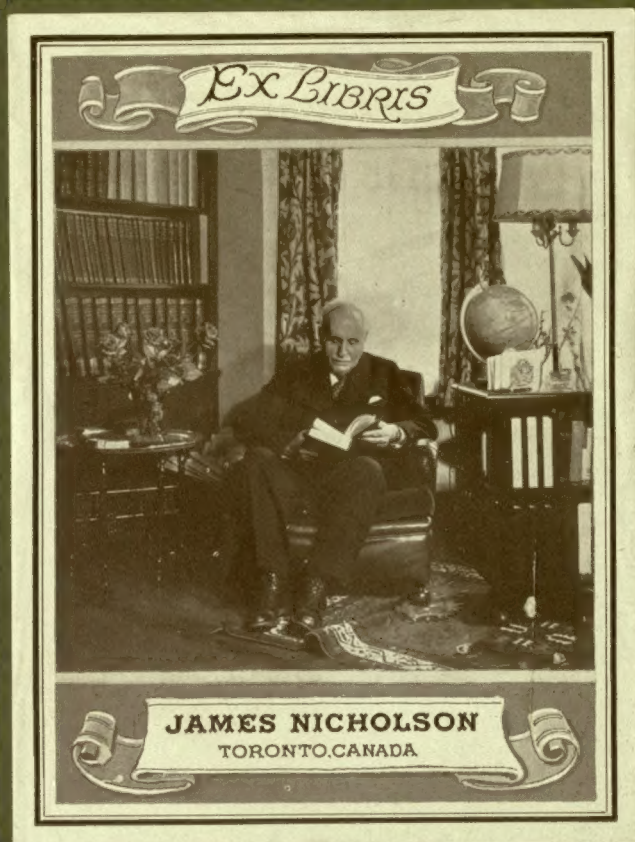


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JANUARY—JUNE, 1902.

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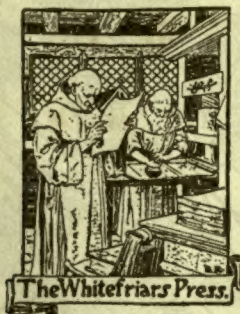


LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,
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Between the Whiffs.

(In the Smoke-room of the A. & C. Club.)

"Most people are not so bad as they are painted," observed the art critic somewhat maliciously.

"But 'most people' aren't painted, confound 'em!" quoth PETER PINKSIT, who hasn't been favoured by a sitter for some time.

THE BEST SEAT FOR THE CORONATION.—The Throne!

APROPOS OF THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY. — "Now, Sir," writes a correspondent, "I have at last a chance of making myself famous. No notice has ever been taken of me up to now. Hitherto my letters have been ignored by the leading journals. But *now* I have a lot to say, and shall attract considerable attention, although I am only

"A MERE CIPHER.

"P.S.—Did you see the article in the *Times* of Boxing-Day on this subject? Was not the Dickensian-Pickwickian story of 'BILLST UMPHS HIS MARK' brought to your memory?"

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(C.-B. makes a Communication.)

If you're restless, do not call me, do not call me, honest JOHN,

I have had a trying Christmas, and the pain is going on ;
Do not therefore call me early with a rousing Liberal cheer,
As I'm not so very anxious to salute the glad New Year.

Last night I had a dream, MORLEY, I often have them now ;
I fancied I was sitting with a garland on my brow ;
And far across St. James's you could hear the Party smile
As its rival sections hailed me where I sat upon the stile.

Oh, merry was our meeting that blessed afternoon !
Our pledges shook the pillars, our waistcoats beat in tune ;
It was early in July, JOHN, and our feelings were so warm
As we parted on the threshold of the dear, dear old *Reform*.

Little guessed the brutal Tories that our tastes would thus
combine ;

They had pictured many a black, black eye, and none so
black as mine ;

Yet although on certain trifles we arranged to disagree,
There was only one opinion when it came to crowning me.

Six little, little months ago ! It seems so short a time !
What have I done that I should see my roses dashed with
rime ?

I didn't ask for greatness—I never knew the trick—
The thing was thrust upon me, so I tried to make it stick.

There was ASQUITH, there was FOWLER, there was earnest
EDWARD GREY—

All the talents beaming on me in a most engaging way ;
But, excepting you and VERNON (who vaguely keeps apart),
There's scarce a man among them but has rearranged his
heart.

No, no, I've not forgotten him ; there's little GEORGE, of
course,

LLOYD-GEORGE, who wears a helmet like a member of the
Force,

That genial band that guards the peace from local breach or
schism

By civil methods so distinct from those of barbarism.

Ah ! there's the luckless phrase again I used the other day :
I will never, never stoop, JOHN, to explain the words away ;
They were obviously uttered in the interests of Peace,
And I think the Correspondence on the subject ought to
cease.

You have doubtless seen, my MORLEY, how our enemies assign
Most unwarrantable meanings to a harmless wheeze of mine ;
Would I libel Mr. ATKINS, whom my very soul adores ?
Why, he stands in my affections only just below the Boers !

I'm so misunderstood, JOHN, though I do the best I can
With the aim of being everything to every sort of man ;
But I fear that I shall finish up, before my time is done,
By being absolutely *nil* to any given one.

It's different with *you*, JOHN ; your principles are high ;
They call you simply MORLEY, and you wear a single eye ;
As for *me*, I have by nature's gift a double-barrelled name,
And circumstances make me wear a face to match the same.

But shifting this and that way on a fence or party-wall
Is a kind of calisthenic which begins in time to pall ;
O the wicked broken bottles, O the wiry barbs of steel
That have dealt me horrid punctures very difficult to heal !

They thought that I would perish shortly after Chesterfield !
But, though sorely lacerated, I am not prepared to yield ;
Some months ago I undertook, if pressed, to pass away ;
That offer was declined, JOHN, and now I mean to stay !

Nor is it my intention to make a loud ado,
Though ROSEBERRY hoists his pennon above his jingo crew ;
I care not if he courts the deep, or merely hugs the shore,
A private Primrose on the brink—just that, and nothing
more.

Still, as a fact, and strictly between us, gentle JOHN,
I could wish a softer surface than the one I sit upon ;
And that is why I deprecate a rousing Party cheer
In connection with the advent of the so-called glad New
Year. O. S.

LETTERED EASE.

The study walls are ceiling high with well-filled shelves of
oak,

And sweet the mingled atmosphere of culture and of smoke ;
A marble PLATO ponders here, an ARISTOTLE there,
And admirably padded is the professorial chair.

Ah, well may wistful envy eye this home of lettered ease,
Where one may lunch with CICERO and dine with SOPHOCLES ;
Well may the Grub Street scribbler sigh, whom Fortune
favours not,

To hear the genial scholar tell his comfortable lot :

"In winter one would lecture. No—one scarcely would
prepare—

One would have written lectures when one first obtained
one's chair ;

Six months or so, in summer, one would probably be free
To visit Egypt, Athens, Rome—whate'er one wished to
see,

And—what ? That shelf ? Why, yes, they make a very
decent show,

But editing a classic is a simple task, you know.

How would one set about it—say, a volume such as these ?

One might be editing the *Frogs* of ARISTOPHANES ;

One will want an introduction. Well, when one was young,
one wrote

For some Encyclopædia an essay or a note ;

This one would read, and be impressed to find what stores
of knowledge

One must have been the owner of when one was fresh from
college ;

And when one had re-read it, one would just *réchauffée* that,
Connect it somehow with the play, and there's one's preface
pat.

Then, notes. One would require some notes, not altogether
bad :

Well, one has one's assistant—an extremely clever lad ;

One gets him to supply some notes, and will, of course,
acknowledge

One's debt to Mr. So-and-So of Corpus Christi College.

Then there's the text. Well, Teubner. Teubner may not
be complete,

But, on the whole, a Teubner text is very hard to beat ;
So some off evening, having dined, one settles by oneself,
Beside one's study fire, and takes one's Teubner from the
shelf ;

One would, of course, have bracketed each questionable bit
Which, ladies being present, one would probably omit ;

All passages indelicate and liable to doubt

One would with one's indelible blue pencil then score out,

And, having in this leisure hour completed one's MS.,

One's excellent assistant would despatch it to the press."



Bernard Partridge.

OPHELIA.

Distracted Party (with a cold, pulling a Primrose to pieces). "THERE'S ROSEBERRY—THAT'S FOR REDEBRADCE!"
Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 5.





Whip. "HERE, HERE! HOLD HARD! COME BACK!"

Tommy (home for the holidays). "NO JOLLY FEAR! YOU WANT TO GET FIRST START!"

MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

BLUE BEARD.

By Our Own M. Maeterlinck.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN has just published an English translation of a new play by M. MAETERLINCK entitled *Ardiane et Barbe Bleue*. This drama, as the name implies, deals with the story of our old friend *Blue Beard*. By a curious coincidence *Blue Beard* has been selected by the authorities at Drury Lane as the subject of this year's Pantomime. Had they gone to M. MAETERLINCK for the "book," it is probable that, when the curtain rose on Boxing night, the story would have been treated more or less as follows:—

SORNE—*The Great Hall of Blue Beard's castle, one of those depressing buildings with which readers of M. MAETERLINCK's dramas are only too familiar. Doors studded with iron nails L. and R. At back of stage a long gallery reached by a flight of stone stairs. Above it a window through which is admitted the very small amount of light that is ever allowed to illumine a Maeterlinckian scene. After the curtain has risen, and the eyes of*

the audience have grown accustomed to the gloom, two figures in sombre garments will be dimly discerned descending the stairs. They are BLUE BEARD and ANNE, FATIMA's sister. They advance slowly to the front of the stage.

Blue Beard. Are you sure she has left the castle, Sister ANNE?

Anne. I am quite sure she has left the castle.

B. B. Did she say why she was leaving it?

Anne. She said that all her life she had been living with a strange man. It was a quotation from IBSEN. I did not understand what she said.

B. B. (annoyed). This is very unfortunate.

Anne. She also said something about a secret chamber and the Police. I quite failed to understand what she said.

B. B. Are you sure she mentioned the Police, Sister ANNE?

Anne. I am quite certain she mentioned the Police.

B. B. (fussily). This is really most unfortunate. I find it hard to express—in suitable language—how very unfortunate it is.

Anne. What did she mean when she spoke of a secret chamber?

B. B. (evasively). I suppose she meant that the chamber was secret, Sister ANNE.

Anne. You are hiding something from me.

B. B. Well, yes, I am certainly hiding something from you, Sister ANNE. I have a secretive nature. My nature is extraordinarily secretive.

Anne. What are you hiding from me? What is in the secret chamber?

B. B. It's a a sort of collection I've made. A kind of museum in fact.

Anne. What did you collect?

B. B. (grimly). Wives, Sister ANNE.

Anne. That seems a curious kind of museum, don't you think?

B. B. Do you think it curious? Yes. Perhaps it is curious. It's a hobby of mine. My temperament is essentially polygamous. Many people's temperaments are polygamous.

Anne (jealously). How many wives have you in your collection?

B. B. I have six wives in my collection. They all hang on pegs in a secret chamber. They are neatly labelled and classified, and each hangs on a separate peg, Sister ANNE.

Anne. That seems exceedingly curious.

B. B. FATIMA is my seventh wife. I

had hoped to add her to my collection in due time. But now she will never return, or rather she will return with the Police. So she will never figure in my collection. How long has she been gone?

Anne. Nearly half an hour.

B. B. Then I must pack at once. There is no time to be lost. I must pack without a moment's delay.

Anne. Why must you pack so quickly? Why must you pack at all?

B. B. Because I must go away, Sister ANNE.

Anne (bursting into tears). Oh! Oh! I am not happy.

B. B. There! There! Do not weep, Sister ANNE. It is absolutely necessary that I should go away. The Police will expect it of me. Dry your eyes, Sister ANNE.

Anne (rebelliously). Why should I dry my eyes?

B. B. In order that you may see if anybody is coming, Sister ANNE. Go up into the long gallery and look out of window, and let me know at once if anybody is coming.

[*Sister ANNE goes slowly up the stairs snuffing dismally. BLUE BEARD watches her in an agony of impatience. As soon as she has reached the gallery he pulls out a Gladstone bag and begins to pack hurriedly.*

ANNE (opening casement and looking out). Oh, the sun! the sun!

B. B. (testily). Never mind about the sun. Sister ANNE, Sister ANNE, do you see anybody coming?

Anne. I see no one coming.

B. B. That is distinctly fortunate. Arrivals are very disturbing when one is packing. They are excessively disturbing.

Anne. The sun is going down behind a cloud. The sun is setting over the valley. A mist rises over the valley as the sun sets.

B. B. (irritably). Oblige me by ignoring these atmospheric effects, Sister ANNE. I have no time for them just now.

Anne (apologetically). The sun is setting very beautifully.

B. B. Sister ANNE, Sister ANNE, don't be absurd. Do you see anybody coming, or do you not?

Anne. I see no one coming. I see only a cloud of dust far down the road.

B. B. (thrusting miscellaneous articles of apparel into bag). Have the goodness to ignore all these natural phenomena. Natural phenomena do not interest me in the least at this moment.

Anne (beginning to weep again). Oh! Oh! You are not kind to me. I am not happy here.

B. B. Don't cry, Sister ANNE. What possible use is there in crying? If you

cry you can't possibly see *anything*! Do please tell me, like a good creature, do you see anybody coming?

Anne. (gulping). No—no. Yes! Yes! I see someone coming. He is coming exceedingly rapidly.

B. B. (packing feverishly). What sort of a person is coming, Sister ANNE?

Anne. He wears a blue helmet and white gloves. He is evidently an official of some kind, or he would not wear a helmet.

B. B. (closing bag with a snap). I must start at once. I must start without an instant's delay.

Anne (running downstairs and flinging herself into his arms). Oh! Oh! You are going away! You are going away!

B. B. (disengaging himself roughly). Of course I am going away. Where on earth did you suppose I was going to?

Anne. Take me with you! Take me with you!

B. B. (irritated). That is absurd. What you suggest is absurd. I can't possibly take you with me. My wife is still alive.

Anne. But she may die. Your wives often die.

B. B. I don't see how that would help us. I could not marry you. You are my deceased wife's sister. It is illegal to marry one's deceased wife's sister. What you suggest is quite absurd.

Anne. Are you sure you cannot take me with you?

B. B. (firmly). I am perfectly sure. The policeman will be here in two minutes. And your things are not packed. I could not wait while you packed your things.

Anne (bursting into tears again and clinging to him). Oh! Oh! Oh! I am not happy here.

B. B. (brutally). No more am I. That is why I am going somewhere else. That is precisely why I am going somewhere else. (*A knock is heard R.*) Someone is knocking on the door. (*Another knock.*) It is the policeman. I must certainly go somewhere else.

[*BLUE BEARD picks up hat, coat and bag and exits. Sister ANNE looks sadly after him. The knocking at door R. grows louder and louder.*

(*Curtain.*)

St. J. H.

AN EASY NEW YEAR'S PUZZLE.

FIND the respective Resolvers of the following Resolutions:—

To teach a somewhat perverse and scatter-brained Old Party how to wipe a slate clean (of "Tory Liberalism," Pro-Boerism, Home-Rule, Anti-Imperial-

ism, Parish - Pumpism and General Faddism).

To prove that by "methods of barbarism" I only meant "methods of barbed-wire"; and that "loathsome hypocrisy" was, of course, merely a sympathetic way of referring to the "lonesome hypochondria" of the brave occupants of the blockhouses—in fact, I really must have used the latter phrases, and been abominably misreported.

To carry a complete policeman's outfit with me when next I purpose "spending an enjoyable evening" in parts of the country where anti-English views are not appreciated.

To avoid travelling in Germany until the Teutons have learnt the meaning of the proverb about "glass houses"; and, in my political speeches, to treat the foreign recipients of Boer gold with silent contempt as long as they are wilfully blind to the facts of the case.

To refuse to discuss any terms of peace which do not concede independence to my brave Boers, as I am perfectly comfortable where I am, and pass for a hero as long as the war lasts.

To endeavour to get the Parliamentary machine into decent working order during my leadership next Session, and to decline to let it be "run" or clogged by the Nationalist element.

To protest before Heaven, on the platform and in print, that, because I am an Englishman, I wish to see my country beaten to her knees if she refuses to listen to my jeremiads.

To find those three Army Corps I talked about, and to cease tinkering with the Guards' headgear.

To signal something more convincing than S's next time across the Atlantic.

To take "No. 7" over (and above) the same stretch of ocean.

To "lift" and bring It back by the same route.

To set to work at once and get the grammar, rhymes, metre, similes, metaphors, natural history details, references to King ALFRED, and ideas in general correct for my official Coronation Ode, for the construction of which I have now barely six months' time.

A. A. S.

1901 to 1902.

WHEN I was New, a year ago,

They hailed me, as they now hail you: Happy New Year! I had no foe

When I was New,

Ah! soon I lost my rosy hue;

I had few blessings to bestow,
And withered hopes my pathway strew.

So, as men greet you with a glow

Of hope—how soon to prove untrue—
I smile to think they hailed me so

When I was New.

AN UNREAL CONVERSATION.

Recorded by Archie Williams.

SCENE.—The War Office. Discovered, Mr. BRODRICK, examining a boot. To him enter A. W.

Mr. B. I can give you five minutes. At twelve o'clock there's a most important meeting of an Advisory Board.

A. W. I wouldn't detain you for worlds, Mr. BRODRICK. I needn't say how glad I am to find that you are making our Army strong and efficient.

Mr. B. Thank you. I do my best. We all work hard at it. We got the crown right first.

A. W. I beg your pardon?

Mr. B. The crown on buttons, and things. It's the Tudor crown now. That's a great step forward.

A. W. Perhaps. But what else have you done?

Mr. B. Lots. There's the cap.

A. W. That ridiculous imitation of the German head-dress?

Mr. B. Of course it's German. The German Army is the most efficient in the world. The German Army wears this cap. Therefore the cap is the cause of the efficiency.

A. W. How very interesting! But, as far as I remember, the Germans in China were not so very remarkable. They were far behind the Japanese, anyhow.

Mr. B. Exactly. They wore hats there. That proves it conclusively. Then there's the alteration in the exact shade of khaki. There's a reform for you! My eyes ached for days after looking at all those patterns almost the same colour.

A. W. Awfully good of you, I'm sure.

Mr. B. Then we've altered the officers' frock-coat.

A. W. Really?

Mr. B. We have. Magnificent, isn't it? And the sash too.

A. W. What's a sash? I thought only little girls wore sashes. Anything else?

Mr. B. Oh yes! The officers' trousers are to be made like the pantaloons.

A. W. The pantaloons, in the pantomime? That sounds seasonable. Quite like Christmas. But you don't mean to say these alterations are the only things you have been able to attend to?

Mr. B. Of course not. There are the jackets, and the belts, and the slings, and the spurs.

A. W. (dejectedly). And what about the men, and the guns, and the horses, and so on.

M. B. Well, you see, we haven't had much time to think about them so far. But we shall get to them after a while. Anything more you want to ask? The Board will be waiting for me. We're going to settle the boots.



CRITICAL.

Boatman (spelling). "P-S-Y-C-H-E. WELL, THAT'S THE RUMMEST WAY I EVER SEE O' SPELLIN' FISH!"

A. W. (cheerfully). Ah, now you seem to be getting on! Of course, the first requisite is that they should be strong and comfortable. No brown paper soles. No shoddy upper leathers. They mustn't fall to pieces on the first march, or get as hard as iron after the first wetting.

Mr. B. (meditatively). There's something in what you say. But we haven't gone into technical details. We're considering the new toe-cap.

A. W. What?

Mr. B. The new toe-cap. It'll make the Army superb. (With enthusiasm.) It'll be a splendid thing for the men. Encourage *esprit de corps*, and smartness, and all that sort of thing. I've got such a strong Advisory Board. The Commander-in-Chief, the Director of Military Intelligence, the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Inspector-General of Fortifications, the Chaplain-General,—

A. W. The Chaplain-General?

Mr. B. Yes, of course. For the moral influence of the smarter boot on the men's character. Also the Judge-Advocate-General for the same reason. Then, from outside the War Office, we have the assistance of the LORD CHANCELLOR.

A. W. What for?

Mr. B. He's the greatest legal authority on different kinds of warfare. Then we have the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

A. W. What on earth can he do?

Mr. B. Well, perhaps he doesn't do much, but he represents the Privy Council and the Committee of Defence.

A. W. I should have thought a book-maker—I mean, a bootmaker—could have given more practical advice. Have you an army surgeon to consult on the anatomy of the foot?

Mr. B. Oh dear, no! We can't trouble about anatomy. Smartness is what we want. Perhaps the most useful man on the Board is the third one from outside. He advises us on the artistic aspect of the toe-cap.

A. W. The President of the Royal Academy?

Mr. B. Certainly not. That's the man who wanted to leave the Green Park as it is. But I really must go.

A. W. I'll be off at once. But who's your artistic genius?

Mr. B. Why, the man who knows more about art than any of us: AKERS-DOUGLAS, of course.

A. W. The very man you want! [Exit.

H. D. B.

TO RUFUS, A SPANIEL.

Rufus, a bright New Year! A savoury stew,
Bones, broth and biscuits, is prepared for you.
See how it steams in your enamelled dish,
Mixed in each part according to your wish.
Hide in your straw the bones you cannot crunch—
They'll come in handy for to-morrow's lunch;
Abstract with care each tasty scrap of meat,
Remove each biscuit to a fresh retreat
(A dog, I judge, would deem himself disgraced
Who ate a biscuit where he found it placed);
Then nuzzle round and make your final sweep,
And sleep, replete, your after-dinner sleep.
High in our hall we've piled the fire with logs
For you, the *doyen* of our corps of dogs.
There, when the stroll that health demands is done,
Your right to ease by due exertion won,
There shall you come, and on your long-haired mat,
Thrice turning round, shall tread the jungle flat,
And, rhythmically snoring, dream away
The peaceful evening of your New Year's day.

Rufus! there are who hesitate to own
Merits, they say, your master sees alone.
They judge you stupid, for you show no bent
To any poodle-dog accomplishment.
Your stubborn nature never stooped to learn
Tricks by which mumming dogs their biscuits earn.
Men mostly find you, if they change their seat,
Couchant obnoxious to their blundering feet;
Then, when a door is closed, you steadily
Misjudge the side on which you ought to be;
Yelping outside when all your friends are in,
You raise the echoes with your ceaseless din,
Or, always wrong, but turn and turn about,
Howling inside when all the world is out.
They scorn your gestures and interpret ill
Your humble signs of friendship and good will;
Laugh at your gambols, and pursue with jeers
The ringlets clustered on your spreading ears;
See without sympathy your sore distress
When *Ray* obtains the coveted caress,
And you, a jealous lump of growl and glare,
Hide from the world your head beneath a chair.
They say your legs are bandy—so they are:
Nature so formed them that they might go far,
They cannot brook your music; they assail
The joyful quiverings of your stumpy tail—
In short, in one anathema confound
Shape, mind and heart and all, my little hound.
Well, let them rail. If, since your life began,
Beyond the customary lot of man
Staunchness was yours; if of your faithful heart
Malice and scorn could never claim a part;
If in your master, loving while you live,
You own no fault or own it to forgive;
If, as you lay your head upon his knee,
Your deep-drawn sighs proclaim your sympathy;
If faith and friendship, growing with your age,
Speak through your eyes and all his love engage;
If by that master's wish your life you rule—
If this be folly, *Rufus*, you're a fool.

Old dog, content you; *Rufus*, have no fear:
While life is yours and mine your place is here.
And when the day shall come, as come it must,
When *Rufus* goes to mingle with the dust
(If Fate ordains that you shall pass before
To the abhorred and sunless Stygian shore),

I think old Charon, punting through the dark,
Will hear a sudden friendly little bark;
And on the shore he'll mark without a frown
A flap-eared doggie, bandy-legged and brown.
He'll take you in: since watermen are kind,
He'd scorn to leave my little dog behind.
He'll ask no obol, but instal you there
On Styx's further bank without a fare.
There shall you sniff his cargoes as they come,
And droop your head, and turn, and still be dumb—
Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,
You run and prick a recognising ear,
And last, oh, rapture! leaping to his hand,
Salute your master as he steps to land.

R. C. L.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Is there such a word as Caterwaining? My Baronite thinks not, the nearest approach being Caterwauling, which is quite another story. "To caterwain" is to draw cats with the skill, the humour and the variety possible to the pencil of Mr. LOUIS WAIN. The *Annual* (ANTHONY TREHERNE & Co.) bearing his name is just now on the bookstalls, and will be promptly taken off by all lovers of cats—of course observing the preliminary of handing over a shilling. Mr. WAIN has the rare gift, lavishly used, of investing the harmless, necessary cat with humorous expression, often with startling effect. Among contributors to the abundant and excellent letterpress are Lady BANCROFT, Mr. JUSTIN MAC-CARTHY, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. MACWHIRTER, who gives a modest account of his travels.

Joe Wilson and His Mates (BLACKWOOD) opens a new world to the observation of the tired story-reader. Mr. HENRY LAWSON not only knows intimately the life of the Australian bushman, but is able to convey vivid impressions of it to others. My Baronite gathers that it is, in the main, a sordid, slaving life, relieved on the part of the men by an occasional bout of hard drinking. For the women there is no surcease of work or deliverance from their squalid surroundings. There is profound tragedy in the life of *Mrs. Spicer*, whose scarecrow family are sole neighbours, at Lahery's Creek, of *Joe Wilson*, his young wife, and infant child. The book is written in the minor key, but it is varied by many touches of genuine humour and pathos.

Richard Halpin (SMITH, ELDER) is a rattling good story of the sea. Mr. MORGAN ROBERTSON has achieved the triumph of making ironclads and torpedo boats as interesting as MARRYAT and CLARK RUSSELL have been accustomed to paint life on board the old sailing ship. Among many moving scenes is that of the fight at Santiago, when, in the late war, the Spanish Fleet attempted to break through the guard of the United States Navy. Mr. ROBERTSON is not quite so complete a master of female craft as he is of ironclads. But all good sea stories must have their black- (or blue-) eyed SUSAN, and the two American girls, *Mabel* and *Bessie*, are good enough in their way. Mr. ROBERTSON writes with knowledge, but my Baronite cannot believe there is foundation for the terrible story he tells of life on board what is accurately described as "the Hell ship," bound for Shanghai, with its impressed crew. America is a go-ahead nation. But surely in the present times—and *Richard Halpin* is right up to date—it is not possible for an officer and a seaman of the American Navy to be drugged and carried off to slavery on board a merchant vessel.

For those who never waste a minute of their valuable time, who read while they run, and love to have a pocket companion of real worth always at hand, permit the Baron to recommend the Oxford Miniature edition of the early poems of ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON (London: HENRY FROWDE).



Mistress. "Now, Cook, you really ought to be quite ashamed of yourself! How could you send those pheasants up yesterday in such a state? Why, they must have been in the larder at least a month!"

Cook. "Well, Ma'am, I really am very sorry, Ma'am, but I always understood Master only cared for *high birds*."

[She has heard from the gamekeeper that Master is a "nailer at 'rocketers.'"]

With this in your pocket, available at a second's notice, you may be late for a train, or a train late for you, or some one who has given you a rendezvous may be unpunctual, it matters not, you have your TENNYSON at hand, and will be refreshing your memory and improving your mind.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE YULE-TIDE GHOSTS.

(A Legend for the Twentieth Century.)

THE Modern Man waited patiently for midnight—the hour fixed for the apparitions.

"I hope they will appear severally and not together," he thought, as he heard the wind whistling through the trees. "One at a time will be so much better. A crowd would be embarrassing. Ah, the Lady WOLFILDA!"

He was not surprised at the sudden entrance (through the oak) of a spectral female. She looked at the Modern Man, and then pointed to an old cabinet.

"Yes," he observed, "I know what you mean. You wish me to open the door?"

The spectre bowed her head in acquiescence.

"I suppose that there is a forgotten will three centuries old in a secret drawer on the lowest shelf?"

Again the shade notified that the Modern Man was not wrong in his assumption.

"But, my dear lady," urged the Modern Man, "what awful rot it is to want me to find a document of so little importance. I happen to be a member of the Bar, and can assure you that every one of the provisions of the testament would be barred by the Statute of Limitations."

The shadowy female expressed both surprise and annoyance, and vanished.

"Next, please," cried the Modern Man.

A Knight in Armour grew out of the gloom and approached the scientific watcher.

"Yes, I have heard of you too," said the Modern Man. "Your line is to discover old bones hidden under a stone in front of the mantelpiece?"

The Man in Armour bowed sadly, to show the watcher that he had guessed his mission.

"But, my dear chap," urged the Modern Man, "pray be reasonable. Supposing I were to find the remains,

what would be the good of my discovery?

From the date of your armour, I presume that you lived five hundred years ago?"

The Knight bowed his head.

"Just so. I know something of steel goods, and can time you to within half a century. Well, I suppose you committed a murder in common form?"

The Knight again assented.

"Of course. Well, let us follow it through. We should have to have a coroner's inquest. Consider the nuisance! And then there would be an open verdict. But, perhaps, you want your victim to be properly interred?"

The Knight assented for the third time.

"Could really not be done," exclaimed the Modern Man. "There would be all sorts of difficulties in the way. We know nothing about your friend—or, rather, I should say, your enemy—and there would be a trouble about the proper place of burial. Much better leave things as they are."

The Knight in Armour pondered for a moment and then vanished.

After he had gone the Modern Man awoke from his slumbers.

"Of course," he murmured, "I had pork chops for supper."

And then he went to sleep again.



THRIFT!

Mabel (who has just concluded a bargain for a fowl). "THEN I'LL TELL MOTHER YOU'LL KILL IT AND SEND IT UP TO-NIGHT."

Mrs. Macfarlane. "NA, NA, I'LL NO KILL IT TILL THE MORN. I'M THINKIN' IT'S GOIN' TO LAY AN EGG THIS EVENIN'!"

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

IV.—WHAT THE SPARROW SAW ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

(Continued.)

"It's no easy thing, I can tell you," said the sparrow with a little nod, "finding a fairy on Christmas Eve. They have so much to do making children of every kind happy. But, at last, I found one on a window-sill in the Walworth Road. She had been weaving happy dreams for a cripple boy, and was quite tired out."

"Never knew that fairies got tired," I murmured in surprise.

"Probably not," said the sparrow, with a vicious peck at an imaginary crumb. "Human beings usually claim a monopoly of the virtues. Everything outside themselves they put down to instinct. No; don't explain, I must get on with my story, for I've a lot to do."

"What restless, mettlesome little gipsies sparrows are," I thought, but wisely held my tongue.

"Of course," continued the sparrow, "the fairy was quite willing—she be-

longed to the silver-cloud elves, perhaps the most hard-worked of all the fairies—and flew along at my side back to the toy shop. There, a few doors away, crouched the child, tumbled all in a heap. I perched on the railings, for a hungry-looking tabby was prowling around, and, after all, one must take care of oneself.

"This is a bad case," said the fairy, looking up at me. "We must attract attention." She kissed the child's closed eyes, and a faint, wan smile hovered over the face.

"Then she ran up to the cat and whispered something in her ear. 'Miau,' wailed puss, 'miau.' I fear my nerves were rather shaken, because the sound so startled me that I almost flew out of sight. But I returned to a safe distance. 'Chuck that row,' called out a passer-by. 'Poor thing, perhaps it's hungry,' said a fat woman. 'Why, Lor' preserve us if that isn't a child! Stop, HARRY! . . . Poor little kid! . . . Here, I'll carry it!'"

The sparrow stopped. "You can guess the rest," he remarked, stretching a wing. "After all, even a cat may be of some use under fairy suggestion."

"No one saw the fairy, I suppose?"

"No one ever does except by fairy permission. So you can thank your lucky star," chirped the sparrow.

"But the child?" I said. "What happened to her? It wasn't too late?"

"No—the frost goblin hadn't come, so it was all right. If the frost goblin had come and put his cold finger upon her lips, well, then—but heigh ho! don't let's talk of gloomy things." And he fluttered away among the trees of the Park.

BUSINESS PROVERB.—"It is difficult to handle Kent Coal and come out with clean hands." Coincidence that the Chairman of the Konsolidated Kent Kollieries should be "Slack."

DALHAM Hall Estate, near Newmarket, is the most remarkably situated of any in England, as it can now boast of RHODES coming straight to it all the way from South Africa.

MR. PUNCH heartily thanks "M.H.R." for £5 received, and sent on to Mr. CLUER, Worship Street, for the Montagu-Williams Blanket and Clothing Fund.

BY OUR CHRISTMAS FESTIVITY MORALIST (the day after).—If most of us had our desserts, how few would have Christmas dinners.

MASTER (1902) OF THE CEREMONIES, "OYEZ, OYEZ! YOUR MAJESTY'S NEW COINAGE."
HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH. "LE ROI LE VELIT! CIRCULEZ, MESSEIERS, CIRCULEZ!"





KINDRED SOULS.

IT WAS A HAPPY THOUGHT OF THE BROWNBURY'S, FOR ONE OF THEIR LITTLE DINNER PARTIES, TO GET ALL THE BORES OVER AT ONCE. A PLEASANT EVENING SEEMS IN PROSPECT.

THE DAWN OF DANGER.

["Those who like to lie in bed late in the morning will read with mixed feelings, says *Health*, the result of an investigation made by a medical man in Paris into the hours of the day at which bacteria are most plentiful in the atmosphere. It is found that the number is largest between six and nine o'clock in the morning."—*Globe*.]

It has ever been my custom with the nimble lark to rise.
(Wonderful is his achievement when a fellow really tries.)

Naught it mattered whether winter's gloomy looks frowned
on the morn,

I arose at seven precisely as if to the manner born.

Frequently the task was painful. Oft I longed to snatch by
stealth

Forty extra winks, but early rising I thought good for health.

Little dreamed I of the danger I incontinently ran
In persisting in this habit founded on old-fashioned plan.

Little dreamed that I was plunging into such an atmosphere
As would make the boldest microbe clasp his germly hands
with fear.

For, the Faculty inform us, in the early morning there
Is no doubt Bacteria like to, as one has it, take the air.

Oh, ye early risers, listen with credulity to what
An investigator tells you who has studied on the spot.

Boast no more, in face of the alarming statement made by
Health,

That the early bird inherits wisdom, happiness and wealth.

He is healthiest who lies longest, if 'tis truth that *Health*
affirms,

'Tis the foolish early-rising bird that catches all the germs.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

WHAT words of a poet can fitly pronounce

The charm of possessing a home of one's own?

Of knowing what celery costs by the ounce, --

How soup may be gently distilled from a bone?

So EDWIN reiterates every day

To all who will swallow his prophecy that

ANGELINA and he'll be as happy and gay

As doves in a cage in their dear little flat.

The door of their "Mansions" is sported at ten

And the lights are put out (by the terms of their lease);

They resemble young chickens, the landlord a hen,

Or they the delinquents and he the police.

The piano above them is thumping all night,

And mice, in the open, career pit-a-pat,

The chimneys are wrong and the drains are not right, --

But how cosy they'll be in their dear little flat!

The workmen arrive to attend to the grate,

And proceed to demolish the dining-room wall;

The joints are served up in a primitive state,

The "treasure" knows nothing of cooking at all;

ANGELINA, by now, is reduced to a wraith,

And EDWIN is pale as a Panama hat,

But nothing can daunt his indelible faith

In the ultimate scheme of their dear little flat!

THE GHOSTS WHO WALK THE STRAND.

WHEN the fitful daylight's over,
And the many lamps give tryst
To the shadows of the darkness
In the pale, uncertain mist;
When the rolling of the traffic
Never flags on either hand,
Then come, uneasy, fitful,
The ghosts who walk the Strand.

There, hesitating, anxious,
With furtive, frightened stare,
Steals a woman, meanly 'tired,
Yet once fairest of the fair—
Once a princess of the peerless,
'Mid the highest of the land,
Now a wraith of bygone beauty,
And a ghost who walks the Strand.

See that shabby, care-worn fellow,
Halting 'neath the street lamp's shade
To gaze with longing eyes upon
Those revellers, yet afraid
To show himself,—not long ago
A leader in that band;
But now forgotten, crushed and lost—
A ghost who walks the Strand.

Before yon theatre's portal lurks
A lorn of tattered mien.
How well he knew the playhouse door!
How oft he graced the scene!
And now he hangs about at night
To crave, with shaking hand,
Some dole to satisfy his craze—
A ghost who walks the Strand.

With head erect (no cringer he),
There comes with noiseless stride,
The man of letters who in print
Was hailed as chief and guide.
Nor right nor left he looks, but still
He bears the fatal brand,
He knows it, too, for all his pride,
That ghost who walks the Strand.

'Tis ours to fight for breath and light,
Nor falter in the fray;
The shattered hopes, the fallen crest
Were those of yesterday.
Be ours to show the broken blade
Can yet the foe withstand,
We're Living Souls, come weal, come
woe,
Not ghosts to walk the Strand!

A DOG'S LIFE!

(From *Fidette of Berkeley Square to Tawdles of Seven Dials*.)

MY DEAR TAWDLES,—I am not yet entirely recovered from the shock of seeing you, lamentably stricken with rheumatism (the old story of damp straw!), limping round the corner of Tottenham Court Road, about as dishevelled, mud-bespattered and miserable a morsel of terrierhood as one could imagine. Must I confess that as soon as I caught sight of you piteously snuffing the air, I crept

deeper into the carriage rug, hoping in my coward feminine heart the carriage would roll by and so avoid an encounter! Forgive me. My design was thwarted. The traffic became congested, and we were hemmed in amid 'buses and other plebeian vehicles. Timidly I reared my head out of the warm furs and looked around. There you stood, your lean flanks trembling beneath the keen gusts of wind. Something in your condition kept my eyes spell-bound. In a second you looked up. I gave two or three passionate little barks. You cried out, your whole frame quivering. I would have flown to you, but She took me incontinently by the ribs and smothered me in sable and fox. When I was released we were far away.

What anguish have I not suffered since! What memories have not tormented me! It is in order to relieve my overcharged heart that I write this to you, to fasten down a Jack-in-the-box conscience, and to revive in my memory—a weakness unconquerable in the tender sex—an old, old affection, civilised out of all knowledge, but with still a few hanging shreds of primitive feeling. What need to recall the past, when you had but one year of life to your name, and my weight was reckoned in ounces, and when a disreputable fish hamper, pitched amid the squalor of Seven Dials, was all the world to both of us? But a keen-eyed dealer came along and saw in me a future champion. I was filched away or bartered for, what matter which? My "strain" was identified as being one of the most noted of Yorkshire breeds. My pedigree was gradually evolved, and my reputation presently firmly established in "doggie" circles.

I whimpered for three days after leaving you, so far as I could gather, in the back parlour of a Streatham tobacconist's. Then I changed hands at a handsome profit to everyone but myself, was tonsured and combed, and in no long time conveyed in a stuffy basket to Berkeley Square. How many years ago that was I dare not think. Since then I have lived an aristocratic dog's life. What's that? I can but briefly sketch it. I rise late, breakfast lightly, after a five minutes' airing with THOMAS, the second footman, am washed and brushed, and take (weather permitting) carriage exercise with Her. Generally She shops while I—who care very little for human frivolities of this sort—sleep, nestled in my travelling blanket of mink-lined cloth, on which are emblazoned my initials. In the afternoon we pay and receive calls. These are rather irksome. Being the winner, as a reference to any Stock paper will assure you, of over fifty championships and Firsts, I am naturally

the object of a great deal of pretended admiration. But I wish people wouldn't be so fond of handling me. It is bad enough to be subjected to daily ignorance from all kinds of people on the qualities of one's own breed, but to be clumsily caressed, and talked to in an idiotic conglomeration of no syllabled words, is at times almost insufferable.

My dinner, which, by-the-bye, has been wretchedly served of late, consists usually of the liver wing of a chicken with, perhaps, a little milk pudding and a few chocolates. A simple dietary you see, but slightly modified before shows. Being so constantly shown in different parts of England becomes a little wearisome, and I should rebel against it except that it seems to be a necessary part of modern existence to keep one's name well in the public mind. My travelling basket is lined with Eau-de-Nil silk, and THOMAS, as a rule, travels with me. You may be surprised to hear that for nearly two years my feet have not touched the pavement. In my early morning airing I wear india-rubber bottines and a little fur coat, which everybody agrees fits me excellently and harmonizes exactly with my complexion. This little coat is a source of great envy to a toy bulldog.

Yesterday was a great day. She took me out to buy me a birthday present; a little set of blue satin bedclothes. They were sent over from Paris. I suppose I am to be formally presented with them on my birthday, the second of next month. Rather silly, because She did nothing but chatter to me about them till we got to the shop, and then took me in to see them. We were both greatly excited over the pillow of fine lawn, trimmed with real lace. It will be a great improvement on my present shake-down, which, though of silk, is badly stuffed or something, and much too lumpy for a lady's delicate limbs. In my eager appreciation I am afraid I chewed up the bill—a trifle of three pounds odd. My morning collar is a dainty circle of emeralds, which gives THOMAS great pleasure to point out to children who stop and stare at me. What would they say if they could see my best one, a handsome gold affair with diamond studs and a pearl clasp?

But forgive me, *Tawdles*, for running on so about myself and my feminine vanities. Such is my life, yet, with all its fine appurtenances and panoply and silk and softness, it is a dog's life still. Oh, that I could fill that old ill-smelling hamper with the silver cups my beauty has won! But such is the world; to one silver cups, to another rheumatism, and we poor dogs, bark we never so loud, must abide by it. See how melancholy you have made me.

Never forget your loving FIDETTE.



DANCING THE OLD YEAR OUT IN PRIMEVAL TIMES.

A MARRIED UNCLE'S DIARY.

In my agitation have headed this wrongly; not yet married, but just about to slip off safe shore of Bachelordom into troubled sea of Matrimony. Words cannot picture sufferings of last few weeks. To natural perturbation and mental disturbance of man whose "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" has been added much holding of interviews with terrifying people, such as prospective papa-in-law on one hand; and my excellent but formidable housekeeper, Mrs. BOUNCEBY, on other. How I ever contrived to propose to dear MOLLIE herself will ever remain mystery to me. Cannot help thinking dear MOLLIE must have assisted me out most materially. Asked her if this were so. Dear MOLLIE awfully offended. Wonder why?

Interview with her father, Sir JAMES, not so shattering to nerves as I had expected. He merely growled that if I liked to be such a fool as to take responsibility of MOLLIE off his hands, so much the worse for me. Discouraging, but not prohibitive. Lady FANSHAW, on other hand, said that she could *never* spare dear MOLLIE. In depths of despair on hearing this, but revived again when she added, almost in same breath, that she hoped wedding-day would be fixed soon, as she disliked long engagements. Seemed trifle mixed, this. Then she said playfully, that I was "a naughty boy" and might "run along" now, as MOLLIE would be dying to see me. Dislike expression "naughty boy" when applied to man of over forty. Also object to "run along." Never run along. Explain this. Lady F. laughs giddily. "Oh, you'll be *made* to run and play when you're married; MOLLIE is a terrible Tom-boy!" Could hardly repress shudder. Dislike Tom-boys. Must explain this to dear MOLLIE.

Drove home slowly, revolving scheme of attack upon my housekeeper. Must announce coming marriage somehow. But how? Was prepared for trouble. And I got it.

Sent phaeton away and walked into study with firm step. Banged door. Strode up and down several times. After all, was I about to do anything criminal, in marrying? Had I not known other men who had married and yet retained the respect, which was formerly theirs? Was a man bound to celibacy merely for sake of his housekeeper? Perish the thought! and—and take just a very small liqueur of old brandy to steady nerves.

Rang to summon Mrs. B. to my den. Must own to awaiting her advent with somewhat quaking heart. Mrs. B. been here so many years—seems to have ac-

quired what lawyers call the "fee simple" in me. As creaking shoes announced her approach, felt that I really must delay awful moment by meekly saying I wished to speak to her about luncheon. Then banishing unworthy impulse with mighty effort, I began:

"Good-day—what a nice afternoon, isn't it, Mrs. BOUNCEBY?" (It was raining hard, as I subsequently discovered.) "I sent for you—" pause. "I sent for you—" another pause—"to say—or rather to ask if—at least, you may have heard—or at all events noticed—you are a very observant woman, Mrs. BOUNCEBY—you may have noticed that when a man—not every man, of course, but some men—arrive at the age of forty—er—that they sometimes—mind you, I only say sometimes—er—marry."

Last word brought out with gasp, and cost me painful effort.

Mrs. B. stood at door like waxwork figure in Chamber of Horrors. She did not help me at all. On the contrary, she looked suspiciously over her gold-rimmed spectacles and merely ejaculated:

"Yes, Sir. Well?"

At that moment I realised what WELLINGTON's feelings were at Waterloo, when he "longed for BLÜCHER of night to come." I

longed for *anything*—from a barrel organ to an earthquake—that would relieve awful tension of that moment.

Swallowed something in my throat—it felt like piece of coal—and with desperate effort said:

"Well"—here I assumed jaunty air, rocking backwards and forwards on heels and toes alternately. "I was thinking—ha, ha! I'm afraid—I mean, I believe—that is—I *am*—going to be married myself!"

This time she took her spectacles right off, folded her hands across her black silk apron, and with baleful glance fixed upon me, observed:

"Hoh!"

"Hoh!" most disconcerting word. Wish people would not jerk things like

this at one. Horrible pause ensued, and then:

"I 'ope the young lady's pleasant?" Hastened to assure Mrs. B. that I found her distinctly so. Otherwise should hardly have contemplated marriage. Was about to round off sentence with second "Ha! ha!" but thought better of it, and desisted. Began to quite wish Mrs. B. would go. She sniffs rather haughtily, and observes that she does not like being "put out." Re-assure her on this point: say that we shall still retain her as Housekeeper. Mrs. B. glares at me in mystified manner. After-



Willie (who has not forgotten the recent reproaches of his Mother upon his eating too much Christmas pudding, soliloquising as Fat Boy approaches). "HE MUST HAVE HAD A KIND MOTHER."

wards discover that she did not mean "put out" to be taken literally, but metaphorically, and I collapse. She mercifully leaves me, after this trying experience, and butler brings in letters. One from that delightful nephew of mine, MAX, couched in the following brutal terms:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—One of the littel fellers here came up, after school to-day, and sed heed herd from his mater that you were in love and going to be marrid, so I jolly well smakd his hed for sutch cheek, just as if you were one of those sort of fellers that fall in love, what rot! I sed look here my uncle issent that sort of fool hees a Master of Hounds and thinks orl femails rotters, and so do I (exsept fellers maters and arnts who do

give a feller tips sumtimes) so do rite back at wunce and say you arnt going to be marrid, why fancy ! if you were marrid me and TOMMY woodent bee abel to stay with you, probly your wife would object.

Your affeckshunt nephew,
MAX.

Very embarrassing. Shall have to answer this unfeeling boy's effusion with yet another humiliating confession of the truth. Really, almost wish I were not "going to be marrid." Feel that MAX means well, but evidently not sympathetic on subject of matrimony. Had no idea it was so hard to tread thorny path to altar of Hymen.

Tuesday.—Wedding over at last. Awful ordeal, though was spared certain amount of trouble being merely bridegroom, and therefore most unimportant person present. Horrible crowd at reception afterwards. My new maternal relative, Lady FANSHAW, aggressively playful. Hate playful people. Calls me "naughty brigand," to steal her darling away from her. Protest nothing of the sort. Offer to leave dear MOLLIE in her charge for next week or two if she desires it. Lady F. ceases playfulness, and glares contemptuously. Wonder why?

Women all crowd round dear MOLLIE and gush. Dear MOLLIE really seems to father like it. So weird. Buttonholed by octogenarian bore, who had known bride's father, and grandfather, and his father, and his father—, but here my brain reeled and I heard no more. Butler brought me note mercifully cutting short these genealogical ramifications. Note from MAX. So thoughtful of him.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—So your reelly going to be marrid after all, of coarse we (me and TOMMY) send our best wishes that youle be happy, but Ime jolly well shure you wont. Please tell your wife that we're orfly sorry—glad I meen—but its rather a smak in the eye for us, I spose it cant be helped now, its too late to retrack on your wedding morn. Ime feeling rather sad (we had a beasely breakfast) and shall try to rite an ode to marridge while the feeling larsts, as arfter a jenrus dite (sossidges &c.) one does not throw off potry so well. One of the fellers sed to me when I told him of your wedding, youle have 2 cakes then : I sed what do you meen you young ass, he sed why first youle get the wedding cake and then youle have a stumick cake. I dunno what he meens.

Weel send you a pressent—wen we get sum more tips—of coarse Ime not hinting you shood give us any tips but if you happend to why your pressent wood come orl the sooner. With love from TOMMY,

Your affek. nephew, MAX.

Horrid boys. Made my way to dear MOLLIE to remind her of time. She disappeared to change dress, and at last we escaped. Several enterprising idiots flung rice as we drove away. Terrified lest horses should bolt. Once alone with dear MOLLIE felt embarrassed. Talked about weather. Marriage ceremony most absurd affair. Dear MOLLIE called me a dear stupid old thing—dislike expression "stupid old thing"—explain this to dear MOLLIE, who only laughs.

We drove direct to "Lord SEAFORD's place, kindly lent for the occasion" as the ladies' newspapers put it. Very kind of him, of course, but rather wish dear SEAFORD had not lent it, all the same. Would much rather have gone abroad. Had pictured sunny villa at Cannes, when SEAFORD said "Cannes! nonsense, my dear CHARLES. You must have the Towers. What! let you and that sweet girl" (wished he would not allude to MOLLIE in these terms) "go to a dirty little foreign sea side" (N.B., SEAFORD has never been out of England in his life), "when the Towers is standing empty! No, CHARLES; I'll take no denial! To the Towers you'll go!" and bounced out of house. So hearty. Just a little depressed at thought of exchanging sunny shores of Mediterranean for sloppy lanes of Mudburyshire. Explain this to dear MOLLIE, whose disposition is quite Mark Tapleyan. She says, "Never mind, we'll go abroad afterwards." Rather awkward, again, for me, as I shall want to resume Mastership of Hounds. Great nuisance. Hate muddy lanes when not hunting. However, SEAFORD one of those impossible men with whom argument always fruitless—and we had to accept.

Thursday.—Seaford Towers. Raining since daybreak. Dear MOLLIE says impossible to remain in all day, and that we must go for walk. Shiver at prospect. Wet feet always terrifying these influenzaish times. Explain this to dear MOLLIE, who laughs and calls me "an old Tibby." Object to this expression, and then dear MOLLIE boisterously pushes me backwards to armchair. Miss armchair and sit, with fearful violence, on floor. Very discouraging. Dear MOLLIE has such charming flow of spirits. Rise painfully, and settle down to yesterday's *Times*. Rain plashes steadily on, and dear MOLLIE sits impatiently at window looking out at dripping shrubs. Suddenly she gives delighted little cry, "Oh, CHARLIE! here are two boys simply tearing up the Drive! They are wet through, and smothered in mud. Who can they be?"

I know. The *Times* flutters downwards from my nerveless fingers. We are lost, or rather, we are found. Intuition tells me that our visitors are my

graceless nephews (whose school is ten miles off). And when MAX and TOMMY enter by the door, peace and quiet fly shrieking through the window.

Door burst open and my nephews stream into room, knocking over priceless Satsuma vase. "Stream" good word here, as mud and rain-water flowing freely from all parts of them on to SEAFORD's velvet pile carpet. Tremble for result. Try (unsuccessfully) to smile a welcome. Feel that I must do something, so say feebly to dear MOLLIE, "These are my nephews, MAX and STIN—TOMMY." TOMMY notices my slip, and guffaws loudly. Frown at him. MAX—so sympathetic—sees frown, and cries, "Hullo, Uncle CHARLIE, got a pain in your—?" Check him hurriedly.

Dear MOLLIE laughs, and says, "What jolly boys." Fail to see it. Never feel jolly. (Word I hate—so vulgar. Must explain this to dear MOLLIE later.) When they are present always nervous. MAX explains that hearing honeymoon was to be passed within ten miles of them, they had "cut school" that day and "footed it" over to see us. So thoughtful. Hustle them upstairs to change into (my) dry clothing. Butler looks reproachfully at me as they nearly capsize him in wild flight along landing. Why me? Conduct them to dressing-room and indicate certain of my garments they may use, whilst valet takes their own to dry. Valet also looks at me in mild protest. Again, why at me?

Return to apologise to dear MOLLIE for this rude intrusion on our privacy. Dear MOLLIE replies, "Nonsense, CHARLIE! Why I'm delighted they've come. So hearty"—still, rather hurtful to one's vanity. "It will be great fun," she adds; "they must stay the day, and you must send them back in the brougham." Venture to point out that it is SEAFORD's brougham. "Oh, he wouldn't mind," says dear MOLLIE. Not so sure of this. Rather nervous of asking coachman to bring out horses in pouring rain. Dear MOLLIE, however, says I must, and asks am I afraid. So hurtful. Get goloshes, waterproof and umbrella. Whir-r-r! Boys burst into room again. Literally gasped as I saw their attire. MAX in my best blue serge trousers, ends rolled round and round. Will never be fit to wear again. "Nature abhors a vacuum." So apparently does MAX, as he has filled up slack parts, fore and aft, with pillows, sofa-cushions, &c. Dear MOLLIE convulsed with laughter. MAX revels in situation. "Couldn't keep the beastly things up, till I shoved these in," he cries. My best frockcoat buttoned round him, and reaching to the ground, completes his attire. TOMMY is simply—not to say indelicately—arrayed in my pyjamas. This is all very humiliating for me,



HOCKIE ON YE ICE IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

(From a rare old Frieze, long since thawed, in ye British Museum.)

before dear MOLLIE, especially. Encouraged by her laughter, of course these objectionable little bea—boys launch out into further extravagances. My wife says, "You tell the coachman, CHARLIE, about brougham, and the boys and I will have a good romp!" Hate romping. Begin to explain this to dear MOLLIE, but she laughingly pushes me out of room. *Towser*, SEAFORD's beastly fox-terrier, under impression that we are fighting, joins in, and seizes me by calf of leg. Kick *Towser* downstairs indignantly. Felt rather agitated. Think of all the cases of hydrophobia I ever read of, until close examination reveals fact that skin unbroken. Much relieved, and go on to face SEAFORD's coachman, and order carriage. Can see he doesn't like it. "Long journey, Sir, —'is Lordship don't like 'aving 'is 'orse out in the rain." Fall into deep gloom. "Matter o' twenty mile out an' 'ome, Sir." Sigh, and slip half-sovereign into his hand. "Well, now I come to think of it, I dessay it ain't so much—say eighteen." Would "say eighteen," or anything else, to ensure getting rid of boys quickly.

Return to morning room. Adjourn to luncheon, where both boys make bea—eat very heartily, and TOMMY shies his roll at MAX, misses him, but hits butler, who glances appealingly at me. Again I ask, why should everybody injured by another's fault persistently glare at me?

After luncheon boys wish to play billiards, and at MAX's third stroke he

cuts cloth badly. Will cost me five pounds to mend. Hope I can have it done before SEAFORD finds out. Why will these little bru—boys always get me into hot water? So wearing. Valet announces their clothes dry. They retire to change, and an hour later, brougham comes round, and, full of tea, buns and beatitude, they get in and, yelling and waving handkerchiefs, are driven away.

Expect carriage back by 8 p.m. Servant, in answer to my enquiry at 10.30, says not yet returned. Filled with apprehension—put on goloshes and paddle down to stables. No sign. Feel clammy all over, reflecting carriage and horses not mine. Waited half-hour; caught cold I am sure, and just as I sent off to tell police, flashing of lamps shows missing carriage driving into yard. Horses evidently been shamefully overdriven. Coachman, drunk, says, "Oh, beg par'n, Sir, didn't see you stannin' there (hic). Letter for you." Very awkward situation, this. If my man, should discharge him at once. As it is, dare not even mention circumstance to SEAFORD. Saw horses properly dressed, fed, and bedded down, then crawled miserably into house, clutching wet letter.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—We have had a rag by Gum! Ass soon ass we startid young TOMMY began rotting about and neerly broke a winder. Well, then I smakd his hed and he hit at my noce and maid a muff shot and cot the other winder sutch a smak his fist went

clean throo it, hees cut his nuckels orfly, serve him rite, sily young ass. He sends his love, and ajolopizes for breaking it, he ses he sposes it dussent matter as the broom is not yours, but another fellers. Well, after that we kept quite for a bit, and then I cocked a snook at some orfle cads that were parsing, and wun of them shied a stone, he didn't hit me, but cort the pannles an orfle wak! Dident the old coachy sware! We larfed all the rest of the way.

We tride to sneek in by the bak way, but old STOGGINS our Headmaster saw us and sed how dared we cut school (at leest he didnt say cut school but sum rot or other like that) without his leaf? and then he sed, with a Bassylx eye ficksd on us, Both of you will come to my Studdy arfter brekfust tomorrer morning. This is an interfew I wood gladly avoide, the prospeck is gluemy.

For your weding present we think of giving you a cricket bat and stumse, ther rather usefool things becos if you got tired of them at enny time you mite hand them over to us.

Thanking you for your genrus tip and TOMMY does too,

Your affekshunt

MAX.

P.S.—I forgot I left a mouse's skin, it was a fresh wun, in your trousers pocket, please post it to me pretty quick ass it hassent yet bin dride and smelse rather.



DIES NON.

SCENE—Hunting fixture. Sharp frost over night. Whip sent on to say hounds will not hunt.

Chorus of Cyclists. "OH, WHAT A SHAME! JUST WHEN THE GOING IS SO BEAUTIFUL TOO!"

TWELFTH NIGHT IN DOWNING STREET.

(A Cabinet Fancy.)

"I LIKE the game," said BOBBY PEEL, "although it has disappeared since our day."

"I am obliged to you for the suggestion," assented JOHNNY RUSSELL.

"Well, my lords and gentlemen, let us begin. I share the character of JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. His career suggests my own."

"Bravo, DIZZY," cried PAM, slapping his colleague on the shoulder. "But what is there for me?"

"I'm afraid, O most judicious of bottle-holders, that ROSEBURY has scarcely sufficient tenacity of purpose, and that amongst the rest there is no one plucky enough to suit you."

"It will be a perfect *tour de force* if I keep up the character of HALSBURY," said LYNDBURST, looking at the picture card of the Lord Chancellor.

"But is there anything for me?" asked MELBOURNE.

"Or me?" put in COBDEN.

"Or me?" questioned BRIGHT.

"Well, really," replied Mr. G., who was presiding, "that was my great

difficulty when the game was proposed. I felt that the cards would not go round—at least, not properly. Our successors are lacking in the characteristics for which we were distinguished. It seems to me that we have three courses open to us. First, we can—"

But at this moment a Babel of voices drowned the words of the ex-Premier. Evidently the formula was more familiar than popular.

The noise lasted until daybreak. Then came the crowing of a cock, and silence reigned once more in Downing Street.

WHAT IS A BLIZZARD?

["It is doubtful what is meant by a blizzard." *Daily Paper.*]

I WANT to know what is a blizzard; It rhymes well, I know, with a wizard, Also with a Surrey fowl's gizzard, But still, what on earth is a blizzard? It's synchronic, too, with a lizard, And a Spanish chamois called an izard. May my locks be abundantly scissored If I know what 's meant by a blizzard. Some say 'tis a storm that can fizz hard, And people with livers has friz hard.

If it means that I get Both frozen and wet, Then back to the States go, O blizzard!

BACON AND SHAKSPEARE.

SIR, — BACON was indeed a preternatural genius. He wrote many things, before his birth, apparently, which have since become immortal, and did no end of literary work after his lamented decease. This genius wrote most of the works attributed to FIELDING, not a few of SMOLLETT's, and many of SWIFT's, including *Gulliver's Travels*. It can be proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that he suggested, even if he did not write, the story of *Vanity Fair* attributed to THACKERAY; while those who are thoroughly conversant with the mysteries of "the cipher" have no hesitation in asserting that *Pickwick* from beginning to end is due to his pen; and does he not hint at "the cipher" in a celebrated passage where *Mr. Pickwick* pursues antiquarian studies? The name of "*Pickwick*" is only a humorous way of writing "Bacon"; "Pick" being evidently "Pig," and "Pigwiggy" the affectionate diminutive. The name, cipherically, would be "Pigwig." Who but BACON could have thought of this? But BACON, living or dead, was an 'umble person, and never put too much "side" on. Faithfully yours, CRYPTOLOGUS MIN.

Sty House, Ham Common.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

V.—ON THE NEW YEAR'S MARKET BOOM.

THANK you. The same to you, and many of them,
And each a shade more rosy than the last,
As this, the latest comer, well may be.
Indeed, the pregnant symptoms are to note
Of change to somewhat healthier, though the war
Drags out its lingering length, with here and there
Some incident provocative of regrets
For whoso fails to read the reckless hopes
Of desperate men, last flare o' th' flame that dies.
A well-plucked residue, I grant you that,
And slim enough at cover and countermove,
But in the higher sphere of business craft
Light-brained as conies; never seem to know
Just when to cut their losses on the slump,
But stand to lose their all with holding on.
Where, pray, should we be now, we millionaires,
Had we not used betimes the native tact
That bids evacuate a rotting hulk?

Yet, 'tis a type not wholly unredeemed
By shrewd exceptions worthy our regard.
Take KRUGER, now—a very different paste!
Why, there's a veteran knows his ropes too well
To fling away good shekels after bad;
Laid fist on what of cash was left at call
Out of the common ruin his hand had wrought,
Placed it at solid interest overseas,
Himself its escort, and survives at large
Couching on furniture of Louis Quinze
There in his villa styled *Oranjestad*,
Close under Utrecht where the tulips sprout.
That's what I call recuperative power
After my own heart, who have nose enough
To scent distinction even in a foe,
Whence who has wit will not despise to learn.

But to resume our talk of happier times
Presaged by tokens not to be mistook.
How traced, you ask? I th' casualty lists?
My friend, I go by subtler signs than these;
I have my finger on the nation's pulse,
Counting the heart-beats which betray its health.
In plainer terms, I study day by day
The Market's movements; scan my bulletin
Of change i' th' current rate of blood through veins,
And so discern its vitals how they fare.
And when I feel, as now, the quickened life
Beat louder at her core (the Stock Exchange),
Why then I know my England's heart is right,
And I may dine more freely—dine, I mean,
Not on a nobler scale, which scarce could be,
But with a sense of savour undisturbed,
That draws a rarer rapture from the *bisque*,
That knows a subtler *nuance* in the snipe.

So you and I, we look to touch at last
What meed we merit who have sacrificed
If not our actual persons, yet at least
Much ease of heart. Johannesburg, I hear,
Is safe as Piccadilly; plies her trades;
Is firm in land "securities" (mark the word!);
Flutters in mines; and is no more commoved
By mere guerrillas raiding down the Vaal
Or Yeomen units ambushed Lindley way,
Than we of Lombard Street would bate our breath
At news of costers camped i' th' Old Kent Road
Or Radical meetings rushed at Peckham Rye.

Courage, my friend, we yet shall prove the war
Not such a bad investment after all,
Being rightly viewed. And 'tis no common joy
To have the hope that nerves our country's breast
So closely fused with what inflates our own
That, as with me i' th' case of Kaffir shares,
A man may be pro-Bull with twin intent. O. S.

THE DRURY LANE SISTER ANNE-UAL.

If by this time Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, Managing Director of Drury Lane, does not know how to produce a Pantomime, and what sort of Pantomime should be produced in order to achieve success, neither he nor anyone else ever will. Of course the Pantomime of *Blue Beard*, written by Messrs. WOOD and COLLINS and produced by the aforesaid ARTHUR COLLINS, with music by J. M. GLOVER, Composer, Selector, and Arranger ("Three single gentlemen rolled into one"), is, as a fairy spectacle, a perfect festival of harmonies in colour. Artistic taste, originality, and ingenuity are here combined with delightful effect. The eye is never wearied during these brilliant scenes, and thus has considerable advantage over the ear; for, with the exception of DAN LENO as *Sister Anne*, Messrs. QUEEN and LE BRUN (whose "elephant," a masterpiece of trunk and hose, is a dumb animal, by the way), Mr. ARTHUR CONQUEST as "The Monster Head" (following, so to speak, in his father's footsteps), *Blue Beard's* six saucy old wives, and, occasionally, Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL as *Blue Beard* himself, there is not much, spoken or sung, that is particularly amusing; though in Miss RAVENSBURG as *Selim* (not to be pronounced *S'lim*), Miss JULIA FRANKS, singing charmingly as *Fatima*, Miss MADGE GIRDLESTONE as *Abdullah* (bearing a curious but striking facial resemblance to Miss IRENE VANBRUGH), and Madame GRIGOLATI with her Flying Fays, there is a great deal to be admired and listened to with pleasure.

Still, after all, DAN LENO is the pantomime, and, from first to last, whatever absurd disguises he may assume, whatever utterly idiotic "business" he may be doing, we depend for the "laughs" solely and only on him. Comic elephant would have small chance without comic element provided by DAN LENO.

Mr. LAURENCE CAIRD, who may be remembered as the clever impersonator of the Foreign President in last year's pantomime, can do very little with his ear trumpet as the deaf *Hassarac*, a part that is as long and as thin as himself. There are no songs, comic or sentimental, that "catch on," except, perhaps, a sort of "coon song" (wherein the over-worked coon may be making its final effort), and DAN LENO's burlesque imitation of this style of ditty with a chorus of *Blue Beard's* wives. As *Sister Anne* playing a fantasia on the harp, DAN LENO has had a most happy inspiration. Of course it is all a success, an annual success, and should well repay the vast outlay of time, trouble, and money for the public delectation.

Our old friend Mr. HAND-AND-GLOVER, in the orchestra, works as hard as ever, while that special curl of raven-black hair o'er the forehead, waving, with the excitement of the moment, in time and tune, reminds some musicians present of another LOCKE not unassociated with "Flying by Night."

Success to the Drury Lane Annual; and if Manager A. COLLINS could but see his way to playing his pantomime from 7.30 to 11, giving from 10.15 to a first-rate Harlequinade, it would, there's no doubt about it, be a move in a popular and profitable direction. Why, in a real "Transformation Scene," should not Mr. CAIRD become *Harlequin*, one of the GRIGOLATIS be the *Columbine*, Mr. FRED EMNEY come out as *Pantaloon*, HERBERT CAMPBELL as *Shop-keeper* or *Policeman*, and DAN LENO as *Clown*? Then let us have "All the fun of the fair" in the "comic scenes."



Bernard Partridge.

SHACON AND BAKESPEARE.

Homer. "LOOK HERE, WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHICH OF YOU CHAPS WROTE THE OTHER FELLOW'S BOOKS? GOODNESS ONLY KNOWS *HOW* MANY WROTE MINE!"
[Notes, as usual, and exits.]

THE MEETING.

SCENE—Koffiehuis en Restauratie "De Goede Vrienden," Utrecht. TIME—A January afternoon. Dusk. A waiter dozing in a corner. Enter suddenly a Rotund Traveller, wearing a long ulster, a soft hat pulled over his eyes, and a large neckerchief, leaving only his nose visible.

Rotund One (aside). Here at last! And quite forgot to ask the District Council for leave of absence. What weather! Now for those words of Dutch. (Aloud to waiter.) Een glas van schiedam. Een nieuwspapier.

Waiter (jumping up). Yes, Sir. Here it is, Sir.

R. (aside). How the deuce could he tell I was an Englishman? And he's actually brought me the *Daily News*. "Attitude of Lord ROSEBERY." They all think I'm taking it easy at home. They'd never suppose I'd started for Utrecht. Can't read this paper, anyhow. Who comes here?

[Enter Lean Traveller, enveloped in a long cloak and wearing wide-brimmed hat, leaving only his nose visible.

Lean One. Een glas hier, en een dagblad.

Waiter. Ja, mijnheer. Hier is de *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*.

R. (aside). He is a Dutchman. I must dissemble.

[Holds up the newspaper before his face.

L. (aside). De *Daily News*. Een erdomde rooinek. Ha!

[Hides behind his newspaper.

R. (aside). I wonder what they'd say to this "attitude." I wonder if he speaks French. I believe most Dutchmen do. Must try to start a conversation. (Aloud.) Pardon, monsieur, auriez-vous une allumette?

L. Certainement, monsieur. En voilà une.

R. Mille remerciements, monsieur!

L. Enchanté, monsieur!

R. Vous avez le journal d'aujourd'hui, n'est-ce pas, monsieur? Y a-t-il, par hasard, une dépêche de l'Afrique du sud?

L. De la République Sud-africaine, monsieur?

R. De la colonie du Transvaal, monsieur.

L. You're an Englishman?

R. (boldly). I am.

L. Then let's speak English. Are you a pro-Boer?

R. Not I! But I think it just possible that the two sides might come to some understanding in some way—

L. Never, without complete independence.

R. You are a Boer, perhaps?

L. (hesitating). Why do you ask?



MISTLETOE MEM.

Maude (much exercised on perceiving a very delicate pencil line of down). "WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD A MOUSTACHE ON YOUR LIP!"

Clare (entirely occupied with her own reflections). "WELL, IF HE WERE NICE, I SHOULD KEEP VERY QUIET!"

Perhaps I am. For the sake of argument, let us say I am. What then?

R. (aside). A Boer! If it were he! (Aloud.) Do you know Dr. LEYDS?

L. He is my dearest friend.

R. Well now, if I could have met your friend LEYDS, quite casually of course, it seems to me not incredible that he might perhaps have been able to make some proposals, to offer some suggestions, in fact to plant a few simple Dutch bulbs that would grow up and flower as the lilies of peace—I am fond of horticultural similes—which, without being in any way official, I, though in no sense of the word a plenipotentiary, could have at least heard and possibly conveyed to others less indirectly concerned—

L. Why, you talk like ROSEBERY. Do you know him?

R. Pretty well.

L. If you were only ROSEBERY himself—

R. And if you were LEYDS—
Together. I am!

[Each throws off his wraps and stands revealed.

Leyds. So that's your idea, Lord ROSEBERY?

Rosebery. Precisely. What's yours?

L. It's a fine opportunity to tell you. You're a man of the world. You're not a maudlin fool or a howling idiot like most of those precious pro-Boers in your own country. You'll understand me. Look here! KRUGER doesn't count in this. He's past everything. STEYN doesn't count. He wanted to give up long ago, but DE WET has hauled him about for months, with a rope round his neck more or less. SCHALK BURGER doesn't count.

R. (eagerly). Dear me, this is very interesting! Then who does count?

L. Not FISCHER, or WESSELS, or WOLMARANS. There's only one man—

R. (more eagerly). Yes, yes! And he is—?

L. (calmly). Myself.

R. What a fortunate chance that I should have met you! But, mind you, though I'm delighted to listen to anything, I have no right, and no wish, even to seem to appear to offer any terms to you—to offer anything whatever, except a patient hearing. Did I understand you to say that you would accept nothing but complete independence—how could it be done?

L. My dear Lord ROSEBERY, the easiest thing in the world. This war costs your country considerably over a million a week, doesn't it?

R. Unhappily it does. Not that any expenditure daunts us. We are inflexible. But that complete independence—how could you possibly manage it?

L. Nothing easier. Let me see. A villa at Nice, a comfortable flat on the Champs Élysées—I think I prefer the Champs Élysées, though the Avenue du Bois is very charming—a little summer place, a cottage by the sea, at Trouville for instance—pleasant, bracing place Trouville, and the bathing is better than at Dieppe—horses, and automobiles, and servants, with plenty of friends staying with one, and an occasional trip to Vienna, or Berlin, or Naples—good Heavens! how deadly dull these beastly Dutch towns are!—I really think that is all, and I am quite sure I could do it on forty or forty-five thousand a year—

R. (who has been listening open-eyed, with growing amazement). What?

L. I'm sure I could. Don't you think so? You ought to know. So just ask your Government to give me one week's cost of the war, and then the only man who counts will be your nation's friend for life.

R. (indignantly). Preposterous! Do you dare to suggest a bribe? Will you understand—

L. The waiter will, if you talk so loudly.

R. (with increasing anger). I don't care who understands. I've come all this distance, to this confounded neutral inn, just to hear such a proposal as that.

L. Well, you said you'd listen to anything.

R. (putting on his hat, and stalking out). You began about complete independence.

L. And finished with it, too. Forty thousand a year, or thereabouts, may not seem much to you, but it would be complete independence for me. So sorry we didn't arrange it. Good-bye.

[*Exeunt by opposite doors.*]

THE FANCY-DRESS DINNER.

(To G. D. R.)

DEAR GEORGE, we saw the New Year in,
A fancy-costumed party.
We made a fairly cheerful din,
And all were very hearty.
Our number totalled up to ten:
Five couples paired and flirted;
For half (by day) were trousered men,
And half of us were skirted.

Columbia, with her red stripes on,
Renewed our ancient quarrel
With hints at tea and Lexington,
And Bunker's deathless laurel.
No threats of ours availed to still
That spangled lady's rattle:
She mentioned how she kept the hill,
Although we won the battle.

She tossed aloft her starry head,
And all her jeers enlisted
To show how eagles should be spread,
And lions' tails be twisted.
All round she stinted us of praise,
And, when the stars were paling,
Her stars and stripes still full ablaze,
We left *Columbia* hailing.

The *Prince* came in a four-wheeled fly—
His *Cinderella* brought him.
Judged by the homage of her eye,
A perfect *Prince* she thought him.
To each—so deep they were in love—
The other seemed a ripper:
It was a case of hand and glove
As well as foot and slipper.

Archie became a turbaned Sheik
While *Claude* put on a laced coat:
His wig was white, and pink his cheek,
And pink his satin waistcoat.
At Versailles in the old régime
His curls he might have nodded:
He was, in fact, a Dresden dream
Delightfully embodied.

Di Vernon brought a hunting crop,
And, oh, she looked entrancing;
A County Sheriff led the hop
When couples took to dancing.
Miss D. went off—I cursed my stars
To find the girl refuse me—
And tripped it with a son of Mars,
Herself a pretty *mousmé*.

Our feet had scarce a moment's ease;
We couldn't keep our hands still,
Until *Miss D.*, the Japanese,
Ping-ponged us to a standstill.
Then *Sheila* traced our palms, and so
Fulfilled her rôle as gipsy;
And all of us were cheerful, though
The cake alone was tipsy.

And thus we saw the Old Year fade—
I wish you had been here, GEORGE:
A year begun without your aid
Seems only half a year, GEORGE.
P'raps, when the months have had their
A doubled lot may guide you [spin,

To come and see a New Year in—
With Mrs. GEORGE beside you?

R. C. L.

"SOLDIERS OF THE KING! DRESS UP!"

MR. PUNCH, Sir,—As the recognised organ of the United Service, will you permit me to address you? I take your consent for granted, Sir, and thank you in advance.

My good friend—you see, Sir, that I am prepared to adopt a peaceable attitude—I belong to the Reserve of officers. Many years ago when the last century had arrived, let us say, at full maturity, I was on the active list in the Army. Then I was put on half-pay, and only recalled to the colours when the war in South Africa was in its infancy. My worthy acquaintance, at a moment's notice I had to pack up, leave my happy home, and, with what remained of my kit, hurry to headquarters. Yes, Mr. Punch, Sir, I did this at the first note of the bugle that sounded the alarm.

And the reference to what remained of my kit brings me to the object of my letter. Mr. Punch, Sir, have you seen that we are to have new uniforms? Yes, it is really true, "Oh, deary, deary me!" as a very amusing young actor says in a pleasing play now running at one of the Metropolitan theatres.

New uniforms! Think of the expense to which we poor reservists will be put! We are to have no more gold lace, which always looked smart and could be worn until it was threadbare. Why? They have taken away—or rather intend to—our caps. Again I ask, why?

All this chopping and changing simply means grist to the mill of the tailors. The regulations may sound retrenchful—is there such a word?—but in reality they will be the cause of heavy expenditure.

But, good old *Punch*, my very dear Sir, we have one gleam of comfort. According to rumour we are to be allowed two years to wear out our old uniforms.

Two years! A great deal can be done in two years! "What ho!" again to quote the amusing comedian to whom I have already referred.

During the two years set apart for the wearing out of old uniforms, I propose the using, for all they're worth, of a beaver shako, an infantry undress frock-coat (time of the Crimean war), a pair of rather stylish epaulets, and several other sartorial items of the remote past! I will teach them to order me to provide myself with a new kit!

Yours, more in laughter than in sorrow,

(Signed) A DUCOUT, Captain.

THE CRUISE OF THE PING-PONG.

(With apologies to Messrs. W. W. Jacobs and Cutcliffe Hyne.)

WITH her boom close-hauled, and the davits eased off a point or two before the wind, the schooner *Ping-Pong* luffed with the tide and picked her way down Channel. The comic cook was playing nap with the mate on the foc'sle, the boy was turning somersaults on the main-top, and the rest of the hands were below, concocting humorous remarks for future issues of a popular magazine. Suddenly a tremendous shout was heard. With a single bound Captain KITTLE sprang up the aft companion and summoned his crew in a voice of thunder.

"By James!" he cried, covering the astonished seamen with two revolvers one in each hand "by James, and likewise by Gum! This is a pretty business! Here am I, Captain OWEN KITTLE, master mariner and the idol of a million readers, set to command a darned little cargo-boat manned by lunatics! You lubberly skunks, stand by to mend waistcoat-buttons!"

The revolvers cracked; and the second button from every waistcoat jingled upon the deck. KITTLE, as I often have had occasion to remark, is a very fair shot. "And now," he resumed, as he carefully reloaded his weapons, "I've two requests to make. First, I'm composing a little poem, and if any of you gentlemen can supply me with a rhyme to 'engine-house' I shall be grateful. Second, who in thunder are you, what's this cruise for, and why do you giggle all day like a set of crazy school-girls?"

"Please, Sir," said the mate with a sheepish grin, "please, Sir, we're Mr. JACOBS' little lot."

"Never met the brand," rejoined KITTLE. "Can't say I hanker after it, either. Where are we bound for, anyway?"

"Nowhere in particular," said the mate. We takes a v'y'ge once a month, you see, for the sake o' humour, and somethin' funny's sartin to turn up afore the end of it. P'raps the bos'un gets a coat o' whitewash, or the boy loses his clothes, or the cook makes mustard-pudding!"

"I'm!" said KITTLE. "That's your programme, is it? Well, now you'll listen to mine. First, you see that Russian battleship in the offing? We're going to board her and capture her with all hands inside half-an-hour."

"Crikey!" said the boy. KITTLE fired a shot which neatly removed the youth's forelock, and resumed:

"Then we shall cram on full steam and make for Yokohama. It's a pretty locality, I'm told, and I always had an



Old Lady (describing a cycling accident). "'E 'ELPED ME HUP, AN' BRUSHED THE DUST OFF ON ME, AN' PUT FIVE SHILLIN' IN MY 'AND, AN' SO I SAYS, 'WELL, SIR, I'M SURE YOU'RE HACTIN' LIKE A GENTLEMAN,' I SAYS, 'THOUGH I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU ARE ONE,' I SAYS."

eye for the picturesque. Likely enough I'll find material for a sonnet or two there. Then, when we've annexed Japan," we'll step across to China, and do a trifle in the fighting line there. And then our yarn will be long enough for one month's instalment, I reckon."

"But," protested the mate tearfully, "where do we come in? We want to land at a seaport town, where there'll be a pretty girl with a surly father, and a dog, likely enough. Then the cook and the boy and two or three of the hands will all be that mixed up that afore we gets back to Wapping there'll be twenty

pages of humour. We're simple seamen, Sir, and Mr. JACOBS never meant us to go a-buccaneering!"

"My name," replied the captain, as he lighted a big cigar, "is KITTLE. My fighting-weight—as you can learn from Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE—is seventy-four men and a boy; and when I'm crossed, I'm a fair terror. Come, rouse yourselves, you skulking lubbers! Starboard the bowsprit! Reef the helm! And clear for action!"

Five minutes later the strength of the Russian navy had been reduced by one first-class battleship.



Lady. "WELL, BUT JUDGING BY YOUR FACE, I SHOULD HARDLY SAY YOU WERE A PERSON I SHOULD CARE TO GIVE ALMS TO."

Beggar. "EXCUSE ME, LADY, YOU'RE LABOURIN' HUNDER A DELUSION. WHAT YOU'RE TAKIN' NOTICE OF IS DUE TO THESE 'ERE CHEAP SOAPS WE POOR PEOPLE IS OBLIGED TO USE."

A NEW YEAR'S NIGHTMARE.

[The following touching poem is a sort of running commentary on Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON's Idyll of Aylwin Hall, entitled "The Christmas Dream," which occupied several columns of the *Saturday Review* a couple of weeks ago. It follows Mr. WATTS-DUNTON in the use of explanatory footnotes.]

BENEATH a moon that hangs
Silvering valley and slope
Re-enter Mr. AYLWIN,* "stung by fangs
Of Fear at war with Hope."

Where had our AYLWIN been?
To Egypt—lucky man!—
To winter with the wily Bedouin
All in a caravan.
But one day as he lead
His camel out to water
Someone informed him that his wife was dead,
Also his infant daughter.
Imagine his distress
At these heart-rending tales;
He felt he couldn't very well do less
Than hurry home to Wales.

Meantime his tender wife,
Who loved her lord with passion,
Had heard, poor soul, that he had lost his life
In some unpleasant fashion.
So far you think the plot
Is dull and rather gory?
It is. But fortunately I am not
The author of the story.†

*AYLWIN, a tearful novel which appeared two or three years ago. The name of the heroine was *Whinney Whinney*.

† Nor am I responsible for the metre.

Anyhow, AYLWIN got
Home long before the dawn;
And when the poem starts the servants spot
Him prowling round the lawn.
He thought his house bereaved,
His wife and infant dead,
That story he implicitly believed,
And this was what he said:—

"Cairo, your tales were true!—
Save from the servants' hall
The lightless windows tell of funeral rue
Or worse than funeral.

"Another fateful sign!—
Our good Welsh servants leave
The doors ajar for one whose soul may pine
For home on Christmas Eve.

"Are they the self-same waits—
Is that the self-same lay—
She heard last year when through the home-park gates
They trod the cedarn way?"

No wonder that it pained
Poor AYLWIN more than all
To find the same old waits being entertained
Down in the servants' hall!
And then the self-same lay,
Under the winter moon,
Quavering lugubrious down the "cedarn way,"
As usual, out of tune!

I skip a page or so and turn to where
Our AYLWIN drops that metre in despair.
For the short line he substitutes a longer,
And here the humorous element grows stronger.
I like the part about "the slopes of Latmos,"
Which rhyme—too obviously perhaps?—with "Patmos."
(I wonder why he never thought of "that moss"?)
And those delicious lines about the Nile,
And poor "Old Christmas sitting on a stile"
(Sitting, I hope and think, on AYLWIN's style)
Who told the child, "Your father's just come home,
It's me, old Father Christmas, made him come,
It's me that saved him from the crocodile
That comes in dreams: you know his frightful smile!"
(The smiling crocodile, it here appears,
Is quite as horrid as the one in tears.)
And how I'd like to see a fairy lattice
Across a picture which it "seems to brattice,"
—But only Mr. SKEAT can tell what *that* is!
And Egypt's sun which "cracks the horny warts
Of camels sinking in the pitiless blaze!"
The warts of camels! What a splendid phrase!
Persons who haunt Egyptian health-resorts
Should shun a camel suffering from warts!
Is this the sun, he cries, "whose heat would crack
My lips and glue them to the teeth's enamel
And dry each waterskin upon the pack
And melt the lump* from every thirsty camel?"
I must confess I think the teeth's enamel
Makes a most creditable rhyme to camel.
In fact the great and glorious conclusion
That I have drawn from this sublime effusion
Is—that it's written in the Book of Fate
That AYLWIN must be our next Laureate!

H.

* Query, hump?—Printer's reader.

Nor the toast to propose in the company of guests with
short memories:—"Absent friends!"



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

A Warning to those who hunt from Town.

Cabby (gazing after sportsman in pink). "AIN'T 'E A TOFF! GOT 'ISSELF UP LIKE A BLOOMIN' OLEOGRAPH, 'E 'AS."

THE UP-TO-DATE COOK-GENERAL.

I AM the very pattern of an up-to-date cook-general,
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral;
I've passed the seventh standard, and I vary the monotony
Of flirting with the butcher's boy by writing books on botany;
I know the chemistry of zinc, tin, potash and ammonium;
I practise on the fiddle, flute, piano and harmonium;
I understand minutely the formation of an icicle,
And in the season round the Park I like to ride my bicycle.
I've studied HERBERT SPENCER and I've views on sociology,
And as a mere *parergon* I have taken up conchology—
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of an up-to-date cook-general.

In fact, when I have learnt to tell a turnip from an artichoke,
Or grill a steak that will not make my mistress' dinner-party choke;

When I can cook a mutton chop or any plain comestible
In such a way that it becomes not wholly indigestible;
When I can wash a cup without inevitably breaking it,
Or make a bed where folk can sleep at ease without re-making it;

In short, when I've an inkling of economy domestical,
You'll say, "Of all cook-generals this girl the very best I call."

For my culinary ignorance and all-round imbecility
Is only to be equalled by my housewifely futility—
But still, in learning vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very pattern of an up-to-date cook-general.

RABBI BUNSBY.

At the end of a sympathetic article on the Jewish Encyclopædia the *Saturday Review* observed, "There are depths of significance in the saying of Rabbi HILLEL ("Aboth" i. 14): 'If I do not care for myself, who will care for me? And, if I care only for myself, what am I? And if not now, when?'" Surely either Rabbi HILLEL must have been directly an ancestor of JACK BUNSBY, Commander of the *Cautious Clara*, in which case his descendant, Commander JACK BUNSBY, must have deeply studied the style and mannerisms of Rabbi HILLEL, or, if Rabbi HILLEL is a modern writer, as, for aught we know, in our ignorance of judaistic literature, he may be, then the Rabbi has chosen for his literary model the peculiarities that characterised the style of the aforesaid Commander BUNSBY, who, on a memorable occasion, oracularly delivered himself of his weighty opinions to those earnestly seeking his advice, thus:—

"Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then!"

A "Rabbi BUNSBY" might offer the solution of many of the greatest problems in Jewish history to admiring students in such cryptic utterances as these, and command considerable attention.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET SENIOR (*on the East Cliff, Ramsgate, which, in a truly generous and Christmasy spirit, has recently "come down heavily"*).—"Oh, HAMLET, what a falling-off was there!"



Hostess. "I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO PLAY 'BRIDGE'!"

Host. "SO WE ARE, BUT THEY ARE PLAYING 'PING-PONG' IN THE DINING-ROOM, AND 'FIRES' IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM, JACK'S TRYING TO IMITATE DAN LENO IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, AND DICK'S GOT THAT INFERNAL GRAMOPHONE OF HIS GOING IN THE HALL, AND THEY ARE LAYING SUPPER IN THE SMOKING-ROOM, SO WE'RE GOING TO THE NURSERY!"

ANY WRITER TO ANY READER.

Look! there she goes, that woman over there
With flashing arms and strands of sun-red hair.
Her figure finely moulded, see, is shown
To great advantage in her gorgeous gown.
Her movements, as you say, most graceful, but
I trace therein a tendency to strut,
A conscious springing on superior toe,
That woman walks the best that seems to flow.
Her beauty strikes you on the instant's gaze,
Yet ere you can exhaust your stock of praise
Its grandeur fades; you see a high held chin
And looks lit by no radiance from within.
A dignity by too much art sustained,
A pride by care and industry maintained.
And though the glory of her every part
Enchains the eye, it does not touch the heart.

Yet there was once a time when even I bent
Adoring knees and thought the time well spent.
But she was less *imposing* then. I mean
Her loveliness was rather felt than seen.
A child of nature, breathing rural joys,
Unspoiled by town, unsullied by its toys.
And how exclusive! Now who cares may get
At once admitted to her little set.
Listen! she speaks, a rich melodious tone.
But ah! that liquid murmuring note is gone,
While in the place of her once gentle smile
That breathed of Heaven to coldest bibliophile

She laughs in an accommodating way,
But whether *at* or *with* you, who shall say?
Time was, too, when this many-virtued fair
Disdained her wondrous beauties to compare
With others less endowed. Now she prefers
A syndicate of friendly trumpeters
Who shrill: "She's virtuous, good, to be desired
And, understood or not, to be admired!"
When first I wooed this lady from afar
She had not learned to ride a motor car
Or deck with priceless gems her sumptuous gown
And live but in a well lime-lighted zone.
Since she keeps open house and entertains
Each dainty fleshling with quick-sprouting brains,
Only to whisper promises and laugh
To think how she will never keep e'en half,
I merely nod, 'tis nothing to my taste
To be in public drawing-rooms thus embraced.
You seem to know her face! I'll tell you why,
Her portrait you can any day espy
In magazines, newspapers, and, no doubt,
A longish column on her "coming out."
Oh! I've got over that. What is her name?
Forgive a smile—men call the creature Fame!

Teacher. Well, Mrs. HUGGINS, how's TOMMY to-day?

Mother. He's very ill, Miss. Doctor says, "Eh, ye mun get him to bed at onct; he's dangerous; his diameter's a hundred and three!"



THE IRRECONCILABLES.

TWEEDLEDEE (Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman). "WE MUST HAVE A BIT OF A BATTLE."
TWEEDLEDUM (Lord Rosebery). "LET'S FIGHT TILL HALF-PAST ONE, AND THEN HAVE LUNCH."

"The simple facts connected with a recent interview . . . are" that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, "passing through town," called on Lord Rosebery. His Lordship being out at the time, on his return sent Sir H. C.-B. an invitation to lunch which was accepted. As two other guests were present there was no conversation of political significance, "and immediately after luncheon Sir Henry left to catch his train."

Daily Telegraph, January 4.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.

FOURTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. And in the last days of the first year of the reign
2. of Im (who succeeded to Er),
3. lord of Takht-phūl-Bonommi,—
4. king of all the Bhrítanz,—as it
5. says on the Koinaj,
6. those beyond the blue waters, and even
7. of those who were half the seas over,
8. —*abit-pestiv* for Krísmaz,
9. did the lord of Dhalmeni, the Litul-Ministah, with
10. the prominent eyeballs of inscrutable
11. sapphire,
12. with the fathomless gaze of some
13. fearsome leviathan dweller

26. affectionate colleagues . . . just to see
27. if by any *mirák-yuluz* juggling
28. any man born of woman could give them a show of *kohezyan*,
29. could—just for one evening, a *kuppul-av-owaz*—
30. make them look like a party.
31. . . . (A "squash" is not quite the same thing as a "party.")
32.
33. Since the days of Nohrzáak,
34. when emotional lambs and unscrupulous lions,
35. hysterical rabbits, and jingo constrictors
36. were cabin-companions,

51. and they cheered to the echo,
52. and rivalled each other in
53. thumping the platform over views
54. which had previously made them
55. throw *brikk-bhâtz*,
56. (—they seemed to have left many cherished convictions
57. outside in the cloak-room.)
58. And the eye of Kamm-el-Banra-man freely did he wipe;
59. while as for Bhil-Arkort, philanthropikh-al-Morlih,
60. their shutters were up the whole evening.
61. And even unto Shuv-menébar, the Secretary of State



14. in furrows
15. in the bed of the ocean,
16. emerge into *déhlaît*
17. . . . and the Libbur-al-pâti that lived in the district
18. around in profoundest excitement did gather.
19. From all sides did they flock,
20. and herded in droves to the *phúnnel-laik-shed* near the *Chestaf-ild-stéshun*
21. (which was kindly provided
22. by the Midland *dhiréktaz*),
23. both wings of the party (return tickets from Lhundun) had come down on purpose,
24. —for the moment they even desisted from tearing
25. out handfuls of hair from the heads of

37. no such motley re-union had been
38. ever attempted.
39. Out into the *laím-laît* came the
40. Litul-Ministah, with his prominent pupils,
41. his elders aforetime sat pale and expectant,
42. Tamaz-Whamund the fowler,
43. and Askwith-thafridjid, and Thamembaphar-Beriksha.
44. He with *jesturem-fatikh*
45. with upraised and crook'd finger
46. pointed out to the people
47. —like the *Chestaf-ild-stípul*—
48. a new and a somewhat circuitous method
49. of getting to heaven—politically speaking.
50. He held them all spellbound

62. for his *phórin-phopáz*, *bhūnz* did he render in plenty.
63. At breakfast next morning the *jenral-impreshan*
64. was there wasn't much left now of Libralz or *Tóriz*,
65. that, elders or no, *kongregéshunz* apart, he had
66. got a *new* sect up his sleeve,
67. and would just take a stroll while the
68. *Mansiz-erekhtid*
69. and think out his sermons,—making *marjin-el-nhōtz*
70. of appropriate *jestchaz*,
71. looking in on them sometimes to liven their "spade-work,"
72. make 'em work, too, *thabeggaz*, no shirking.

E. T. R.

"OLD K. COAL!"

"SOMEBODY," whose name (he being Nobody to speak of) we cannot divulge, writes to us, saying that, in a recent issue, *Mr. Punch* was unkind to Kent Coal in applying the old proverbial saying as to "not touching pitch" to the K. C. Coalition. It is "difficult"—that's all that was said—to touch coal, whether of Kent or of any other locality, and yet to come out of the coal-hole, or coal-pit, with clean hands. "Difficult," c'était le mot, not "unprofitable,"—which is quite another pair of tongs. "There's corn in Egypt," cried *Major Monsoon* when, after all the provisions had given out, he suddenly found hampers of champagne and dainty eatables. And "There's coal in Kent!" may Chairman SLACKS be able to exclaim at no great distance of time. At all events, if, just now, things are, like the chairman, rather "slack," at least there is a good omen and not at all a black look-out in the fact that the consulting engineer is "Mr. Coals-on!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



IN the *Letters of John Richard Green* (MACMILLAN) Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN is, in the main, content to permit the writer to tell the story of his life. The wandering course of the correspondence is connected by a brief but satisfying sketch of his career at Oxford and after. In one of his Letters to Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD,

GREEN condenses in a couple of sentences the tragedy of his life. "Isn't it very odd to conceive of life without the hope of wife or child, or the stress of public effort or ambition, or any real faith in a hereafter? That is my life." Another note in the same key appears in a letter of the same year (1871) addressed to FREEMAN: "I am going to High Mass to-morrow, inasmuch as Catholicism has an organ and Protestantism only a harmonium, and the difference of truth between them don't seem to me to make up for the difference of instruments." This is, to my Baronite, rather startling from the pen of a man on whose head holy hands were laid in the Ordination Service, and who served for some years in a curacy at the East End. But if "JOHNNY" GREEN was weak in faith he was strong in works. Whilst he ministered at Stepney, he threw his frail body and his indomitable spirit into the service of the poor who crowded his parish. He fed them, clothed them, took the mothers and children on little excursions. When the cholera raged in Stepney he was fearlessly in the thick of it. Finding a man dangerously ill in an upper room he asked some passing draymen to help him to carry him downstairs. They refusing, he, by taking thought, managed to mount the cholera patient on his slight frame, and, staggering to the top of the staircase, fell down to the bottom in company with his burden. His completion of the *Short History of the English People*, that masterpiece of life-like summary, was, in its way, equally heroic. How it was written, amid careful dodging of the English winter, is told in the Letters with unconscious pathos.

Sir EDWARD RUSSELL, sometime Member of the House of Commons, long time Editor of one of the most prosperous and enlightened provincial dailies, appears in a new rôle. Temporarily quitting the editorial room he ascends the pulpit, and delivers *An Editor's Sermons* (FISHER UNWIN). The subjects dealt with are the Days of the Church Year and cognate topics, including the Reform of Convocation. The Bishop of HEREFORD, who contributes some fore-words to the book, describes its contents in a sentence my Baronite gladly adopts. "They are the utterances, addresses, exhortations, reflections, criticisms, allocutions, the words, and, what is vastly more important, the thoughts, of a cultivated religious-minded layman who is also a faithful and stout

churchman." Sir EDWARD, in the main, avowedly preaches to the pulpit rather than to the pew. In the Book of Common Prayer there is a well-known petition for the bestowal of grace upon "Our Bishops and Curates," the potential accomplishment of which is admittedly counted amongst "Great Marvels." That Sir EDWARD RUSSELL's efforts in this direction may be blessed is a prayer that will be voiced by all the congregations.

In *Luke Dalmage* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) the Rev. P. A. SHEEHAN has given us, in delightful style, a deeply interesting study of Irish life and character. The simple unexciting story is most instructive to the thoughtful English reader, if, that is, he be unprejudiced on Irish matters, especially should his notions with regard to them have been previously derived from CHARLES LEVER's novels, or from CARLETON's tales. The book is replete with such pathetic episodes as could only be found in sympathetic narratives of "the most distressful country"; and it shows us, in a vivid description of *All Souls' Eve*, a type, among many others, and, as the BARON believes, one most true to Hibernian nature, of a soldier widely different from the *Mulvaney* that Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING would have us accept as representative of the ordinary private in an Irish regiment. The meagre story is unnecessarily spun out, and much of it may be caviare to the average English reader, though in magazine form it has, the Baron believes, already achieved a considerable transatlantic success. That with the public at large it can ever attain the popularity of the same author's *My New Curate* is the expression of a doubt ventured upon by the judicious

BARON DE B.-W



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

MR. PUNCH has received some hundreds (more or less) of letters pointing out to him that his contributor signing "M. D. V." did, in the number for December 18 last year, attribute "Music hath charms" &c. to SHAKESPEARE, whereas the familiar quotation is to be found in the opening lines of CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*. True: but if BACON wrote all that has been attributed to SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, CHAUCER, and many others, why not give poor WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE an off-chance and credit him, any evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, with the authorship of CONGREVE's plays? At all events, let SHAKESPEARE have one sort of play allowed him, and that is "Fair Play."

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE G.P.O.

(Said to be under consideration at St. Martin's le Grand.)

A NEWSPAPER posted at 8 A.M. one morning to be delivered within a radius of eight miles by 10 P.M. on the following evening.

Notes ordered by their should-be recipients to be re-directed from one town to another at ten miles distance not to be detained longer than a week on transit.

Telegraph clerks—especially those of the female gender—to be ordered officially to abandon domestic small talk in favour of stricter attention to the requirements of the would-be message-sending public.

Stamps to be supplied at the first instead of the fifth asking.

All the departments to be so beneficially reformed that "Worse than the Circumlocution Office" shall become a misnomer in the G.P.O.

THE CIPHER, "BY THE TOUCHSTONE TRIED."

Touchstone. This is the very false GALLUP of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?—As *You Like It*, iii. 2.



SORRY HE SPOKE.

He (who has failed to catch his companion's name, and wishes to find it out indirectly). "By the way, how do you spell your name?" She, "J-O-N-E-S."

A MARRIED UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART II.

LETTER from my sister CONSTANCE, dated from Riviera.

MY DEAR CHARLIE.—*Would you mind doing us a great favour?* (Dear CONSTANCE always italicises freely.) We heard that you and MOLLIE were coming to Cannes, and thought it a *splendid* opportunity to have our boys out—they can leave school for a *month*. Will you and MOLLIE bring them out to us?

Cold perspiration slowly comes on my brow. Why should I submit to this fresh outrage? Most inconsiderate of dear CONSTANCE, especially as we are on honeymoon.

Why should I, who love peace, quiet, retirement, be constantly dragged forward to act as buffer between these horrid children and the world? They have already embroiled me with police, hotel keepers, cabmen, elderly military persons, gamekeepers and hunting men. Where will it all end, I wonder?

Bright idea strikes me. Will find excuse. Say we are not going out yet, or that we started last night, or that we—but at this juncture dear MOLLIE enters and seizes the ill-spelled scrawl. "What fun!" she cries. "I shall enjoy it!" I see no fun at all—on contrary, nothing but sorrow possesses me at thought of what looms darkly in near future. I have suffered. MOLLIE has not. Explain this, and say I shall write and decline responsibility. Dear M. laughs gaily and says she shall thoroughly enjoy it. Inevitable conclusion that dear MOLLIE getting bored with honeymoon. So sad. She says boys will "make it lively for us." Can thoroughly believe this. Pats my cheek and calls me an old goose. Dislike expression "old goose." Proceed to explain this. Dear M. simply swings her skirts round gaily and rushes off, knocking over box of my favourite cigars as she leaves room. Bright, breezy creature, dear MOLLIE.

Next day's post brings further letter from my dear sister. Full of admonitions. "Be sure that the boys are properly wrapped up on the boat, and don't let them eat too much, and pray see that they don't lean out of the carriage windows and—" but I read no more. Go sadly upstairs and commence packing. Will write to MAX, saying I shall be pleased (ye gods!—*pleased!*) to accept charge and directing him to meet us Charing Cross Station 10.45 a.m. Thursday.

Thursday.—Rose at grey dawn. Disbursed small fortune in tips to SEAFORD's servants. Find our fortnight's stay here has cost about twice as much as living at hotel. Still, so kind of dear

SEAFORD to lend me his place. In fever of apprehension we shall miss Continental train. However, arrive in good time. Trust nephews will not be late. Proceed to register baggage. Dear MOLLIE seems to have unconscionable quantity. Walk down platform to secure places, when violent blow on back—so hearty—from MAX interrupts me. "Hullo, Uncle CHARLIE, here we are! I say, we've had a row with the cabby and he's waiting at the barrier for another bob, so I said you'd go and have it out with him." How pleasant! I am, then, to start this nerve-trying journey by a row with cabman! So wearing. Give MAX shilling, and tell him to take it to the man, thus avoiding wordy conflict. Get dear MOLLIE into carriage. TOMMY leaps wildly in after her, landing on old lady's toes. Old lady glares at me. Why me? I anxiously await MAX's return. "Jump in, Sir, if you're goin' on!" cries guard. Agony! MAX will be left behind. Fumble for half-crown to bribe guard to delay train, when MAX appears, running and breathless. He scrambles in just as train starts, guard slamming door and just missing my fingers in process. MAX, it appears, has been delayed through haggling with cabman as to whether he should give him sixpence, or toss him for the shilling. Frown disapproval, and relapse into *Times*. Boys' spirits exuberant, mine depressed. Feel there is trouble ahead for me.

Dover and the boat at last. Sea looks rough. So upsetting. MAX and TOMMY quite certain they will not be ill. Not so sure of this myself. Ask sailor person to bring camp-stools. Says "Yes, Sir," and disappears. No sign of our portmanteaux. Grow very anxious. Dear MOLLIE only laughs. Boys grin. So unfeeling. Ask another sailor person for camp-stools. He says, "Yes, Sir," and disappears. Ha! the trunks are at last slid down on to vessel. Dear MOLLIE still standing, waiting for seat, so ask third sailor person for camp-stools. MAX, in moment of inspiration, sees way of procuring dear MOLLIE a seat. Old gentleman fussily rises from camp-stool to give directions for bringing his rugs, and before he can resume his seat, MAX removes it, leaving old gentleman to sit with fearful violence on the deck. MAX and TOMMY explode with brutal laughter, whilst general rush made to pick old gentleman up. O. G. immediately turns vials of his wrath on to me. Why me? Begin to explain no fault of mine, but O. G. refuses to listen. Splutters furiously about this "outrage." I did not commit "outrage." Why bully me? People so absurdly irrational. Turn to insist upon MAX apologising, but find he has prudently

disappeared. "Done a guy, Uncle CHARLIE!" grins TOMMY. Horrid little wretch! Tender my own apologies, which are received with stony glare. So distressing. These boys really too wearing for sensitive constitution like mine.

Wind howling as we leave harbour and take first disconcerting plunge into open sea. Shout to passing steward to bring camp-stools. Steward nods reply, and staggers down below. Almost instantly re-appears without camp-stools, but brandishing three basins, which he sets down with a clatter, and rushes off. Dear MOLLIE convulsed with laughter. Feel very annoyed myself. People all round giggle ill-naturedly. Console myself with reflection that ere long they may want what we already possess—"They laugh best who laugh last." Camp-stools arrive. Wrap dear MOLLIE in my fur-lined coat, and seat her, out of wind, behind funnel. Make TOMMY wrap up in accordance with dear CONSTANCE's written instructions. Then start in search of MAX. Enquire of sailor person, who shakes head stupidly. Enquire of Captain, who tells me, gruffly, he has other things to do than run after boys. So unsympathetic. Ask man at wheel, and am rebuked for transgressing rules of company. Finally, and in despair, ask steward, bawling in his ear to make myself heard above howling of wind and waves. Steward immediately rushes away and re-appears with yet another basin. These men's ideas so limited. The life evidently narrows their minds and tends to make them "groovey." Beginning to feel anxious about MAX's fate now. Accost further sailor person, and offer half-crown for discovery of truant. Visions of a mother's grief, a father's blank despair, a—

"Hullo, Uncle CHARLIE! you're making a jolly fuss just because I hooked it when I saw things were getting warm!"

Wretched child has attired himself in tarpaulin, lent by nautical person, who now comes up, touching hat, and hoping "the young gent's a-keepin' hisself dry"—"feels rather dry" himself, he adds suggestively. Give him shilling, and lead MAX back to where I left dear MOLLIE. Dear M. gone below, feeling ill. TOMMY also ill, on lee side of deck. MAX jeers at him. So unfeeling. Am not particularly well myself. "Why, Uncle CHARLIE, you look the colour of boiled pork!" This settles the matter for me at once. I rush to side and join TOMMY. Within half-hour of Calais Harbour, MAX the brutal grows strangely silent—his flow of vulgar remarks ceases incontinently. MAX joins us.

Land at Calais more dead than alive,

and stagger to buffet for cup of coffee. Intercepted by truculent official, and dragged off to *douane*. Declare I have but one box Partagas. "Oh, Uncle CHARLIE, what an awful cram!" bursts out irrepressible TOMMY. "I saw you shove two boxes of cigarettes into your hat-case!" Had completely forgotten circumstance. MAX guffaws. Interpreter looks suspicious—speaks to searcher. Searcher immediately insists on all luggage being strictly gone through. D—ear TOMMY. MOLLIE, not knowing it contraband, has brought two pounds special China tea in dressing-bag—this pounced on and carried off. Severe person in uniform and *pince-nez* advances, glaring. Feel rather faint. TOMMY whispers audibly, "I say, Uncle, I expect this is the *tête-douane* cove; if he shoves you into prison, you'd better hand over your purse, or we shan't be able to get on any farther, and it'd be beastly to have to stop here all the time you're doing your sentence, wouldn't it?" So reassuring for man of nervous temperament. *Pince-nez* person voluble. Lectures me on enormity of my offence. Why me? Dear MOLLIE brought tea, not I. Explain this. *Pince-nez* still more voluble. Finally escape, on payment of fifty francs—whether duty or fine cannot quite grasp. Struggle out sadly and start again for buffet. "*En voiture, Messieurs!*" shrieks guard, and, dragging boys along, I make a frantic rush for train. Dear MOLLIE, always cool and collected, waiting at carriage door. Scramble in as train starts.

MAX produces contents of trouser-pockets—two keys, stick of toffee, large buckhorn-handled knife, half-used apple, fourpence in coppers, a piece of Indian ink, and two ginger-bread nuts. TOMMY, not to be outdone, brings out some almond-rock, the end of a wax-candle, three peppermint bulls'-eyes and a piece of string. Negotiations immediately commence for exchange of sundry of aforesaid delicacies and *bric-à-brac*. Still feeling weak, so doze off. Loud yell awakens me almost directly. Start up, to find MAX in forcible possession of TOMMY's almond-rock. Hastily interpose, but too late. Horrid boy crams almond-rock into his mouth to prevent its restoration to rightful owner. TOMMY implores me to make him disgorge. Feel, however, that psychological moment for doing this has passed. MAX guffaws at victory. Triumph short-lived, guffaw causing choking fit. For ten minutes MAX in imminent danger of his life. While he is still purple, TOMMY calmly looks on, and remarks, "Serve you right if you do choke, you greedy beast!" So heartless. MAX restored at last, and dear MOLLIE very angry with both the little bea—little boys. Rest of journey to Paris peaceful.



AFTER CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

Brown. "HULLO, WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO YOURSELF!"

Jones. "FELL OUT OF A DOG-CART, GOING TO A MEET."

Brown. "H'M—GOING TO A MEET, EH! LOOKS TO ME MORE LIKE COMING FROM A DRINK!"

At P. L. and M. station, dear MOLLIE retires to *wagon lit*, but boys and I travel in ordinary carriage, together with fat Frenchman. F. F. snoring in an hour's time. We all settle down for night. F. F.'s snoring most distressing. Fall asleep at last. Boys moving about and fidgeting greatly. Whenever I speak they pretend to be asleep. Wonder why?

As soon as it is light next morning F. F. sits up and yawns. Great powers! would have sworn he was clean-shaven last night, but now has black moustache and—a black-tipped nose! What can it be? How could he—? And then suspicion ripens into certainty as I hear suppressed giggling from under boys' sleeping-rugs. These imps have been

ornamenting F. F.'s face with their Indian ink, during the night! Cold perspiration breaks out on forehead, as I think of consequences when F. F. makes inevitable discovery. No mirror in carriage, thank goodness. Ha! he produces from his pocket a—no, saved again!—not a mirror, but a comb. Brief respite, but what shall I do when storm bursts? Train slackens speed. Can it be possible? Frenchman actually going to alight! Dare I hope to escape consequences of acts of these criminal children? Train stops—yes, he alights! Sense of relief overpowering. Turn to reprove boys severely. Sudden commotion in station. Terrified to see F. F. violently gesticulating and advancing rapidly on our carriage, followed by



Mamma. "You mustn't bowl your hoop in the front on Sunday. You must go into the back garden."

Tommy. "Isn't it Sunday in the back garden, Mamma?"

chef de gare. We are lost! French prison stares me in face. Train mercifully starts. F. F. rushes at next compartment by mistake, and hurls whole of French language at indignant and astonished occupant. Put up our own window hurriedly, and sink back, half fainting, while boys yell and crow with unhallowed glee.

Unspeakingly relieved when train reaches Cannes. Combined effects of journey and nephews too much for nerves. Dear MOLLIE and I alight, whilst boys go on to Vintimille to be met by dear CONSTANCE and the General. How I pity those unhappy parents. Drive to hotel and retire to bed, worn out.

Anxiously wondering, all next day,

whether boys arrived safely, or are now in "durance vile" for some fresh offence. Trust, in any event, they will escape guillotine, but never sure of these things. Foreign laws so weird.

Following morning, letter from MAX arrives. Not guillotined anyhow. So relieved.

Sam Reemo.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—When you got out at Cann I and TOMMY thought we'd have the carriage to ourselves, "but it was not to be" ass the chap says in the play. Two young French fellers got in—wun had been eating garlig and his breth was so strong you might have leaned up against it. Well I thought we'd be quite and reed a bit, so I got out a book that I thought was Ned

Kelly the Bushranger, and then I found that young ass TOMMY had packed Bungyan's Pills-grim Progress insted—the covers being alike. I got so enoid I twisted his arm and he howled and wun of the young froggies—not the wun with the garlig breth but the other feller—tried to interfere, but I sed, "*Vous jeune ane, vous fermez*," and then TOMMY chipd in and sed, "*Snay par un morceau de bong, vous attonday a votre affaires*," witch was rather sporting of him, wassent it? And I sed, "*Nous soms seulemang faient un pièce de linge ensamble*," meaning "We are only having a rag together," and the other feller—the wun with the garlig breth—seemed quite pussled—so I egspaned. I sed, "*C'est samplemang un alouette*," wich ment, of coarse, "It's simply a lark"; but he—the wun without the garlig breth—jest shrugged his shoulders and sed sum rot about "*Says Onglay*"—silly ass.

At Neese, a feller arsked for our tiggets, and I sed, "*Droit vous êtes*," but gave him the rong harfs on porpoise, jest for the rag of the thing, you know. He jawed and jestickelated, so I sed, "*Tenez votre cheveux, Cockie!*" And then he kept arsking sumthing which I coodent quite grarsp, and at larst I gave him the rite harfs and he yelled "*Sarpristly!*" and "*O Mon Doo!*" We both cocked a snook at him ass the train startid agane.

Well, at larst we got to Sam Reemo, and at the hôtel we rang for the *chambre fait*—the chambermaid, you know—and had a tub, and I held TOMMY's hed under water for neerly harf a minnit. I wantid to see how long a feller cood be kept under water without drowning.

Ass the Guvnor had bin ordered a jenrus dite, TOMMY and I sed weed have a jenrus dite too at our first meal, so we told the *tête garsong* we wantid the finest tuck-in he cood give us. We sed the Guvnor wood make it orl rite; so we went into the resterong, and by Gum we did do ourselves well!

I must now shut up, so with love to Arnt MOLLIE—I say she is a stunner, by Gum, ain't she?

Your affeckshunt nephew,

MAX.

P.S.—We find this place is orfky expensive, and the Guvnor dussent elow us quite enuff poket money. If we got a tip now and then (espehally now) from enny of our relatives, it wood be a grate help.

Feel such great weight off my mind now that nephews safe—more or less—with their parents, that I cheerfully send them hundred franc note as tip. This awful responsibility ended, shall sleep for twenty-four hours straight off.

FOX RUSSELL.



THE PATENT PNEUMATIC TENNIS-BALL HUNTING COSTUME. FALLING A PLEASURE.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

A Quid pro Quo.

OH, bother! VAL, there's someone at the door. I hate that knocker. VAL! Do answer. VAL! Why *can't* he ever listen? VALENTINE! At last! There's someone knocking at the door. I wish you'd go and find out what they—JANE? You know as well as I do JANE's in bed: Why, with her vaccinated arm, of course. Although—ELIZA? Dressing, I suppose: It's half-past—oh, that *is* so like a man! How could she? Yes, a pretty sight she'd look in nothing but her petticoat and stays. That would be—well, if *you* won't—no, I'll go. I'd *rather* go myself.

Oh, VAL, come here!

It's Uncle JIM. Yes, Uncle JIM, I said. You seem to think—of course I know he's dead. I'm not a perfect imbecile. Do come! His picture, look, from FRAME AND GILDERLEY'S. Oh, *do* be quick. You nearly drive me mad. Here, give it me. I'll cut it.

'M yes, not bad.

They've done it pretty well. Yes, black and gold; That's what I told them. No, indeed you didn't. I know you said at first you wanted oak, But—no, you never settled anything: I'm *sure* you didn't, and, besides, of course We couldn't possibly have had it oak; He always hated oak. Well, anyhow It's done.

Now *where* d'you think he ought to hang? I know what *I* should like—my sitting-room.

But still I'd rather—no, dear, *you* shall choose. It's all the same to—what? The smoking-room? Of course! I might have known. To please yourself! Do think of me, for once. Besides, just think—How *could* he go with all those photographs? So out of place—well, *prints*, then. Can't you see? Why, Uncle Jim's in oil.

What *do* you mean?

A sardine? Uncle Jim? What *shocking* taste! I didn't think that even . . . even you Would make bad jokes about my poor . . . my poor—I can't help crying. Yes, you did. You *did*! You *meant* to be unkind. You—really, VAL! Your language is too—well, what did you say? Oh, "*hang* the picture," was it? H'm! I thought—It sounded more like—oh! I see! But where, *Where* shall I hang it? What! My sitting-room? D'you really—no! I don't care where it goes: Not now. You've spoilt it all. Oh, well, I will, To please you. But another time I wish You'd try to—Listen! There's the post again. Yes, yes, *do* go, of course.

What's this? For *me*?

A present? *That's* not likely. Who's it from? But, VAL, why should you? Oh, our wedding-day! Why, so it is. My dear, how *nice* of you! I'd quite forgotten.

VAL, how beautiful!

The very stones I wanted! Oh, I wish—I *did* so want to give you something, dear. Why didn't you remind me? Yes, I know: I ought to have. I *am* so sorry, VAL. I wonder what you'd really like. A kiss? My dear, of course! As many as you like.

ON THE EVE OF THE SESSION.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

The Kennel, Barks, Tuesday Night, January 14.

PARLIAMENT meets on Thursday. Run down here to take look round before going up to town for session. On the way called in at No. 10, Downing Street, to pay respects to PRINCE ARTHUR. Found him looking very well, though, for "a child," his hair getting a little grey.

"Come in," he cried, cheerily. "Thought you were MORLEY's ghost, from the timid way you knocked at the door."

"Marley's ghost you mean," I said.

"Well, we won't quarrel about a vowel, though I'm rather up in ghosts. You heard about OLD MORALITY calling in on Christmas Eve?"



"WHEN PERSPIRATION DAMPS THE BROW,
A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU."

(Sir Walter Scott adapted to the circumstances)

"Yes, and I was very glad to gather that you agreed with him about the futility of tinkering the Rules of Procedure. If you are going to make them workable, do it thoroughly. They were well enough as recently as PAM's day. *Autre temps, autres mœurs*; and if you really want to do business in the House of Commons, you must go about it in quite another way."

PRINCE ARTHUR yawned.

"I suppose," he said, "we shall have things livelier than they were last session. The mere comparative doesn't imply much. Seems almost impossible to get up a spurt in the present Parliament, young as its life is, counted by months. Only time anything really lively was done last session was when the police were called in to contribute to the effect. Sometimes, when I sit on Treasury Bench and think of all we as a Government with immense majority behind us have done and left undone, I find myself wishing

I was on t'other side. Think of where His Majesty's present Ministry would have been last session if GRANDOLPH had been alive, in opposition and in the flush of his young manhood, with WOLFFY before he became weighed down with State secrets, with JOHN O' GORST ere he squired GRAND CROSS or DEVONSHIRE, and myself—well, even as I am now. A session in such circumstance would be worth all my dignities and emoluments. Moreover, in a couple of sessions we should have landed the Opposition on these benches, routing out the present occupants, as in the Parliament of 1880 we broke up GLADSTONE's phalanx, almost equal in numerical strength, not nearly so vulnerable on points of policy or questions of administration."

PRINCE ARTHUR's eyes shone with the light of battle. He held himself down in his seat by sheer force, clutching with either hand the lapels of his coat.

"Well, well; no use talking. Do you think the Opposition are going to do anything this session? Has C.-B. been lunching with ROSEBERRY again? Odd affair that. Why did he get himself asked? Reminds me of sober country gentleman finally making up his mind to propose to a dashing widow. Calls upon her by appointment. Is kindly but cautiously welcomed; fiddles with his gloves; remarks on the mildness of the weather for Christmas-time; wonders whether we shall really have any snow this winter; looks at his watch; remembers his train; edges towards the door; says 'Well, good-bye; so glad to have seen you,' and bolts, leaving the widow in her still lonely furrow wondering what he came to lunch for."

"I fancy the Opposition will be very much as it was last year, only more so," I answered. "There may be Reconstruction; there can be no Reconciliation. It is an interesting but hapless Party. Just when it was beginning to get over the effects of the Great Disruption of 1886 there comes an earthquake from another, quite different, altogether unexpected, quarter, and they're all in the air again."

"No one regrets it more than I," said PRINCE ARTHUR, a tear slowly coursing down his cheek. "The best thing for the Leader of the House of Commons with an assured majority is an active, united, well-led Opposition. It serves to hold his men together, keeps the atmosphere bracing."

"Well, you have the Irish."

"Pah! it does not count, except for disorderly scenes and temporary delay of public business. Mr. REDMOND's game is too obvious. *Il faut vivre*, and, in order to obtain the means of doing so, he and his men, from safe quarters in a privileged assembly, must needs rant cheap defiance of constituted authority."

"Then, looking round 'be'fo' the wah,' you don't think it'll come to much?"

"Practically, no. We shall have alarums and excursions. A long fight over the new Procedure Rules. Much grumbling over the Budget when we meet the fresh account of the war that is not yet over. But there will be nothing serious. We are safe as a Government, for the best of all reasons: there is no other to take our place. Must you really? Well, good-bye. See you on Thursday."

"LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT." — The first instalment of Mr. SETON MERRIMAN's new novel in the *Weekly Graphic* thus concludes: "Captain Cable grunted audibly. (*To be continued.*)" This obviously means that in the next number the Captain will pay out another cable-length of grunt.

R. K. (*adapting himself to his own case*).—What do they know of England *who do not England know*?



OUR PARLIAMENTARY INDIANS PREPARING FOR THE WAR-PATH.

"Little Minister" plainly means business, to the horror of the White-feather or Ma-Jubah Tribe.

Be-n R-b-er-ta. C-B. I-l-yd G-r-g-e. H-r-e-r-t. M-r-l-y. R-e-r-b-r-g. A-q-u-b. B-l-e-r. Ch-e-m-b-er-l-n. S-l-a-b-ry.

THE CADET'S HANDBOOK;

Or, "The Boy's Own Treasury" (1868 edition) brought up to date.

["Let the childish games, 'I spy,' 'French and English,' and 'Prisoners' Base,' which are old war games of scouting, capture, and re-capture, be adapted to the necessities of modern warfare. . ."]
—Extract from a letter to the "Times," Jan. 8.]

"POUCH-BELT TOUCH."

ANY number of cadets can play at this popular game. One of the players volunteers to be "Touch," or else he is chosen to fill that office by counting out (see "Rhymes and Bugle Calls,"). Touch then endeavours to hit with his belt and, if possible, render temporarily senseless one of his playmates as they run about in all directions trying to avoid him. When a player is thus touched, the company stretcher-bearers will go through such part of their drill as may be necessary, until the cadet in question has recovered, when he becomes Touch, and in turn strives to touch one of the others. When Touch succeeds in touching another, he cries "Feign double-touch!" which signifies that the player so touched must not retaliate on the cadet who stunned or attempted to stun him, until he has belted somebody else. A capital variation is made by touching with bayonets.

"HIGH BARBAREE!"

This is a very spirited game, and, like "Widdy," is peculiarly adapted for wintry weather. Sides are chosen from the cadets, and one company or "commando" takes cover while the other remains "at home" in a blockhouse surrounded by high barbed wire (whence the name). When the former are all ready one of them calls out "High Barbaree!" upon which the blockhouse squad sally forth to scout for them. If the scouts succeed in touching a certain number of the enemy before the latter can seize and occupy the blockhouse, they take their turn in hiding. The number to be caught must be agreed upon beforehand, and of course depends upon the number of players. It is usual to mention this number in the cry, thus, "High Barbaree! three caught he!"—"four caught he!" and so forth.

"I SPY, I!"

This game differs from the above only in the rule that the commando in concealment have to touch the reconnoitring party, instead of being touched by them. When the ambushade of the former is complete, one of them cries "Whoop!" or "Charlo!" and the scouts immediately start to look for them. On effecting a discovery, the finder shouts out "I spy, I!" and he and



Diminutive "Nipper." "'ERE, THIS AIN'T ARF ALL RIGHT! NEX TIME I WANTS ARF A PINT, I SHALL 'AVE TO SEND FATHER!'"

his comrades double back to headquarters to escape being touched. If the commando catch a certain number of the patrol before the latter return to camp, they hide again; if not, the scouts take their turn. The touch must be effected with a sjambok, mausers or revolvers being barred, except on field days.

"PRISONERS' LAAGER."

For this famous war game two laagers are entrenched side by side, and occupied by the contending forces. At a distance of 200 feet two prison camps with barbed wire entanglements are placed respectively opposite. On de-

claration of war a lance-corporal or field-cornet of the side issuing the ultimatum runs out towards the prisons. When he has got half-way he calls out "Chevy!" or "Voetzak!" (as the case may be) at the top of his voice, at which signal an opponent rushes from his laager and endeavours to catch him before he can return. This pursuit is continued alternately until the whole of one force or the other has been captured and put under parole in the prison camps. Each cadet when about to take a prisoner cries "Hands up!" Any abuse of the white flag, or firing on an ambulance party, is dealt with by drum-head court-martial.

IDYLLS OF THE CHIEF.

V.

THE JOUSTING AT THE BRIDGE.

So on a day Sir BELCHAMP PORTE-DRAPEAU
Drew with his faithful remnant, what there was,
To that weird battle down by Westminster,
And o'er his head, he going delicately,
The banner of the great C.-Bannermanship
Drooped; and athwart its folds the clan's device,
A sporran'd haggis fluttered, and, below,
The Campbell is a-coming ran the script.
But from his sinister arm was slung the shield
That bore for blazonry a barbed fence,
And therewithal the rede, *J'y suis, j'y reste*.
And by his side the sword *X-calibre*
(For so they styled it, since in point of proof
The blade was deemed an unknown quantity)
Swung like a pendulum; and on his flank,
As one that should beguile the Chieftain's gloom
With jest and ribald joyaunce, lightly rode
That loyal knight Sir LAB DE BOOM-LE-VRAI
In devious caracoles; and as he rode
Now hummed a jocund air—*Peers, idle peers*,
And now with aching midriff mused aloud
Of "forty millions, mostly flannelled fools";
So swift his fancy played.

But he, the Chief,
Heard, or heard not, and either way was deaf
To jest and ribald joyaunce. Yet he heard,
Or out of mist-like memory seemed to hear,
Far-off a voice that ever in his ears
Rang hollow from the trenches, crying "Spades!"
And on the word, low muttering to his heart:
"O me! for much has changed since bold Sir BRUM
Clave to the Table Round; and much again
Since I, with those four knights, Sir COP-LA-POULE,
Sir FIFE, Sir GRIS DU JEU-DE-PAUME, and him
Sir DURDANS, newly named of Chesterfield,
Rode out to break the heathen! Now I hear
How these, with others, loyal-seeming all,
Are leagued against me, while the heathen wait,
Watching the issue like a Ping-pong bye,
To rise and take the breathless victors on.
An evil chance it were for any chief
To move against his own elect and strike;
For so the pain he deals he deals himself
Two-fold or even more, which needs must be
Most painful."

Then Sir LAB, that overheard:
"What plaint is this, my Chief, of rival powers?
Light was my lord of Durdans at the best,
And under any name would be as light.
I count him but the foam that flecks the wave,
Dazzling a while, but shortly doomed to pass
Adown the wandering wind. But you, my liege,
I know you for the dark unfathomed deep
That may not easily pass."

Thereat the Chief:
"O ay, not easily pass, not easily pass,
If visions hold. Methought, a moon ago,
I jousted at the Bridge with certain churls,
And had, for mate, Sir DURDANS; and the score
(Two points to twenty-six and one game up)
Favoured the heathen slightly. Then I dealt,
And, dealing, drew a hand of five small hearts,
Topped by the ten, and all the residue
Damnably dull, and gazed thereon, and passed.
But he, the dummy, found a voice and cried,

'Spades!' and those others doubled. So we twain,
Who looked on imminent ruin, said, 'Content!'
Meaning the opposite. Whereat the foe
Led straightly forth and made a mighty slam,
And filched the rubber, smiling. Then I swear,
Saying I never more would pass the choice
To dummies like Sir DURDANS. Nay, Sir Knight,
Henceforth I shall not easily pass, not I." O. S.

AS IT WERE NOT QUITE CRICKET.

[It was generally believed that Mr. R-DY-ED K-PL-NG had started for South Africa. This is a mistake. Mr. K-PL-NG has gone to Australia, as the following letter giving his impressions of the recent Test Match at Melbourne shows. Readers of the *Islanders*, in a recent number of the *Times*, will recognise the trenchant style.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Just reached Melbourne. Raining hard. What a chance for manoeuvres for First Australian Mounted Infantry! Unhappily impossible. Rifles and lordliest life on earth must give place to preposterous cricket match.

Vast crowd of spectators. Possibly arid, but apparently not incurious. Very odd! Presently English captain appears pushing his men raw to the battle. In other words, our side in first. Around them stand a band of little people, few but apt in the field. Good fielding essential, I am told. I notice there are only eleven of them. It seems a small number! But, as events proved, quite able to dispose of our striplings, who, I am told, are street-bred.

Presently one of our flannelled fools goes to the wicket. Don't know his name, and don't care. Think games waste of time. Opposed to him stands a muddled oaf at the bowl. Silly fellow, he would be much better employed firing off spattered shrapnel for practice behind the pavilion! In the field, eleven little people above-mentioned standing about. More than one of them idle, openly idle, in the lee of the forespent line, in other words, in the slips and at long leg. Of course, we were beaten, though I don't know by how much. Didn't follow the game. Probably we fawned on the younger nations, as is our habit, and naturally the men who could shoot and drive got the best of it. Of course, it was only the balls which shot. After match exhorted our team to get Morris tubes and practise at the nets at a target. Suggestion not well received. Must refrain from witnessing further matches as am busy learning the mysteries of forming fours and advancing in open order. Yours, R. K.

FOR THE COAL SELLER.

["Speaking at West Hartlepool, Sir CHRISTOPHER FURNESS said he had reason to believe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplated an increase of the Coal Tax. . . . He hoped the trade and commerce of the country, would unite in making a strong protest against the dangerous impost."—*Daily Paper*.]

SIR CHRISTOPHER declares that things look black
In the coal trade, and, fired with indignation,
To use his best endeavours is not slack
To screen all coals from any fresh taxation.

When such an expert argues, we admit,
None can do less than follow his suggestion,
Since no one than a FURNESS is more fit
Rightly to deal with such a burning question.

"THE ISLANDERS."—Sir Anthony Absolute, Allan Aynsworth, Aunt Annie, Arty Arker, and Ananias Askew write to disclaim the authorship of the letter signed "A. A." that appeared in the *Times*, Tuesday, 9th inst.

THE PERFECT GUEST.

I.

THERE are only two practical arts in modern life, the art of getting money and the art of living comfortably on people who have already got it. There used to be a third, the art of living contentedly and independently without money, but that art is confessedly obsolete. By "money" I mean, of course, money enough to purchase the comforts which by our modern standard are considered necessary, such as broughams, champagne, cigars, stalls in the theatre and the society of the successful, and to procure (if desired) the respect of one's fellow countrymen. The great majority, therefore, are reduced to the second art, and must do their best to perfect themselves as guests. To them I venture to make a few suggestions for the fortunate practice of this art, inferior to the greatest, no doubt, in the consideration of the vulgar, but scarcely distinguishable, if pursued with real genius, in its results. The Perfect Guest, for example, lives in precisely the same manner as the successful money-maker, his host; often, indeed, more freely; for, whereas many men have an inborn dislike of wasting their money by the excessive assumption of good things, no man yet was so mean as to dislike wasting other people's. Moreover, if the host's wealth vanishes, which sometimes happens even out of novels, the Perfect Guest, unaffected, goes to ply his charming accomplishments elsewhere. Also, he is saved the fag of writing cheques.

My suggestions for perfection can begin only with those who are already guests. I cannot tell the uninvited man how to get invitations. Accident and a natural instinct—superior, surely, to the boasted instincts of the lower animals—for making up to people with places of their own can alone do that. But, assuming your invitation to be a fact, I will begin with first principles.

What is your main object? To obtain the utmost possible gratification of your tastes. Good. Your secondary object? So to conduct yourself that you will be asked again, or recommended to other hosts, thus extending your connection. Good again. Now, observe at the outset that these objects are correlated; a too exclusive devotion to the former may defeat the latter. A hearty man, for example, with a generous taste for wine, may complain that the butler does not take the champagne round often enough, or may check his host in rising from the table by the request for another bottle of port. It is natural and manly, but is it wise? No: the implied criticism, however kindly—for it promotes



The Rector's Daughter. "MY FATHER FEELS IT VERY MUCH, MRS. BARKER, THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY JUST BEFORE THE SERMON. DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT TRY AND STAY, IN FUTURE!"

Mrs. Barker. "I DURS'N'T DO IT, MISS. I DO SNORE THAT DREADFUL WHEN I'M ASLEEP!"

what should be the host's chief desire, the comfort of his guests—may be unacceptable to human vanity.

Again, a man fond of his ease may naturally seek the best armchair in the drawing-room after dinner and go to sleep in it. It is a beautiful, trusting action, but apt to be construed into a slight on the social talents of his society. Some men, again, dislike children, but, when a hostess suggests sending for them, to say "Curse the children" may offend maternal pride. Downright men, when asked if they would like to do this or that, are tempted simply to say

"no," but this devotion to truth may cause a house-party to hang fire. Even the appreciative actions of filling your case openly with your host's cigars, or telling a servant to pack certain of his books in your portmanteau, may prejudice you as having too acquisitive an air.

It is evident, therefore, that your secondary object imposes a certain caution or subtlety on the prosecution of your first, and here an experienced observation may be of service to you. Perpend carefully what follows in my next.

AN ÆGEAN "MONTE";

Or. A Fresh Pilgrimage for Childe Harold.

[According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a certain PYTHAGORE YEPOS YTCTIOS (sic), acting for a Belgian Syndicate, has obtained a ninety-nine years concession from the Chamber of Samos for a great gambling establishment in the island, in return for which he promises all kinds of local improvements. The inhabitants of Samos are seemingly to be barred the rooms.]

I.

SELF-EXILED HAROLD wanders forth again
With more of hope this time and less of gloom,
And, though his previous pilgrimage was vain,
He fortune tempts once more this side the tomb;
Some private knowledge bade his soul resume
The endless quest, and naught of failure reck,
The bankrupt's exit and the gambler's doom.
Eastward he fares, ne on a galiot's deck,
But *per* a modern steamboat that no wind may check.

II.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea
(This handy and familiar verse applies
Here to th' Ægean, now 'tis fairly free
Of pirates) in an extra Canto flies
CHILDE HAROLD, eager for his certain prize;
'Twas sure, of course, for lately he had learned—
A lord hight ROSSLYN taught him, wondrous wise—
How thousands in a minute might be earned,
And (somewhat previously) believed his luck had turned.

III.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
(Gad, how these lines *do* haunt one!), and the same
Holds good of isles—a statement I would pen
Especially of Samos, which could claim
A spring-tide and a world-resounding name
Five hundred years and more B.C., when rose
POLYCRATES of art-befriending fame,
And sage PYTHAGORAS, who could disclose
Each riddle of the Universe to whom he chose.

IV.

Concerning Samos in her time of pride
HERODOTUS, we find, is eloquent;
She had a harbour where with ease could ride
Ten thousand triremes, and, of like extent,
The fane of Hera, more magnificent
Than any shrine of Eld; but alien hands
And earth-upheavals have its splendours rent,
Till, where Colonna Cape the strait commands
Of Mycalé, but one lone headless column stands.

V.

There was a second tide (of neap degree)
In scanty Samian history, which flowed
A half-millennium later:—ANTONY
And CLEOPATRA took up their abode
Within these shores, a lurid episode
Which painted Samos red, e'en as its ware;
Dulness from then till now has been the mode,
A certain *sameness* (note this pun with care!)
Has governed matters 'neath its soft Ionian air.

VI.

Until—this point I should have reached before—
One morning fine last month the isle awoke
To find a second M. PYTHAGORE
(His surname seems a wild misprinter's joke)
Had got permission by some master-stroke
To raise—for ninety-nine years runs the lease—
A temple where the punter may invoke
The Goddess of Roulette and thus increase
The directorial revenue without surcease.

VII.

Did Karlovassi, now the premier town,
By name suggest a Monte Carlo new
For the three rogues of Levantine renown,
To wit, the Turk of Egripo, the Jew
Bred in Salonica—I'll not pursue
The proverb further, lest we should offend
Athenian friends, were this to meet their view.
Whate'er the reason, few can comprehend
Why Belgian syndicates on *this* isle should descend.

VIII.

Still, there are glorious times ahead, we hear,
For Samos—roads, a central hospital,
A steamship service straightway will appear;
PYTHAGORAS has promised, free to all,
These luxuries, soon as the drachmai fall
In his expectant coffers. "Make, then, haste,"
He cries, "responsive to the croupier's call,"
Though possibly his clients have small taste
For voyaging to islands so remotely placed.

IX.

The regulations, which seem rather rough
On Samian sportsmen, have been framed to bar
The local talent playing, and rebuff
The native hayduk, klepht or palikar,
Whose aboriginal ways might cause a jar!
As for CHILDE HAROLD, I've forgotten quite
Where on the road we left him and how far
He'd yet to travel—but 'twas e'er his plight
In th' earlier Cantos to endure such oversight!

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

Blackwood's Magazine has been singularly fortunate in its contribution to the inner history of the war in South Africa. Words by an Eye Witness, "LINESMAN," a series of vivid word-pictures of life on the battlefield by day and by night, first appeared in its pages. The papers, which the writer modestly describes as "written hastily from the seat of war in the intervals of the events they describe," are now issued in book form (BLACKWOOD). In the current number of the venerable but virile *Maga* there appears the first of a fresh series of papers from a new pen. *On the Heels of De Wet*, it is called, and describes the birth of the brigade. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, go to bed after a good dinner, sleep soundly, and wake to find their bath and breakfast awaiting them, should not omit studying this brief record of a day's experience on the way to the front. Munching their muffin, toying with their toast, they testily turn over the morning paper and marvel why things have "gone wrong again." Here they will find, quietly told, how men who at any moment may be called upon to take sudden decision on momentous issues to fight for their lives in the midnight swoop of the enemy, pass the twenty-four hours. Half-starved, worn out with long marches, cut off from sleep and the minor comforts of the average costermonger, they daily, sometimes twice a day, lapse into battle. The anonymous author occupies only five pages. They bring the reality of the situation before the mind's eye more vividly than anything my Baronite has yet read in the long-drawn-out story of the war. Having *Blackwood* in hand, don't omit to read *Master Tartar*. Nothing so good in its way has been written since the far-off days when *Rab and His Friends* were introduced to a delighted world.

Mr. CONAN DOYLE'S *History of the Great Boer War* has hitherto held the field against all comers. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, in bringing out a new edition, the thirteenth, present, without advance in price, a much bulkier volume.

Mr. DOYLE thought he had finished his task when he laid down his pen in September, 1900. The main army of the Boers was then dispersed, and, as we all remember, the Government were so certain that the War was over they straightway rushed into a general election. My Baronite finds it quite pathetic to come upon the historian sitting down thirteen months later and cudgelling his brain to find a phrase that will not clash with the position he assumed in the autumn of 1900. He explains, something after the fashion of *Benedick*, that when in September of that year he said the War was over he did not think he would live to find the Boers still fighting in October, 1901. All he meant was that we had "come to the end of the regular operation." What has followed has been sadly irregular, but demands record. This Mr. DOYLE supplies up to date, in the same vivid, impartial, condensed, yet comprehensive manner that marked his earlier effort, securing for it at once a high position among books of English history.

In *Tales of Past Times* (J. M. DENT & Co.), told by Master CHARLES PERRAULT, the Baron welcomes his dear "old friends"—they're not all here, but they will arrive, probably, a little later, say this time next year—with "new faces" and "entirely new scenery, dresses and appointments," by CHARLES ROBINSON: "Charles," be it noted, not "Jack Robinson," of whom nowadays no one ever hears. The formula used to be, "So-and-so (whatever it was) shall be done before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'" It may be that Charles has deftly stepped in and done these drawings before the dilatory Jack could even be mentioned, and so "Jack, R.A." (i.e. Robinson, Artist) lost his chance. To all who, in this materialistic age, still love the ancient simple fairy tales that bring to the recollection of most of us the "box of paints," and the delightful pleasure of lavishly daubing *Blue Beard*, *Fatima*, the *Sleeping Beauty* and the wide-awake *Beast* with the very brightest colours at our disposal, let the Baron recommend this pocketable volume which provides a rich feast and well-filled plates.

A packet personally addressed to the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS! Inclosed is—*County Court Practice Made Easy*; or, *Debt Collection Simplified*, by a Solicitor (EFFINGHAM WILSON). What a rich treat! What evenings of endless amusement! Fancy! the practice of getting into the County Court made easy! Yes, but surely, wouldn't another volume have a far greater sale were it to show how the practice of getting out of the County Court were made not only easier than getting into it but absolutely remunerative? Bless thee, "Solicitor!" Doubt-



Emily. "WHY DOES THE CLOCK START AGAIN WHEN IT GETS TO TWELVE?"
Bobby. "BECAUSE THIRTEEN'S AN UNLUCKY NUMBER, OF COURSE!"

less thou art a legal member of some fine Old County Court Family! The County Court—

We haven't been there,
And still wouldn't go,
Much rather we'd square
Whatever we owe;

quoth the high-minded and straight-forward
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

ON A RECENT EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENT.

Where Cavalier and Roundhead fought
of yore,
Worcester is once again a *see of Gore*!

Philately.

First Clubbite. What do you think of the new stamps?

Second Clubbite (an amiable person). I cannot speak very highly of the colours; the paper is a trifle too thin; and the portrait of the KING has been more readily recognised; but the GUM, my dear fellow, is the best I ever tasted.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW JAPANESE G.C.B.
—"Sic Ito ad Aquas!"



Bus Driver (to charioteer of broken-down motor-car). "I'VE BEEN TELLIN' YER ALL THE WEEK TO TAKE IT 'OME, AN' NOW YER WANTS TO, YER CAWN'T!"

AWAITING RE-DRESS.

My honourable and, allow me to add (as your great services to the land forces have earned for you the professional adjective), gallant friend, kindly permit me once more to address you. It may be within your recollection that quite recently we have had the advantage—at any rate on one side—of exchanging views on the subject of the proposed alterations in the King's uniform. The communication you were good enough to publish has caused me to be overwhelmed with correspondence, and I am now in a position (certainly as regards the Reserve Officer) to voice the wishes of the Army. Simplicity

should be the order of the day—and night. Well, now as to mess kit. Why not abolish the tawdry waistcoat and the absurd (I have thirty years' service to my credit) jacket? 'As a substitute, why not make a few appropriate additions to civilian evening dress? A swallow-tail coat might be made quite smart by fixing the badges of the regiment on the sides of the roll of the collar, and fixing a couple of straps bearing tokens of rank over the shoulders. Regimental buttons might be worn with the waistcoat, and red stripes tacked lightly on the trousers. The Gibus might have a badge on the crown. All these additions to be possible of removal at a moment's notice.

And, there you are—ready, aye ready—and the rest of it.

As to the uniform to be worn at the front, or even on the peaceful parade ground, there need be no trouble about that. Soldiers only want cotton and serge. The sister service can do with serge alone. So when it's "fall in," let it be in "shirt sleeves."

Yours patriotically,
A. DUGOUT, *Captain.*

ZUIDER-ZEELAND.

["Holland has made up its mind to dry up the Zuider Zee. The cost will be £5,000,000."—*Leisure Hour.*]

THE Zuider Zee is doomed to be
A terrain of the mainland,
The sea of DUNK, Mynheer who drunk,
Will simply be a drainland.
On south and west and east the crest
Of waves will turn to dry land,
The polder-dykes will live for bikes;
Mid cities of gone-by-land.
And railway tracks will span the cracks
Where sluices seek for outlet,
And corn will wave where once did lave
The ocean, there's no doubtlet.
On English fen the Holland men
Have left their mark unfearing,
Of work begun, of labour done,
Of noble engineering.
And shall we stand with half-held hand
To those who toil for freedom?
They call us foes! A thousand "noes!"
God speed their conquered Seadom!

LATEST FROM MONTE CARLO.

THE Earl of GOSLING left off last night with a loss of £4,500, but is still confident of success.

MR. CHICK O'LEARY BLOKE, of St. Louis, Mo., has an all-fired martingale. This evening he cabled to his native city for further supplies wherewith to carry on the warfare.

PRINCE BLITZENKOFF, the famous Russian gambler, has just arrived with a railway car full of roubles.

BARON STEINBROK, of Pomerania, tried his luck at the tables on an infallible system, and won 53 francs.

SIR GEOFFREY DUXANDRAX punted for several hours, and, after winning a handsome sum, found that the colours were against him to so great an extent that he had to borrow a few louis from his friend, the Duke of DOUBLEZERO, to enable him to leave the Principality.

THE Comtesse DE CROQUEMITAINE, Princess GRABOLINSKA, Lady MATILDA MAINCHANCE, and the Hon. Mrs. POUCH-ALL, are among the most recent arrivals.

Strictly Unofficial Note by the Director of the Casino.—"If this sort of business goes on we shall have to enlarge our premises. *Mem.*: See the Prince on the subject in the morning."



HEROIC CALM.

ARTHUR. "WHAT, UNCLE, NOT STIRRING YET! I HAVE SUMMONED MY SPEARMEN. ALL IS READY FOR THE FRAY."

"RENOUNDED SALISBURY." "CAPITAL, DEAR BOY! I, TOO, HAVE SUGGESTED TO MY FELLOWS THAT THEY MIGHT TURN UP IF THEY'VE NOTHING BETTER TO DO."

The Marquis of Salisbury's communication to the members of his Party in the House of Lords.—"MY LORD,— . . . I trust that it may be consistent with your lordship's convenience to attend in your place in the House of Lords . . . in order to dispose of any business that may be brought before you . . ."

Mr. Balfour's letter to his supporters in the House.—"DEAR SIR,—Parliament . . . will be invited without delay to proceed to the consideration of public questions of the highest importance . . ."

A PING PONG PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.
—Much as I esteem any attempt to enliven the domestic circle, I must protest against the present plague of Ping-pong. If I remember rightly it was the Great VANCE, who some years ago chortled a ditty with a refrain:

"Ping-pong for breakfast,
Ping-pong for lunch,
Ping-pong for dinner
and tea."

Little did that magnate of the music halls imagine that he was a prophet of future events. Let me give a fair sample of what occurred in my own household on this very day. I am a profound student of English history, and I am engaged on a work of exhaustive character, proving that we ought rightly to be in possession of France. My writing table is, or ought to be, covered with authoritative treatises on the subjects, together with my own manuscripts. This morning, on going into my study (I rise early), I found my eldest daughter, MATILDA LOUISA, engaged at this precious game with her cousin THEOBALD OCTAVIUS, on my writing table, my books and writings having been ignominiously consigned to the waste-paper basket. With ill-timed pleasantry they drove me from my sanctum, and I sought refuge in the dining-room. There I found my second and third girls, MALVINA and MARIANA, engaged on the same pastime, while my breakfast was reposing in the fender, the eggs hard-cooked, the bacon fitted for the soles of shooting boots, and the coffee wasted to the consistency of furniture polish. In the drawing-room the hideous burr of the ball was occasioned by an exciting match between my wife and her sister—ladies who, while not



Master of Beagles. "GOOD GRACIOUS, YOU'VE SHOT THE HUNTED HARE, YOU FOOL!"
Old Stubbles. "FOOL! WHO BE THE FOOL, MAISTER! YOU BE CHASIN' 'ER ALL DAY
WI' ALL THEM SPOTTED DOGS, AND AIN'T KILLED 'ER, AND I KILLS 'ER WI' ONE BARREL!"

acknowledging themselves to be over forty years of age, ought to know better than to be skipping about like chamois over the footstools and rugs.

Maddened, I repaired to the kitchen. There I found Mrs. GIBLET, our cook, engaged in a similar contest, but carried out with the aid of a couple of gravy spoons and a fish basket. Her opponent was the upper housemaid, GLADYS, and the score was kept by her underling, BOADICEA, while my own particular rascal, TIMOTHY, was vigorously applauding the strokes instead of brushing my overcoat and polishing my boots. They were so absorbed in their diversion that they did not perceive my entrance. Subsequently they complained to my wife (who took their part) of my intemperate language.

I fled from my domicile and spent the rest of the day at the Zoological Gar-

dens; but I was so thoroughly impregnated with the ideas of Ping-pong mania that I rushed out of the Monkey-house believing that the inmates were playing this abominable game with nuts and apples over the wire netting of their cages. I am thinking of starting for Nova Zembla, where I believe Ping-pong is unknown.

Yours
distractedly,
HORATIO QUIMBLE.

P.S.—A suggestion to the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—Couldn't Ping-pong be heavily taxed?

NASTURTIVM ARRIVES!

NASTURTIVM is a colt, and he has arrived. He is the property of Mr. C. WHITNEY, who is famous for having hired a horse from the Menx and won the Derby with it (so like an American!) The disembarkation of the colt was wit-

nessed by a vast crowd, "the chiefs of the railway and dock companies being in personal attendance."

A special train conveyed the specially-trained animal to Newmarket, and "Mr. HUGGINS's trusted representative, Mr. REYNOLDS, was in charge of the boxing of the son of *Watercress*." This means, of course, at least a Knighthood for Mr. REYNOLDS. Mr. Wood, the Superintendent of the horse department of the Atlantic Transport Company, writes that *Nasturtium*, during his voyage in the *Minnehaha*, was under the charge of Mr. W. JARDINE, the horse-foreman of the ship. Coronation honours for Mr. JARDINE for a certainty! Inquirers at Newmarket have been informed that *Nasturtium* bore the voyage splendidly, and is in the best of health. Luckily *Nasturtium* is a horse, or he might have suffered terribly from *mal de mer*!

OUR HOLMES.

"Hence! to your 'Holmes' be gone!"—*Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. 1.*

As a somewhat *blasé* play-goer I may say it is very rare that the desire to see a piece twice is so strong within me as to be quenchable only by yielding to it, and by taking others to share my pleasure. Then there is a certain feeling of nervousness lest the great actor should be unequal and not up either to his own standard or to my report of him.

But such qualms as these need not trouble anyone who, having once seen WILLIAM GILLETTE as *Sherlock Holmes* in the capital melodrama of that name, now in the course of an immensely and deservedly successful run at the Lyceum, wishes to renew his acquaintance with the performance, freshen up his experience, and enjoy the genuine delight and excitement of his friends.

Mr. WILLIAM GILLETTE's impersonation of *Sherlock Holmes* is simply perfect: not a flaw can be detected in this highly-finished work. The scene in the "Stepney gas cellar" is as exciting as ever, and to those who argue that the three hired cut-throats would not have hesitated, but would have "rushed" *Sherlock* and settled him in less than five minutes, we would be inclined to quote the instances of the paid professional "murderers" in SHAKESPEARE's plays, among whom there is generally one with a tender conscience and, like *Macbeth* himself, "infirm of purpose," especially when confronted with a man whom each cut-throat personally regards with a kind of superstitious awe. Mr. W. L. ABINGDON's *Professor Moriarty* is a terribly haunting personality, and a better contrast to both Mr. GILLETTE's *Holmes* and Mr. ABINGDON's *Moriarty* than burly Mr. RALPH DELMORE's savage scoundrel, *James Larrabee*, it would be difficult to imagine. As *Sidney Prince*, HARRY PAULTON, Jun., does credit to his name. Miss CHARLOTTE GRANVILLE, as *Madge*, the handsome professional female partner in crime of *James Larrabee*, is another admirable performance; and Miss CLAIRE PAUNCEFORT, looking as though one powerful grasp from *James Larrabee's* hand on her delicate throat would settle her for ever, still enlists everybody's sympathy, in spite of her harbouring a very unchristian spirit of revenge, which indeed is the chief cause of most of her suffering. That *Sherlock Holmes*, played as it is, should keep the boards for another year would be no matter to surprise us—only, when Sir HENRY returns from his present unprecedentedly successful tour, what is to become of the GILLETTE Co. that at present "holds the fort"?

A curious question. Why does Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE bestow Irish names on the murderous villains in this piece? First there is "*Professor Moriarty*," who is the very king of scoundrels. "*Larrabee*" sounds Irish, and Mr. RALPH DELMORE's pronunciation is surely Hibernian: The names of the three hired assassins "*Craigin, Leary and McTague*," are without doubt Irish, though the "Mc" smacks of Scotch. Of course, Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE is himself an Irishman, and there is the ancient proverb that "when an Irishman has to be roasted, another Irishman will always be found to turn the spit." The proof of the proverb is in this play; but let us hope it was a mere accident.

In these days, when burlesque is not regarded favourably, although not altogether considered as a lost art, a signal tribute to the exceptional success of *Sherlock Holmes* is the fairly successful attempt made at travesty at Terry's Theatre. One of its authors is Mr. WATSON, whom his collaborateur, Mr. LA SERRE, must often have asked, "Do you follow me, WATSON?" Miss LEE's caricature of the style and make-up of the Lyceum heroine is very good, and the same may be said of Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON who cleverly reproduces some of the mannerisms of Mr. GILLETTE as the great detective, but who fails in the facial make-up, which is just *à peu près*. Nothing could be better than the caricature of *Forman* by Mr. EGERTON HUBBARD; and Mr. J. WILLES,

representing the Lyceum *Professor Moriarty*, plays the part with such real burlesque humour as to atone for the dissimilarity in appearance between him and Mr. ABINGDON. The slamming of the doors, the banging on the floor, the rattling noises "heard without," the perpetual pistols of the original, are turned to good account, while very little is made out of the incident of "following the cigar." Indeed, several evident points have been lost by these burlesque-writers. With the aid of so clever a musical director as Mr. BUCCALLOSSI the authors ought to have introduced some real good "numbers" and eccentric dances, without which, coming in as surprises, it is very difficult for any burlesque to achieve genuine success. What a hit might have been made by *Sherlock Holmes* revealing his knowledge of the principal villain's real character in a song commencing "*I'll sing thee songs of Larrabee!*" The burlesque is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

THE MEMBER'S LAMENT.

[“Mr. W. H. GREENFELL, M.P., bemoans the number of societies, clubs, regattas, associations and what not to which he is expected to subscribe. The last straw is that he has been unanimously elected President of a ping-pong club.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Sing hey! for the cheque-book, and misery me!

And hey! well-a-day! for the ruined M.P.!

Cricket clubs, football clubs, tennis clubs, hockey clubs,
Running clubs, walking clubs, rowing clubs, jockey clubs,
Clubs by the hundred—all possible sorts

For all possible kinds of all possible sports,

Bee-keepers, cow-keepers,

Sheep-keepers, sow-keepers,

Dog-keepers, cat-keepers,

Mouse-keepers, rat-keepers

Institutes, halls, philanthropic societies,

Drunkards, abstainers, in endless varieties,

Look to me,

Their M.P.,

Who they fancy must be

A perennial source to supply L. S. D.

My secy., poor man, is becoming a wreck,

As he scribbles incessantly cheque after cheque;

Day and night,

Swift as light,

Little cheques he must write;

Night and day

Must I pay

Little fortunes away—

By every constituent reckoned fair prey.

But the worm, as one learns,

Eventually turns,

And even M.P.'s may at last

Be firm,

Like the worm,

And courageously squirm

When the limits of temper are past.

I've suffered it long,

This tyrannical wrong,

But when it comes down to confounded ping-pong

One is apt to use language too vivid and strong

For a member of Parliament's song.

DIFFICILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

PARTY with £200 Capital would like Assistance into Small Public-House. Address, &c. [From "*The Scotsman*."]

NOTICE IN THE WINDOW OF A SHREWSBURY PUBLICAN.—“On and after New Year's Day children under fourteen years of age can be supplied only in corked and sealed vessels.”



ARMY ORDERS.

SPECIAL—WAR OFFICE, NOVEMBER 27, 1901.

["VOLUNTEER REGULATIONS.—The Secretary of State has approved the following regulations respecting the condition of efficiency for Officers and Volunteers:—IX. Training and Camps."]

EMPTY AWAY.

[“A Polish nobleman recently lost a fortune of over fifty thousand pounds in less than an hour's play at the Vienna Jockey Club. . . . A public appeal for charity on behalf of poor Viennese children resulted in the collection of a few pounds.”—*Daily Pop r.*]

POVERTY stood on the pavement—

Poverty huddled in rags—

Wrung by the moan and the whimper of pain
Of the starveling that sought her dry bosom in vain;

Poverty, sodden with pitiless rain,

Froze on the flags.

Wealth through the window she saw by the blaze

Of a comforting fire;

And Poverty, hugging her perishing child,
Longed for the warmth of the faggots high piled,
Longed for the life-giving glow with a wild,

Hungry desire;

Longed that her shivering babe might be laid
In the warmth and the shelter—and Poverty prayed:

“Sister, my sister, give ear!

And listen with pity, O Wealth!

Unthinking thou flingest away in a trice

On a turn of the cards, on a cast of the dice,

On the vainest of meaningless chances the price

Of my little one's health.

O sister, of thy superfluity give!

The power is thine—let my little one live!”

Then Wealth from her cushions of down

Uprose and looked out through the night

On the shivering wretch at the window that whined;

And Wealth, with a shudder, drew curtain and blind

To shut out the nauseous sight;

Turned with a shrug to her cards and her play,

And Poverty, weeping, slunk empty away.

“THE ISLANDERS.”

An Interview.

In order to throw as much light as possible on Mr. KIPLING and his latest masterpiece, *Mr. Punch* sent a Special Commissioner to interview the poet's Pegasus. The animal, a handsome well-winged specimen of his breed, was discovered in a comfortable stall close to Printing House Square. After a few preliminary snorts expressive of surprise and anger, he consented to give his opinions on the question which is agitating the public mind.

“So you've come about *The Islanders*?” said Pegasus. “To tell you the plain truth, I'm getting tired of *The Islanders*. The fact is, when KIPLING started on that flight he wanted to make your flesh creep. He meant to rub it into you that you're all a wretched, imbecile, played-out set of nincompoops, and that if you didn't take his advice you'd have to go to the knacker's. That's the long and short of it. But he didn't expect all this fuss. When he's advised you before, you've all been as meek as lambs, and called him ‘Poet of the British Race,’ or ‘Singer of Imperial Destinies,’ or ‘A Ringing Voice that bids Britain rouse herself from Lethargy,’ or something of that sort; and, of course, he hoped you'd say something of the same kind this time. But you haven't. Curious thing. I can't make it out. We took a lot of trouble about it too. When KIPLING mounted me for this turn he did it in correct military style—took a twist of the mane round his left thumb, got his left foot well home in the stirrup, right hand on cantle of saddle, got the word and sprang up erect, waited a moment and then—whiff!—over went the right leg and away we

soared. But I remember he had no end of trouble to get his right foot into the stirrup, and his rifle got mixed up with his spectacles, and, to tell you the truth, it wasn't a very good start. We've done better, and,” he added in a burst of confidence, “we've done worse. *The Lesson* was our worst. Ha, ha!”—he laughed a horse laugh—“that was a cropper. Everybody lent a hand in dusting his coat afterwards, but it took a long time to get him tidy.”

“Do you like these military excursions?” asked *Mr. Punch's Man*.

“Honestly, I can't say I do. We get so entangled with ammunition carts and big guns and Yeomanry battalions that we don't get time to think. The fact is, KIPLING wasn't meant for this business at all. He hasn't got a military seat, and he can't manage a sword or a rifle. Consequence is, last time he tried the pursuing practice (he likes that because it's all cuts and points and no guards) he took a chip out of my off ear.”

“But how do you explain that bit about ‘flannelled fools at the wicket and muddled oafs at the goal’?” said the *Punchian* representative.

“Oh, that bit,” snorted Pegasus. “That just came in, you know. He'd got stumped for a rhyme, and stumps brought up cricket, and then he filled in with football to make the line go. He wasn't *thinking* much just then. It was inspiration that did it, and there's nothing like inspiration for putting you in a hole. Nice cheery place England would be if we abolished cricket and football and all the other games, and did nothing all day but drill in barrack squares. KIPLING isn't any great hand at drill himself, if it comes to that.”

“And that unfortunate line about our ‘fawning on younger nations.’ Was that inspiration?”

“Well, no. That was liver—nothing but liver. Breakfast and lunch both disagreed with him. You've got an idea, I suppose, that poets eat nothing but a syllabub of whipped fairy-tales. Nonsense, my dear Sir, nonsense! Why I've seen a poet make away at one meal with an amount of beef and Yorkshire pudding and potatoes that would have kept a navvy going for a week—ay, and plum-pudding, too, to top up with, to say nothing of beer and port-wine and Gorgonzola cheese. They're very good doers, as a rule, but sometimes, you see, they take a bit too much, and then I get a bad time. I told him how it would be with that line about your ‘fawning’ on younger nations. ‘It's not true, KIP,’ I said, ‘and it's not nice, and they'll all want to kick you for it, the younger nations just as much as the rest,’ but it was all no use. He would have it. He said he'd got to give somebody a knock, and he didn't see why the English shouldn't have it as well as anybody else. What can you do with a man like that? You've got to let him have his fling—though of course he'll be sorry for it afterwards. And now look here. I've got a word or two to say to you—well, perhaps not to you so much as to some of the others. It's their fault as much as anyone's. They've all laddled out sloppy praise to KIPLING until he's ready to burst. ‘Greatest organ voice since MILTON.’ ‘SHAKESPEARE might have been proud to welcome him at the ‘Mermaid.’ ‘The embodiment of Britain's majesty.’ ‘The authentic utterance of patriotism inspired by passion.’ That's the sort of thing he's been swallowing. You needn't wonder at the poor chap getting a bit above himself—and when he's like that I've got to carry him. But they never think of that, bless their souls. It's a back-breaking job, and I don't think I can stand it much longer. If you should happen to hear of some nice kind lady who likes writing quiet religious verse and wants a sound horse to carry her, I wish you'd recommend me. That sort of place would suit me down to the ground.” And with this *cri du cœur* Mr. KIPLING's Pegasus declared our interview closed.

SHAKSPEARE'S ESSAYS.

[Now that Mrs. GALLUP, aided and abetted by Mr. W. H. MALLOCK, has restored to us the plays of BACON, Mr. *Punch* feels it to be his duty to give to the world SHAKSPEARE'S Essays. It will astonish no one who has studied Mrs. GALLUP'S conclusions to find that these essays, in parts, curiously resemble those of BACON. For if BACON wrote SHAKSPEARE'S plays, why in the name of all that is bilateral should not SHAKSPEARE have written BACON'S Essays?]

I.—OF PLAYS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

He that hath composed dramas hath given hostages to fortune. For if the multitude praise him, the critical will commonly condemn. Nay, there have been that did conceal their plays, or were thought to have so done, under the style and cognizance of another, lest they be shamed. Yet was their concealment soon transpierced. Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom. It doth but beget in ladies from America a zeal for discovery. The which prompteth to so nice a study of texts and folios as truth (or a colourable imitation thereof) is in the end brought to light.

There be that do find the speculations of elderly ladies highly diverting. But to the author not so. An Aunt is a kind creature in itself, but it is a shrewd thing in a literary controversy. And when a lady doth set to prove that black is white it shall go hard with logical formulae. The Grecians have a saying that SOCRATES made the worsen argument appear the better. Even so doth she.

For the remedies there may be some general preservative whereof we will speak. As for the just cure, it shall be found only at Hanwell.

It may be said of such an one that he is a man unlettered, having little Latin, and of Greek no whit. How should he write plays? Whence hath he lore of law and medicine, of history and of science? But there be hand-books. And a man may learn by enquiry of another, giving to him the price of half-a-pint. So shall the dramatist acquire such matters as be necessary, as the names of battles and of Kings and an imperfect understanding of legal phrases. Moreover, where no copyright is, he may steal freely from others, appropriating their plots and embellishing them.

Yet shall the playwright, working on this fashion, fall into error so as he shall write of the sea-coast of Bohemia, Bohemia lying inland and having no sea-coast. But these things, as MACHIAVEL noteth well, ought not to be cavilled at.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said at the beginning, he that writeth dramas must endure with philosophy the investigations of talented ladies. Being of humble estate he



SCENE FROM THE POST OFFICE PERFORMANCE.

Abanazar (the Postmaster-General). "NEW STAMPS FOR OLD ONES!"
[The King's Head stampage introduced at the beginning of the year.]

must not murmur should his works be taken from him and given to a Lord Chancellor. Being himself sane he must bear with the lunatick fancies of others. And, though his words be twisted into crazy anagrams and his dramas be made a source of scandal about Queen ELIZABETH, he must not complain. Generally, let the wise man ignore the bee that buzzeth in another's bonnet.

II.—OF CIPHERS.

A Cipher in Arithmetick is naught. Hence it is that when a theory is built up out of arrangements of italic and distinctions of type (which latter exist but in the imagination), it is called a cipher. For indeed it is nothing. As though a man from the poems of HOMERUS should by an anagram educe the dates of the Kings of England.

It hath been oftentimes debated whether it were better that a man be a worse fool than he look, or look a worse fool than he is. Certainly the choice lacks facility. So it is with ciphers. It may be doubted whether it is better they should be more idiotic than they appear or appear more idiotic than they are. For it is a ridiculous thing and fit for satire to persons of judgment to see what shifts these cipher-makers have, and what prospectives to make superficies to seem body that hath depth and bulk.

These things are but toys, but the many will affect them. Thus the Mark of the Beast is the number 999. And it might be thought that few names would be found so as they would, when reckoned in the Grecian manner, amount to just this number. But this is not so. For ingenious reckoners, by juggling with the values of the letters, or perchance by the suppressing of a syllable, have found that JULIUS CÆSAR, GENERAL BONAPARTE, the Emperor NERO, and the late Madame BLAVATSKY do all coincide with and make up this number. And so do many others whose names need not be set down here.

Also experience sheweth that two are required to make a cipher. For if but one make it and he have no follower the world will not heed. This was made plain in a recent controversy wherein one MALLOCK did very hotly defend a cipher from them that cavilled thereat. Whereupon arose one GALLOCK to support the maker of this cipher. So that the world was mightily moved by this agreement, wondering that there should be two persons under the vault of Heaven to favour such antick theorisings. Whereas the truth stands that there was but one, and his name was probably GAMALLUP.

Finally, all sane persons should eschew ciphering and such gauderies. For SENECA wisely sayeth that they in the end undermine the intellects of many commiserable persons.



"A BIT O' SHEFFIELD."

'WHER 'ST BIN, JOONIE?'

"AH BIN OONTIN ON OES-BARCK!"

ROUND THE PRIVATE PANTOMIMES.

ACCORDING to the *Liverpool Daily Post* the Marquis of ANGLESEY has been giving, in his little "Gaiety" theatre at Anglesey Castle, a Christmas pantomime, and himself took a leading part in the performance.

No doubt the example of his lordship will shortly be followed by other members of the peerage, and perhaps by well-known public men also. The female parts will possibly find, as in the days of SHAKESPEARE, male impersonators, and ere long we may be reading in our morning paper items of/news on the lines of the following:—

"At the Chatsworth Theatre last evening there was presented the pantomime of the *Sleeping Beauty*. The

name-part was taken by the Duke of D-V-N-SH-RE, who played as to the manner born. The Duke was in the course of the evening loudly applauded for his song, "*What do I know about anyfink? Why, nuffink!*"

The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe is being given during the week at the Hatfield Theatre. Needless to say the part of the *Old Woman* is taken by the Marquis of S-L-SB-RY, and concerned in the performance are also the Earl of S-LB-RNE, Lord CR-NB-RNE, the Brothers B-L-F-R—whose graceful movements excited general admiration—and Lord H-GH C-C-L, who brought down the house with his song, "*The Higher it goes the Fever*." The Marquis of S-L-SB-RY during the evening rendered "*Mary was a Housemaid*" in his most pleasing manner.

The Empire Theatre, Highbury, has recently been the scene of a pantomime revival of the highest artistic excellence. The story to which was given so beautiful a setting was that of *Jack the Giant Killer*. Mr. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N's impersonation of *Jack* left nothing to be desired, he being especially good in the scene in which the giant (played by Mr. P-W-LL W-LL-MS and Mr. A-ST-N CH-MB-RL-N, the former standing upon the shoulders of the latter) is slain. The giant, it was noticed, wore a German uniform, this delightfully piquant idea no doubt being due to Mr. CH-MB-RL-N, whose happy feeling for the appropriate is well known. Many hearts were lost to the *Fairy Queen* (played by Mr. J-SSE C-LL-NGS), whose truly regal beauty enraptured everyone. Immediately upon the death of the giant, Mr. CH-MB-RL-N, standing upon that unfortunate's body, sang with great expression the well-known song, "*Let 'em all come*," the whole house joining in the chorus. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE was not present.

Dick Whittington, at the Theatre Mentmore, has been drawing crowded audiences. Lord R-S-B-RY, whose appearance as *Dick* was a great success, was well seconded by his GREY cat. Thunderous was the applause as *Dick*, attired as a simple rural person, is seen to turn again towards London. A new song, specially written for the Mentmore production and entitled "*The Primrose shall grow once again by the Thames*," was most kindly received.

DISTINCTION.

"HAIL! you whose honoured brow is girt
With bays that conquerors wear!
Of what achievement or desert
The glory do you bear?"

"Has prowess in the hard-fought fight
Brought you a hero's fame?
Or have you won the strenuous right
An athlete's prize to claim?"

"Have you by intellect attained
A goal worth striving for?
Since noble triumphs may be gained
At peace, no less than war."

"No warrior I, with martial breast
By lust of glory fired;
No student's meed did I contest
By scholar's craft acquired."

"No! but the action I have done
Earns laud of hand and lip,
Both near and far—for I have won
The Ping-pong championship."

QUERY.—If "fine feathers make fine birds" (is the hypothesis admitted?), do "fine verses make fine poets," or do "fine poets make fine verses"? Solve me this problem if you can, and oblige,
A DISTICH VISITOR.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday night, Jan. 16.—By simple but effective manœuvre PRINCE ARTHUR has finally forfeited the character of "a child in these matters," to which he fondly clings. House met to-day for what everyone anticipates will prove a lively Session. The Irish Members in more than usual state of ferment. Some of their brethren are (as SWIFT MACNEIL, chortling in his grief, put it) "immured in a dungeon at the behest of the CHIEF SECRETARY." One is lurking in Paris, whilst police are making healthful holiday at various southern watering places, waiting to arrest him if he crosses what the French perversely call *La Manche*.

"That," says Colonel LYNCH, "is une autre paire de manches."

The earliest business, after Address is voted, threatens deprivation of opportunity of combining the pleasure of degrading tone of House with the business of self-advertisement. Consequently every probability of a row on this the opening night of Session.

"What's to be done?" forlornly asked PRINCE ARTHUR's colleagues. "We can't call in the police again."

"No," said the PRINCE, firmly, "leave it to me. They must be overawed. I will call in the military."

Effect seen and felt from very opening of sitting. Irish Members looking

His Majesty presses the button and the Parliamentary Marionettes do the rest.

up beheld a gorgeous figure in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. It dazzled with scarlet, gleamed with gold; suggested the concentrated affluence and power of the British Army; was nearly as big as Army before recruited by Colonial contingents.

"What is it?" the Irish Members tremblingly asked each other.

It was the City Marshal!

PRINCE ARTHUR had caught sight of the figure during one of his ceremonial visits to the City, and with the instinct of genius perceived its uses. If the Irish Members had only known it the warrior was not armed. His brand was by his side as he strolled across the Lobby, with intent to scale the kopje overlooking the expected fray. But jealousy of the military on the part of the Commons, going back to STUART days, manifested itself. No one but Sergeant-at-Arms is permitted to cross the portals of the House bearing a lethal weapon. So, before he entered, the City Marshal was disarmed.

"Will it go off?" said the Door-keeper, vaguely, holding up the sword with look of apprehension.

"I sincerely hope not," said the City Marshal, quickly glancing round to see if there were any suspicious characters about.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S strategy fully succeeded. At the onset there were indications of what might have happened in unguarded circumstances. Earl PERCY, temporarily borrowing JEMMY LOWTHER'S corner seat, attempted to raise a question of Privilege case of "the gentleman who represents Galway." SWIFT MACNEILL, bubbling with surplusage of words compulsorily secreted during five months of recess, wanted to enlarge on condition of Member immured in dungeon as aforesaid. Irish Members tossed turbulently on the benches. The City Marshal coughed.

It sufficed. Turmoil, which, unrestricted, might have blazed into tumult, was stilled. What was regarded in advance as containing the possibilities of a boisterous sitting lapsed into calmness so profound that it was appropriately closed by an abstruse argument on the bearings of martial law, conducted across the Table by the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and his learned friend DON JOSÉ.

"All very well," said SWIFT MACNEILL, whose knowledge of constitutional history is extensive and peculiar; "but if we are to be overawed in this fashion we may as well have CROMWELL back."

Business done.—KING'S Speech read and Address moved.

Friday Night.—GEORGE WYNDHAM is also among the poets. Noting fidelity of a crow on the paternal demesne near Salisbury, he was moved almost to tears,

altogether to verse. Cherished through winter weather by the Chatelaine of Clouds House, when spring returned the greedy crows flew away to forage for themselves. All save one, who thus remarks:

Eat all their meal and fly away?
That well may never be.
Nay, now and on this very day
I'll build by their roof tree.

Which he does, and brings up a grateful family in close contiguity to the house of his benefactress.

The MEMBER FOR SARK suspects the CHIEF SECRETARY of harbouring an allegory. Is there in this handsome volume reference to the Third Administration of the noble MARKISS? Suspicion is strengthened by final verse of the masterpiece:

Our nest that mocks the roaring wind,
Swayed gently in its arms,
Shall comfort all his kith and kind
Against renewed alarms.
Until the storm-blast tear it down
To strew it at their door,
God send their House may win renown
And flourish evermore!

SARK insists that "the nest" is the Cabinet; that "their House" is the House of CECIL; that the line "shall comfort all his kith and kind" (sung by the LORD CHANCELLOR), refers to family arrangements on which Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES has sharply commented. Following this clue, he recognises in the "renewed alarms" the excursions by C.-B. and Lord ROSEBERY, whilst "the storm-blast" is obviously the next general election.

This may be so. SARK sees further through a ladder than most men. I am content to say that the boldly dashed-in pictures by MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM are excellent.

Business done.—Debate on the Address. All over the shop.

"Vex not thou the Poet's mind."

I KNOW I must be wrong,
But I cannot love Ping-pong;
I cannot sing
In praise of ping;
I have no song
For pong.

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—As you seem disposed to accept the opinions of a veteran who has rejoined the colours after a long spell of civilian inaction, I return to the charge. Coming back to my old work I now and again run across a comrade who was a subaltern with me thirty years ago. My friend, Captain CRUMPET (let us call him), of my old regiment the Lipton Slashers (let us call it), late 189th, met me the other day and lamented with me the disappearance of

old mess customs. For instance, after eleven it was our habit to ride into the ante-room mounted on chairs. CRUMPET tells me that the tradition is forgotten in the Slashers, and certainly when we tried to revive it on our own account we discovered that we had lost the knack. Poor CRUMPET suffers from rheumatism, and I myself find it a difficult task to jump a chair about. Thirty years ago I was barely ten stone—now I am double that weight. But if the regimental customs are dying out, no doubt the procedure is simpler than it was in my younger days. I remember when I was C. O. of a detachment that I once attempted to obtain a hat-brush. I found, looking through some old papers, a portion of the correspondence. Here is the fragment:—

A.F. 8275.

From Capt. A. Dugout, 189th Regt.
To P.M.O., Bannock Court.

I consider that owing to the dust of this station it would be serviceable, to ensure a clean appearance of the company which I command, to serve out a hat brush per ten men.

From P.M.O. to O.C.A.O.C.

re Correspondence A.F. 8275.

Noted. But this department, although well supplied with racer brushes for 68-pounder R.M.L. guns, has nothing of the sort required in store. Will pass correspondence to D.A.A.G. North British District.

From D.A.A.G., North British District,
to O.C.A.O.C.

Noted for further consideration. But hat-brushes are not under the control of my department. Am sending correspondence to P.M.O.

P.M.O., Bannock Court, to Principal
Chaplain, Bannock Court District.

Can you do anything with this correspondence? Church parade—when the battalion should look particularly smart—is connected with your department.

P.C. Bannock Court District to O.C.
Army Pay Department.

Passed for your consideration. I could have recommended hymn-books, but hat-brushes seem to be within the scope of your purview.

O.C. Army Pay Department to
Under Secretary of State for War.

This correspondence (re A.F. 8275) is forwarded for your decision.

And at this point the correspondence abruptly terminates, so that I am unable to say whether the hat-brushes were obtained or not. However, nowadays, of course, such a series of minutes would be impossible. Would it not?

Yours practically,
A DUGOUT, Captain.



A LIBERAL INTERPRETATION.

Mrs. Liberal Party. "I TRUST, DR. BULL, THAT MY BOYS GET ON WELL TOGETHER?"

Dr. Bull. "MADAM, I HAVE IT FROM YOUR DEAR BOY, HENRY, HIMSELF, THAT THEY ARE ON TERMS OF PERFECT HARMONY. LET US ENTER, AND FIND THEM AT THEIR STUDIES." [See *Thackeray's* "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends."





Mother. "BUT, JACKY, I DON'T THINK A CLOCK-WORK ENGINE WOULD BE A GOOD TOY FOR YOU TO GIVE BABY. HE'S SUCH A LITTLE THING, HE'D ONLY BREAK IT."

Jacky. "OH, BUT, MOTHER, I'D PROMISE YOU I'D NEVER LET HIM EVEN TOUCH IT!"

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL.

(An Interview.)

"COME in," said a voice, as Mr. Punch's Representative knocked at the door of the office wherein the newly-appointed Director of the British Empire was at work. "Come in—yes, I'm very busy. Fifteen columns of verse in hand for the *Times*, besides other things. Why, in spite of my last edict, the flannelled fools are still playing cricket in Australia, and there's positively a contest at Blackheath, I see, between fifteen English muddled oafs and fifteen Welsh ditto. Then there are the rowing men—I forgot to bring them in last time:

*'Porcine and pestilential—fleeing away from the front—
Fatuous fops at the rigger—cowardly curs in a punt.'*

"How does that strike you?" he added.

"Very fine indeed," said Mr. P.'s Representative, "but—"

"And a little later," went on the Director-General, hastily, "I fairly boil over:

*'Pallid, obscene, distasteful—will ye gather the depth afar?
Will ye harry the new potatoes where the low-swung planets are?
Will ye drive it in double harness? Will ye barter it when
it drops?'*

*[crops?]
Will ye proffer for mournful muffins the snickering carrot-
Pallid, obscene, distasteful—heed ye, and mark the sign!
Five and six are eleven! Seven and two are nine.'*

His interviewer gasped. "What on earth does that mean?" he inquired.

"Lots of things," replied the Director-General. "It means that there are thousands of schoolboys playing football who should be doing goose-step and extension-motions. What do they want with football? I never played football or any of those silly games in my life. When I was a boy—as you may learn from *Stalky & Co.*—I spent all my spare time in loafing and scoring off the masters. If only British youth in general had followed my example, the war would have been finished off long ago."

"Perhaps so," said the interviewer dubiously. "Of course we were unduly optimistic—and yet, wasn't there a certain poem which seemed to think that 'fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay' would be quite sufficient?"

"I have forgotten those lines," said the Director-General, hastily. "Are you sure they were not written by Austin, or some such person? Besides, it's only lately that I've been quite omniscient. Now I shall show you all how the Empire should be run."

"Couldn't you make your directions a little plainer? Of course the lines *sound* very nice, but their drift is a little obscure, don't you think?"

"Of course it's obscure," said the Director-General testily, "it's *meant* to be obscure. That's my particular style—as anybody but a muddled oaf would understand. Plenty of froth and foam, and sixteen epithets in a row, and vague, big-sounding talk about the Lion, the Empire and the people, filling two columns of the *Times* in large type—that's what Britain needs to save it from destruction. And now be off, please; I must finish my next mandate to the silly-Islanders before lunch time."

THE PILGRIM BROTHER.

[A Special Imperial Commission, under Prince HENRY OF PRUSSIA, is to embark on a German liner for America in order to take possession of the Kaiser's new yacht, which will be christened by President ROOSEVELT's daughter. The famous voyage of Prince HENRY to China in the *Gefion* will be fresh in the memory.]

HENRY, We have to ask you once again
To be prepared to plough the hoary main.
Great tact is needed, you will understand,
To execute the task you take in hand;
Nay, but for duties lying nearer home,
Ourselves, in person, would defy the foam;
But since Our throne is in too great request
We naturally choose Our Second Best,
And you, who stand in that unique position,
We now elect to run this little mission.

Last time, if you remember, when we parted
It was upon the China beat you started;
And, spite of friction in the *Gefion's* gear,
That gallant ship arrived within the year.
Your glorious aim—to preach Our Word of Peace
And make arrangements for a longish lease
(This representing Our Imperial tax
On missionaries murdered in their tracks)—
You carried out with skill so well-advised
That We were very properly surprised
When heathen Boxers had their horrid fling
Just after you had settled everything.

The rôle for which at present you are cast
Is, strictly, not so cosmic as the last.
Your voyage—though Imperial, of course—
Cannot be reckoned as a *tour de force*;
And, while distinct from any vulgar trip,
Hardly necessitates a fighting ship.
Still, though you do not go to claim a plot
Of Greater Germany, but just a yacht,
Infallibly this step will prove to be
A stage in Our renowned World-Policy.
Thanks to VON BÜLOW, everybody knows
We have no need of friends or fear of foes;
Yet it is well to keep one kindly nation
For company in case of isolation;
And where we cannot deign to interwed,
Much may be done by christening boats instead.

HENRY, be not annoyed because you sail
To lands that boast to have no social scale;
For, though a free Republic rarely minces
Its elemental scorn of Dukes and Princes,
Yet great examples prove how that locality
Maintains a high impartial hospitality.
Your Royal foot will press an open shore
Where LIPTON's honoured foot has been before;
Your path, in fact, is toward the wide-armed West
That never turned away a noble guest.
Nor need you turn homesick, in any case,
Among a (roughly) consanguineous race;
For where an Anglo-Saxon banner flies
New Vaterlands invariably rise.

And yet We fear you may incur distress
Connected with the local comic Press;
We apprehend the humorist may rage,
Dealing in Anti-Teuton badinage.
Now We have always cherished, need We say,
The strongest views about *lèse-majesté*,
And many a pressman We have closely mewed
For questioning Our public attitude.

But coarse reflections passed upon Our kin—
These We account an even deadlier sin.
Therefore, Our HENRY, should they treat you thus,
Tell them that they will have to deal with Us;
Let but a single rude remark be dropped
And We will briefly have the christening stopped!

Brother, the weighty things that We have said
See you character in your Royal head;
More hints We have to guide your youthful way,
But these We hold against another day. O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. CONAN DOYLE, in conjunction with his publishers, Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, has performed a timely and patriotic act. He has brought together in a handy, well-printed pamphlet a cloud of witnesses testifying to the cause and the conduct of the War in South Africa. His design is to refute, by exhibiting their utter baselessness, the persistent slanders to which the civil and military services have been subjected not only on the Continent, where the temptation is naturally irresistible, but by certain sections of our own countrymen. The task is accomplished in that judicial spirit which is essential to success. Never before has the case been put so clearly, so calmly, so briefly. It is intended to translate the masterful summary of facts into five languages, placing a copy in the hands of every deputy and every newspaper editor on the Continent and in America. My Baronite wishes CONAN DOYLE good luck in his noble enterprise.

Following up their monumental work on the Living Races of Mankind, Messrs. HUTCHINSON are now bringing out a similar work devoted to *The Living Animals of the World*. Volume I, just issued under the editorship of Mr. CORNISH, is unique. The letterpress is contributed by such authorities as Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, F. C. SELOUS, and LOUIS WAIN. As in its precursor the illustrations are marvellous in their variety and interest. There are nearly six hundred of them, reproduced from photographs taken on the spot. Walk up! walk up, ladies and gentlemen! There is, my Baronite affirms, no delusion about *this* show.

To Mr. HENRY FROWDE, of the Oxford University Press, has come the happy thought of presenting in a handy book-case the ten volumes of *British Anthologies* edited by Professor ARBER. The collection contains two thousand poems, gems of the English language, the choicest work of four hundred poets. First in the choir is CHAUCER, the last singer WORDSWORTH. Between the two lies a world of delight. The volumes, beautifully printed, neatly bound, may be had singly. Judging from his own feeling, my Baronite believes that any purchaser of one volume, illumined by whatever group of poets, will echo the artless aspiration of *Oliver Twist*, and ask for "more."

The House with the Green Shutters, by GEORGE DOUGLAS (JOHN MACQUEEN), is indeed "a novel without a heroine." There is no love-making in it from beginning to end; no amorous swain, no trusting maiden. Not one single grand, noble, generous soul among the *dramatis personæ*; the "dram" being, by the way, among these Scots of Barbie, the fiery liquid that stimulates the hatred felt by all the "bodies" for John Gourlay, who had despised and insulted every one of them. Frequently the dialect, to a southern Englishman, is absolutely unintelligible. Here and there, unless he be a canny Scot, the words and phrases will bother him. Skip them, and you'll be repaid. It is the work evidently of a man who knows every inch of his ground and who has closely studied the folk he so strikingly describes. Not excepting *Quilp's* treatment of his wife,

which was sufficiently revolting in all conscience, and excepting only two or three passages in ZOLA's novels, the Baron is bound to declare that seldom, if ever, has he read so repulsively powerful a piece of writing as the description of the cruel scene, in ruined John Gourlay's house, that leads up to the final catastrophe. Here, on horror's head horrors accumulate with a vengeance, calling to mind the fearful tragedy in the old, old song of "A N'orrible Tale." And it is some relief to regard it in this light, that is, by the light of an ancient comic ditty, lest the gruesomeness of the story should murder sleep. Don't read the last chapters just before going to bed, otherwise — nightmares. The Baron notices that this book is labelled on title-page, "Third impression," which may mean that it is in its third edition; but as to "impression," there can be only one that it makes on the mind of the reader, and that is of the author's undoubted power. And that this power may be speedily turned to better account is the hope of the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE TWO VOICES AND A POSTAGE STAMP.

A STILL small voice spake to my heart,
"Behold a gem, a thing apart,
This is a miracle of art."

Then to the voice I made reply,
"Forgive me if I see not why:
Surely the neck is all awry."

The voice made answer, with a sniff,
"I drew it so: what wonder if
The necks of kings are sometimes stiff."

"Granted," I said, "and do they gaze
So very crossly all their days,
Or is this anger but a phase?"

"O fool," it answered, "'tis a frown
At being parted from his crown;
Cannot you see it won't come down?"

"Ah, then," I asked, "this cloud that
throws

Portentous shadows round the nose—
After next June that also goes?"

Then said the voice, "But look behind;
The cloud, you see, is silver-lined;
Hope for the best, and be resigned."

A WET AFTERNOON.

SCENE—A Private Box. TIME—After the First Act of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." DARBY and JOAN discovered with handkerchiefs to the front.

Joan. How sweetly pretty! "Dearest!" With her little boy sleeping on her lap! How touching! (Turning to her husband.) Why, DARBY, you have been—



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT CUPBOARD, CYRIL!"
"HUSH, AUNTIE! I'M PRETENDING TO BE A THIEF!"

Darby (fiercely). No, I haven't!

An Act passes.

Joan. Perfectly charming! How pretty, the little fellow winning his way into his grandfather's wicked old heart! Why, DARBY, you have been—

Darby (as before). No, I haven't!

An Act passes.

Joan. Oh, how charmingly sad! I have been crying ever since the overture! And so have you, DARBY, so have you!

Darby (fiercely). Well, what if I have!

Joan (sobbing). Never enjoyed myself more!

Darby (with difficulty suppressing deep emotion). Nor I!

[Breaks down. Exeunt.

Tarred with the same Brush.

["The discovery of SMUTS's papers goes to establish Swazi complicity."—Daily Paper.]

DE WET may scorn the Native hide,
And give it kicks and smacks,
But SMUTS has got no colour-pride—
He shares his fire with Blacks.

ARMY EXAM.—When ought soldiers to immediately go to a fancy costume ball? Why, directly they have "dressed up."



SEASONABLE PANTOMIME UPHOLSTERY.

Wife. "OH, JOHN, WHATEVER IS THE MEANING OF THIS?"

John (who has been struck by a brilliant idea on Boxing-night at the theatre). "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU WANTED A NEW DRAWING-ROOM SUITE OF FURNITURE, AND YOU KNOW YOU COULD NEVER SEE ONE PLEASANT-LOOKING ENOUGH—SO I GOT THE UPHOLSTERER TO DESIGN ONE SPECIALLY AS A SURPRISE."

THE PERFECT GUEST.

II.

THE conduct of the Perfect Guest while shooting, following hounds, card-playing, heiress-hunting, or company-promoting would require separate treatment, too severely technical for the present occasion. I will confine myself to those domestic matters which are so simple but so important in the lives of us all.

1. *Drink.* To have sufficient of this elementary necessity is most important, but, in consequence of constitutional differences, is not always easy. Your chief rule should be to keep your eye on the butler, so that your glass may always be empty when he comes round. If you neglect this precaution, you may suddenly perceive him only two places off when your glass is full and be obliged to empty it with indecorous haste, possibly spilling some of the wine or even choking. With regard to the port after dinner, if you find the supply inadequate, act as follows. Hold the empty decanter in your hand and say to your neighbour, loud enough for your host to hear, "May I fill your glass?" Then, ignoring a possible

refusal, add confusedly "Oh!" Your host will ring for a fresh supply, and the onus of requiring it will be thrown upon your neighbour. If, however, you fancy your host to be annoyed with you, say to him jocularly afterwards: "I'm afraid it was my fault we stayed so long in the dining-room, but poor old Brown does enjoy his whack so." By leaving your handkerchief in the dining-room and returning for it immediately you may sometimes secure an extra glass or liqueur before the entrance of the servants.

2. *Cigars.* You have a right to assume that your host wishes his guests to have all they want. Therefore keep your cigar-case well filled from his box, but be careful to do so unobserved, to prevent misconstruction. Then not only smoke them freely out-of-doors yourself, but offer them to your fellow guests, driving, walking home from shooting and so forth. Such a timely offer has helped many a popularity. If you wish to carry some away with you—more than your case will hold—you should keep a locked box for the purpose: merely to tie them up in paper will not defeat the curiosity of servants when they pack your things.

3. *Expeditions.* If you happen to dislike long drives to visit ruins, &c., do not assert this dislike openly. On the contrary, you should welcome the proposal with glee and discuss it ardently. Then, at the last moment, be prostrate with neuralgia, and retire to your room till the others have gone. Be as cheerful as you like when they return, but be careful to allow a strongly-repressed spasm of pain to appear now and then on your face. You will thus not only escape the expedition but have the credit of a social martyr as well. Indeed, a constitutional tendency to sudden attacks of neuralgia will be useful in many directions, if you are certain your popularity can stand it.

4. *Games.* If you dislike games, endeavour generally to let it appear that your inaction is due to self-sacrifice (that others may take your place), and not to slackness. When drawing-room games are proposed, do not discountenance them, but manœuvre for the adoption of one at which only a limited number can play, and contrive subsequently not to be of that limited number. You may even manage to be the only person not playing and so avoid conversation as well.

5. *Children.* Whenever you speak to a child of the house without witnesses, always invent a witty or quaint thing for it to have said to you in reply, and mention it afterwards to your hostess in a pause of the general conversation—the latter provision is to augment her gratification. You will be quite safe, for the child will not be expected to remember what it said. It is risky to crib these things out of books, but if you like to take your chance, and have no invention, do.

6. *Domestic quarrels.* If a painful scene should occur in your presence, always side with the lady, and if possible, convey your sympathy to her afterwards. You may look agreement with the man when alone with him, but say nothing whatever he can quote to her. He will understand that you couldn't help yourself, and she will admire your tact and candour.

7. *Books.* If a bibliophile, you should always bring a few books of your own, and leave them anywhere. Then place the books you propose to annex in your room, and the servant, remembering he unpacked some, may very likely pack them by mistake. This is unnecessary if you have a man of your own, but in that case you are probably too rich to need these hints. Don't pack them boldly for yourself: it may look odd.

8. *Breakfast.* (This should have come among the earlier and more important directions.) If possible, sit next to a man in preference to a woman: he requires no waiting on and won't talk



BEFORE THE HOCKEY MATCH.

Excited Captain (arranging her team). "OH, AND MILLY HAD BETTER TAKE GOAL. SHE'S SPLENDID AT STOPPING THE BALL WITH HER FEET!"
[Milly has since resigned her membership of our club, and the poor Captain cannot fathom the reason.]

so much. If a tea-drinker and the first arrival in the room, wait for one or two others, then move swiftly to the tea-pot and ask: "Who says tea?" Help at least two persons before yourself. It looks good-natured and the third cup is stronger than its predecessors. The Perfect Guest will, of course, avoid houses in which it is necessary to wait for the hostess before beginning. If she is there already, defer your decision between tea and coffee until the former looks as you like it.

These few suggestions are offered out of a possible multitude, but I think they cover the most serious part of the ground. A final one would be that the Perfect Guest is always, so far as anyone can see, frank, straightforward and unselfish.

THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE.

[The first meeting of the Nobel Committee of the Society of Authors, which has been formed for the purpose of recommending English candidates for the prize of some £8,000 awarded annually by the Swedish Academy at Stockholm for the most distinguished name in pure literature, was held last week. On the Committee are Lord AVERBURY, Dr. GARNETT, Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, Mr. A. C. BENSON, Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON, Mrs. JOHN RICHARD GREEN, Mr. HALDANE, K.C., and Mr. TRENG (Secretary).]

Oh, Nobel Committee, I think it's a pity your number's so terribly small:

There are dozens of names of persons whose claims to be on you are patent to all!

Mr. W-ES-N's a poet who, did you but know it, would quite have adorned the position,

While our Laureate bold, he's left out in the cold! I call that a startling omission!

Mr. H-N-L-Y, no doubt, you felt free to leave out, as he recently came such a cropper,

But to leave out "A. A." in this casual way, it strikes me as almost improper!

I made up my mind I should certainly find Mr. PH-LL-PS's name was included.

When I found it was not, I said sharply, "What rot!"—and I hope that was also what *you* did.

Then I reckoned up those many writers of prose whose names are quite sure to be missed

When the Public finds out what you've all been about and runs its eye over the list.

Mr. B-THEY, dear me! isn't mentioned, I see. His readers, I'm sure, will be furious;

And Mr. H-LL C-NE I look for in vain—which is really excessively curious.

Mr. P-MB-RT-N too, I don't see him, do you? Why, even the Kailyard is barren:

Though I've searched here and there I can't find anywhere Mr. CR-CK-TT or I-N M-CL-R-N.

Last of all there's an error that fills me with terror, I tremble, I quake like a jelly,

In spite of her fame I don't see the name of Stratford's Miss M-RIE C-R-LL!

QUERY AND NO ANSWER.—A Cricketer writes to inquire who was the sporting poet known as "The Hat-trick Shepherd," and was he a professional?

TITLE FOR THE COURT OF CLAIMS.—The Ex-tradition Court.



Nurse. "DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE GOOD BOYS GO, MASTER LUCIEN?"

Master Lucien. "YES."

Nurse. "AND DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GO THERE IF YOU GO ON BEING NAUGHTY AND DISOBEDIENT LIKE THIS?"

Master Lucien. "OH, WELL, I'VE BEEN TO THE ZOO AN' THE PANTOMIME, AND, AFTER ALL, I CAN'T EXPECT TO GO EVERYWHERE."

LADY LAW AS IT WILL BE.

(After the admission of *She Barristers*.)

["The French lady barrister resolutely refuses to accept a brief unless absolutely convinced of the justice of her client's cause."—*Daily Paper*.]

"BUT, my dear Madam, we have carried the matter to the door of your chambers," said Mr. DODSON FOGG, the eminent solicitor, "and really the amount of costs is considerable."

"Very sorry," returned Miss BRIEF-

LESS. "I have read through the papers, and I can only say that it would have been far more satisfactory to me if I had been retained by the other side."

"But really, dear Madam, be reasonable. What is the weak point that troubles you? Perhaps we may be able to remove it."

"Impossible," replied the Fair Member of the Bar. "I have seen your client's portrait."

"Certainly, the one that was to be

exhibited for the purpose of identification."

"Precisely, and I am convinced that a man with such an expression of countenance cannot possibly be in the right. And now, my dear Sir, of course I am too pleased to see you, but——"

"Certainly, certainly!" said Mr. DODSON FOGG, bowing himself out.

"Well, Sir?" asked the Managing Clerk.

"Oh, we shall have to give the brief to Mr. METHUSELAH PARR."

"Not to Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, Sir?"

"Afraid he is not equal to it, although, to be sure, he is far more reasonable than his daughter."

FAIR AND FAT.

["A strange exhibition of paternal liberality to a daughter on her marriage is reported from Königgrätz. The dowry was the lady's weight in silver crowns."—*Daily Paper*.]

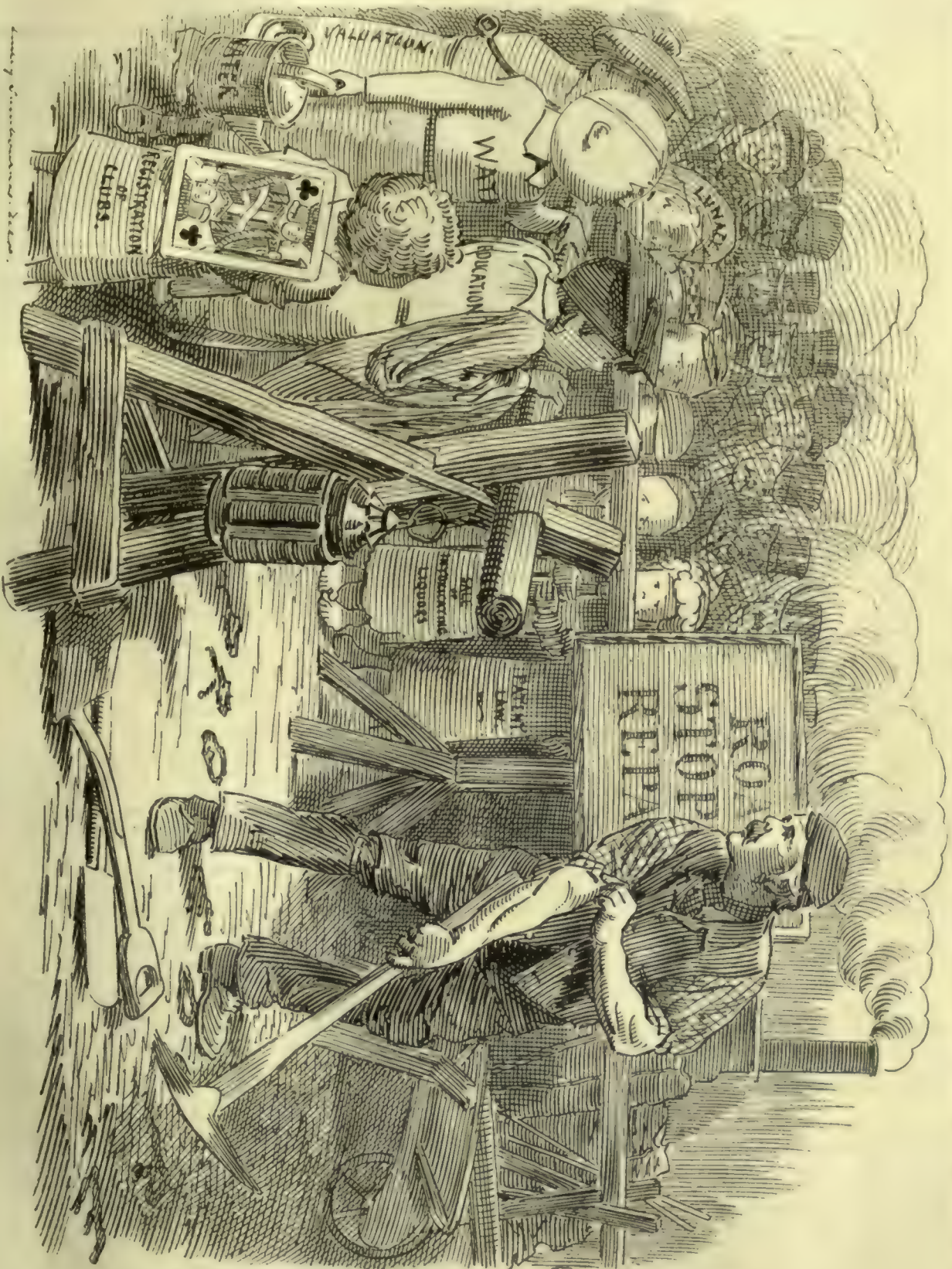
O MISTRESS mine,
Thy gentle ear
To me incline!
And prithee hear
Whilst I declare,
My Queen to-be,
What cruel care
Consumeth me,
O mistress mine,
For love of thee!

Time was my fancy fed a flame
For airy fairy LILIAN;
I thought her fitting lightning frame
One figure in a million;
I dreamt of her the livelong night,
Each day my flame grew stronger;
But now I love that glancing sprite
No longer.

For scant and scraggy seem the arms
I once called slight and slender,
And, lady, thy more weighty charms
Compel my heart's surrender.
My love is based on solid grounds:
Each ounce of flesh on thee, dear,
Is worth at least a golden pound
To me, dear.

Then sigh not, lady! rather taste
This suet dumpling; nay, dear,
Refuse it not—'twere wanton waste
To fret thy waist away, dear.
The day of wasps was long ago—
Then gorge, my fair! so shall you
With every filling morsel grow
In value.

O mistress mine!
My hopes grow bold
When I divine
Thy weight in gold;
Thy massive charms
With joy I view—
Then let these arms
Their utmost do,
O mistress mine,
To circle you!



MENDING THEIR WAYS.

THE LITTLE BULLS. "PLEASE, MISTER, WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET THROUGH?"

ARTHUR BULLER (Workman). "NOTHING WILL PASS THIS WAY FOR WEEKS; NOT UNTIL THE ROAD'S IN ORDER!"

THE BARGAIN HUNTERS.

A TRAGI-COMEDY OF SUBURBAN LIFE.

The scene represents the exterior of a large West End drapery emporium which, at the present time of 9.25 A.M. is plentifully embellished with labels bearing such alluring announcements as "Gigantic Sale Now Proceeding," "Heart-rending Sacrifices," "Leviathan Bargains," "Stock-taking Sale," and other mottoes calculated to cheer the feminine heart and to make water the rosebud mouth. The three main doors of the establishment are thronged about by a restless crowd of women in all the advanced stages of expectancy and excitement. As the crucial hour of 9.30 approaches, when the great "sacrifices" are to be offered up for "absolutely less than cost price," the crowds grow and widen, extending outwards in ever-swaying queues over pavement and curb into the road itself. There is a tense, tight-lipped determination on the pale, drawn faces turned so anxiously towards the doors. As the clock strikes the half-hour these are flung apart by tall, liveried janitors and three overwhelming torrents of womanhood flood the building. Stifled cries of, "Don't push, please!" "And you call yourself a lady!" "You're on my dress!" "Oh! my umbrella!" "Mind you don't get your purse snatched!" occur concurrently. As the last bargain-hunter disappears through the doorway the scene is plunged in darkness. When the lights go up again the interior is represented. The long counters, behind which anæmic saleswomen lol in easy attitudes of independence, are loaded with "sacrifices" and "remnants"; before them are hot, excited, struggling women pulling the remnants towards them, tossing them here and there, with an earnest, business-like enthusiasm.

Tall Lady (to a shrivelled-up, hard-featured girl, standing apart biting her lips). What a remarkable coincidence! We met here at the last sale. (The hard-featured girl smiles bitterly.) Have you found anything?

H.-f. Girl (with a gesture of impatience). I've had both feet crushed, and my umbrella broken. I've lost my handkerchief and most of my hair-pins.

Tall Lady (who feels she must appear sympathetic). How annoying! Which way did you come in?

H.-f. Girl. Oxford Street entrance. As soon as the doors were opened I was lifted off my feet and forced in on the points of two dozen of the boniest



AT THE TOWER.

Papa. "Now, ELsie, we have seen everything—THE CROWN JEWELS, THE GUNS AND THE ARMOUR—AND I THINK WE HAD BETTER START FOR HOME."

Elsie (with possible reminiscence of visit to the Zoo). "Oh BUT, PAPA, WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE BEEF-EATERS FED!"

elbows in London. As soon as I found my feet somebody stepped on them. I am quite faint with the pain. I had to hurry away without breakfast; all the way from Peckham, too.

Tall Lady (pulling out the sympathetic stop again). How annoying. Is there anything I can get for you? I'm looking round.

H.-f. Girl (acidly). No, thank you. I never buy anything. I only come for ideas.

[A smile evanesces from the features of the Tall Lady as she goes off.]

A short, over-dressed, florid lady, emerging from a stock of greatly reduced blouses, pants forth her remarks to a dull, solid girl near by.

Florid Lady (as she picks up a flowery garment). Now this one, JULIA!

Julia (with superior contempt). Oh! I don't like it. Too showy. They'll take me for an actress.

F. Lady (picking up another). Well, this one.

Julia (with superlative contempt). I should look a sight in it.

F. Lady. But it's so cheap. And looks so good. It's a positive shame to let it go.

Saleswoman (with lofty disdain). Please don't finger it if you are not going to purchase it.

Julia. It's ridiculous, mother. You know how I detest blue. You seem bent on picking out all the colours that don't suit me. Anything that would make me look hideous you take a violent fancy to.

F. Lady. Nonsense, dear; but, you know, your taste is so dreadful.

Julia (still with scorn). Umph! I wish the people wouldn't push so. (The Florid Lady extracts another blouse from a basket and holds it up.) Oh! how ghastly! Really, mother, your taste is atrocious. Look at the lace, it's faded. (Languidly picking up one which another lady is struggling to reach.) There, this is pretty, mother.

F. Lady (assuming an expression of

great agony). Oh! JULIA, a perfectly wicked design.

Julia (stubbornly). Nonsense, mother. It looks worth three times the money. I always look well in brown. I shall wear it at the McCoy's on Friday.

F. Lady (with the caution of fifty years). Take it to the light, dear.

[JULIA does so. To her horror and consternation she encounters Mrs. MCCOY examining a similar blouse. Each sheds a sickly disappointed smile in lieu of friendly greeting.]

Julia (to herself). Just my luck. Knocks the bargain on the head. All through mother's fussing. Heaven only knows what I shall wear after dinner on Friday.

Mrs. McCoy (to herself). How vexing. This blouse is out of the question. I shall have to wear my old blue and white when she comes.

Julia. Really, these sales get more and more disappointing. Does anyone find anything worth buying?

Mrs. Mc. (sweetly). I don't know. I never do. It's absurd coming.

[They depart severally and hurriedly.]

A Pretty Widow (with a mechanical smile in good working order, to a handsome lady in furs). Look here, CYNTHIA, just the thing for my old Aunt LINGFIELD. Isn't it absurdly cheap? Such a dear simple old creature, she will think the world of it. I didn't mean to give her a birthday present, but really this is so cheap. . . . [Laughs.]

Handsome Lady. Look, who is coming, Laura!

[A little bustling woman overladen with unwieldy parcels and towing along a vacuous, straight-haired child, propels herself forward like a jerky river tug.]

Bustling Woman. How do you "do"? We are in search of coats and skirts. EMMELINE goes back to school on Thursday, and she positively hasn't a thing to wear. We've been "saleing" all the week, and I feel I haven't an ounce of flesh on my bones. We mustn't stay. We've to go to JONES'S boot sale, and to EAGLE AND EDMUNDS. I'm sure our husbands and men folk who play at being busy in the city (with a smirk mechanically responded to by the Pretty Widow) little dream of the amount of hard labour we have to go through to keep our families decently clothed. And the economy that has to be practised. I'm sure, with my six girls . . . But it's the women who have the business heads nowadays—not the men. Come, dearest!

[Bustles spasmodically away with her cargo, still talking.]

A tall lady is trying on a serge jacket and viewing herself in a cheval glass. A very stout lady, seeing a fawn coat lying on a chair, suddenly pounces on it and half struggles into it. Three other ladies watch the experiment with envious interest.

Saleswoman (without a smile). Perhaps if you put down your umbrella,

Madam, it might be easier to try it on. [The stout lady does so and pulls on the coat.]

Stout Lady (breathlessly). How—does it—do?

Saleswoman. The style is very smart, Madam, but I'm afraid it is a little too small.

[The faces of the three ladies perceptibly brighten. With great difficulty the coat is drawn off.]

Second Lady (eagerly). I should like to try it on.

First Lady (with strained politeness). I think I was here first.

Third Lady (mildly expostulating). Excuse me, but this lady (indicating the stout one) promised me I should try it on after her.

Second Lady. Oh, but she has no right to promise . . .

[The three ladies voice their claims with increasing emphasis and vigour. Each pulls at a corner of the coat while the distressed saleswoman tries to preserve it from being torn to shreds. Eventually she succeeds in rescuing it, and is about to decide the case Solomon-wise when the Tall Lady interposes.]

Tall Lady (with a frigid glance at the dissentient trio). Thank you! I think I had better put on my coat before it is torn to pieces!

[Is assisted into it and walks away with chilling dignity amid the chagrin and astonishment of the others.]

VELOCIPEDESTRIANISTICALISTURIANOLOGIST.

["Mr. DANE, one of the pioneers in bicycle trick-riding, has recently died at Chicago. He was known as the Champion Velocipedestrianisticalisturianologist."—Daily Paper.]

O LIST while I sing
Quite a short little thing
Of him who was known as the champion king
Velocipedestrianisticalist-
(Here I pause to take breath) -trianologist.

There are who may possibly think it absurd
To use such a sesquipedalian word,
But a word of six feet is *par excellence* meet
For such a performer of feats with his feet.

Perhaps it is not very easily seen
What some of these curious syllables mean;

But, whatever they be,
You will doubtless agree
With him and with me
That no rival has he
As a ve-
locipe-

(You had best take a rest ere you finish it) -dest-
rianist-
icalist-
urianologist.

A THING THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PUT DIFFERENTLY.—The Observer says:—

"We regret to announce that Mr. HORACE G. BOWEN has retired from the chief cashiership of the Bank of England, and has been succeeded by his deputy, Mr. JOHN GORDON NAIRNE."

But why this further regret? According to common testimony the appointment of Mr. NAIRNE to the honourable post vacated by Mr. BOWEN is an excellent one.

"POPULAR REPRESENTATION."—Mr. HENRY KIMBER, M.P., who wrote on this subject in the *Times* some time since, now publishes a leaflet. Strange that he should entirely overlook the fact that the most notable instances at this moment of "Popular Representation" in London are Mr. DAN LENO'S *Sister Anne* and Mr. GILLETTE'S *Sherlock Holmes*.

A LITTLE MIXED.—REDMOND Cadet and MICHAEL ANGELO JOSEPH FLAVIN, the rival "bull"-breeders of the House of Commons, must look to their laurels. Here is the financial editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, discussing certain Budget proposals: "We hope against hope that some of the seed sown by Sir ROBERT GIFFEN may not fall on deaf ears." Since Viscount CROSS during debate in the House of Commons "heard a smile," there has been nothing to beat this.

CABLE FROM R. K.—"Flannelled Fools a slip. No Point." NEW MOTTO FOR A DISTINGUISHED BATTERY OF R.H.A. (just back from the front).—"Take your Q from us."



Second Horseman (on new horse). "WHY DID YOU TELL THE GOVERNOR THIS HORSE NEVER REFUSED WATER?"
Dealer's Lad. "NEITHER 'E WON'T—WHEN IT'S IN A BUCKET!"

INSTANS SENECTA.

DEAR JACK, what's this? My word upon it,
A bee is buzzing in your bonnet.
These solemn words, precise and slow,
Are not the little lad I know,
So young, so cheerfully addressed
To frolic fun and laughing jest;
So careless what the days may bring,
If but himself may have his fling;
So apt to pour his scorn on those
Who ponderously prate and prose
Of age that weighs and care that clings,
And all the other hateful things
That mar the brow and bend the back
Of some—but never come to JACK.

How is it, JACK, that you resent
My little birthday compliment?
"At twenty-five," you write, "a man
Forgets his birthdays if he can.
With twice twelve years all stowed behind him,
It's hardly tactful to remind him
That, lo! a twenty-fifth is gone,
And still old Time keeps pegging on.
Once, long ago, I looked on birthdays
As unalloyed delightful mirth-days.
The candles on the cake, that mark
One's score of years, seemed just a lark.
Would that they had remained the same—
But every year another came;
And still, while swift my youth was going,
The hateful number kept a-growing,
Until—I heard the cook declare it—
No merely mortal cake would bear it.
That stamped me old; so spare me, pray,
Allusions to my natal day."

Poor JACK! But, ah, I can remember
When life to me seemed all December.
There shone no sun to make me warm,
But all was cloud and gathering storm,
A bleak grey sky, a prospect drear,
And over all a voice rang clear
Through wind and rain and sleet and snow:
"Gone is your youth, gone long ago!"
It was, as I recall, the time
When life was flushing in its prime.
Cambridge had done with me, no doubt,
But then she had not flung me out:
Degreed I left her—'tis no rare case;
Another's name was on my staircase;
And in my comfortable room
Another dwelt, and heard the broom!
And all the matutinal stir
Of Mrs. J., the bedmaker.
To him henceforth she would devote
Her widow's cruse of anecdote,
And use for him, but not for me,
A tongue that wagged incessantly.
In short I was a fresh B.A.,
And should have been, but wasn't, gay.
Plunged into London's flooded stream
I felt that I had dreamed my dream.
To gloom and fancied age I clung—
And yet I was superbly young.

And now, good lack, it makes me smile
To hear you use my ancient style.
Heaven help you, JACK, your clear blue eye
Gives all such fancy-talk the lie.



LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

Pat. "I'VE JUST 'EARD THAT MY WOIFE'S VERY ILL, SORR, AND I THINK I'D BETTER BE GOING HOME."

Employer (doubting him). "WHY, PAT, I MET A MAN TO-DAY WHO TOLD ME YOUR WIFE WAS WELL."

Pat (anxious to score). "SURE, THEN, I'VE GOT NO WOIFE AT ALL, SORR. SO WE MUST BOTH BE LIARS!"

Go to, 'tis but a waking pain;
You'll fall asleep and dream again,
And (in your dreams) you'll wander free
Through life and all its pageantry,
And follow still the fleeting glory
Until—but that's another story.
And now, if you'll withhold your stricture,
I'll dip my brush and paint a picture;
So, JACK, attend, and try to suit your
Imagination to the future.
Double your years—that makes 'em fifty:—
Behold a housewife neat and thrifty—
She knows his tempers through and through—
Stands by her portly man—that's you.
Your little girls, two dainty trippers,
Bring you their gifts of socks and slippers.
Your boy—he stroked his College boat
And hopes to wear your old blue coat—
Forbears awhile your education,
And offers his congratulation,
And hints, at ease, the cool young sinner,
At birthday fare and fizz for dinner!
And you, I fancy, seem to find
A birthday fairly to your mind.
You chaff the lad, and lightly touch
On boys who seem to know too much.
"A youth to-day," you'll laugh, "is rather
More aged than his ancient father.
And, oh, forgive me, but—ahem!—
Those Cambridge bills, Sir—what of them?"

So, JACK, repent: why, man alive,
You've just begun at twenty-five!

MARCONIGRAMS.

I.

Some possible Extracts from the "Times" a year hence.

... "A CROWDED and enthusiastic meeting which served once more to demonstrate the unanimity of public feeling on our South African policy. The chief speaker of the evening had a magnificent reception, and, amid the perfunctory applause of a few hirelings, repeated some of those fatuous ineptitudes which represent his stock of political wisdom. A more complete fiasco cannot be imagined, nor one more likely to dishearten everyone who took part in a demonstration which, from start to finish, was a brilliant and unqualified success. Having pulverised the arguments of his opponents, he failed utterly to refute that exposure of his folly which his opponents have made many times over. With his closing remarks—the words of an unselfish patriot and a blatantly conceited Jingo—our readers will concur most heartily, feeling that they attain to a depth of idiocy which even this speaker has not previously compassed, honourable and meritorious as his lengthy career has been."

[*Editorial Note.*—The account of this meeting at Birmingham was transmitted to us by wireless telegraph. Unfortunately, a portion of the report intended for the *Daily News* seems to have been tapped by our receiver, and time does not permit us to disentangle the two versions.]

II.

(From the Berlin Correspondent.)

"The importance of a pronouncement made yesterday by the German Emperor cannot be exaggerated. Indeed, the diplomats with whom I have discussed it are unanimous in the belief that it will gravely affect the course of European politics for many years to come. But, without further preamble, I will give you the Emperor's exact words. Addressing the Chancellor in a voice which trembled with emotion, he said—"

[*Editorial Note.*—By a vexatious accident, the rest of our correspondent's message has not reached us. At the moment of its transmission a French battleship, fitted with the MARCONI apparatus, was lying in the Channel, and contrived to intercept the remainder of the telegram.]

III.

(A Letter to the Editor.)

"SIR,—It is high time that steps were taken to check the scandalous misuse of our telegraphic system. This morning I despatched a wireless of great importance to a friend, asking him to meet

Mistress (to New Maid). "WELL, MARY, I'VE TRIED TO APPORTION YOU DIFFERENT DUTIES FOR EACH DAY IN THE WEEK, SO THAT YOU MAY HAVE VARIETY IN YOUR WORK. YOU'VE BEEN HERE A MONTH NOW. JUST TELL ME WHICH DAY YOU LIKE BEST?"

Maid. "PLEASE, MUM, MY DAY OUT!"

me at one o'clock. For two hours, Sir, I waited at the receiving instrument for a reply, within which time the following messages arrived:

'Send me £500 at once, and buy Otaheites—SHARPEM, outside broker.'

'Have you a furry tongue? Take Pepper's Perfectly Painless-Pilules!'

'Jones and Robinson's sale now on. Jones and Robinson. Great bargains in all departments. Don't forget the name. Jones and Robinson.'

'Your life is in danger! Run! All is known! Only one thing can save you—reading Noodleby's Nightcap, the most brilliant and sensational novel of the season.'

"At great expense, Sir, I have had a pole 250 feet high erected on the top of my own house in order to receive telegrams expeditiously. And whenever I go to the instrument I am bombarded with these abominable advertisements!

"Yours &c., INDIGNANT."

IV.

(General News.)

We understand that a letter has been sent by the Postmaster-General to Mr. MARCONI (at present in Newfoundland) inviting him to suggest certain improvements in his system, recently purchased by the Government at a cost of five millions.

The following reply has been received (by wireless telegraph). "s-s-s-s."

COMMERCIAL "INTELLIGENCE."—"Coats" were in request, and the price went to 84s., but when what was believed to be a bear was covered, the quotation slipped back to 81s. 9d."—*Glasgow Herald.*

MOTTO FOR A BAZAAR IN AID OF MILITARY FUNDS.—"Oh, the wild charge they made!"





AT A FANCY BALL.

She. "WHAT ARE YOU?"

He. "I'M AN EXECUTIONER, HENRY THE EIGHTH PERIOD. WHAT DO YOU REPRESENT?"

She. "I'M ANNE BOLEYN."

He. "WELL, LET'S GO DOWN TO SUPPER."

"O QU'IL EST BEAU!"

The Last of the Dandies has achieved a run that only a popular management, lavishing money on the artistic production of this piece, and supported by a first-rate company, could possibly have given it. A poor drama whose poverty is rendered all the more conspicuous by the perfection of the acting. Mr. CLYDE FRICK's play will be memorable on account of the perfect presentment of the character of *Count d'Orsay* by Mr. BEER-BOHM TREE, of the charm and grace of Miss LILY HANBURY as the lovely *Lady Blessington*, the tenderness of Miss KATE

RORKE in the difficult, unsympathetic part of *Lady Summershire*, and for the manly bearing of Mr. H. B. WARNER as *Lord Raoul Ardale*.

The scene on the Thames at or about Twickenham, with real Thames water, real boats, real rowing, and real danger to everyone on the stage of missing a footing on landing, or of upsetting a skiff, is something to be remembered and wondered at. It is the prettiest scenic show in London. Such excellent acting has, ere now, prolonged the life of not a few pieces neither better nor worse than this. But one great point has been entirely lost sight of by the author, and

has escaped the actor, which is, as CHARLES MATHEWS writes of Count D'ORSAY about this period, that his pronunciation of English was peculiar. He spoke it as a foreigner, but he had never mastered it; he preferred his native tongue, and avoided writing letters in English. CHARLES MATHEWS says in Vol. I., p. 129, of his memoirs: "I tell him that if you were to hear him speak English—which he does in the prettiest manner—that you could not refrain from kissing him." On second thoughts, though, had Mr. TREE exactly reproduced the Count's way of speaking English the effect might have been demoralising. So 'tis better left as it is. In another week's time the Dandy of the Early Victorian period is to give place to the—ahem!—"Beau" of Ulysses.

THE BOOK-HUNTER.

["The Westminster City Council has decided to fight to the finish the secondhand bookseller of Charing Cross Road."—*Daily Paper*.]

How often would he linger,
How long and dimly peer,
And turn with dingy finger
The volumes brown and dear;
Or scan each dusty cover,
Intent as any lover,
Still hoping to discover
Aldine and Elzevir.

But of those classic closes
Once haunted what remains?
Where are last summer's roses?
Where are last winter's rains?
No longer may he sally
At early dawn to dally
Along that shady alley
Beside St. Clement Danes.

So, turning westward slowly,
Reluctant he withdrew,
These wells of learning holy
He bade a long adieu;
And to thy road repairing,
O famous Cross of Charing,
He took his daily airing
In fields and pastures new.

But scarce, amid the setting
Of novel sights and sounds,
Had he begun forgetting
His happy hunting-grounds
When Jack-in-office spied him,
And, bustling up beside him,
Importantly denied him
A place within his bounds.

And now his trousers baggy,
His coat of fashion queer,
His grizzled locks and shaggy
No more shall linger here;
He'll pass no longer creaking,
With uppers cracked and leaking,
Still seeking, seeking, seeking
Aldine and Elzevir.



A SUGGESTION BY OUR NERVOUS CONTRIBUTOR, WHO IS CONVINCED THAT, IF HIS IDEA WERE PROPERLY CARRIED OUT, THE PLEASURE OF HUNTING WOULD BE IMMENSELY INCREASED.

CRUMBS OF PITY.

KEEN is the morning, keen and bright,
And all the lawn with frost is white;
In every bush, in every tree,
The birds sit watching warily.
Now out, now in, they hop and peer,
And cock their cunning heads to hear
The chirping of a childish voice:
They know it well, and they rejoice
When, resolutely stepping, comes,
To scatter here her gift of crumbs,
Her round face topped with shining curls,
My little laughing girl of girls.
And, O ye soft and feathered things,
Redbreasts who flit on fearless wings,
Familiar, friendly, boldly shy,
Birds of the liquid, trustful eye;
Ye sparrows chattering o'er your food,
Linnets, and all the pretty brood
Of finches, blackbirds yellow-billed,
And thrushes with your music stilled—
Since winter's icy breath makes mute
The swelling ripple of your flute;
Ye, too, ye sable-suited rooks,
Timid for all your threatening looks,
Who in solemn survey
Your twittering colleagues at their play,
Where on the poplar's top you swing,
And desperately claw and cling,
Then, when each bird has pecked its last,
And all the fluttering rout is past,
And all the chirpings duly dumb,
Swoop down, but rarely find a crumb;—

All ye, whose hungry bills are fed
By Helen's daily doles of bread,
Be not afraid, be not afraid
To gather round my rosy maid.
Oh, give a kindly thought to her,
Your little friend and minister;
And, as you watch her, pass the word—
"She's but a plump unfeathered bird."
So when the day is done, and night
Sets all the twinkling stars alight,
You'll breathe a bird-wish, as you sleep,
That One who guards the birds may keep
Cosy and safe from every ill,
From winds that bite and frosts that chill,
And through the night's long hours defend
The birds' unfeathered little friend.

Ye sportive mice that swiftly go
Behind the wainscot to and fro,
And sometimes to your outlets creep
And half pop out and take a peep,
Alert, but ready to retreat
Into a world where cheese smells sweet—
Ye quivering, twisting specks of fur
With whisking tails and ears astir,
We do not grudge you of our store:
A little less, a little more,
It matters not, so nibble on
In peace, then like a flash begone.
I cannot bear to bar the house
To here and there a tiny mouse.
And Helen, if she marks at all
Your scamperings from wall to wall,
Will smile to hear you frisk and run:—
"It's mousies, Daddy, having fun."

So, Helen, ere at eve you steep
 Your busy baby-brain in sleep,
 Your mother takes you on her knee
 And whispers to you tenderly.
 You watch her lips, you clasp her hand,
 And, though you may not understand
 Each word she says or all that 's meant,
 You listen and you purr assent.
 And it may chance that, on a day
 Far hence, to this your thoughts will stray,
 And in a dream you 'll seem to hear
 The words with all their meaning clear:
 Ah, then you 'll recollect and know
 What the dear voice said long ago:—
 "My sweet, be sure no gentle thought
 That from God's love a ray has caught,
 No tender childish pity spent
 On creatures meek and innocent,
 No mercy for their lowly lot
 Is ever wasted or forgot.
 God, who gave children pity, heeds
 Such loving thoughts, such gentle deeds:
 He sets them, gold and clustering gems,
 On angels' brows as diadems,
 And looks Himself in pity mild
 On bird, and mouse and little child." R. C. L.

"HOW I DOTE ON THE MILLINERY!"

(Which title is a very free rendering of the celebrated chanson of the Grande Duchesse de Gêrolstein, "Ah! que j'aime les militaires!")

"It is now some forty years ago," as any leading actor in an old-world drama used to say when communicating to his stage-companion, and to the audience, the story of his life, "It is now some forty years ago" since JOHN OXENFORD, author of many excellent pieces, wrote a play, adapted from the French of Messrs. SCRIBE and LEGOUVÉ's *Les Doigts de Fée*, entitled *The World of Fashion*. It was written for Miss AMY SEDGWICK, and was produced in 1862 at the Olympic. The characters, place and time, remained French. Mr. GRUNDY has taken the same original and made them all English; the time is the present day; and London in 1902 is substituted for Paris in the early part of the nineteenth century. The stuttering character, *Monsieur de Pontcalec*, then played by Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, has become *Sir Richard Kettle, Bart.*, with a variation of the original impediment in his speech, and is now capitally played by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. In fact, *Frocks and Frills*, as Mr. GRUNDY calls the piece, is simply a very old friend with a new dress, or rather with an entirely new set of costumes. Each act, according to the plain statement on the programme, is a dramatic advertisement for some well-known fashionable dressmaker, and the actresses appear as animated figures in coloured fashion-plates. For a comedy offering such rare opportunities immortality is secured, as after each run it can be laid up in lavender for another forty years, and then be brought out fresh as the *Sleeping Beauty* awakened, with new costumes up to the date of the day, new scenery (ditto), with dialogue amended, and so polished up and modernised as to suit the time and the re-christened characters by whom it has to be spoken.

O fortunate puer Sydney Grundy! As here played every character is acted for all it is worth (with the emphasis on the "Worth"), and more. The exhibition of "frocks" sends "frills of pleasure" through the female "bodies" present.

As *Sir Richard Kettle, Bart.*, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE has fitted himself with an eccentric character, which might be to *Frocks*

and *Frills* what Lord Dundreary was to that commonplace play *Our American Cousin*.

Then, as the elegant feather-brained woman of fashion, *Lady Pomeroy*, whose one idea is, "dress," Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, with her irresistibly idiotic laugh and her irritatingly rapid chattering, is admirably natural.

Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT is delicious as the dowdy dowager *Lady Athelstan*, who, like her shifty, crafty and Pecksniffian son, *Earl Athelstan* (cleverly played by Mr. ERIC LEWIS), while proud of her descent from somebody who came over with the Conqueror, is quite willing to descend to very questionable methods of raising "the needful."

Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH's amatory nobleman, the *Duke of Ilminster*, is a carefully studied rendering of a very difficult part. In *The World of Fashion* he was a "young duke," but Mr. GRUNDY's gay ducal dog is apparently about forty. He is a gentleman of ordinary man-about-town immorality, who thoroughly "knows the ropes," and yet, falling in love at first sight, he offers his hand and ducal coronet to a young person whom he has once accidentally encountered in a railway carriage, and of whose name and circumstances he is entirely ignorant until he suddenly discovers that she is the manageress and proprietress of a fashionable dress-making establishment. What is to be done with such an improbable individual as this? Not even Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH's rendering can make the character convincing.

Miss GRACE LANE plays with force and distinction as the spirited heroine *Olive*, a most "sweet *Olive*" (though why she should make a mystery about her love for Noel, *Viscount Doughton*, capitally impersonated by Mr. HERBERT SLEATH, will be a recurring problem as often as ever the piece be revived), reminding me occasionally of Mrs. KENDAL (and an excellent model, too) in what is technically termed her "method"; and the *ingénue* of the piece finds a charming representative in Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT. Clever Miss LOTTIE VENNE's *Mrs. Martinez* gives us a perfect type of a vulgarity which was not so much *en évidence* in 1862 as it is nowadays.

How it came about that *The World of Fashion* should seek re-dress at the hands of Mr. GRUNDY, or of any other author, at the present day, is no affair of mine: it seems to have been, "a happy thought," judging by present results. It is a comedy of costume and character, of new costumes and old characters, and as the costumes have been, and the characters are, in the hands of first-rate artists, the success of the piece is already assured.

A COCKNEY CRY.

["There will be no penny steamers on the Thames this season."

Daily Paper.]

THEM boats is orf, MARIER—yus, it 's orl too bloomin' true,
 An' we shan't go a-picnickin' nex' summer, me an' you,
 Ter eat our shrimps at Greenwich an' our creases up at
 Kew—

Them boats is orf, MARIER!

Wot fun we 'ad togevvver! 'Ow yer sniffed the river breeze,
 An' 'ow yer stared, MARIER, when yer fust saw grass an'
 trees!

But this year not a blide o' grass nor yet a leaf we sees—
 Them boats is orf, MARIER!

No! no more 'appy outin's! If an' 'ollerdy should come,
 Yer 'll 'ave ter sty at 'ome, ole gal, an' stick it in the
 slum;

Instead o' smellin' flowers yer 'll 'ave the usual drines an'
 rum—

Them boats is orf, MARIER!

THE VEXED TELEPHONE QUESTION.—"Are you there?"



CLIPPING HIM CLOSE.

H-cks-B-ck (shearer, to *Br-dr-ck*). "I'VE GOT A GOOD DEAL OFF HIM ALREADY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO GO OVER HIM AGAIN."

MR. CROKER'S FAREWELL.

["The admirers of Mr. CROKER, the late "Boss" of Tammany, have presented him with some massive silver plate in recognition of his services during the late municipal elections. Mr. CROKER, when receiving it, reiterated his intention of withdrawing from Politics forever, and said that he intended to sail for England on Wednesday."—*Laffan*.]

'Tis hard to say "Farewell," dear friends,
But here our long connection ends.
I've worked for Tammany for years,
At length we part—and part in tears!

The compliments that fall from you
I take them, since they are my due;
Also this piece of silver plate,
Because my services were great.

I take them and I make my bow,
I'm going to live in England now;
To-day, dear friends, our ties must sever,
I give up politics forever!

No longer victory crowns our toils,
And leaves us pocketing the spoils;
No longer can we give our hosts
Of followers agreeable posts.

No longer under my directions
Poor Tammany controls elections;
We've had our triumphs in the past,
But even We have failed at last!

I really thought that we should win,
But we are out and Low is in,—
A state of things which, you must see,
Is most disheartening to me.

And so (by general desire)
I have decided to retire;
The burden's more than I can bear—
And votes are dearer than they were.

Some new expedient must be tried
To rally people to our side,
And possibly some younger man
May hit upon a likely plan.

The thing should certainly be done,
But I, alas! can't think of one;
Which, for the moment, renders less
Our Party's chances of success.

Farewell! Farewell! I turn my face
To England (where I've bought a place);
You'll see me, friends, when next we
meet,
Established in a country seat.

Under my immemorial trees,
In opulent and leisured ease,
I shall forget the sorry tricks
That make the game of politics.

RE THE B. G. V.—

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—As the Registrar of the records of the regiment of which I have the honour to belong I approach you. One of your contemporaries—an evening paper—the other day declared that, "the



"MRS. BABBLE TOLD ME SUCH A DELICIOUS SECRET THE OTHER DAY; OF COURSE IT HADN'T TO GO ANY FARTHER. SO STUPID OF ME, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS NOW. IT IS SO TIRESOME, AS YOU WOULD SO ENJOY IT!"

Brook Green soldiers' patriotism arose in the Crimean days." Sir, this statement is contrary to the facts of the case. The Brook Green soldiers' patriotism commenced long before the Russian War. Search our records—yours and mine—and you will find that the Brook Green Volunteer went sentry go—with his feet in a warm bath and his shako protected by an umbrella fixed to his bayonet—before the days of the great Exhibition of 1851. The P. M. G. is distinctly wrong.

I beg to sign myself,

THE VOLUNTEER,

Brook Green.

FROM THE BROWN-POTTERIES.—We have heard how "Calypso could not console herself for the departure of Ulysses,"

and we have recently learnt how Ulysses has consoled himself at the Haymarket for the departure of Collapse-o—no, we mean Calypso. "What price Calypso?" asked the Poet. "NANOT PRICE" answered ULYSSES TREE, readily. So when Poet HEROD PHILLIPS' new classical drama Calypso shall have been successfully produced, then will Mr. TREE, let us hope, be in a position, Calypso facto, to exclaim, taking his pick out of some Sortes Virgilianæ (or Virgil of Sorts),

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in—Her Majesty's,

where may he be "bound over to keep the piece" for some time to come. And may not the much-tried author, whose poet's soul has been so greatly vexed, exclaim, Shakspearianly, "Rest, rest, Potterb'd spirit!"



"Hi, SILLY! COME 'ERE OUT OF THE RINE!"

THE PILGRIM BROTHER.

II.

[Being Imperial advice, continued, to Prince HENRY OF PRUSSIA, prior to his departure for America with the nominal purpose of appropriating the KAISER'S new yacht.]

HENRY, as touching your projected cruise,
We now acquaint you with Our further views.
Thus far in Our remarks you may have missed
The usual reference to the Mailed Fist.
That is because you need no more conceal
Beneath the plush an under-pelt of steel;
But some integument you still must wear
To cope with certain customs over there;
Let Us dilate on these, that We may throw
Light on the hemisphere to which you go.

It is a clime where every son of labour
Respects himself as if he were his neighbour;
Where each assumes the style of equal birth,
If he can prove descent from Mother Earth;
Where all, at any hour of any day,
Hold through the Ruler's House a right of way;
Can, by the Constitution's hallowed laws,
Enter at large, with none to give them pause;
Summon the Highest Person in the land
And claim to wring him warmly by the hand.

We mention this that you may turn your wits
On such precautions as the case admits;
Thus, for receptions, you might well depute
Some princely shape to serve as substitute,
Or even fabricate, by German art,
An automatic dummy for the part,
Constructed to maintain with perfect nerve
A happy mean of affable reserve,
Neither obtrude the Hohenzollern throne,
Nor yet affect a too familiar tone.

As for your martial trappings, We suggest
That you should not employ your very best,
Because they keep a habit, so one hears,
Sprung of a sentiment for souvenirs,
Which lets their women carry off by storm
Outlying portions of your uniform.
But if, dear HENRY, they should go too far,
And treat you like that other naval star,
Lieutenant HOBSON; if, in fact, they seek
To kiss collectively your cherished cheek;
If natural homage takes this parlous line—
You will unhesitatingly decline;
For though it is not in Our wish to thwart
Any advances of a friendly sort,
This kind you should discourage all you can,
As is becoming in a married man.

Now, in conclusion, HENRY, We repeat
This trip of yours is not a private treat;
You go, as We observed but yester-week,
To forge a link in Our *Welt-Politik*;
Your business is, by captivating hearts,
To bolster up Our tottering Teuton marts;
So that Our gracious attitude may earn
Something by way of tangible return.
But O be cautious! do not unawares
Become the prey of multi-millionaires!
For you will find among this fertile nation
A tendency toward buying up Creation;
And, as MEDUSA'S petrifying gaze
Converted men to stone in mythic days,
So all that look upon the modern Gorgon,
Are turned into a Trust by J. P. MORGAN!
If he should tempt you, then, with fearful odds
To realise Our country's household gods,
O shrink from bartering for ready pelf
Things that are scarce less sacred than Ourselves;
O HENRY, do not in a moment's heat
Arrange to pop Our precious German fleet! O.S.

SEEN IN THE CRYSTAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do you gaze into crystals? You should: it is a restful and refreshing occupation. You take your crystal as soon as it is dusk, lie down on a comfortable sofa, and gaze: you will find the tedious hours before dinner pass away like winking. I was put on to it by Mr. ANDREW LANG'S article in the *Monthly Review* a little time ago. But until to-day no very remarkable results happened to me. This afternoon, however, they were quite surprising. I went home just before sun-set and found lying on my table, beside my faithful glass ball, the latest edition of *Who's Who*. As it was not quite dark enough for my favourite amusement, I read that useful and interesting publication for half-an-hour. Then I lay down (as before recommended) and gazed. I believe that what I saw is real prophecy, the genuine thing. But I would not have it supposed that I mean any disrespect to *Who's Who*: it is admirable now, but it would have to alter with the times. By the way, Mr. LANG suggests that the results should be sent to him. So likely that I should help him to write an article or a book instead of making copy for myself!

The first thing I saw was a dim green light, turning to bright red and gold lettering. The letters were: *Who's Who*, 1952.

Then—whiff! and behold—

ADVERTISEMENT.

"Owing to the pressure on our space caused by the increasing number of prominent Flip-Flap and Chuff-Chuff players



THE TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

PLEASANT SITUATION OF WINKLES, WHO HAS BEEN INSTRUCTED BY HIS TRAINER (UNAVOIDABLY ABSENT) THAT ON NO ACCOUNT MUST HE TRUST ANYONE WITH HIS GREYHOUND. THAT, IF NOT TAKEN AWAY PROMPTLY, HE WILL EAT HIS HARE, AND THAT HE BITES.

(7,560 in the last year), and the ever-growing ranks of successful financial operators, we are reluctantly compelled to state that after this issue we must reduce the number of other public men noticed by us very considerably. We have decided to omit (1) all members of the merely titled aristocracy unconnected with our great financial houses by marriage; (2) all generals, admirals, statesmen, etc., not mentioned at least once a week during the past year by *The Fast Lot*; and (3) all authors whose incomes are not certified by our accountants to be over £5,000 a year. We believe that these reductions will permit us to deal more adequately in future with the biographies of the speculator-princes whose presence enriches our country, and of those eminent Flippers and Chuffers whose accomplishments are its greatest glory and pride."

Then, one by one, came biographies. I will not pledge myself to every detail, but I am certain of my substantial exactness.

PLUCKER, AUGUSTUS WELLINGTON, holder since 1949 of Flip-Flap champion trophy, President of All-England Flip-Flap Association; b. June 4th, 1928, *e.s.* of OLIVER PUMPERGILL PLUCKER. Unmarried. *Educ.* Winchester (Flip-Flap scholar), and Balliol Coll., Oxford (Flip-Flap Exhibitioner); first-class Parlour Sports Moderations, first-class combined Flip-Flap and Chuff-Chuff Final Schools; Fellow of All Souls'; second prize Aquarium Flip-Flap Tournament, 1947; first prize West Country Tournament, 1948; winner

of All-England Championship, 1949. In 1950 conducted Flip-Flap tour round the world, attracting large audiences in Chicago, San Francisco, etc., etc. Pretended derision in France and Russia nearly led to war with those countries to avenge insult to national sport. Presented with subsidy by German Government to spread exclusive devotion to Flip-Flap among Englishmen. Introduced important new rule that the ball must only be flipped with thumb and second finger. Thanked by both Houses of Parliament (April, 1951), and voted sum of £20,000. Inventor and sole patentee of parchment ball. *Publications*: "The Rules of Flip-Flap," 1951 (ten-thousandth edition). *Recreation*: watching Chuff-Chuff. *Clubs*: Patriots, British Games.

MUSGRAVE, JOHN ARTHUR, man of science. Only living Englishman referred to in Continental scientific treatises, holder of several foreign honorary degrees. Has written several books on scientific subjects. At present residing abroad.

HICCUPHEIMER, ADOLPHUS, senior partner in firm of HICCUPHEIMER, ISAACS and MONTAGU, Johannesburg and New York; b. Frankfort, 1900; *s.* of late M. HICCUPHEIMER. *Educ.*, private. Is reputed to be worth £3,000,000 *per annum*. Gave £500 to Royal Hospital Fund. Travelled much in South Africa and Riviera. President of Society for Promotion of British Welfare. *Recreations*: the usual amusements of an English gentleman. *Addresses*: Devon-

shire House, Piccadilly; Arundel Castle, Sussex; Bowood Park, Wiltshire, etc., etc. *Clubs*: the most exclusive.

BLOGG, FRANK HOSKINS, Ex-Champion Anglo-Saxon World Chuff-Chuff, Inventor of Chuff-Chuff. *b.* 1905, *s.* of HENRY BLOGG, famous Ping-Pong player in early days of century, before the supersession of that sport. *Educ.* before the days of Chuff-Chuff scholarships, but sent by National subscription to Eton and Trinity, Cambridge. Inspiration to invent Chuff-Chuff came while watching his little brother and sister blow a tiny balloon about the room in his paternal home. This moment is the subject of a fine painting by SIMEON BROWN, R.A., now in the Tate Gallery. Presented between the years 1936 and 1948 with the freedom of every city in Great Britain and Ireland. Has done much to make Chuff-Chuff compulsory subject in all primary and secondary schools. *Publications*: "My Life's Work" (1950), "Chuff-Chuff" (Badminton Library), "Our National Greatness" (1951). *Recreations*: watching Chuff-Chuff and Flip-Flap.

SMITH, FRANCIS, Poet and Essayist. *b.* 1910. *Address*, under Waterloo Bridge.

That is all I saw this afternoon, but I shall try again, and if the result is interesting and printable I will let you know.

UNEXPECTED INTERVIEWS.

A MUSIC-HALL ARTIST.

"THAT you, DICK? Walk right in. I'll attend to you in half a—Why my! It's not DICK. But who on earth—why, of course. Been expecting you all the morning. From the *Epoch*, ain't it? Oh, that's all right. You won't mind loungin' round a bit while I fix up my mail. I'm nearly through with the typing. Look at 'em. Only skipped across the pond last evening, and been at it ever since, haven't we, Miss REMINGTON? Here, put that in your face. Got a light? You'll find some whiskey and Polly over in the corner. Righto! I shan't be a split second. Now then, Miss REMINGTON, I'm your man.

"Who's this from? I ought to—yes, I thought so. Jos PHILLIPS. Wants me to do a turn at the Limpet. H'm, forty quid. Not good enough, dear boy, even if—will you tell him so, please? Oh, anyhow. Put 'Dear old Jos.' No, wait a bit. Don't do to be too familiar with that sort of animal. 'Miss DAISY PIGGE presents her compliments to Mr. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, and begs to inform him pork is ris'. Hullo! Who's the coronet? Oh ah, yes, old BLUESTONE, of course. 'Dear Miss PIGGE. Welcome home. Will you come to a little'—h'm. Tuesday the 18th. What's to-day? Well, I guess I will. Are you ready? 'Dear Lord BLUESTONE. There ain't no place like it. Don't mind if I do. Cordially, D. P.' That'll do for him. I must make DICK go.

"Only two more now, Mr.—er—EPOCH. Oh, here's something from my beloved Lambeth. Ever been there, Miss REMINGTON? Well, no, I daresay most people don't love it. But I'm Lambeth to my finger-tips, born and bred there, and the parson knows it. Good little chap, though. Ah, I thought so. A little parish entertainment on the 18th. Will I do something for them? Why, certainly. 'Dear Padre, of course! I'll be delighted.' What, the 18th? So it was. That knocks his lordship's little supper. You'll have to write him another, and say I'm booked for the 18th, and, why, of course, I can't desert Lambeth. Here's the address—no, S.E. Now for the last.

"Don't know this fist. 'Dear Madam. I am writing to ask if you will help me to go on the stage. I've no experience, but I'm nearly nineteen, and can sing, and I would work hard. I've no father or mother, and I must make some money. It isn't only for myself, and if you could help

me I should be for ever grateful.' Nineteen! She looks about six! Do look, Miss REMINGTON. Perfectly lovely, isn't she? Can I help her? Well, yes, my dear, I'll try. But it'll have to be in my own way. And she might have written to Jos! Think of it! Makes one sort of shudder. Well, that's the lot for to-day. No, I'll write this one myself, thanks. Good-bye. Let me help you with your jacket. You'll find my carriage at the door. Just tell the coachman where you—Bus? Bus be hanged! I know you're dead tired. No, no thanks. Please, and mind, you're not to give my coachman anything. Good-bye! Yes, same time to-morrow, please.

"Now then, Mr. EPOCH, you can fire ahead with your questions. Mind? Lor', no! You've never been in America, or you wouldn't ask. I thought not. Why, this is bliss. Been ashore nearly a whole day, and you're the first. In my own rooms, too, on a sofa, with my feet up—you don't mind, do you? I'm a bit fagged as it is. Why in N'York, they started in before we landed, and never left off.

"Well, let's get to business. Now you just sit still and keep right on with your smoke. I'll do the questions for you. Number one. Did I have a good time, and am I glad to be back? Yes, to both. Number two. Which is the best audience, American or Britisher? That's right, ain't it? Three, what does N'York think about the war? Four, did I have a flutter on Yankee rails? Five, do I like cars better than railway carriages? Six, did I find the Yanks more particular about the stage than we are?

"What, dear boy! Answer my own questions! Not much. Answer 'em yourself, if you—well, I'm not going to, so there. Say what you like, I don't care. They're always the same, question and answer, from BERNHARDT to me. Can't you be a trifle original and leave 'em out? But—but—but. But what? But you must have something? Why, certainly. Of course you must. Well, what more d'you want? Haven't you got me, and the lovely time I had, and the quaint little Americanisms I've picked up, with which—what's the word—I interlard my conversation? Between you and me, they're all put on for your benefit. And haven't you got the typist, pretty Miss REMINGTON, and the little girl who wanted me to introduce her to—well, to Jos? There's a text for you. Don't give her name though. Oh, didn't I? Well, I won't, then, and if you can't make copy out of her—Nothing? Bless the man, he calls her nothing. Well, I've made my life out of nothing. I did my first steps on the pavement. Yes, I'll tell you.

"It was when I first started, Surrey side. I'd only got one song, and I was as nervous—well, I clean forgot it, every word. So I just stood and smiled, like a frightened child, which is what I was. And then, somehow, I began to laugh, and they began to laugh too, and to clap, and I sort of twiggid they thought I was doing it on purpose. So I just went on laughing all the different laughs I could think of—you've seen me do it since? Well, then, you know; but that was how it started, because I forgot my words. My! how they cheered. I had to go on again and again, and then all of a sudden the words came back. But I didn't sing 'em. No, Sir. I gave 'em the other side. Let my hair down and went and sat in the middle of the stage and cried and cried,—like a young girl would cry if she could see in a flash all the sorrows waiting for her, and the awful things that might happen, on there in her life. I believe I did see them for that little bit of time. And the people just sat and—well, I couldn't see them, of course, but I knew they were crying with me, lots of 'em.

Well, that made me. Old Jos was there, and he had me trained, and here I am. Now, that was something made out of nothing, wasn't it? Why, look at me. I haven't

got much of a voice, and I'm not half as clever as Miss REMINGTON, or a quarter as nice-looking as that little girl. I'm not a bit pretty, really, you know—and yet from Royalty downwards they all want to see me—and I can get anything I choose to ask. Rum, ain't it?

"I can't get that poor little girl out of my head. I suppose it's thinking of my happiness—you know I'm going to marry Dick?—and—Pretty? Why, she's like an angel straight from heaven, and then she wants me to help her to— Look, here's her photo. Did you ever— Why, bless the man, what's the matter? Nothing? Why, your hand's shaking like a bloomin' aspic. Here, drink this. Go on, you—you juggins. Now, then—better? You've got to tell me all about her. Oh, yes you must. Who is she—your sister? No, she isn't a bit like—wife! You're married? To that baby? Oh, you—you sillies! You infants! And you mean to say you're going to let her go on the boards? Well, you ought to have known. Then—did she tell you she was writing to me? Didn't she tell you anything? 'M yes, I see, a little plan to make money, but you weren't to know until it was all—yes, I can see her saying it, with her great round eyes half laughing, half frightened, looking just adorable. Is she as pretty as her picture? And as good? Of course. Well, now I'll tell you. We'll do the surprising—you and me—and—Dick. He's got a little estate up north which will want looking after and—well, you shall have a trial anyway. And if that don't do I'll find something else. Oh, but I will, and it isn't a bit good of me, and Dick will be delighted, of course, and you've just got to do what you're told. She's asked me to help her, and I'm going to, and you've nothing to do with it. Go to the Halls! Not if I know it. Now be off with you. No, not good-bye. You're going to fetch your—your angel. Bring her back to tea. Dick'll be here and if I want a thing Dick wants it, and if Dick wants it it's done. So off you go."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Who's Who (ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK) for 1902 is just out, celebrating the fifty-fourth year of issue. The new volume has that increasingly portly appearance which accompanies growing prosperity. Actually it is due to the circumstance of considerable addition to the number of biographies, thus widening the circle of interest and usefulness. All other familiar features are re-introduced, making it, within limits of size, the most compendious



BULL-DOGS DO GET SO ATTACHED TO PEOPLE!

book of reference issued. The publishers would, however, be well advised to resist temptation further to enlarge the bulk. It would be idle to attempt to rival the *Post Office Directory*. My Baronite confesses that he is not absolutely unselfish in proffering this advice, since on his travels he always carries with him a copy of *Who's Who*, and wonders how he got through correspondence and other work before he formed the habit.

The ninth volume of the *Liberal Magazine*, just issued by the Liberal Publication Department, of which Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL is chairman, modestly describes itself as a periodical for the

use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It would be unduly exclusive to confine it to that circle, attractive and tessellated though it be. The volume will be found equally useful in the other camp, or wherever interest is taken in the political history of the year. It is full of meat, condensed in masterly fashion, so that it may be conveniently carried in the knapsack of the political trooper. My Baronite finds in it the pith of the principal speeches on Imperial topics delivered last year, together with a mass of information in the form of facts and figures. A full index brings desired points of reference promptly to hand.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"YOU COULDN'T GIVE I A LIFT, COULD 'EE, MASTER!"

A PLAY "WITHOUT A HERO."

THACKERAY'S *Vanity Fair*, as a whole, has been for many years the despair of dramatisers, and so it has happened that, from time to time, characters and scenes have been placed on the stage easily traceable to their originals in our great satirist's best-known novel. Wise in their generation, Messrs. HICHENS and LENNOX, stiffening themselves against all temptations to err and stray from the central figure, have succeeded in stringing together such scenes from a portion of the artful heroine's life as constitute a sufficiently effective play. Moreover, they were most fortunate in finding so ideal a representative of the little adventuress as is Miss MARIE TEMPEST. Her only fault is her attempt, for the sake of poor humanity and a mixed audience, at toning down the hard, cruel nature of this mercenary little wretch. THACKERAY'S *Becky* has not one purely generous impulse: no, not even when she hands over *George Osborne's* love letter to his sorrowing, colourless widow.

The piece, owing its success to the admirable acting of Mr. LEONARD BOYNE as *Rawdon Crawley*, and of Mr. GILBERT HARE as the *Marquis of Steyne*—though the brutality of this unprincipled voluptuary is over-emphasised at the expense of his courtliness—also to its generally good rendering by a most capable company, has already had a considerable run, and may yet "go strong" for some time to come. By the way, on our second visit, Mr. MALCOLM DUNN appeared as *Rawdon Crawley* (vice LEONARD BOYNE, whose absence, we trust, is only temporary), and of his performance we are delighted to be able to say, "Very well DUNN."

Yes, MARIE TEMPEST'S *Becky* is an almost perfect performance, at least for those who do not know THACKERAY'S *Becky*. "Was she guilty or not?" asks THACKERAY. "She said not: but who could tell what was truth which came from

those lips 'or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure?" It would require a finer, far better, and far more complete drama than this is, to give the real comedy and tragedy of the story of *Becky's* life, which THACKERAY himself left unfinished, only informing us "that a very strong party of excellent people consider her to be a most injured woman." The utter mistake in this play is the scene of the private theatricals at Gaunt House.

CHURCH AND STAGE.—An eminent London Actor-manager and lessee of one of our largest theatres, says:—"Delighted as I always am to see several clergymen in the front of the house, yet I should not like my audience to be all wholly 'Orders.' That would spell bankruptcy."

SCENE—Boulevard Café.

First *Irate Frenchman*. Imbécile!

Second *I. F.* Canaille!!

First *I. F.* Cochon!!!

Second *I. F.* Chamberlaing!!!!

NEW DISHES FOR BAKESPERIAN CONTROVERSIALISTS.—If "BACON" and "The Bard" are identical, then a pretty dish for Mrs. GALLUP'S breakfast-table would be "Eggs and Shakspeare," and for the dinner menu "Shakspeare and Beans."

"ARE YOU ANSWERED NOW?"—"Sir,—Is 'Astronomer Royal' a real or only an 'Orrery appointment?'"

[Certainly, very real: the "A. R." is entitled to wear, as a decoration, "a star of the first magnitude."]



POUNDED!

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN-JORROCKS. "COME HUP, I SAY, YOU HUGELY BRUTEE!"

(After John Leech's well-known picture.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"Coral Insects"—more or less.

(Suggested by Mr. G-rge W-ndh-m.)

House of Commons, Monday Night, January 20.—HERBERT GLADSTONE enjoyed to-night rare and well-earned pleasure. At call of duty he accepted thankless post of Whip to the Opposition at a period of its direst dilemma. He brought to it the prestige of illustrious name, a shrewd head for business, a sweet urbanity of manner. Ever since he has plodded steadily on, making the best of a bad business, his office in Parliament Street the vortex of eddying stream of jealousy, suspicion and brotherly love. When called upon to act as Teller in the House of Commons he has ever found himself at the wrong end of the Table. To-night all was changed. The Tellers marshalled, the Clerk handed him the paper. Proudly he read the figures. "Ayes 64, Noes 283."

And HERBERT was Teller for the Noes!

Yes, but, alack! the minority were those of the Opposition's own miscellaneous household. Only the other hight C.-B., desirous of demonstrating how immaterial are the obstacles that

separate him from Lord ROSEBURY, went out of his way to declare himself still in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. His grateful allies, *more Hibernico*, take this, the earliest opportunity, of acknowledging the service by stabbing him in the back. C.-B., with assistance of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and ASQUITH, of EDWARD GREY and JOHN MORLEY, drafted amendment to the Address, cunningly designed to draw into one net the divers fish that float and quarrel with each other in Opposition waters. Amendment moved to-night in speech of sombre eloquence by a private member specially invented. Irish Members promptly came to front, proposed to mutilate the amendment, insisted on a division. And C.-B. went out shoulder to shoulder with smiling PRINCE ARTHUR to beat back his own lambs.

A comical business altogether; but nothing quite so comic as CAWLEY. He was the champion C.-B. had chosen to lift and carry to victory drooping flag of the Opposition. Peculiarity about the case was that few knew him even by name. Since the *Disinherited Knight* rode into the lists of the Grand Tournament there has been no such mystery. Difference established was that whereas the disguised *Ivanhoe* overthrew all comers, CAWLEY was himself overcome—with emotion. Brought down his speech written on fair manuscript. His voice

he had left at home. After murmuring for twenty minutes he sat down, whereby Members knew he had concluded his speech. Never in Parliamentary history was pitched battle between the Outs and the Ins opened in such fashion.

REGINALD McKENNA did something to retrieve disaster by a bright speech delivered in seconding Amendment. But he thought sadly of the changed demeanour of his comrade in the enterprise. Had in his pocket the jubilant note received less than twenty-four hours earlier:—

You must wake and CAWLEY early, CAWLEY early,
REGGIE dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad
New Year.
Of all the glad New Year, REGGIE, the maddest,
merriest day,
For I'm to move Amendment that gives our
"JOE" away.

The maddest day certainly, considering the tactics employed; scarcely the merriest on the Front Opposition Bench.

Business done.—Vote of Censure on Government moved.

Wednesday, 12.15 A.M.—Fresh triumph for Opposition. The charge led as noted by the indomitable CAWLEY; C.-B., got up to look like NAPOLEON crossing the Alps, directed operations from neighbouring hillock. Deliberate, much-trumpeted attempt to dislodge Government. Result of division just announced. Normal maximum minis-

terial majority runs about 140; C.-B. has satisfaction of learning that at a bound he has sent it up to 210. A glorious victory.

And it would have been so easy to leave it alone!

A dull evening; House of Commons can never be induced to affect interest in a sham fight; varied by line taken by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, and by PRINCE ARTHUR's dash down upon it. Last night DON JOSÉ protested that there was so little difference between the HERMIT OF DALMENY and the Government that they might work together. Whether DON JOSÉ or the HERMIT in command was not particularised. The SQUIRE, armed with copy of the Chesterfield speech, set himself to destroy this illusion, citing successive passages that proved how baseless it was. Laboured at this for half-an-hour.

"The Chesterfield speech," said PRINCE ARTHUR, when his time came, "was a considerable effort of a considerable man. But, upon my word, I never knew what a speech it was until I saw the right hon. gentleman come down to-night tied to Lord ROSEBURY's chariot-wheels, urging everyone else to join the procession."

Truly a charming concatenation of circumstance. Things generally a little mixed. On Ministerial side CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, mustering officers and crew on quarter deck, soundly rated his esteemed leaders for mismanagement of the war. On the other side, P.C. LLOYD-GEORGE, in mufti, but still armed with the authority that pertains to his uniform, brought his esteemed leader into court, charging him with duplicity, shuffling, and generally muddling matters.

Business done.—Opposition succeed in obtaining for Ministers a rattling Vote of Confidence.

Thursday.—The melancholy truth underlying assertion that one man may steal a horse whilst another may not look over the hedge strikingly illustrated to-night in the case of Colonel SAUNDERSON and his fellow-countrymen across the floor. As a rule your Irish Member is the most sensitive creature in the world when subjected to personal criticism. For himself he claims privilege of employing lurid language indicative of trifling difference of opinion with his neighbours. But if the vitriolic torrent of his wrath be checked by retort or reprisal his indignation is volcanic. Nothing more frequent in history of the Parliamentary Session than cases of breach of privilege raised by Irish Members of whom someone has been "saying things," the comparative mildness of which, if used by an Irish Member towards the CHIEF SECRETARY, would excite the pitying contempt of his compatriots.

And here to-night, for full three-quarters of an hour, the Colonel has been heaping personal abuse on his countrymen, who have rather enjoyed it, keeping him up to the mark by necessity of dodging an occasional brick or a casual dead cat flung at him by way of repartee. SARK says it's all clannishness. The Colonel, albeit a landlord, sits on the Tory side and supports coercion, is one of themselves. He has the password, the sign manual, is free of place. Just now, in reply to boisterous interruption, he hinted doubt as to what becomes of the twenty shillings levied on the Land League branches for the support of the victims, some of them now grey-headed as well as gaunt, of the historic Plan of Campaign.

"I'm not sure," said the Colonel, reflectively, "whether the money goes into the pocket of the victim or of the agitator."

Imagine that being said by an English Member! Half a dozen Irish patriots would have leapt to their feet, and SWIFT MACNEILL would have out-roared them all in claiming the protection of the SPEAKER. Being SAUNDERSON they merely laughed, nudged each other with appreciative elbow, whispered in proud exultation, "A broth of a boy."

One of the Colonel's sallies gave them pause. JOHN DILLON chancing to thrust his head from under the tent, the Colonel, with Donnybrook Fair instinct, quickly brought his shillalah down on it.

"The Hon. Member for Mayo," he said, in response to an interruption from that quarter, "is the parent of the Land League—or," he added, after a slight pause, desiring above all things to be accurate, "he is one of the parents."

As everywhere (at least, out of Ireland) parentage is divided between a father and a mother, there was some ambiguity about the Colonel's meaning.

None marred the acuteness and exactitude of his vision of an Irish Member in recumbent position.

"The Nationalist cause in Ireland," he said, "does not thrive in peaceful waters. It requires a certain turbulence to enable the Nationalist to live as he likes, and to float on the froth."

The picture conjured up of the portly person of REDMOND *ainé* sympathetically floating on froth delighted the House. Since another, unhappily long-deceased, Irish Member "smelt a rat, saw it floating in the air," there has been nothing so good as this. But, as this same Member for Tralee in the Parliament of 1775 appositely observed, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater."

Business done.—Irish Members make a night of it; on the whole, a dull one.

THE CHARM OF CALYPSO.

[Mrs. BROWN-POTTER has resigned her part of *Calypso* in Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' *Ulysses*, on the grounds that the author objected to her playing the love scenes in an emotional manner, and required her to pay more attention to her enunciation of the "ands," "ifs" and "buts."]

How should the sea-nymph's part be played?

Perhaps you have a feeble notion
That, like an ordinary maid,
She would indulge in fierce emotion.
Some lovers murmur soft and low,
In grammar often they make slips O!
Apparently that was not so
With HOMER's goddess, fair *Calypso*.

The classic student (when he hears
How she behaved in selfish style and
Detained *Ulysses* seven years
Upon a solitary island)
Concludes at once—though he may guess
Her character was rather shady—
That fair *Calypso*, more or less,
Was a most fascinating lady.

But though she made *Ulysses* pause
Upon his way, as we've above seen,
It really can't have been because
Of her emotion in a love scene.
The words she said were spoken by
Comparatively cold and chill lips;
(That is to say, if we rely
At all on Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS).

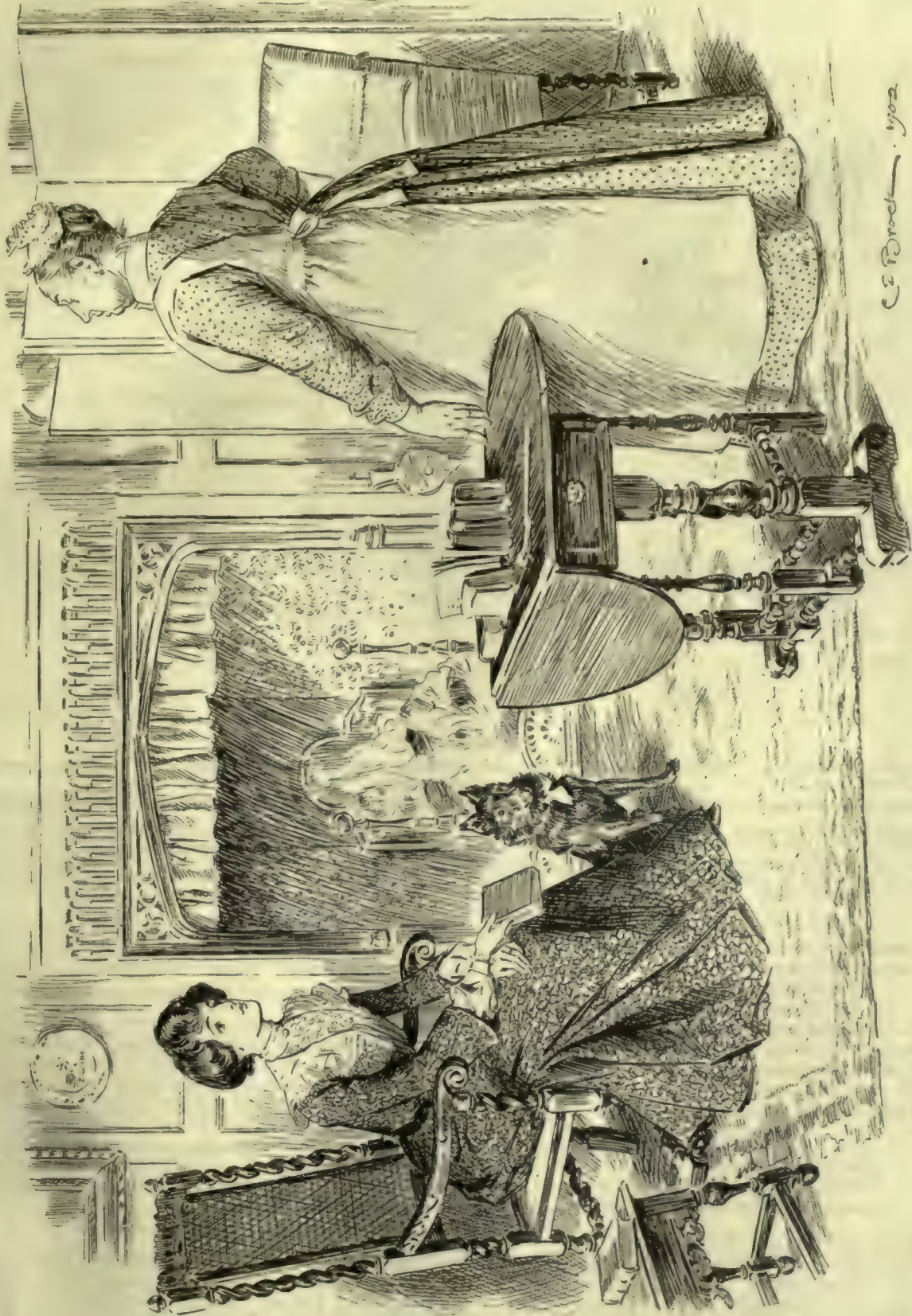
Her beauty one might rave about,
But that's of small consideration;
What fetched *Ulysses* was, no doubt,
Her exquisite pronunciation.
Thought he, "Although I've lots to do,
Yet here I'll stay without compunc-
tion;
It gives me joy to listen to
Each simple, well-expressed conjunc-
tion.

"She never drops her voice or cuts
A word that should be spoken clearly;
And when she mouths her 'ifs' and
'buts,'
I feel I love her very dearly.
Her rhetoric is simply grand,
But of her triumphs here's the
proudest:
I hear the lady murmur 'and,'
When Zeus is thundering his
loudest!"

A good impression thus she made,
And, gentle reader, in your heart
you're
Not much surprised *Ulysses* stayed,
And did not hasten his departure.
The goddess turned the hero's head,
But—this, perhaps, is to her credit—
'Twas not exactly what she said,
It was the way in which she said it!

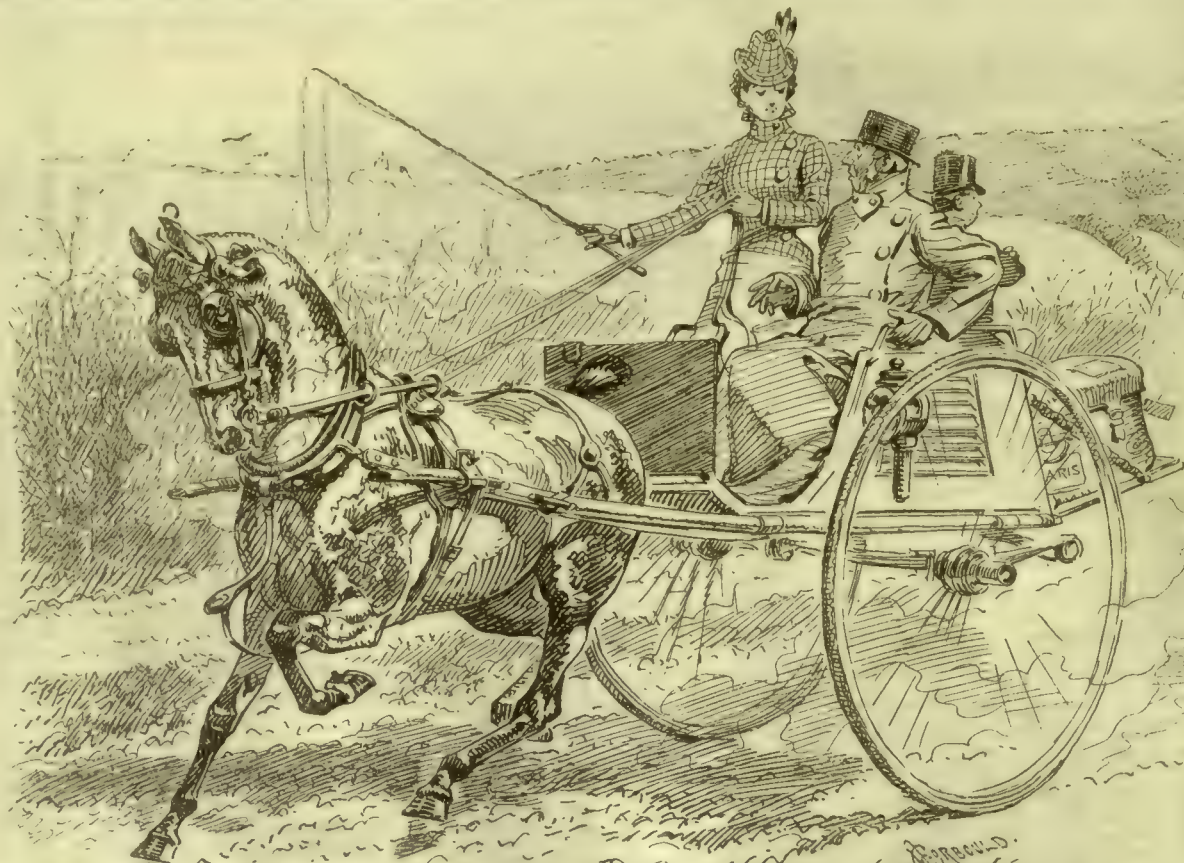
A LITTLE LEARNING.

Teacher. And who was JOAN OF ARC?
Scholar. Please, Sir, NOAH's wife.



C. E. Brock. 1902

Inexperienced and anxious Young Mistress. "THE NEW HOUSEMAID, MARIA, IS A ROMAN CATHOLIC; BUT I HOPE YOU WILL NOT ALLOW ANY RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY IN THE SERVANTS' HALL."
Cook (with much dignity). "YOU NEEDN'T HAVE ANY FEAR, MY LADY. IN REALLY 'IGH-CLASS FAMILIES RELIGION IS NEVER MENTIONED!"



"TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO."

Kitty (just back from Paris). "WELL, UNCLE, I'M ENGAGED TO A DUKE, A MARQUIS, AND A GRANDEE OF THE FIRST CLASS!"
Uncle. "WHAT ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !"
Kitty. "OH, IT'S ALL ONE JOHNNIE. HE'S A SPANIARD, YOU KNOW!"

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD TUNE.

[*"We maintain that this Amendment (to the Address) has at the same time contributed something to shift the Liberal centre from 'Derby' to 'Chesterfield.'"*—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Sir H. C.-B. sings:—

DERBY dear, you are old and grey,
 Somewhat changed are my views to-day,
 Better to yield
 To Chesterfield
 In a graceful way.
 Derby dear, when I spoke before
 LOUD-JAWGE listened and cried for more;
 Ah me! as I heard him cheer
 Little I recked of a certain Peer!

Refrain:—

Always the same, Derby my own!
 Always consistent and firm in tone!
 Always remarkably firm in tone!

Derby dear, on a later day
 All I said I explained away,
 Now I agree
 With ROSEBERY
 And (who knows?) with GREY.
 Derby dear, 'twas the former's hand
 Showed me the ground where I really stand.

Ah me! Though I don't know how,
 We're in the fullest agreement now!

Refrain (with even greater conviction):—

Always the same, Derby my own!
 Always consistent and firm in tone!
 Always remarkably firm in tone!

Answers to War Correspondents.

ENQUIRER.—No, we cannot tell you the exact colour of either Kitchener's or Bethune's Horse; but we are glad to learn that the former surrounded a farm and took three prisoners, while the latter "created a diversion." We recommend, however, that any further tales you may have of Sagacity in Animals should be sent to *The Spectator*.

PRO-BOER.—In answer to your request for the name of the battle in which several of the Continental Boer Lecturers were wounded while sitting in the ambulance, we understand that it is known as *Brussels Spruit*.

PING-PONG POST.—Practical publishers of Paternoster Row present *Mr. Punch* with post-cards, prettily pictured, inviting to Ping-Pong parties. Having first caught the post, they catch the eye: they name the day and hour and have only to add "Please be Ping-Pongtual" to make them complete.



SKYLIGHT VIEWS—A WINTER SALE.

THE MORAL DRUG STORES.

[According to a New York journal, a new drug has been discovered which "induces a feeling of genial benevolence to all men" in its taker, "while having," as the announcement rather oddly continues, "no permanent ill-effects."]

ANXIOUS to learn more of this remarkable discovery, *Mr. Punch* stepped into the nearest chemist's shop, and inquired whether they could supply him with an ounce or two of "genial benevolence."

"Certainly, Sir," replied the polite young man behind the counter. "And if you are suffering from depression, allow me to do you up a box of our celebrated Blue Pills?"

Mr. Punch shuddered slightly, and remarked that he had made acquaintance with *that* remedy many years ago, and that he had no desire to renew it.

"Oh, but this is quite a new invention," urged the druggist. "It has nothing in common with the old-fashioned medicine which you name. It is, in fact, a pill for curing a fit of the blues. And it's most effectual. Only this morning a customer called in a state of morbid despair. He was only

hesitating, he assured us, between the Thames and prussic acid. We administered a couple of blue pills, and a minute later he was turning somersaults in the street from sheer light-heartedness! Then, again, you might like a bottle of our Decisive Tonic? It's a sure remedy for indecision. People who can't make up their minds swallow a few doses, and their disease is cured. We are expecting large orders for this medicine from members of the Liberal Party. Here you have our Repletion Globules! One of these produces the precise sensations commonly experienced after an Aldermanic dinner. They were freely asked for about Christmas time. Yes, the next bottle contains our Imperial Mixture. No, it's not a tobacco, Sir, but a medicine. The patient who takes it at once feels extraordinarily brave and breezy, and his next purchases, as a rule, are a Union Jack and a volume of Chamberlain's speeches. Or, since you're in the literary line, I believe—?"

Mr. Punch bowed.

"Some of our Absolute Misery Tablets might be welcome. We sell hundreds of these every week to some of the best-known writers. In old days,

when they were starving and unknown, the world seemed to them an extremely dismal place, and they depicted it in their books accordingly. Now that they're fat and prosperous, they find themselves suffering from chronic optimism. But, of course, they are bound to write more grimy and gloomy books, otherwise their works would no longer be described as 'masterpieces.' Every morning, then, before beginning work, they take some Absolute Misery Tablets—three or four if their story is to appear in a Christmas number, one or two in other cases. Our Remorse Lotion also is much liked. Rubbed in twice a day, it stimulates the most sluggish conscience. Customers use it a great deal in the first week or so of each year, and indigent young married couples give bottles of it to their rich relations. Those bottles? Oh, they contain a beautiful preparation—our Anti-jocular Cure. A sense of humour often is found fatal to success in public life, so—"

At this point *Mr. Punch* smashed a whole row of Anti-jocular bottles with one indignant wave of his stick, and then hurriedly withdrew.

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

V.—ROBIN AND THE MOON-FAY.

"THE Moon-Fay," began the Robin, "was looking into one of the big houses by the Park on Christmas eve, and she wrote down what she saw and heard on this leaf."

Then I noticed that the redbreast had a leaf tucked in one claw.

"Shall I read it?" asked the Robin.

"Certainly," I said.

THE STORY RELATED BY THE MOON-FAY.

I always look in upon the children after they have been tucked in bed and nurse has gone away. They do not always see me, but most of them feel my influence. OLIVE does at any rate.

"I do want to see a fairy so much, but I feel dreffully sleepy," sighed my little friend.

A small grunt of contempt came from a neighbouring bed.

"You are silly!" said GWENDOLEN, twisting over on to her side and regarding her eight-year-old sister with patronising blue eyes. "Of course there's no such thing as a fairy. I've seen that in a book."

The dying fire gave a spasmodic blue-red flicker, and a gust of wind swept round the house, rattling the windows and moaning disconsolately down the chimney.

A fizzle of flame shot up from the fire, and a tiny puff of smoke floated into the room.

OLIVE watched it with round, questioning eyes. It did not melt into the air as smoke usually seems to do. It grew bigger and began to twist itself into odd shapes. Gradually it assumed the figure of a bright-eyed fairy, dressed in white from head to foot.

"Oh, I am so pleased to see you!" exclaimed OLIVE, scrambling out of bed.

The figure at the fireplace turned towards her, and two eyes like forget-me-nots smiled down upon the eager face.

"Into bed with you at once!" said the new comer. "This is fairy time, and if we find you wandering about you'll be whisked off to Fairyland directly."

"I shouldn't mind," said OLIVE. "O-o-h!"

This last remark was caused by a curious sensation of cold, followed by a glowing heat. The fairy had touched her cheeks with both hands, and the touch seemed to take her off her feet, into the air over the foot of the bed—over...

"How ever did I get back?" drawled OLIVE, staring first at the motionless figure, and then at her eider-down quilt.

"What are you doing?" said GWENDOLEN, fretfully. "Do keep still, OLIVE. First you get out of bed and stand in the smoke by the fire, jabbering; then you jump into bed and jabber there."

"Can't you see her?" cried OLIVE. "Why, the fairy is staring at you!"

"Pooh! you know I don't believe she exists," declared her sister, looking slowly round the room. "There's nothing except a little puff of smoke hanging about near the fireplace!"

"Oh, GWENDOLEN."

Then there was a sound like bells across the water.

"Never mind, little one!" said the

longer what was said. There was a curious tinkle above my head, and I fancied the Hyde Park fairy was laughing. And that fairy laugh haunted me as I walked across to Hyde Park Corner.

It was something between a sound and a sunbeam.

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—The publicity you have kindly given to my suggestions has caused me to be the recipient of a number of letters. They all complain of the new regulations. It would appear that these orders will increase the expenses of London corps—already sufficiently heavy—by fifty per cent. The members of country battalions take a less pessimistic view. This is not calculated to cause surprise. It is

obviously impossible for the Volunteers of the capital to pass their classes in musketry without a proper range. In rural districts, however, marksmen can fire with an easier conscience. All that a rustic rifleman has to guard against is the unpremeditated dismantling of a haystack or the accidental causing of the premature decease of a passing pig—both by bad shots. Without attempting to tinker the new regulations, I beg to offer a few suggestions to Pall Mall that I am sure will be found worthy of consideration:

1. Give permission to C.O.'s who have received the distinction of V.D. to write V.C. after their names. The latter letters would sound more heroic than the former.

2. Permit the battalion on the march to advance in line with the band five paces in front of the centre company. By this means every private will get, more or less, a decent share of the music.

3. Revive the past glories of Wimbledon and convert every camp of instruction into a liberally-appointed picnic.

4. In place of the King's Regulations, let by-laws be substituted at the pleasure of the rank and file.

So much for the moment. I insist that if the above suggestions were adopted we should secure a force, if not exactly of soldiers, at least of Volunteers.

Yours practically,

A. DUGOUT, Captain.

FROM HAMPSTEAD (Saturday, Jan. 25).
—MILVAIN first, and the unsuccessful candidate is now "Second Rowe."



Pheasant. "THERE NOW, WE'LL BE GOOD FRIENDS, AT LEAST UNTIL NEXT OCTOBER THE FIRST."

Moon-Fay (that's myself) cheerily.

"She'll know me again some day. From ten to twelve is a bad age for fairy-sight, but when she's twenty or thirty perhaps she'll grow quite young again. Look there, there's a snow-fairy sliding down that moonbeam!"

OLIVE shook her dark curls excitedly. "Oh!" was all she could say. Then suddenly the red splash of colour on the ceiling from the fire became alive with shadows, twisting, turning, and rolling over one another.

"Lively fellows!" observed the Moon-Fay. "They want the snow fairies to dance with them, but snow fairies don't like the fire, and the shadows are afraid of the moon. Makes them look too dim. Ah...."

"At this juncture," observed the Robin, regarding the leaf with a frown, "the fairy seems to have been wanted elsewhere, but so far as I can make out.... Tweet, tweet!"

Yes, the bird language suddenly merged into the usual chirps that human beings hear. I could understand no

HOPE FOR THE BEST AT THE GARRICK.

["A play is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange that, though they never did, they might happen."—*The Critic*.]

This piece might easily, and with greater dramatic effect, have been constructed in three acts. In what may be termed the "latter-patter" days of CHARLES MATHEWS, the materials that have been used to make *Pilkerton's Peerage* at the Garrick would have served a skilled dramatist for an hour's light comedy at the Lyceum.

During three acts it is chiefly a drama of "Dolly Dialogues," with stage directions artistically carried out. *Pilkerton* wants a peerage; the Prime Minister's private secretary "wishes he may get it"; *Pilkerton* does get it by incidentally threatening to make himself politically objectionable, and, directly, by giving his daughter, "with a werry large fortune in silver and gold," to the aforesaid antagonistic Private Secretary. Strange, but quite possible. Three acts pass in the Private Secretary's room in the official residence of the Premier, in Downing Street, which apartment seems to have been designed by an architect with no inconsiderable experience in the scenic requirements of most French farces, although one of the properties usually valuable in such scenes, that is, a screen, is absolutely on the stage for three acts, without anybody, male or female, being concealed behind it! Strange, again, but quite possible. This is indeed a bold departure from tradition. Only occasionally does Mr. BOURCHIER retire behind it—that is, in front of it—in order to give his hair a brush up, and, of course, keeping himself well in view of the audience. A screen on the stage is a cumbersome property, as, when it is not essential to the action, it attracts attention and is an inartistic item. Among all the memorable "screen scenes," from the great original in *The School for Scandal*, down to that clever one in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, this in *Pilkerton's Peerage* must stand out as unique.

We may lack dramatists, but we have actors and acting. A thin plot, no "situations," sharp dialogue delivered at a rattling pace by actors in a hurry, whose occasional pause for breath suggests to the audience that there must be some point worth attention in the sentence they have just uttered. But Mr. HOPE's genuine epigrams, when he treats us to them, need neither measured tone nor weighty manner.

Miss EVA MOORE is a lively representative of *Lady Hetty Wrey*, and Mrs. MAESMORE MORRIS is clearly the *Ida Pilkerton* of the author's fancy, a young lady, wonderfully ingenuous, who falls in love at first sight, and does her own lovemaking without much assistance from the male object on whom she has "flopped her young affections." Strange, again, but just possible. Neither part is strong, for it is a man's piece, and the last act, which is admirable, is so in spite of these two ladies being dragged in for no purpose whatever, their presence greatly interfering with the action. Undoubtedly the last act is out and away the best. Mr. BOURCHIER, good throughout, is excellent in this scene. Mr. ESMOND, as the ever-laughing-at-nothing unpaid Private Secretary, is amusing, but it is an impossible part when considered in its relation to his master, as not the most *distract* or obtuse prime minister that ever existed could, after a short while, tolerate such a honey-and-butter-mouthed young man as is Mr. HOPE's *Earl of Addisworth*, M.P.

The *Joshua Pilkerton* of Mr. JERROLD ROBERTSHAW is a careful and clever performance, while Mr. H. B. WARNER, as his son, affectionate yet over-awed, is a pleasant sketch. *Herbert Bascom*, M.P., as played by Mr. SAM SOTHERN is capital, and in the last act inimitable.

The first-rate quality of the humorous but quite natural and simple situations in this last act is exhibited to the greatest advantage by Mr. MAURICE, Mr. SOTHERN and Mr. BOURCHIER, by whom the audience are kept intensely amused



THE ABUSE OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.

"ARE YOU COMING DOWN?" "YES!" "WELL, HURRY UP!"

and highly delighted until the fall of the curtain. It is an act for men, and, impolite as it may sound, the ladies ought not to have been permitted to enter the Downing Street sanctum, which should have been to them as a place where they, as the "angels," should have "feared to tread." Pity that Mr. HOPE has given them the thoughtless part of the "fools" in this proverbial quotation. They are still "removables," poor dears! If only the author and manager dare! Well! *La vie est brève, Un peu d'espoir . . . et puis —bon soir.*

One word as to the rapidity of speech notable in this play. Where every line is worth hearing, as in *The School for Scandal*, such a rattling pace as that at which the dialogue in *Pilkerton's Peerage* is taken would utterly kill SHERIDAN's comedy. I am not denying that in this particular instance there is sufficient justification for this high-pressure-express method during at least two out of the four acts, and I admit that Mr. BOURCHIER, recognising the fact, does "slow down" at the first opportunity. The danger is that rapidity very soon rattles off into utter unintelligibility,—a seven-syllabled word made on purpose to be pronounced slowly.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

VI.

ON WHAT CONSTITUTES THE "LORDLIEST LIFE."

No, I am one who never cared to waste
 The fleeting leisure wrung from honest toil
 On cant of poets' columns in the *Times*.
 Mind you, I make no quarrel with the scribes,
 Who have to earn their pittance how they can;
 But when I take my morning's sheet in hand
 I look to feed my brain on useful fact—
 The copper slump, the imminent rise in oil,
 Peace-rumours, how they touch the Kaffir mart,
 Pig-iron, what the punters make of that—
 For these I look, and not to slake my lust,
 Never too warm, on literary ware.
 That's why your KIPLING's rhyme had left me cold,
 Being overlooked amid more vital themes,
 But for the clamour roused i' th' popular breast
 (Fatuous from the first and now effete)
 To find its heroes damned for doddering fools.

'Tis time one spoke the clinching word thereon:
 And, though you rightly laugh to see me ranged
 Among this class of prophet, I protest
 Up to a certain point I'm with the bard.
 I too contend our England's youth is sapped
 By this deplorable waste of time and wit
 Lavished upon a bounding leather ball,
 Being owed to something higher; owed, in fact,
 To the "lordliest life" our earth has got to show.
 Only—and here our arguments diverge,
 Mine and the poet's—we are not at one
 Touching this lordliest life, just which it is.
 He says "the Martial"; I, "the Millionaire's";
 And score a personal point (mere proof aside),
 Seeing I practise what ideal I preach,
 And live the lordliest life my soul conceives;
 While he, ecstatic on the militant state,
 Remains civilian poet: one to me.
 Which said, I stand upon impartial fact,
 And, waiving private vantage, argue case.

For what's the life he lauds save means to end—
 Commerce the end, defensive force the means?
 How should the means be "lordlier" than the end?
 He speaks of abstract honour? Then he speaks
 A Middle-ages' jargon! What's a flag
 Unless it symbolise the nation's trade?
 And, this away, what's left to fight about?
 One doesn't die for joy of painted Jacks;
 I don't myself, at least, if others do;
 Nor yet, what's more, is that the luxury
 For which I pay expensive troops to fight,
 Being taxed thereto at fourteen pence i' th' pound.
 No, there your KIPLING gets above himself,
 Talking Crusaders' prattle.

Still, I say,
 Up to a certain point I'm with your man.
 He has an eye unerringly remarks
 The fatal microbe which infects the time.
 For what, I ask, would be the state to-day
 Of Britain's backbone had her coming men,
 Her nascent millionaires, beguiled the hour
 In flannelled dalliance over bat and ball
 Beyond their sixteenth year, the plastic age
 For taking on your true commercial mould?
 One dares not think on it; and KIPLING's right
 Who lays instinctively his poet's thumb
 Upon the germ that undermines our health.

But to devise a cure, or show indeed
 What constitutes the sanity we seek,
 Demands, I doubt, a wiser head than his.
 How best to warn our youth for England's needs—
 'Tis a grave riddle asks solution here,
 Baffling, for all his wit, the DUKE himself,
 And might be well deferred another week. O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Tales of Dunstable Weir (METHUEN) are worthy of the lady who prefers to be known as ZACK, which is saying a good deal. By a coincidence, of course undesigned, probably unknown, her first tale, "Benjamin's Parrot's Fancy," is based on the same idea as MARK TWAIN's *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*. A stranger comes into a remote village, announces that he is prepared to leave all his money to the first man that takes his fancy, enchains the population, dies, and is found to be absolutely insolvent. ZACK shares the plot with MARK. But the humour, the delightful self-revelation of the cunning and meanness of the hero's bucolic nature (glorified in his dealing with *Amelia Anne Spot*) are her own. "The Hall and He," the longest tale of the seven, shows us a lad, shrewd, selfish, greedy, an admirable foil to the devotion of his mother, and the hopeless despair of her foster son. There is a caustic humour about ZACK my Baronite finds refreshing. Here are a couple of flashes on a single page, describing the family of *Kitty Fewens's* husband, who "wadn't zactly mad, tho' his ideas was a bit jammed, and he reckoned he was the village pump and had to be fed on eggs to be kept gwaying." "There was *Mat*, small and crooked-toothed, with a fine knowledge o' other folk's fowls; and *Poddy Peter*, the youngest lad, the same baing terrible anxious to do wi'out the power o' doing, tho' he wance picked up a druppeny-bit on the road."

The authorship of *The Trial of Man* (JOHN MURRAY) is a secret. "Anon, anon, Sir." Perhaps it is just as well that the strictest anonymity should in this instance be preserved. It is a spirited but mistaken attempt to produce, in laboured prose, effects similar to those wonderful creations of MILTON in *Paradise Lost*. Had the first chapter given us a faithfully exact picture of monastic life, and had the remainder of the romance been a dream of the *Scrooge* and *Marley* character, ending with the moral improvement of the "sleeper awakened," there might have been some point in the fanciful story which would then have had more interest for the reader. The Baron cordially agrees with the author's opinion (expressed at page 234), that "the best of devils is bad company," and so, after recommending the writer to keep clear of such a very low set in his literary future, he has nothing more to say on the subject.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.—Lord RAYLEIGH, in his lecture at the Royal Institution, dealt with "the interference of one sound wave with another." "Will his lordship kindly inform us," writes a correspondent signing himself "Light and Airy," "in what respect a sound wave differs from an unsound wave? And ought he not, in the interests of public health at seaside resorts, to insist on the local authorities passing sanitary regulations to have every wave carefully examined by sanitary inspectors before it reaches the shore?"

MEM. FOR ACTOR-MANAGER T. R. H. M.—If *The Return of Ulysses* was a matter of grave anxiety to *Penelope*, how much more so will not *The "Returns"* of "*Ulysses*" (nightly) be to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE? May the suitors overcrowd the box office daily! *Prosit!*



Bernard Partridge.

THE NEW DANCE.

Miss Parliament (to her "Professor of Procedure"). "WELL, MR. BALFOUR, IT MAY BE VERY SIMPLE, BUT IT IS NOT AT ALL THE STEP I'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO!"

MORE STATUES.

THE German Emperor, not content with the endless erection of monuments in Berlin, has presented to the municipality of Rome a statue of GOETHE, to be set up in a public place, and has sent to the Syndic a telegram ending with the following words, roughly translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*—"May his statue, under the blue sky of the land which he sang, and where the laurel flourishes, form a lasting emblem of the sincere and hearty fellow-feeling which unites me and Germany to beautiful Italy."

The English version, issued by Reuter's Agency, contained the words, "under the blue sky where blooms the orange-tree." An orange-tree growing in the sky would stagger SANTOS DUMONT himself.

Having presented this possibly charming gift with these graceful words, the KAISER will doubtless extend his and Germany's sincere and hearty fellow-feeling, combined with German statues, to other cities. There is reason to believe that the following figures, with the accompanying dedicatory telegrams, are about to be sent off.

SCHILLER, to the municipality of Lucerne, to be erected on the Lake of the Four Cantons. Telegram to the Burgomaster—"May his effigy, by the lake he celebrated, where the blooming apple, hit by TELL's arrow, rose into the blue sky, for ever assure the brave Swiss that I and Germany are their best friends."

SCHILLER (a replica), to the municipality of Orleans, to be erected opposite the Cathedral. Telegram to the Maire—"May his statue, made in Germany, and placed in the city of JEANNE, Maid of Orleans, about whom he wrote a very long five-act tragedy, testify to the valiant French that I and Germany are only too eager to be their best friends."

SCHILLER (another replica), to the Corporation of Edinburgh, to be erected near Holyrood. Telegram to the Lord Provost—"May this artistic and German presentment of him who wrote at such profuse length a five-act tragedy about MARIA STUART, embellish the so-called modern Athens—which, though it has hills, will be entirely eclipsed by Berlin, though absolutely flat, when I have provided the latter with a German statue at every street corner—and prove to Scotland on behalf of myself and Germany that blood is thicker than water."

SCHILLER (a third replica), to the municipal Council of Paris, to be erected in the Place du Théâtre Français. Telegram to the President of the Council—"May this statue of the author



JAMES GREIG

Dolly. "AUNTIE, THAT'S WHAT I'VE DONE FOR THE COW-DRAWING COMPETITION AT SCHOOL."

Auntie. "BUT IT IS MORE LIKE A HORSE THAN A COW."

Dolly. "IT IS A HORSE. BUT, PLEASE, DON'T TELL TEACHER!"

of Neffe als Onkel remind cultured and artistic France of the talent of German sculptors, of the fun of German authors—when they borrow from the French—and of the eternal friendship of myself and Germany."

HEINE, to the Corporation of London, to be erected opposite the Mansion House. Telegram to the Lord Mayor—"May his effigy, under the smoky sky he scorned, and facing the temple of that English cookery he liked so little, form a lasting token of the undying affection of myself and Germany."

LESSING, to the Turkish authorities in

Jerusalem. Telegram to the Pacha—"May this figure of him who wrote *Nathan der Weise*, adorning Jerusalem, the scene of the play, and also the scene of the Crusading spectacular drama, of which I was the leading gentleman, prove to all the subjects of my beloved friend, my more than brother, the SULTAN—may his shadow never grow less—that the concession of the Bagdad railway having been at last arranged, the guns ordered from HERR KRUPP, and other little matters settled, there beat for them no warmer hearts than mine and Germany's."



AT THE RINK.

Little Girl. "OH, CAPTAIN SPRAWLER, DO PUT ON YOUR SKATES, AND SHOW ME THE FUNNY FIGURES YOU CAN MAKE."

Captain S. "MY DEAR CHILD, I'M ONLY A BEGINNER. I CAN'T MAKE ANY FIGURES."

Little Girl. "BUT MABEL SAID YOU WERE SKATING YESTERDAY, AND CUT A RIDICULOUS FIGURE!"

DRAMA À LA MAETERLINCK.

(After a careful perusal of "*Pelléas et Mélisande*.")

If your object is to shine
In the morbid-tragic line
As quite the latest philosophic star,
You must start each observation
With some plaintive exclamation,
And ejaculate an "Oh!" or an "Ah!"

Should you casually remark
That the night is rather dark,
Or mention that the wind begins to
blow,

Repeat it twice or thrice,
And season with a spice
Of the stimulating "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

In this apt reiteration
You will find a revelation

Which stirs the deepest chords of joy
and woe,

And the trite and inartistic
Sounds poetical and mystic
When embellished with a "hola ho!"

If a speech abruptly ceases
With an aposiopesis,
Your meaning most evasive who can
guess?

So just put on the stopper
When about to be improper,
And then break off with a "Yes! Yes!
Yes!"

This your *style*, and now your *matter*
Must be madder than a hatter,
Of "properties" symbolic keep a
stock,

Such as doves and bolts and chains,
Smelly caves and gory stains,
And a wonderfully chiming castle clock.

Let your *dramatis personæ*
Dwell in castles cold and stony,
Or in forests where no light has ever
been;

The scene is always shady,
And, of course, your leading lady
Has a character in keeping with the
scene.

Though her beauty is Byronic,
Her propensity is chronic
For dropping things entrusted to her
care;—

She tosses crowns and rings
Down unfathomable springs,
And inundates the hero with her hair.

Make your old men idiotic,
And your little boy neurotic,
The husband and the hero both insane;
If their motives are umbrageous,
And their actions quite outrageous,
Why the merit of your drama must be
plain.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

[The *Table Tennis Gazette* has issued its first number.]

THE games our fathers played at school
Were poor, unscientific stuff,
The muddled oaf and flannelled fool
Were stupid and absurdly rough;
But brighter days have dawned and
many's

The blessing poured on table tennis.

The poet's heart, that used to bound
To hear the woodland huntsman's
scream

Backed by the tongue of every hound,
Now soars towards a sweeter theme—
A panegyric of Ping-pong
In unpremeditated song.

And if you should be keen to know

The latest table-tennis news,
Who won the cup at Ben-by-Bow,
Which shape of racket champions use,
Or what's the latest kind of net—
You'll find it all in the *Gazette*.

Here every student of the game
May learn (by cuts) the proper shot
For every stroke that has a name,
And many others that have not.
Here you may learn if it is true
That TOSHER's got his Ping-pong blue.

And oh, the blessed day must come
When journalist and racing tout,
Author and critic all are dumb,
And Ping-pong occupies about
(In place of politics and crimes)
A dozen columns of the *Times*.

FROM the *Guardian*:—

WORK (Living or gd. Cur.), of a "soul-satisfying" activity, REQD., by Pr. (35, M.A.), aft. East., of val. expr. (ld. and naval). Str. with males. Vy. mus. Strictly P.-bk. doct. and rit. No subsequent cavil. Able pr.; ed. cong. Bracing sphere. Abt. marry.—Explicit, etc.

"Explicit" is good.

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

I.

WHEN the wedding presents were arriving, AUGUSTA wept because she was not coming to London to keep Miss GWENDOLEN's beautiful silver in order. "I'd just love to clean it," she sobbed. "I'd have it all out on the side-board, and there'd never be a speck of dust on it."

Often and often, when the fog had played the mischief with our labours and the general had struck at laying another finger on the plate, did GWEN recall AUGUSTA's words. "JACK," she sighed, looking at the dingy brown utensils that saddened our dining-room, "Oh, JACK, if we only had AUGUSTA!"

"Ah," I sighed, sympathetically. "Do you think she would come?"

"We should have to give her double the wages we pay the Marchioness, and her fare from Aberdeen——"

"First-class?" I queried.

"Anything more despicable than the wit of the professional humorist——" began GWENDOLEN.

"Darling, I was stupid. By all means, let us try to get AUGUSTA. If she is more expensive than the Marchioness is, she will also be more effective."

"Yes, JACK, it will be ever so much cheaper in the end. We shan't have to do any housework. All our time will be free for writing. Why, we ought to make at least another £100 a year by it!"

"Undoubtedly," I acquiesced.

GWENDOLEN gave herself no small airs when a letter arrived announcing that AUGUSTA was graciously pleased to accept our offer. To sympathetic friends who tendered condescending, not to say contemptuous, enquiries after our *ménage*, GWENDOLEN replied with the calm confidence of one who has put her money on a dead cert. "An old family servant," she airily explained, "who nursed me when I was a baby. One of the regular old-fashioned sort, you know, who wash, scrub, cook—do everything. None of your mercenary, callous hirelings, but one who really is devoted to you, and makes your interests her own."

By this announcement amused contempt was turned to jealousy, and GWENDOLEN's paragon became the envy of all. CASSANDRA alone raised a note of warning. "Oh, beware of paragons! I suffered under an AUGUSTA for two long years and only got rid of her under false pretences and a prodigious effort of the imagination."

GWENDOLEN and I agreed, however, that CASSANDRA's prophecies were but an ebullition of spite designed to scare us from joys which she could never hope to share; and we did not suffer



OVERHEARD OUTSIDE A FAMOUS RESTAURANT.

"HELLO, GUS! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING ABOUT HERE FOR?"

"I'M WAITING TILL THE BANKS CLOSE. I WANT TO CASH A CHEQUE!"

them to interfere with the orgy of anticipation with which we awaited AUGUSTA's arrival.

"We must try to make her very happy, JACK."

"We must."

"And feel at home."

"We'll try."

"She has never been to London before, so I think we ought to show her about a little."

"Certainly."

The first month was a round of gaiety. To begin with, GWEN took AUGUSTA to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the National Gal-

lery, and the Zoo; but when I suggested Madame Tussaud's as the next day's dissipation, GWEN frowned and looked thoughtful.

"Do you know, JACK, I don't much think AUGUSTA cares for seeing London in this sort of way."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed.

"She was rather bored with St. Paul's, and as for the National Gallery——"

"The National Gallery!" said I. "Why, it contains some of the masterpieces of art——"

"But it is not exciting," replied GWEN.



"IS MRS. DONNISTHORPE A PING-PONG CHAMPION?"

"No, darling, I don't think so."

"THEN WHY DOES SHE HAVE P. P. C. ON HER CARD?"

"No, not exciting exactly—"

"You never go there yourself."

"Because you always refuse when I suggest it."

"You only suggest it because you know I will refuse."

"My dear girl, I have the utmost respect for the National Gallery—"

"Jack, don't be such an ass! The fact is AUGUSTA is dying to go to a music hall."

"A music hall?"

"Yes, she told me so herself. It was her great idea in coming to London."

"Then," said I, "to a music hall she must go."

AUGUSTA enjoyed the Empire so much that the next week we had to take her to the Alhambra, and shortly afterwards—a *penchant* for pantomime having declared itself—to Drury Lane. On her "evenings in" we supplied her with novels and, finding that she had a taste for tobacco, occasional cigarettes. In return for this AUGUSTA beamed benignly on us; the silver glittered and the brasses shone; and if her entertainment did add a trifle to her wages, still, as GWENDOLEN pointed out, the whole burden of house-keeping was lifted from our shoulders. GWEN no longer had to cook her own pudding, nor I to scrub the kitchen floor.

"What do you think?" cried GWEN one morning. "AUGUSTA insists on doing all the house-keeping, so I shan't have to think any more about endless lunches and dinners. She won't even let me help her clean the silver for fear I should 'soil my pretty hands.'"

"My dear, she is clearly a woman of discernment."

"And just fancy, JACK! She says she won't on any account have a regular evening out, as she knows I couldn't cook the dinner—"

"I told you she was a woman of discernment."

"But isn't it sweet of her? She says she wouldn't be happy unless she knew we were having a nice little dinner. How many generals would talk like that?"

"My dear," I remarked, "she is a perfect treasure."

(To be continued, however.)

PARADISE LOST.

[“Oxford, which I loved of old, is now so full of tramways, baby baskets, feeding bottles, and vulgar villas, that I never go near it.”—*Dr. Lee.*]

YEAR in, year out, from morn to night,
The jerry-builders build;
From Headington to Hincksey height
Behold a brick-and-mortar blight;
A valley—once the eye's delight—
With vulgar villas filled!

And mid suburban wastes so wide,
With houses planted thick,
Now scarcely may the tower be spied
'Neath which old Cherwell loves to glide;
The spires that once were England's pride
Are drowned in seas of brick.

On every pavement jostle us
A thousand teeming prams;
Along the High, with noise and fuss,
Rattles the tawdry painted bus;
Carfax is Piccadilly *plus*
Innumerable trams.

And cloistered clerks who once were versed
In ARISTOTLE's lore,
In villa nurseries dispersed,
Discuss how babies should be nursed
When little teeth are coming first
And little gums are sore.

HOME LIFE AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

(Page from a City Man's Pocket Diary.)

Monday.—Never saw my wife looking better. Delighted she picked up that bargain at the Stores without waiting to consult me. Would have been foolish to lose it. Pax Africans 94.

Tuesday.—Can't stand the extravagance of the household any longer. Fancy ordering a couple when a single sole would have been sufficient! And why not a slip? Absolutely disgusting! Pax Africans 84.

Wednesday.—Quite right arranging a little dinner party at the Splendid. Far better to have it at a hotel than at home. May be a trifle more expensive, but what of that? My dear wife is always full of excellent ideas! Pax Africans 95.

Thursday.—I shall certainly give up this house! Of all the brutal extravagance! Fancy, a new carpet! A new carpet! Pax Africans down to 80!

Friday.—Didn't go to the City. Left Pax Africans to do what they pleased.

Saturday.—Glad my wife fetched me from the house. Delightful drive and excellent dinner. Home management couldn't be better. Pax Africans up to 120.

LORD HOPETOUN appeals to Australian ladies to curtail the length of their skirts. But is this not just a *little* unkind? Ladies always miss their trains.



Tommy (pointing to kicker). "I SAY, DOROTHY, WHY HAS THAT HORSE GOT A RED RIBBON ON HIS TAIL?"
Dorothy. "I DON'T KNOW. I SUPPOSE HE MUST HAVE BEEN VACCINATED!"

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

PROFOUNDLY impressed by the practical utility of the American Professor's successful extraction (as recently announced) of light from decayed meat and vegetables, *Mr. Punch* commissioned a special correspondent to interview the scientist personally.

He reports that he found him in bed, and somewhat pale and emaciated, doubtless from hard study. The apartment, which might be described as rather "a strong room," was rather inadequately lighted by a brace of grouse, hung very high, and a blown salmon-tin, but the Professor, in apologising for the feebleness of these illuminants, explained that whenever he felt well enough to get up—which, in consequence of the nature of his pursuits, was not often—he could turn on some cabbages that made dressing easy—and even speedy.

He wished to correct the report which had got into the papers that he had caused a porter-house steak to emit light enough to take a photograph. This was inexact. He had certainly kept a steak with that intention, and it had as certainly emitted something, but either it was not light or the exposure had not been sufficient for photographic purposes.

The Professor was enthusiastic as to the future of his invention, and sounded the interviewer upon a suitable site for a factory in London. To the suggestion, made by our Special with a large pocket-handkerchief tightly held over his nose and mouth, of "Turnham Green," he replied that, though he was not himself familiar with the topography of London, it had a likely sound.

He pointed out the immense advantages inherent in the simplicity of method of distribution, and stated that he looked forward confidently to the time when ptomaines would be as common in our cities as gas mains are now. He did not

recommend the use of his illuminant so much for public halls as for confined spaces, but prophesied that its introduction into, for instance, gaols, would ultimately result in a great saving in the cost to the country of the criminal classes.

Altogether, *Mr. Punch's* correspondent came away (in a fainting state, requiring immediate stimulants) very favourably impressed with what he had heard, and his report, properly disinfected, has been duly filed in a Bouverie Street rubbish heap.

PIGMETOPHAGUS.

[*"A Parisian doctor has discovered that white and grey hair is caused by the ravages of a microbe called the pigmetophagus."—Daily Paper.*]

You who, worn with anxious care,
 Plod along life's weary way,
 If you find your raven hair
 Now is tinged and streaked with grey,
 Ask you what should make it thus?
 'Tis the Pigmotophagus.

Greybeard, ah! you come too late
 With your obsolete pretence;
 Hoary head, your claims abate!
 To bespeak youth's reverence
 Would be too preposterous—
 For a Pigmotophagus.

Thus does science, year by year,
 Going on its ruthless road,
 Faiths our fathers would revere
 One by one in turn explode,
 Offering instead to us
 Only—Pigmotophagus.



Nurse (who has been many hours on duty—to patient's mother). "WHEN DO YOU THINK I SHALL BE ABLE TO GO TO BED?"

Patient's Mother. "GO TO BED! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TRAINED NURSE!"

THE SEVEN STAGES OF PREVENTION.

First.—Papers again full of it. As if anyone wanted to know the statistics of the new scare. Cricket match at the Antipodes far more interesting. Still, of course, it was quite seven years ago. Now I come to think of it CHARLIE was a baby. Bless me, it must be twenty!

Second.—Really, I mustn't trifle. Fancied my age would protect me—well, or rather badly, over forty—but someone says that in the eighteenth century it attacked an old woman of ninety. Well under that age, at any

rate. Think I shall avail myself of doctor's invitation.

Third.—Doctor says it won't hurt in the least. Oh dear no, not nearly so bad as having a tooth out. No, not even when you have it with cocaine. He thinks it would be wiser if I had it done to-day. Make appointment for to-morrow.

Fourth.—Doctor as good as his word. Gives me choice of arms. I say right. He suggests left. Why left? Oh, nothing, he explains, only if it takes badly, I'd better have my right arm free. Of course, if I had it on the right I

could dictate. Don't like his tone. But I am in for it.

Fifth.—Have been hearing nothing but stories of an agitating character. One fellow found it affect the whole of his arm, inclusive of his hand; couldn't wear gloves because he couldn't get any big enough. Wanted twelves. If it weren't for these anecdotes should feel very comfortable. No complaints at present.

Sixth.—Dear me! I have had a time of it! Although I put a piece of red ribbon round my arm, and said I used my left for shaking hands, everybody seemed to get at it! Always being patted on the arm or lugged by the arm! Such beastly carelessness! And—there it goes again! Talk about the tortures of the Middle ages! It is a torture of the middle-aged! Would laugh at the excellent jest—if I could. But, oh dear!

Seventh.—Crisis over! Cured! Can read statistics with equanimity. Wonderful invention. Forget who thought of it. Was it SIR HUMPHRY DAVY or ISAAC NEWTON, or ABERNEITHY, or HARVEY or JENNER, or ERASMUS WILSON? So ignorant not to know. Must ask my doctor. Pleased with my doctor for being in the right.

SHOULD TIME PERMIT!

AIR—"Were I thy Bride!"

Should time permit,
What measures will we fit
As here we sit,

A legislative band—
Should time permit!

Yes, we will think
Of those poor souls that sink
In seas of drink,
And stretch a saving hand—
Should time permit!

We will create
A system good and great
To educate

Our daughters and our sons—
Should time permit!

We will devise
New methods, sound and wise,
To open the eyes

Of our blind little ones—
Should time permit!

Hovels and holes,
Where stricken human souls
Burrow like moles,

Shall vanish 'neath our care—
Should time permit!

We will be nigh
To hear the smothered cry
Of those that die

For want of light and air—
Should time permit!



A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

BRITANNIA. "IS IT PEACE?"

[“A communication was received late on Saturday night, January 25, from the Dutch Government, which is now under consideration.”]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, January 27th.—CAWELL-BANNERMAN is not by nature envious. Yet, sitting through to-night's debate on the Telephone Settlement, he could not repress feeling of jealousy at position of PRINCE ARTHUR and his colleagues in the Government. Has had borne in upon him the conviction that were he and his friends in office just now, responsible for this arrangement with the Telephone Company, they would be swept out amid a roar of execration.

It seemed for a while that even faithful Unionists would, as CLAUDE HAY grandly said just now, put duty to their constituents before fealty to their party. The metropolis stirred to profoundest depths of indignation; Conference at Guildhall, representative of all classes of interest, commissioned LORD MAYOR to move amendment on Address demanding suspension of the bargain struck between Post Office and Telephone Company. Gravity of crisis indicated by circumstance that LOUGH, vinegar of Radicalism, was invited to second amendment moved by LORD MAYOR, oil of Conservatism. To the ingenuous Man looking in from the Street, situation seemed critical. If Government were not actually defeated, their majority would be run down to ominous figure. As C.-B. felt, had a Liberal Government sat on Treasury Bench, their fate would have been assured. PRINCE ARTHUR, familiar with his men, did not even take the trouble to sit out the debate. He well knew that all this sound and fury signified nothing; at crack of whip the grumbling dogs would come to heel.

Nor was he mistaken. Member after Member rose from Ministerial Benches, denounced arrangement as almost incredibly futile, and concluded by declaring that he would not support amendment. LORD MAYOR among the first to lay down his arms. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN generously promised that three years hence, the public meanwhile suffering the inconvenience and injury described by successive speakers, there shall be enquiry.

"Thank you kindly," said the LORD MAYOR, looking at the clock and observing dinner-hour was at hand; "that will do for me; I beg leave to withdraw my amendment."

C.-B. so amused at solemn farce that once he broke into a chuckle, and was sternly reproved by AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

"Surely," he pleaded, "the right hon. gentleman will allow me to smile."

AUSTEN, hardly mollified by being thus endowed with Privy Council rank, was not sure that the privilege claimed

might be extended. Consequently C.-B. restrained his risibility when LOUGH tried to wheedle the Ministerialists into voting for the amendment. It was technically a vote of want of confidence, and, if carried, Ministers would resign.

"Not a bit of it," said LOUGH. "Think what we did eight years ago in the session the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD assumed leadership of House. We moved amendment to Address praying the QUEEN to withdraw from House of Lords their power of vetoing Bills. We got our own Government defeated by a majority of two. Did they resign? Not they. They dropped the first Address, brought in another with a comma altered here



MR. BANQUO COGWHEEL.

and there, and went on as if nothing had happened. You vote for this amendment, moved by the good LORD MAYOR, and nothing will happen except that the Telephone service will be put on another footing."

"Duckie, duckie, come and be killed," murmured a voice from Ministerial side.

That sort of little game all very well for Radicals; doesn't suit book of Unionists. Request for permission to withdraw amendment refused; House divided, and a settlement, denounced on all sides, in whose favour no voice was uplifted save from Ministerial Bench, approved by majority of 88.

Business done.—In House of Lords young WEMYSS made a night of it; inflicted on listless Peers vituperative speech of hour's duration. Others followed. A dreary performance. House of Lords at lowest pitch. So ashamed

of itself forthwith adjourned for a week.

Tuesday Night.—There is something almost uncanny about Mr. COGWHEEL. I beg his pardon, Mr. COGHILL. Has a way of turning up suddenly, unexpectedly, putting awkward questions, designed to make his esteemed pastors and masters on the Treasury Bench uncomfortable. Personal appearance and accidental choice of position add force to his influence. When from below gangway he springs up and turns upon PRINCE ARTHUR an ashen-grey countenance and a glassy stare, there ever comes back to the mind the thought, "What a Ghost of Banquo is lost at Stoke-on-Trent!"

Rarely makes ordered speech; his *métier* the hollow intonation of inconvenient questions put at awkward moment. As a rule they don't appear on the Paper. That would spoil everything. Your experienced ghost, contemplating a night visit to a particular mortal, doesn't advertise his intention through the newspapers or the penny post. A low groan, a rattling of chains, a whisper of weird wind behind the arras, if the furniture of the room happens to include the thing; in the open fireplace if it doesn't. That is all you get by way of premonition from the ordinary ghost.

COGWHEEL (it's no use struggling against association of ideas), when he wants to put a spoke in the Ministerial machinery doesn't even rattle his watch-chain. The first thing heard is an accusatory voice; the first thing seen is a figure below the gangway subtly diffusing air of discontent.

The other night, *à propos des bottes*, COGWHEEL sprang up and wanted to know whether the First Lord of the Treasury had provided a seat in Parliament for the Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture. No one was at the moment thinking of HORACE PLUNKETT, or of the great work he has accomplished for the welfare of Ireland and is modestly pushing forward. PRINCE ARTHUR was so taken aback he could only stammer protest that it is not his business to find seats in the House for anyone out of it.

COGWHEEL knew what he was about. This was the night MACARTNEY, spokesman of ultra-Ulster feeling, which has never forgiven HORACE PLUNKETT for being actuated in the disposal of a small office of profit simply by consideration of the merits of the candidate, was to have his fling at the Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture. He bracketed him with Mr. QUIN, the reporter in attendance on a Board of Guardians, whom MACARTNEY graphically described as going round with a ruler in intervals of his profes-

sional avocation and tapping selected Guardians on the head.

Nothing since this Parliament began has delighted the MEMBER FOR SARK so much as this peep at the pleasantries at Irish Boards of Guardians.

"According to MOLIÈRE," he says, "*Le véritable Amphitryon est l'Amphitryon on l'on dine*." According to MACARTNEY'S narrative, the real Home Ruler is the sociable but disciplinary Mr. QUIN."

COGWHEEL, having got wind of MACARTNEY'S intention, merely desired by enquiry addressed to PRINCE ARTHUR to fix members' minds on the additional drawback to PLUNKETT'S state of perfection—that, being a Minister, he is not provided with a seat in the Commons.

To-night COGWHEEL operated in direction of seconding amendment designed to reduce the number of Irish Members. A little paradoxical, since last time we heard him he was wanting to get another into the House. On the whole, COGWHEEL is better in the character of weird questioner than in the more common-place one of speechmaker.

Business done.—Still on Address.

Thursday Night.—"What do you think of it?" I asked the MEMBER FOR SARK when PRINCE ARTHUR sat down after hour and twenty minutes exposition of new plan of procedure.

"I think it is a scheme devised mainly with purpose of extinguishing the private Member. Not much of that estimable personage left under old order of things; subject to new Standing Orders he will be nowhere. Observe how gently, but firmly, he is shouldered off the scene. On four days a week Government business begins at half-past two; private Member shut off till a quarter-past seven, when, if he likes

to stay on, he may put Questions. No longer has he for this hitherto cheapest, most effective form of personal advertisement, the freshest hour of a sitting, the cheering environment of a crowded House. Hereafter when he rises to put a question the great majority of Members will have scurried off to dress for dinner, leaving him to deliver his Elegy in the solitude of a Country Churchyard. At eight o'clock steam of Questions peremptorily shut off. If his turn hasn't come he may hang about till midnight and take it.

"Amused me to observe enthusiasm with which ingenuous private Member cheered proposal to make Friday even as Wednesday is. Instead of meeting at noon and parting at six on Wednesday, that day will be added to the Government bag, and Friday will be the short sitting. This is feeding the dog with a bit of his own tail. While Ministers acquire in Wednesday a good business sitting, the private Member will find himself—and this only up to Whitsuntide—in possession of what will practically be a *dies non*. The temptation to make holiday on Friday will be irresistible. Ministers will look on unconcerned, having made the most of their four days.

"In brief, TOBY *mio*, you and other private Members are generously presented with the scanty leavings of a tired day. You notice how punctilious PRINCE ARTHUR was to allude to Government time as 'afternoon sitting'? That was designed to convey impression that Ministers merely appropriate the afternoon, leaving the evening and the night to the gorged private Member. Practically you will find as the new rules work, that the Government have pouched the whole time of the Session. Nominally there are afternoon sittings and evening sittings. The hapless private Member will find himself a sort of Parliamentary Lotus Eater. He has 'come into a land where it is always afternoon.'"

Business done.—The private Members'



THE BETTING EVIL.

Waiter (down tube). "WILD DUCK, ONE!"
Voice from the kitchen. "DID HE? JUST LIKE MY LUCK! BACKED ANOTHER WRONG 'UN!"

BY-LAWS AND REGULATIONS

Relating to Metropolitan Perambulators.

[According to a recent decision of the Kent County Council, all perambulators within its jurisdiction are henceforward to carry lights.]

DEFINITIONS.

THE term "perambulator" shall cover every light vehicle, go-cart, mail-cart, Tate's sugar-box on wheels, or barrow used for the out-door carriage and transportation of infants and propelled by nursemaids on foot.

The designation "nursemaid" shall apply to either parent or any other male or female pedestrian in charge of the light vehicle for the time being.

The word "infant" shall be taken to include every baby, child, package, work-basket, sack of potatoes or any object whatsoever conveyed in such light vehicle.

In accordance with popular usage, the short title "pram" shall hereinafter be substituted for the longer form "perambulator."

BY-LAWS AND REGULATIONS.

1. Every nursemaid shall carry a badge not less than a foot square with a registered number in a conspicuous position; and any attempt to conceal the same shall render the bearer liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings.

2. Each "pram" and infant shall respectively bear a badge of similar dimensions, with a corresponding penalty



NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Mr. Speaker endeavours to count more than forty.

["Mr. Speaker never has counted more than forty."—Mr. Balfour.]



CRUEL.

Rich Old Aunt. "ROBERT, I'M GOING TO MAKE MY WILL. I THINK I SHALL LEAVE YOU——" (*Pause.*)
Attentive Nephew (eagerly). "YES, AUNT!"
Aunt. "——BEFORE LONG."

for concealment, recoverable from the owner or parent, as the case may be.

3. An under-nursemaid shall precede each "pram" at a distance of three yards, carrying a red flag.

4. To obviate all further danger, a gong must be attached to every "pram," and be sounded continuously as long as any foot passenger is in sight, the infant (where possible) being trained to reinforce this alarm-signal with its voice.

5. No "prams" will be allowed in future upon the pavement, but shall proceed with bicycles, milk-carts, and other wheeled traffic along the roadway.

6. Any "pram" left unattended, while the nursemaid is engaged in shopping, flirting with guardsmen or others, paying calls, or visiting public-houses, shall be taken forthwith to the nearest police office and thence to Scotland Yard, the infant being removed to the Foundling Hospital, or otherwise summarily dealt with.

7. "Prams" are to travel in single file, and at the rate of two hours a mile, any higher speed being punishable by a fine, not exceeding Five Pounds, for furious pushing.

8. Any nursemaid convicted of jostling a passer-by, or wheeling over the corns of the same, or impinging upon any bunion, kibe, or chilblain whatsoever, shall *ipso facto* forfeit his or her "pram"-licence, the infant being confiscated.

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—My suggestions anent the Volunteers seem to have given general satisfaction. An adjutant certainly writes to me that something might be done to improve his quadruped. I find a vast improvement in the chargers used by the mounted officers of the auxiliary forces, especially in the Militia. When I had the honour, some twenty or thirty years ago, of serving as an adjutant in the Shoreditch Sharpshooters—I fancy by the territorial system they have become the reserve battalion of a Highland regiment—I used to get my horse from an omnibus proprietor. When this intelligent creature returned to his civilian duties he always, when he recognised me, paid me the compliment of coming sharply to attention with his ears. But in spite of this chivalrous civility he seemed on parade to miss his mate and the staff of the public conveyance to which he really belonged.

During the last few days I have had the advantage of seeing a specimen of the coat and cloth of the future. In colour it is not unlike pea-soup, or rather, a species of Chinese blanc-mange. At a distance, no doubt, it might be taken for a dog kennel, a wheel-barrow,

or the linen dépôt attached to a Herne Bay bathing machine. From this it will be seen that the colour is calculated to excite the curiosity of our opponents, especially if they happen to be savages. In shape the new coat favours the Norfolk jacket. If taken into civilian wear there is nothing to prevent it being used out rabbit-shooting or when decanter port in the wine cellar. It is not exactly "dressy," but if it were dyed black and trimmed up a bit with

still, they will be less discernible by our opponents. The intelligent tradesman who showed me the patterns was most kind in his explanations. "Are the Household Troops to wear them?" I ventured to inquire. "Oh dear no, Sir," was the prompt reply. "They would not think of putting His Majesty's Guards into anything so dreadful. No, Sir, the Guards, Sir, are to remain as they are." I congratulate the Guards.

A. DUGOUT, Captain.



She. "THAT IS THE WALRUS."

He. "AND WHERE IS THE CARPENTER?"

silk it would make a very good smoking-jacket to be worn before the kitchen fire of a "liberty hall" kind of establishment belonging to a friend of forty years' standing who wasn't a stickler for appearances.

In the new coat the rank badges have disappeared—at least so far as the shoulders are concerned. In their place brown braid creeps up the arms in a snake-like fashion. A second-lieutenant has a small adder; a captain a sort of conger eel. Field officers have the conger eel plus the high stalks of what I took to be Japanese poppies. Of course this mode of decoration is not quite so smart as the stars and crowns;

OVERSTEPPING THE MARK.

MAJOR RONALD ROSS, who is directing the malaria investigations of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine on the West Coast of Africa, beats Mark Tapley's record for feeling jolly under difficulties.

Writing cheerily to Sir ALFRED L. JONES, the merry Major says: "I have great pleasure in informing you that Dr. DUTTON has made a very important discovery at Bathurst. He has found a new kind of parasite which causes fever in human beings." It is to be hoped that Sir ALFRED replied in the same lively strain, and had "great pleasure" in ordering a dozen!



J. ALLAND & CO.

Gent (who has just executed a double somersault and is somewhat dazed). "Now, WHERE THE DICKENS HAS THAT HORSE GONE TO?"

AMARYLLIS AT THE PLAY.

The scene is Box No. 2 at a theatre, where, in consequence of the wonderful success of "Frocks and Frills" at the Haymarket, a "new and thoroughly original comedy, entitled 'Furniture and Furbelows,'" has been produced. The orchestra is playing, and the foot-lights and limelights are in full lustre. Presently a tall, slim, rosy-checked girl with soft blue eyes dances into the box. A handsome, rather bored young man follows leisurely with two programmes. It is AMARYLLIS and her brother VIVIAN.

Vivian (slowly crushing his hat). I would much rather have gone to a pantomime.

Amaryllis (letting her cloak slip back on to her chair). Oh, Vi! how can you say so! This will be simply heavenly. (Feverishly devouring the programme and extracting a pair of diminutive opera glasses from a case—reads.) "Act I. Madame Celestine's, a fashionable milliner and Court dressmaker." Won't it be lovely! All the characters will be dressed in the very newest things. Look! "The dresses in Act I. have been specially made in Paris and

Vienna." How splendid; it tells you who made the different dresses worn by all the characters!

Vivian. All right for you, but I think that sort of thing's awful rot.

Ama. Oh, Vi! (Reads on.) "Act II. Messrs. Bricca de Brac, the Court Furnishers." That is bound to be a splendid scene, Vi. Absolutely the newest designs in tapestry hangings are to be shown, and the furnishing exhibits all the latest revivals in antique furniture.

Vivian. That sort of thing's all right for old oak collectors and grandfather clock maniacs, but I think it's rot.

Ama. Oh, Vi! (Reading from programme.) "The carpets are from designs in the most valuable collection of a distinguished Turkish official, and reflect exactly the prevailing taste." Act III. Oh, in this Act, Vi, there is the most wonderful display of real flowers that has ever been put on the stage. Mamma particularly wants to see this act because of the marvellous arrangement of electric lights. They are done by the Electrical Supply Company, and, it is said, have created quite a new mode in electric lighting.

Vivian (yawning). I wish it were a panto, MAY.

Ama. What nonsense, Vi. You're never satisfied. Hush!

(The orchestra ceases, the lights in the auditorium go out, and the curtain rises.

Vivian (listlessly). This is the dress-maker's shop, isn't it?

Ama (leaning forward, breathlessly taking in all the details). Yes. Isn't it simply beautiful?

(They are silent as the play proceeds.

Vivian. Who's the pretty girl talking now?

Ama. I don't quite know. Her dress came from Madame ROPRE.

Vivian. Who's the dark woman who keeps laughing?

Ama. Lady Vixen her name is. Her dress is from Vienna, isn't it perfect? I shall certainly have my new one made like that in front. (As a new character comes on the scene.) Oh! how exquisite. Vi, just look at that gown.

Vivian. Who is she?

Ama. I haven't the least idea, but isn't that lace simply beautiful? I expect it's frightfully expensive. I wonder if Mamma could coax enough out of Papa to get me one for the TREVOR's like that. I am sure it cost an awful amount, Vi. Do help me to find out who made it. I wish the characters had numbers instead of names, it would

be much simpler. Here it is, Madame PLACQUET, Regent Street.

Vivian (gloomily). I like a play with some sort of story in it that you can grasp.

Ama (reproachfully). VIVIAN, this is a delightful plot. Look, that's the Marchioness of Ilford, she is very hard up.

Vivian. Why, she's got a small fortune on her in lace and diamonds.

Ama. She is in love with that tall man Lord Cachou, who is a millionaire. The Marchioness gives a grand party or dinner, or something in Act III., when she counts on Lord Cachou proposing to her.

Vivian. The chap who's so bashful?

Ama. Yes. And the only way the Marchioness can bring him up to proposing point is by making herself extremely fascinating. Her complexion is her weak point, and to discount its blemishes she is ordering a wonderful confection to exactly harmonise with it.

Vivian (protesting). Oh! I say—

Ama. Ah, but you are a "mere man." Hush! You hear, Madame Celestine is asking for her money. The Marchioness cannot pay. (As the curtain falls on the First Act.) Oh! isn't it thrilling! She is going to send the Marchioness the pale yellow gown—it will mean ruin; she will look ghastly in it!

Vivian (rising). Just going out for a cigarette.

[He absents himself for twenty minutes or so, re-entering in about middle of Act II.]

Ama (rapturously). Isn't the furniture gorgeous?

Vivian. Um! What are they doing now?

Ama. The Marchioness is ordering new furniture, quite the latest design, carpets and tapestry to match her complexion, when Lord Cachou comes to propose. Isn't it splendid? Oh! if only Papa would let us have a suite of that Louis furniture and those lovely satin panels!

Vivian. Yes, but what's the furniture Johnny making such a fuss about?

Ama. Why, don't you know, he is in love with the Marchioness.

Vivian. What cheek!

Ama. And, to prevent Lord Cachou proposing, he is going to send home, in place of all the beautiful things she has ordered, a complete set of early Wesleyan horsehair furniture. Isn't it awful!

[At this important juncture the curtain falls on Act II.]

Vivian. I'll just go out and tell the chap to be up in time with the brougham. (Executes strategic movement to smoking lounge, returning after the curtain has risen on Act III.) Hullo, the Marchioness is going it strong now.



Miss Symple (who has only just "come out"). "DO YOU KNOW I CAN EASILY REMEMBER ALL THE DINNERS I'VE BEEN TO."

Young Fitznoddie (who is not great at conversation). "CAN YOU? AW—BUT YOU DON'T LOOK SO VERY GREEDY!"

Ama. Yes. Look! She has just found the spiteful dressmaker has sent home the yellow gown. It will ruin her chances with Lord Cachou. Enough to make any woman mad. Oh! VI, the servants are removing the Holland covers from the furniture!

Vivian (briskly). That has upset her.

Ama. Yes. It's the horsehair furniture! Hark! there is a knocking at the door.

Vivian. It's Cachou.

Ama. He will never propose.

Vivian. Don't blame him.

Ama. The servant comes in. The

Marchioness is almost fainting. Isn't her complexion shocking?

Vivian. Hullo! she's bucking up. What's the note she's reading?

Ama. She is saved, saved, VI! Lord Cachou has proposed by letter. (The curtain falls on the conclusion of the play amid the wildest applause. Pulling on her cloak.) Isn't it splendid! What a difference from the old-fashioned plays! And the title is so appropriate—Furniture and—

Vivian. I say, AMARY, come on! They'll be waiting supper for us!

[Exeunt.]



Dolly. "AUNTIE, WILL YOU COME AND CHAPERON ME? MR. SMITH HAS ASKED ME TO GO TO THE CHOCOLATE SHOP, AND I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE QUITE THE THING TO GO ALONE WITH HIM."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

An Evening Paper states that Lord R-S-B-RY is engaged upon a novel, which may be expected to make its appearance during the autumn. We understand that its title will be *I've an Hoe*. That the ex-premier is not the only political personage likely to contribute to the output of the next publishing season may be gathered from the following strictly unofficial items of literary gossip.

FICTION.

The Right Hon. ARTHUR B-L-F-R (author of *To-morrow will be Friday*) is about to publish *Forty Winks on the Links*; or, *The Dorny-Tory*. The appearance of the promised novel, *Never Too Late to Amend*, by Mr. L-M-B-R-T, M.P., editor of *Colenso's Rules of Simple Calculation*, has been indefinitely postponed till the weather is cooler.

HISTORY.

It is reported that Mr. L-L-Y-D-G-R-G-E, M.P., will shortly give to the world a new edition of the *Works of Josephus*, and that a special feature of the volume will be an introductory essay, in which an interesting comparison will be drawn between the earlier and later periods of JOSEPHUS' work.

SPORT.

The Right Hon. ST. J-H-N BR-D-R-CK, already known by his famous brochure, *From Vet. to De Wet*, is shortly to produce *The Book of the Horse*, to which Sir J. B. M-P-L-E will kindly contribute a chapter on "Tottenham Corner," and Sir H. C-B. a chapter on "Fencers."

EDUCATIONAL.

Notable amongst forthcoming educational works will be the Marquis of L-N-S-D-W-N-E's *How to Teach the Dutch in One*

Lesson. Students and travellers will no doubt look eagerly for the new volume in the *Modern (strong) Language Handbooks Series*. The work, which will be entitled *How to Make Yourself Understood in Germany*, will be from the pen of Mr. J-S-PH CH-M-B-R-L-N, M.P.

"THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN."

LIFE is growing hard and dreary; every pleasure turns to gall;
In our very dreams we're haunted by a net and whizzing ball;
And our backs are nearly breaking, and our youthful limbs are sore,
For we're playing, playing Ping-pong, which our parents both adore.

We can recollect our feelings (which of late have had such shocks)
When our father read the paper, and our mother darned the socks;
But you can't respect your father when he's grovelling on the floor,
Or is glaring at your mother if she doesn't know the score!

Well! we'll try to bear our burden, and we'll never talk of "fads,"
Nor remark on "modern mothers," or "the latest thing in dads,"
But we'll never know what peace is till we land upon that shore
Where the fathers cease from ping-pong and the mothers pong no more.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

VI.

How best, I said, to train our British youth
 To prop the edifice their fathers reared—
 'Tis a grave riddle asks solution here,
 Yet light to solve for whoso reads the signs
 Of what I count the lordliest life on earth.
 And, first, 'tis well to catch your early cub
 I' th' pliant age, ere yet his supple mind
 Is set to practise feats whereof the price
 Is as a drug's unquoted on the Mart.
 So caught, you 'll make his young prehensile hands
 Loose grip of bat for grasp of office-pen;
 Bid utilise his gift of agile feet
 To move about negotiating bills
 In lieu of hurdles, ay, and learn the art
 Of "forcing corners" on a nobler field;
 Let him eschew the unproductive task
 Of grappling with the lore of Greece and Rome,
 Of which the mere supply creates demand
 (Inverting order sanctified by trade),
 Since ushers cannot live with none to learn,
 And needs must teach the only arts they know,
 Which things in turn are taught by whom they teach,
 Eschew, I say, these antic outworn tricks,
 Long since discredited, and turn wi' th' times
 To themes that have their obvious instant use,
 The tongues of commerce—German, Spanish, French—
 Shorthand, and double-entry and the like.

That were a course to gender self-respect,
 Shaping the man o' th' world, adult betimes;
 The while in kindergartens, Cambridge way,
 Your hoyden athlete, loosely overgrown,
 Ekes out his babyhood with bumping boats,
 Ball-patting, running o' races round a ring,
 Or squandering leisure plucked from such employ
 On dust of futile authors dead and done,
 Greek fables, Latin doggerel, deuce knows what.

But there's an art they learn up there, you say,
 Whereon the shining hours are wasted well—
 The nice refinement, unattainable else,
 That comes of intercourse of unspoilt minds
 While youth is soft to take the impress on,
 Breathing an atmosphere impalpably rare
 Of high tradition good to brace the health?
 Why so, my friend, you're pleased to disinter
 That hoary wheeze of *Manners makyth Man!*
 And overlook (being left behind the times)
 An earlier rule restored, how *Might is Right*,
 Changed from its brute intent of armed appeal
 And signifying Wealth as primal source
 Of what ingredients go to make the man!
 Think you that when I dine my friends i' th' Lane
 They look to feast themselves with table-talk,
 Fine manners, windy gabble o' fencing wits,
 And salon-vogues revived from Holland House?
 No, Sir, their tastes are formed of sterner stuff.
 They come to eat their uttermost, I say;
 To spend what interspace my *chef* allows
 Probing the menu's promise; warm their hearts
 With vintage-raptures; muse in silent hope
 O' th' six-inch Cuban brand that crowns the close.
 One doesn't hear Horatian tags to-day
 Bandied across the maze of supper-routes,
 Savoy's or Carlton's, wasting precious time.
 One *eats*; or talks, at most, to aid the maw,

On topics fitting men of affluent means—
 As Coronation seats, what price the best.

Well, well, I wander; let me turn in fine
 Back to my muttons (*pré salé*, I hope).
 Had I a dozen boys I'd school them all
 I' th' path of sound commercial enterprise
 From earliest prime, with liberty to reap
 What crop of manners chanced to shoot their way.
 And as for this same service KIPLING asks,
 This solid year of talents sent to seed,
 Why, one can always pay for men to die;
 They have their tariff fixed so much a day:
 Nor need they want for samples how to fight,
 Taught willingly by such as find reward
 In just the joy of guarding England's trade,
 Good honest fellows—trust the breed for that,
 And I, for one, have never cast contempt
 On humbler forms of service not my own,
 So they assist, in their subordinate ways,
 That common end we patriots keep in view.
 Each to his own employ, and Heaven for all;
 Thus checking what confusion might arise
 Most inconveniently, should every man
 Aspire to be a King of High Finance. — O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Oh, it is a lovely tangle, I can tell you," says one of the characters in *Princess Puck* (MACMILLAN). "HARBOROUGH has talked to me about it till I have completely forgotten which party wants to prove what." My Baronite has the fullest sympathy with this bewilderment. Miss SILBERRAD gives herself and her readers infinite trouble about the ramifications of a family and the intricacies of a lawsuit. There is a great deal too much of "the younger brother of old Mr. *Harborough's* grandfather." The reference, and many like it, is painfully reminiscent of the cow with the crumpled horn, and all that followed from its tossing the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat. It is endurable only by reason of the exceeding charm of the creation of *Wilhelmina Alardy*, commonly known as *Bill*. In her freshness, her unconventionality, her keen insight, and her honesty, *Bill* is delightful. By way of foil an equally clever character sketch is presented in her cousin *Polly*. This is not the author's first book, but she is evidently a beginner. When she learns to crowd her canvas less, and to leave the intricacies of landed estate law to those who make a living out of it, she will do far better.

MESSRS. VACHER issue a fresh volume of *The Politician's Handbook*, being a review and digest of Diplomatic Correspondence, Reports of Royal Commissions, Select Committees, Treaties and Consular Reports current within the year. Mr. WHATES prefaces his work with a review of the documents that is in itself a luminous review of the principal events of the political year. To all actively concerned in public affairs my Baronite recommends the volume as an invaluable book of reference. — THE BARON DE B.-W.

SEASONABLE.

'Arry's Friend. What's the proper dinner for Ash Wednesday?
 'Arry. Why, 'ash mutton, o' course.

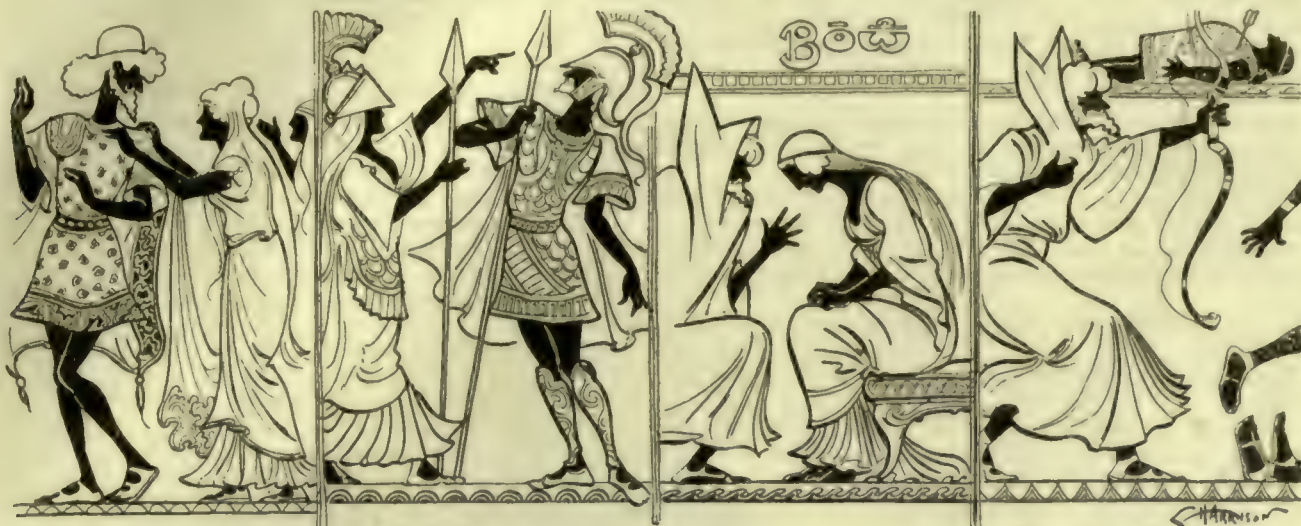
HIGHEST AIMS IN LIFE.—Captain OSWALD H. AMES, of the 2nd Life Guards, the tallest man in the British Army, "has been promoted to be Major." What height will he be when he becomes Maximus?



A CAPRICIOUS CUPID.

Re-b-y-Cupid (apart, guiltily conscious of his duty towards Squire C-mph-l-l-B-an-rm-n and the fair spinster, Miss As-i-h). "I SUPPOSE, NOW, AS THIS IS VALENTINE SEASON, I OUGHT TO GET THESE TWO TO KISS AND BE FRIENDS.—BUT I'M NOT GOING TO TRY!"

ULYSSES MUCH WANDERING AT HER MAJESTY'S.



Ulysses and Calypso at Ogygia-super-Mare.

Ulysses and Minerva in the "Two-penny Tube," Hades Station.

Ulysses and Penelope. Artful Beggar!

The great pull that Ulysses has over the Suitors.

Auditorium suddenly "lost in gloom." Impossible to read names in play-bill. Music heard issuing from under the artistically strewn leaves that conceal the orchestra buried somewhere deep down under the waves of sound away from the public gaze. Occasionally during the evening the conductor of the submerged band pops up to the surface for breath, then, having caught the air they are singing on the stage, he dives down again to inform the musicians in the shades below, and all proceeds harmoniously. Curtain rises discovering the Gods of Olympus, or some of them, the others being unavoidably absent, seated "all in a row," with, as central figure, Jupiter "in the chair."

Old-fashioned Spectator in stalls (hums to himself). "King Jove in the chair, Of the skies Lord Mayor"—isn't that from Midas?

His Light-hearted and Younger Companion (cheerfully). Don't know the gentleman. But as the lot are asleep the orchestra might play, "We're all noddin', nid, nid, noddin'." [Chuckles.]

Sedate and Superior Person of about thirty-five (severely). It is a poetic conception. Hush!

Mamma (to clever young lady). It's so dark I can't see the programme even with my glasses. Who are these people, dear?

Clever Young Lady (rather impatiently). Oh! They're the gods, you know—Jupiter, Juno, Apollo—

Her Young Brother (about sixteen, who has overstayed his holidays and is returning next day). Bosh, WINNIE! I don't see any Juno or Apollo. Why, they're all sitting in a row like Christy Minstrels. Hallo! (As a figure is seen rising, through a trap-door on the stage, with back to audience and facing JUPITER.) I say, who's this chap?

Clever Sister (vexed). It isn't a chap at all, WILLIE.

Old-fashioned Spectator (staring at the figure that has just arisen). What on earth—or rather—what in Heaven's name is Britannia doing among the gods?

Superior Person (smiling superciliously). That's not Britannia. She has neither shield nor trident. It's—it's—

[His memory won't assist him, and, "the light that fails" not permitting him to read the bill, he is nonplussed.]

Erudite Person (who has previously studied the bill). That is Athene—or, in Latin, Minerva.

Friend (nodding cheerfully). Oh, thanks, of course.

[Imparts the highly satisfactory information to old-fashioned friend.]

Old-fashioned Friend (satisfied so far). Oh, I see, of course it isn't Britannia; she hasn't got any toasting-fork. Wish we could have some more light. Can't make out a word of the play-bill.

Habitué (in balcony stalls, recognising the actress who plays MINERVA). Why it's CONSTANCE COLLIER. Doosid handsome girl, CONSTANCE COLLIER.

Habitué's Wife (severely). S-s-s-h, JOHN, you disturb everybody.

[MINERVA and NEPTUNE quarrel. JUPITER says, "Order, order!" MINERVA, who has declaimed splendidly, calls for her trap, and on it descends quickly, to arrive apparently among the musicians below in their Cave of Harmony. POSEIDON-NEPTUNE, very rough and angry, rolls off in tempestuous wrath, and ZEUS—alias JUPITER—declares the sitting at an end, calls on GANYMEDE for a little light refreshment, and the nectar, being rather stronger than usual, inspires the Thunderer with humorous idea for practical joke, which he at once puts into execution by letting off a brilliant firework. "Bang goes saxpence!" Blinded audience awfully startled, and many nervous people inclined to rush incontinently out of the house—"sauve qui peut!" However, as no manager, or any one of the gods, appears to inform the public that "there is no danger," the audience gradually recovers its wonted equanimity.]

Audience (after the lights have been switched on fully, "breathing again"). Ah!

Erudite Playgoer (with ancient quotation always ready). "For this relief much thanks!"

Young Brother (enthusiastically alluding to JOVE's pyrotechnic display). I say, that cracker was rippin'! wasn't it?

Elderly Playgoer (to friend whom he has treated to dinner and stall). I suppose you're not old enough to remember Venus and Adonis at the Haymarket, or Ixion at the Royalty, with all the gods and goddesses in it, and Minerva singing Dr. WATTS's verse, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," to an air from the Ballo in Maschera, eh?

His Friend (slightly his junior). I remember years ago

seeing *Paris* at the Strand. All the gods were in that. There was a fat Cupid whose wings were moulting.

Elderly One. Yes, it was *Paris*; or, *Vive Lemprière!* Capital title. And I remember ROBSON's son coming out as *Ulysses* at the St. James's Theatre, when Miss HERBERT was there! Ah! (*Enjoying the recollection.*) I remember her as *Diana*. . . Ah! . . .

Superior Musical Amateur to Congenial Companion (in a grieved tone). Really, people do keep up such a constant chatter it is impossible to hear the music.

Congenial Companion. Yes, awful nuisance. Though at a theatre, as they only play popular music-hall tunes—

Superior Friend (correcting him). Ah, but here the music is strictly classical, and written on purpose by Mr. COLERIDGE TAYLOR.

Congenial Companion. Oh, by COLERIDGE—er—um—what's he written?

Superior Friend (sadly surprised). My dear fellow, you surely—

Congenial Companion (pretending that he had been the victim of a momentary lapse of memory). Oh, of course, COLERIDGE—yes, yes—

[*Is about to commit himself hopelessly by adding "Ancient Mariner," when bell tinkles, which announces the regulation, as on board ship, "All lights out," and the auditorium is again in darkness. Then we have the Palace of Ithaca, where the Suitors are carousing with various classically attired young women, at whose presence, as guests in her house, the peculiarly strict PENELOPE really ought to have drawn the line.*

Ingenuous Youth (in stalls, much delighted with the appearance and manner of CTESIPPUS, to Paterfamilias). Who's that fat chap?

Pater. That—that—(*struggles with his play-bill*). Can't see the name.

Kind Friend. That's KEMBLE—HENRY KEMBLE.

Ingenuous Youth. Oh, he's rippin'! (*After a pause.*) Who's that chap like SANDOW?

Pater (puzzled). SANDOW?—SANDOW?

Ingenuous Youth (impatiently). Yes, you know, Poppa, the strong man, in the large picture advertisements on the walls—

Pater (enlightened). Oh, that—yes—this—(*indicating ANTINOUS on stage*)—isn't SANDOW.

Ingenuous Youth (more impatiently, and vowing to himself that he never will bring Poppa to the play again if he can help it). Of course I know it isn't SANDOW—but who is it?

Kind Friend (thinking that information will put a stop to loquacious inquiries). That is Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

Ingenuous Youth. Thanks awfully! I say, he is a whopper! My! (*Suddenly.*) But I mean what's his name in the play?

Kind Friend (blandly whispering). Antinous.

Ingenuous Youth (astounded). ANNE who?

Pater (frowning). Antinous—one name—a man, not a woman!



Specimens of the "Suitors"—assorted sizes.

Ingenuous Youth (resignedly). Oh, I see. I say! (*he exclaims on entrance of Miss LILY HANBURY as PENELOPE.*) Ain't she rippin'!

[*Is "in admiration lost." Scene over. Darkness banished. Light returns.*

Ingenuous Youth

(*studying play-bill*). HENRY KEMBLE. I say, Poppa, how do you pronounce that name?

[*Points to "CTESIPPUS" in cast.*

Poppa (trying to avoid the subject). That is K-E-M-B . . .

Ingenuous Youth (interrupting). No!—I know that all right—I mean the name of the part he plays. There—

[*Points it out beyond possibility of mistake.*

Poppa. Oh, that's (gives a kind of sneeze and elicits) "Ctesippus!"

[*Ingenuous Youth tries it himself. Much diversion created in surrounding seats. The effect of everyone trying to pronounce C't'sippus is as if this portion of the audience had been suddenly seized with a violent attack of influenza.*

Bell. Lights out. Cimmerian darkness. Curtains withdrawn. Beautiful scene by HAWES CRAVEN of Sea Cave on CALYPSO's Island. Enter ULYSSES and CALYPSO. Great applause. ULYSSES "the crafty" intimates to the audience, by a glance, that he quite appreciates the expression of their delight at seeing him, but deprecates any display of enthusiasm just at this particular moment, in justice, of course, to Poet PHILLIPS.

Clever Young Lady. Oh, here's *Ulysses* at last. I began to be afraid he was never coming.

Her Mamma. That's Mr. TREE, isn't it?

Clever Young Lady. Yes, dear.

Mamma (pleased with herself for having hit the right nail on the head this time, tries another). Ah, Mr. TREE, yes—very good. And that's Mrs. TREE, of course?

Clever Young Lady (worried). Oh no, Mamma, that's *Calypso*!

Mamma (bridling up). Oh!

Clever Young Lady. You remember the story? She detained him on the island away from *Penelope*.

Mamma (rather haughtily). I know it, my dear; I know it perfectly.

Jennie (in gallery). I say, 'ARRY, who's that a 'uggin an' a maulin' what's-is-name?

'Arry (proud of his knowledge and pronunciation, and of his acquaintance with the drama and items of theatrical news). You mean *Hulises*. That's TREE.

Jennie. Stupid! I know 'im—I mean—

'Arry. Oh, the carroty-'air'd party? That's NANCY PRICE as come in when Missis BROWN-POTTER chucked it.

[*Is about to give details for general enlightenment when he is silenced by expression of feeling in form of a "hush!" "no torkin'!" Play proceeds. Conversations and remarks gradually subside. Schoolboy goes home enthusiastic as to its being all "rippin'."*

In Act the second, the "action" being in Hades—a word pronounced as one syllable by no inconsiderable portion of the audience—we "don't get no forrader." Practically, not much "action." Grand scenes by HAWES CRAVEN. And then up we come to earth again, and are landed with *Ulysses* on the coast of Ithaca. As the scenes in Hades might be abbreviated, so might this. Mr. LIONEL BROUGH is here seen, comical as always, for a few minutes, and he is decidedly a



"Calypso offering cup to Ulysses, hoping "there will be no ill-feeling" afterwards."

relief after Hades. Out of the last scene Mr. TREE (*pace* poet PHILLIPS) will probably cut a lot of tedious undramatic stuff; for why, if Mr. SHAKESPEARE'S plays be invariably cut to meet the requirements of the modern stage, should not the same treatment be meted out to the work of Mr. PHILLIPS?

However, "That's all one, Our play is done," and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE and Co. "will try to please you every day," and, having "scored," will commission Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, as *Phemius* "the minstrel boy" among the Suitors, to sing this version of Sir CHARLES SEDLEY'S song, set to music by HOBBS, to be entitled:—

"PHILLIPS IS MY ONLY JOY!"

PHILLIPS is my only joy,
And as on this U-lys-ses
I his talent did employ,
Willingly I pay him fees.

(Last line repeated with flourishes.)

If with a frown
He potted BROWN,
PHILLIPS, smiling
(Some folks riling),
Makes me happier than before.

[*Arpeggio accompaniment for two bars interval, un poco rallentando, after the sweet COURTICE POUNDS style, diminuendo gradually dropping into pianissimo.*]

PHILLIPS is my only joy,
Speak his line sans "gag" or
"wheeze,"

Or no more will TREE employ
"You" in spel-ling U-lys-ses!

[*Forte e legato (or, best foot foremost), octaves ad lib. Great applause. Call for everybody before curtain. Vive TREE!*]

MURDEROUS MILLINERY.

A Possible Development.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* stated, in a letter published on the 6th instant, that one person in the neighbourhood of Scarborough has contracted to supply ten thousand sea-birds to a milliner in London. The slaughter of the birds has been going on for months past.

In connection with this abominable arrangement, which throws such a lurid light on the tender and delicate sympathy of fashionable women, it may be interesting to give the following paragraphs from "Society Gossip" in the *Daily Female* of the first Monday in June, 1907:—

Church parade yesterday was a most cheery function. Everybody who is anybody was there. Among the smartest of the *fleur de chic* I noticed Mr. JONES, of South Africa, wearing a silk



"THAT NEW BOY'S A BAD BOY, TEACHER. HE SMOKES!"

"NO, I DON'T SMOKE NOW, TEACHER. I USED TO!"

hat, a frock coat, patent-leather boots, and diamond sleeve-links. But the women's dresses were, of course, more attractive, and some of the creations in *chapeaux* were perfectly too delightful.

It is very interesting to observe how the taste for animal trimmings has spread beyond the mere dead birds of a few years ago. A gull, or other bird, not cut up, is really quite *démodé*, and only seen at Brixton or Balham. The trimmings of the *viande saignante* style are now quite the rage.

Amongst the smartest women yesterday I noticed Lady BEATRICE BOUCHER in a delicious *sang-de-bœuf* straw hat, with an exquisite arrangement of *côte-lettes-de-mouton* all round the crown;

the Hon. Mrs. CHOLMONDELEY SLAWTER in a really sweet toque, trimmed with slices of *canard sauvage*; Miss ANN GWYN, the pretty *débutante*, in a white hat trimmed with tulle, amidst which, in the front, a large mass of *filet-de-bœuf* gave a note of rich colour; Mrs. PERCY GORE in a black hat of a very elegant and original shape, with a perfectly lovely arrangement of *rognons-au-naturel* under one side of the turned-up brim; Miss MONTGOMERY-COFFY in a scarlet toque with a most graceful trimming of *saucissons-de-Lyon*; and Mrs. PAUL BAISER in a quite too delicious wide-brimmed hat of *couleur-de-chair* straw, the high crown wreathed most charmingly with *tripe-à-la-mode-de-Caen*.

IN THE LIFT.

SCENE—A Lift at one of the stations on the "Tube." TIME—Midday, when the traffic is slack. A uniformed official is standing outside. His demeanour is stern and haughty. Another official, not quite so severe in his aspect, is standing in the lift. Two passengers, an elderly lady and her son, are in the lift, which, it should be stated, is about to descend.

First Official (relaxing, as he turns to speak to his colleague inside). Did you 'ear about ole 'ERRY lawst night?

Second Official. No. What's 'e bin up to?

First Official. Sime ole gime. Come 'ome in the tantrums and found 'is missis settin' on a 'eap o'— (To lingering female passenger who, having deposited her ticket in the box, is approaching. Very ferociously.) 'Urry up, 'urry up! (Lingering passenger does so in a humble and deprecating way. The official once more addresses his colleague.) That was a fair ole bit o' 'umbug, them two telegraft gals gittin' 'old of that money.

Second Official. Ah, but they ain't got 'old of it yet. Their aunt's got a word to say about it.

[All three passengers listen with breathless interest.]

First Official (contemptuously). Aunt! They don't take no stock o' their aunt! Why, when their grandmother was took with the— (In severe tones to a girl who is giggling her way slowly past the ticket-box.) Now then, this wy! 'Urry up! We can't wite all day!

Girl (snappishly). Why, I thought you was paid for it.

First Official (still severely). That's just where you mike your error. We're paid for movin' up and down.

Girl. Why don't you move, then?

[She enters and sits down.]

First Official (to his colleague, condescendingly). That's one o' them don't-know-where-yer-ares.

[He prepares to enter and to close the gates, when a stout old lady approaches the ticket-box at a run, waving her umbrella.]

Stout Old Lady. Hi! hi! Stop!

First Official. All right, Mum. 'Urry up! We've got to get started some time.

Stout Old Lady (vobully to the official at the ticket-box). I want to get to Liverpool Street as quickly as possible, and they told me this was the best way, but I want to ask you if you're quite sure I shall be in time to meet a train there that ought to arrive at 1.10, but it's generally late, and so I thought—

First Official (furiously). Now then, Mum, come along, come along!

[She is hustled, still appealing for information, past the ticket-box. She darts back, but is ultimately persuaded to enter the lift. She sits down panting. The other four passengers regard her with cold disapproval. The First Official swings into the lift and closes the gates with a rattle and a bang, viciously excluding a meek old gentleman.]

The Son (to his mother, as the gates close). Now, mother, don't be alarmed. It's really nothing when you're used to it—just an easy gliding motion—and we shall be down almost before you realise we've started.

[The lift starts suddenly.]

The Mother. Ow! ow! Oh, what a turn that gave me, Tom! Oh dear! are you sure it's quite safe? Oh, and what's that melancholy sound?

First Official (continuing cryptic conversation with colleague as the lift descends). There was another o' the sime sort come along yesterday—no, the dy afore—with a parcel under 'is arm, and a little dawg tied to a—

Voice (proceeding apparently from the bowels of the earth). What oh! I give 'er that message!

First Official. Right oh! (To his colleague, laughing heartily). Ha, ha! That's ole BILL all over. 'E's the rummest ole scorcher I ever set eyes on. To-morrow 'e's goin' to take a—

[The lift reaches the bottom. The official dashes open the gates, and the passengers all exeunt.]

Stout Old Lady (darting back, to First Official). I'm sure I'm not right for Liverpool Street. Can you tell me if—

First Official (sternly). You're quite right, Mum. 'Urry along to the trines. You're sure to catch one of 'em. Mind it's City, not Shepherd's Bush. (Stout Old Lady rushes off. He continues conversation with colleague.) There ain't many like THOMPSON nowadays. Did I tell you what 'e said to the butcher last Friday? The butcher 'ad 'ad a drop, o' course, so THOMPSON—

[At this moment passengers troop in on the other side for the upward journey, the lift fills, the official has to prepare to close the gates, and the conversation is again interrupted.]

First Official. 'Urry up, 'urry up!

[He closes the gates, and the lift ascends.]

MR. PUNCH'S NINETEEN-HUNDRED-AND-ONE CARTOONS.

LEST any reader should be misled by the above title, it may be as well to explain forthwith that we allude to Mr. Punch's Cartoons for 1901, just published by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW in one volume, with preface and memoranda by "TOBY, M.P." The volume opens with a cartoon by "our" Sir JOHN TENNIEL, the last one done by him for Mr. Punch, January 2nd, expressive of hopes for peace, and it finishes with one (December 25th), showing that the War in South Africa is still with us. Strange to relate, only once in all this series does the "unspeakable" Turk appear. As a handy and trustworthy reference concerning all matters directly political and indirectly social, this collection is invaluable, as any social craze of the hour may serve to illustrate a situation of the gravest European interest. Thus Mr. Punch "combines the information." Of Mr. Punch and his cartoons in this volume it may well be said "*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*." Those of a strictly domestic character are few but forcible, and fitting is it that among these should be included so noteworthy an incident as the public banquet, with Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR in the chair, given to Sir JOHN TENNIEL, Mr. Punch's "Jackides," who for over half a century has deserved so well of Mr. Punch and of the country, and of whom both are justly proud. Not a memorable event in the past twelve months but finds its record in this volume. It is indeed the story of the world from week to week, since what Mr. Punch's cartoonists do not record is scarcely worth remembering.

With lightest, wittiest touch, "TOBY, M.P." prefaces the volume, summarising, in his own inimitable style, the events that have suggested the various subjects of the cartoons. We confess that we would have preferred to see the signature of "TOBY, M.P." at the finish of the prefatorial essay that "TOBY, M.P." began. "TOBY, M.P.," in private life or in any department of public life, literary or journalistic, may sign whatever other name he may choose; but with regard to Mr. Punch, and in all matters connected with Mr. Punch, "TOBY, M.P." is "TOBY, M.P." When a clever dog gives himself so good a name, let him stick to it.

So, "naming no names," we conclude by once more calling attention to this volume of "Cartoons for the Year 1901," drawn by Mr. Punch's artists, and prefaced by "The Story of the Year, told by 'TOBY, M.P.'"

Floreat Punchius!



First Diana. "WHAT A GOOD RUN! MY HORSE IS A SWEET! I'M GOING TO CALL HIM 'MY HONEY'!"
 Second Diana. "IS THAT BECAUSE HE'S SO 'STICKY'?"

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR.—The reference in my last communication to my charger, when I had the honour of acting as adjutant to a Militia battalion, some thirty or more years ago, has brought me a number of letters asking my opinion on the remount question. Well, frankly, I must confess that I think there must be a mistake somewhere when an animal is purchased, so to speak, civilly at one price, and then sold—again, so to speak—militarily, at that price four times told. I do not pretend to be an experienced accountant; but speaking off-hand, I should say there was something commercially unsound in the quaintly humorous transaction, speaking purely, of course, from a military-financial-departmental point of view. But let that pass.

Now as to the quality of the animals. I have given my experience of *Jenny*, who carried me well in the sixties. You will remember I rented her from an omnibus and fly provider. The mare sometimes, I confess, preferred the interests of her proprietor to mine. For instance, when, after a march out, we were returning to the barrack square

after a three hours and three-quarters' jaunt, she used to lessen her speed so that the last quarter of an hour should extend into twenty minutes, and thus break into the next hour at additional cost. As she took no notice of the band, the acceleration of the quick step of the Shoreditch Sharpshooters had no perceptible effect upon her speed. Had we been able to place the pipes in the rear, instead of at the head of the column, the result might have been different. *Jenny* never became acclimatised to the pipes, and always tried to avoid their skirlings, so exhilarating to Scots' ears. Thus much for *Jenny*.

I have been given to understand that the horses provided by the public conveyance proprietors for the veld have afforded satisfaction. It is said, certainly, that they sometimes persisted in remaining at the halt, but only until they were started with the command "igher hup,"—the first word uttered slowly, as a caution, and the second brought out sharply, to give the signal for immediate movement. In the autumn manoeuvres of the early seventies our transport was horsed and carted by suburban carriers. And the result? The drivers, being civilians and

outside military control, neglected their horses, and the transport broke down. Pardon these military recollections, but I remember on one occasion the appearance of the camp of a flying column in perfectly chaotic confusion. The Commander-in-chief of the period, who sometimes used choleric words, on seeing the sight, exclaimed, "Dear me!"—or even something stronger.

In the meanwhile I may say that if I can be of the slightest service to the country in organising the Remount Department, I shall be only too delighted to put my time at the disposal of the War Office. It is only just to add that I have no intimate knowledge of horseflesh, but this should not be an insuperable difficulty to my appointment. Yours devotedly,
 A. DUGOUT, Captain.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CÆLO SUPINAS.—We understand that no further question will be asked in the House as to the remissness of the authorities of the Zoo in not attending the recent auction of Chinese Seals.

CIPHER.—Why, you ask, did ELIZABETH GALLUP? We think it must have been so as to save her BACON.



Hostess (to guests, who have come to spend a few days). "WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO COME, MRS. GUSHINGTON; BUT I DO HOPE WE ARE GOING TO HAVE RATHER BETTER WEATHER, OR I AM AFRAID YOU WON'T ENJOY YOURSELVES MUCH."

Mrs. Gushington. "OH, BUT, MY DEAR LADY BOREHAM, WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO ENJOY OURSELVES. WE CAME TO SEE YOU!"

THE CHESTERFIELD LETTERS.

(An Entirely New and Original Edition.)

DEAR K-Y-P-R,—Hope you read ROSEBURY'S Chesterfield speech in your *Daily News* yesterday morning. The passage about peace negotiations being opened comes very opportunely, as our fellows are getting rather sick of being shot at. He suggests meeting of envoys in a neutral inn. Do you know of one? Why not approach British Government on our behalf—of course, unofficially? Then if you fail we can disavow you, and no harm will be done.

Yours, L-YDS.

DEAR L-YDS,—Hardly think overtures would come well from me. Considering that I wrote an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, during the early months of the war, violently attacking Great Britain, my interference might savour of impertinence, don't you think? Besides, don't know of any neutral inn.

Yours, K-Y-P-R.

DEAR K-Y-P-R,—Never mind about article in *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Probably no one read it, and if they had they would not have paid any attention to it. Ever since BRUNETIERE came to grief over the *affaire* nobody has taken the *Revue des Deux Mondes* seriously. And never mind about the neutrality of the inn. Try the Carlton. Am told it's most comfortable.

Yours, L-YDS.

DEAR L-YDS,—Have gone to London as suggested. You

were right. Everyone seems to have forgotten *Revue des Deux Mondes* article. Awkward having no credentials, though. Don't you think KRUGER might give me some sort of authorisation? It would make my task easier. Position at present hardly dignified for Prime Minister of (so-called) friendly Power.

Yours, K-Y-P-R.

DEAR K-Y-P-R,—Quite impossible. The essence of the thing is that you should get British Government to commit themselves without our committing ourselves. That was the lesson of Chesterfield speech from our point of view. KRUGER quite annoyed that you should not perceive this. Mind you call on our pro-Boer friends while in London. CL-RK's address, National Liberal Club, Whitehall Court.

Yours, L-YDS.

DEAR L-YDS,—No use. Am coming home as soon as Channel is sufficiently calm for crossing. British Government wider awake than I supposed. The Marquis smiled grimly when he heard I was in London, and L-XSD-WNE murmured something about credentials. Better go to South Africa yourself and get best terms you can. CL-RK in tears.

Yours, K-Y-P-R.

CORONATION CLAIM.—*Un Chevalier d'industrie* asserts his right to appear on this occasion in a suit of Black Mail. (Claim allowed.)



THE WAR OFFICE NIGHTMARE.

ST. JOHN BRADDOCK (murmurs uneasily in sleep). "OH, THE WILD CHARGE THEY MADE——!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 3rd.—“Curious,” says the MEMBER FOR SARK, “how directly the fate of strongest Ministry of modern times is



SIR MAPLE DE BLUNDELLE.

bound up with the stud. Last Session BURDETT-COUTTS, who breeds horses and writes about them in sale catalogues with the chastened eloquence of the late Mr. ROBINS, nearly turned Government out on question of Army Hospitals. In hands of almost anyone else that would have been a squeezer. Nothing touches great heart of the people so sharply as neglect or inadequate succour of the sick or wounded soldier. BURDETT-COUTTS, by his bumptiousness, spoiled his case and saved Ministry.

“Now Sir MAPLE DE BLUNDELLE, who also breeds horses, has got the Government in another tight place; more serious this time, the House not being prejudiced against case by anything in the way of personal vanity or self-assumption on part of Member bringing it forward. Sir MAPLE, taking the matter in hand in strict business fashion, just as if it were the furnishing of new mammoth hotel, has done it thoroughly well from first to last; has earned gratitude of the country; deserves thanks of House of Commons.”

The Hungarian horse-deal truly a pitiful, miserable story. Recalls worst episodes of Crimean War days; shows we have learned nothing, forgotten everything, since days of earlier Lord

RAGLAN. Question arose Friday night in Committee on Supplementary Army Estimates. To begin with, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. War Minister, making statement on introducing Vote, did not think it worth mentioning. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, following, didn't seem to know anything about it. DILKE mooted topic. Sir MAPLE DE BLUNDELLE drove his coach-and-four into ring, and, in voice choked with honest emotion, addressed Committee from box seat. HORHOUSE, Member of Committee reluctantly appointed at Sir MAPLE's instance, came next, and told a story, God bless you! that would have made the needy knife-grinder cut his throat in despair at his own inability.

Out of contract involving sum of £110,000 paid by the British tax-payer, the horse-dealers divided among them £44,000. Eighteen millions been voted for re-mounts in this present year. If the same basis of profit be established throughout, the honest horse-dealers will have scooped up eight millions sterling.

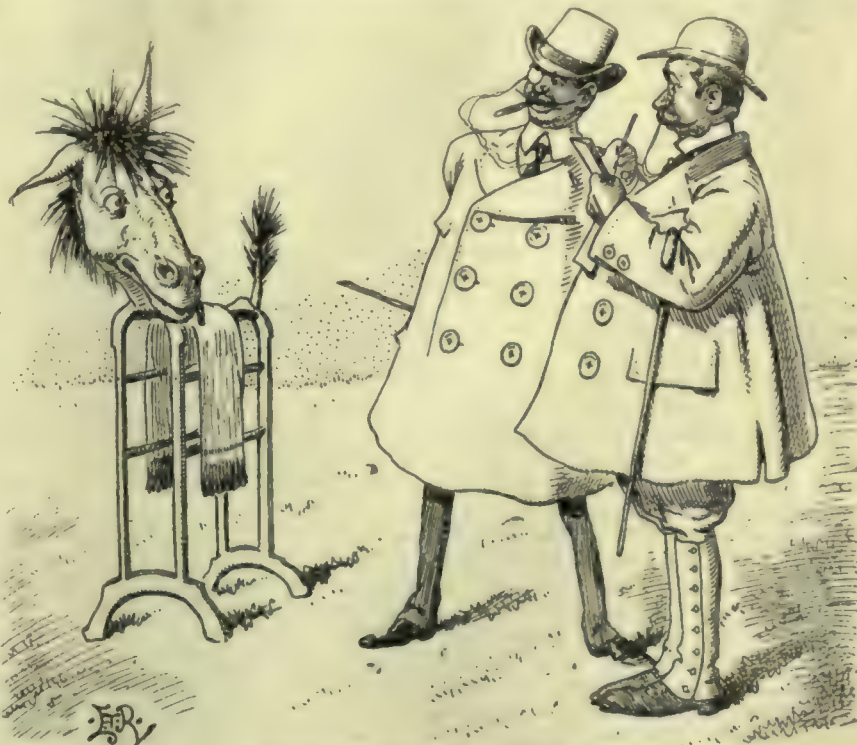
That pretty stiff, but it is not the worst of it. The horses, for which the War Office paid a trifle under £35 a piece, were bought at from £10 to £15 a head, and were nearly worth it. The hapless Imperial Yeoman setting out on the track of the slim Boer found himself at a critical moment astride a foundered screw.

Someone certainly ought to be hanged. But who? At one period of to-night's

sitting KENYON-SLANEY betrayed conviction that CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES was a fitting object for attention in that direction. The CAP'EN looked at the Colonel as if he were measuring him for a rope. Happily, nothing came of episode except bandying of words such as “dishonest” and “impertinent.” The House, in no humour for diversions of that kind, turned sternly to further consideration of scandal that came up again on the Report stage of Vote. PRINCE ARTHUR, seeing danger ahead, interposed with promise of panacea for all the ills that follow on Departmental or Ministerial blundering. There should be Committee of Enquiry; not now; by-and-by, when the war is over, and the mischief irreparable. With this the House fain to be content.

Business done.—Supplementary War Estimate for five millions voted.

Tuesday night.—In submitting Motion for Disestablishment of Welsh Church, WILLIAM JONES made one of those speeches the secret of whose success he shares exclusively with Nature. SARK, one of the few Members of present House who remember the late A. M. SULLIVAN, tells me there are many points of resemblance between the Member for Carnarvonshire and the Irishman whom Mr. GLADSTONE alluded to in debate as “the eloquent Member for Louth.” They are alike in their highly-strung, electrical, spare figure; their gestures whilst speaking; their



REMOUNTS FOR THE YEOMANRY.

Horse-buying “Expert.” “Yes, it certainly does look more like a ‘towel-horse’ than anything else; still it'll have to do!—Passed.”

modest manner; the simplicity of their eloquence. Both gifted with Celtic fire and fancy. But the brilliant patriotic Irishman whom his country gave to the 1874 Parliament was more of a fighting man than is the Welshman. Working as a private tutor at Oxford, WILLIAM JONES would not hurt a refractory pupil, much less a fly. To-night he almost apologised to the Church for his desire to see it Disestablished. In soft voice, made melodious by touch of Cymric accent, he winningly pointed out that all that is wanted for its complete happiness, its fuller prosperity, is Disestablishment.

House of Commons never seen to greater advantage than on the too rare occasions when it comes in contact with

and, coming to London, became an assistant master in a School Board school"—the House of Commons should sit entranced whilst he simply and modestly talked to it.

Business done.—Welsh Disestablishment negatived by 218 votes against 177.

Thursday.—The private Member has thus early discovered how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is PRINCE ARTHUR's ingratitude. Here he has been for years supporting him by large majorities, agreeing to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule, sometimes sitting on Saturdays, dining in the House, thankful if any crumbs in the way of opportunity of submitting resolutions or introducing Bills fall from the Ministerial table.



LORD H-SH-BY ON THE WOOLSACK.
(See "*Parliament Past and Present*," page 6.)

modest genius. Here was an obscure Welsh Member, handicapped by a surname almost fatal to individuality, submitting a proposition calculated to stir the deepest prejudices, religious, political, and social. Yet a crowded House listened, not only attentive but applaudive. ASQUITH, himself a master of phrases, a prince of ordered speech, paid glowing tribute to the natural grace, the indefinable air of distinction that marked the address of the mover of the Resolution. RITCHIE, the Minister charged with the task of demolishing it, was not less generous in his tribute.

It would not have mattered a bit if JONES had been ROBINSON, a family that actually overflows into the Peerage. Had he been a Duke's son and made that speech applause would not have been withheld. The grand thing is that, with his humble annals, doubtless contributed by himself to the pages of *Dod*—"served as schoolmaster in Wales,

And now PRINCE ARTHUR brings in and blandly recommends for his acceptance a lot of rules which, as SARK, studying them last week, said, "extinguish the private Member."

That estimable person has found out the truth. To-night rises in his might and denounces the insidious attempt. Nearly midnight now; been at it since four o'clock. With exception of DON JOSÉ, holding Ministerial brief, there has been none to say a good word for the new scheme. The most generous critic was CAWMELL-BANNERMAN. An old Parliamentary hand, he recognises the skill and the wisdom with which, in the main, the Rules are framed. But it is the duty of the Opposition to oppose; duty exceptionally pressing in case of Leader. So C-B., amid ominous cheers from Ministerialists below Gangway, pounds away at the new Procedure.

Incidentally throws curious light on social customs in neighbourhood of

Grosvenor Place. Very severe on what he described as new fashion of smart society making week-end holidays out of London. Imitated by persons who, not being in smart society, desire their neighbours to believe they are. With this object, it seems, they on Saturday morning pull down the blinds in front of their house by way of intimating that they are in some fashionable resort making a week-end of it.

This device may take in some of the envious and admiring neighbours. C-B. wasn't born in Forfarshire for nothing. Watching the goings-on from behind the window curtains of No. 6, Grosvenor Place, his keen eye detects the fraud. He knows very well his ambitious neighbours, having pulled down their front blinds, are not gone off week-ending, but are hiding somewhere in the back premises.

The gusto with which C-B. told this little story to the House was equalled only by its appreciation of his acuteness. Doesn't seem to have direct bearing on the question of Parliamentary Procedure. But similar remissness not absolutely unfamiliar in debate.

Business done.—New Procedure Rules taken in hand.

Friday.—Been looking over what promises to be unique, monumental, work on Parliament. *Parliament, Past and Present*, is its title. Is issued from the house of HUTCHINSON, and will be completed in eighteen fortnightly parts. The letterpress is written by ARNOLD WRIGHT, who has the advantage of the collaboration of PHILIP SMITH of the Vote Office. It is excellent, accurate, graphic, luminous with long research. But reading and writing come by nature. The exceptional value of this work is its illustrations. They are rare; hitherto, for ordinary people, unapproachable. In this first number we have on every page reproduction of some fine old contemporary print representing Parliament and Parliament men from the beginning. By way of frontispiece is given a photogravure of a picture of the old House of Commons, seated in St. Stephen's Chapel in the Session of 1793. PITT is addressing the House; among Members whose portraits are recognisable are FOX, SHERIDAN, CANNING, WILBERFORCE and ERSKINE.

Of later date is a delightful sketch of BROUGHAM on the Woolsack, a picture that suggests that long before the days of E. T. R. and F. C. G. that ground was not sacred to the artistic *sapeur*. The authors have some interesting notes about the payment of Members prevalent in early Parliamentary times. The paymasters were the boroughs or counties sending their representatives to London. One note is worth the attention of the electors of Kings Lynn. It



LENTEN NON LENT-EM.

Präulein von Under Standt. "HOW VERY PLAINLY ZAT DEAR LADY CHURCHLEIGH IS DRESSED!"
Friend. "YES, INDEED. BUT, YOU MUST REMEMBER, IT IS LENT."
Präulein. "ACH NO! YOU DO NOT MEAN TO TELL ME REALLY AND TRULY ZAT SHE BORROWS HER DRESSES!"

tells how, early in the seventeenth century, Sir ROBERT HITCHEN, predecessor in the seat of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, undertook to serve the borough gratuitously. "In consideration of which tender care for their pecuniary resources the Corporation, on the occasion of his passing through the town on his way to Ely, in July, 1610, entertained him handsomely and gave him a gratuity of twenty pounds."

For years the CAP'EN has served the kingdom and King's Lynn gratuitously; sometimes he passes through the borough on the way to Ely; but there the parallel abruptly ends.

Parliament should be circulated with the Votes. Failing that, Members will do well to possess themselves of the treasure.

Business done.—Second reading of debate on Procedure rules concluded. Really get to work on them next Monday.

TYING THE KNOT.

A (very slight) Anticipation.

We understand that rehearsals of the marriage between Viscount CAMOMILE and Miss AMARANTH are now in full progress, and for spectacular display the performance should eclipse all previous records. The stage-management has been entrusted to Mr. SNOOKS, of the Empyrean Theatre, and the company engaged is one of exceptional strength. At fabulous expense

TWO BISHOPS, THREE CANONS, AND FIVE ARCHDEACONS

have been specially retained for the occasion, and will wear robes designed by Messrs. MODISH & Co. The choir, which will be recruited from the ranks of the most eminent vocalists of the day, will wear surplices

TRIMMED WITH PRICELESS LACE,

while the celebrated Pea-green Bohemian Band will lead the music, and will play selections before and after the performance.

Since St. Sepulchre's Church is somewhat dark, to guard against any risk of disappointment for the spectators,

A LIMELIGHT INSTALLATION

has been fixed in the organ loft, and the bride and bridegroom will speak their parts through a megaphone. The part of Best Man has been assigned to a Duke of well-known histrionic ability. The net income of the sixteen bridesmaids is said to exceed

£12,000,000 A YEAR!

Outside the immediate circle of performers will be grouped a carefully-chosen selection of the Smart Set, each of whom, it is rumoured, will receive a fee of fifty guineas for attending. And

large numbered labels will be worn on their backs, so that the spectators, by consulting the official programme (price one guinea), will be able to identify all the celebrities present.

Owing to the unprecedented demand for seats, the free list is entirely suspended. The present prices are:—

Back of Gallery.—Gift to bride or bridegroom of article worth not less than £5 (salt-cellars barred).

Front of Gallery or back of Nave.—Gift worth not less than £10.

Front Seats in body of Church.—Diamonds or cheques to value of £50 and upwards.

Ditto, with invitation to Reception.—£100.

N.B.—Tradesmen's receipts for the sum paid must be enclosed with each present.

An additional fee of £20 will be charged for admission to the Vestry while the registers are signed.

Floral decorations by Messrs. BOOKAY. The rice to be used has been specially imported from the Chitamugger district. Slippers—ornamented with diamond buckles—for throwing purposes are being manufactured by Messrs. LACE AND LEATHER.

We earnestly advise our readers to book their places at once. As an exhibition of scenic splendour, brilliant company, and perfect

GOOD TASTE,

such a marriage-ceremony as this is beyond all praise.

BIARRITZ.

(From Our Own Weathercock.)

VISITORS who have arrived at this salubrious spot to escape the rigours of the English winter will not miss much in variety of weather. For nearly a fortnight past the sojourner in the (alleged) Sunny South has been enabled alternately to revel in the falling snow, splash through deep mud, pit his second-best umbrella against the driving, icy rain, or test the resisting capacity of his mackintosh (armour-plated mackintosh is most recommended for this purpose) against the hurtling hailstones which break the windows so freely in the course of their playful gyrations. On all sides, the visitor finds amusement in hearing of trains snowed up, travellers getting mislaid in the drifts, and mails delayed for hours, or even days. Sitting out in the sun is no longer the "smart" thing to do—chiefly because there is no sun to sit out in—and cowering over the bedroom fire of damp logs which won't burn has quite taken its place. Compared with this temperature, we should be inclined to describe the atmosphere

anywhere around the Marble Arch as oppressive. Biarritz, in short, this winter is quite a delightful place to stay away from.

ST. VALENTINE.

WERE I but living in the time
Of swords and hoops and powdered
faces,

I might have turned a tuneful rhyme
To glorify my lady's graces.

But now, alack, there's none to teach—
Though maidens' charms still glow
as brightly—

Our fathers' fathers' gallant speech
That leapt from laughing lips so
lightly.

No more our amorous swains profess
The art their grandsires deemed a
duty—

Of decking out in dainty dress
Their distant homage paid to Beauty.

Their stately steps have been forgot,
Together with the courtly dancers;
And minuet and gay gavotte
Scarce find an echo in the lancers.

Scant courtesy too oft we hear
Usurping, mid our busy hustling,
The whisper in the little ear
That set the painted fan a-rustling.

And yet, if polished form and phrase,
If old-world airs are all neglected,
One link is left with happier days,
While VALENTINE is still respected.

Though for his rites but few are fain
Whose faith was once profound and
fervent,

Believe me, lady, I remain
Both his and your most humble
servant.

OUR HAPPY HOLMES.

Sherlock Holmes is a prodigious success. While running at the Lyceum it is keeping itself going, at the same time, in various theatres here, there and everywhere. It is to be played in French, Chaldaic, German, Italian, Phœnician, Greek, Double Dutch and Egyptian. It will be produced in the fine theatre now in process of construction in the Undiscovered Islands. Several rival Indian tribes are on the war-path with it. One performance was given before His Majesty of the Anthropophagion country, who was so delighted that he insisted on the entire troupe being presented to him *before supper was prepared*. Although the company accepted His Majesty's most gracious invitation, they were compelled to leave hurriedly some hours before the time appointed. Scandinavian-speaking players will act it at Stockholm. This last-mentioned troupe will be known as "*The Stock-Holmes Co.*"



Arthur Hopkins

"MY DEAR, WHATEVER MADE YOU PUT ON THAT OLD-FASHIONED 'KATE GREENAWAY' FROCK TO-NIGHT? NOBODY WEARS A SASH UNDER HER ARMS NOWADAYS."

"OH, BUT I'M GOING OUT TO A PING-PONG TOURNAMENT, AND IT'S IN THE OFFICIAL RULES THAT IF YOU DON'T 'SERVE BELOW THE WAIST' YOU'LL BE DISQUALIFIED!"

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

II.

The cloud at first was like a man's hand. "My dear," I remarked one morning, "don't you think that copper pot has got too many colours?"

GWENDOLEN eyed the pot, as I thought, a little uneasily. "Some people prefer them dull, JACK. They like the iridescence."

"Do you?"

"N-no, but perhaps AUGUSTA——"

"I think she might give it a little elbow-grease."

"I wish she would, but you must remember, JACK, she was out at a theatre last night, and the night before——"

"Well then, I think you might ask her to give it a rub up with an easy conscience."

GWENDOLEN looked troubled.

"Shall I speak to her?" I suggested.

GWENDOLEN looked more troubled still.

"I'll tell her to-morrow," she temporised. "She said she was going out this afternoon."

When to-morrow came, as luck would

have it, AUGUSTA was busy with the brasses. Presently I heard GWENDOLEN address her in a casual manner.

"Oh, by the way, AUGUSTA, before you put away the paste, you might give that pot a rub. It's not very bad," she added in propitiation, as there was no reply, "but yesterday's fog——"

Back came GWEN to the study, rather red in the face.

"Never again, JACK!" she exclaimed emphatically. "Rather all the colours of the rainbow than that disapproving look."

"My dear girl," I began.

"For Heaven's sake don't say that when you know you mean 'you silly ass.'"

GWEN's nerves were evidently upset, so I dropped the subject. A week hence the pot was cleaned, when we both made separate pilgrimages of grace to the kitchen, GWEN with a novel and I with a cigarette.

"I say, GWEN," I remarked a week or so later, "I want to ask BROWN, of the *Parthenon*, and his wife to dinner next week. He hasn't been sending me any books lately."

"H'm," said GWENDOLEN doubtfully.

"I wonder if AUGUSTA would let us have more than three courses?"

"Why not have someone in to help?"

"H'm," said GWENDOLEN, still more doubtfully. "You evidently don't know AUGUSTA."

"Very well, then, she must just do it herself."

"We'll hope for the best. I'll write to Mrs. BROWN to-night."

Next morning GWENDOLEN broached the subject. AUGUSTA was delighted.

"We must give them a good dinner," she remarked.

As the day drew near I thought GWENDOLEN looked a little troubled. I asked her what was on her mind.

"I'm almost sure we're going to have Scotch broth for dinner. I heard AUGUSTA ordering the things from the greengrocer this morning."

"Scotch broth!" I exclaimed. "Can't you say some fools prefer Julienne?"

"No," said GWENDOLEN.

I sighed.

"What fish?" I queried.

"She asked whether we would like soup or fish."

"Didn't you say both?"



Major Oldport (who is hunting by doctor's orders). "THIS MAY BE GOOD FOR THE LIVER, BUT IT'S DOOSID HARD ON THE OTHER MEMBERS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite is afraid that the voyage of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, accomplished last year, was for the newspapers what in another profession is called "a frost." Having made costly preparations for reporting the journey, they found the public a little indifferent on the topic. The fact is, the journey was co-incidental with stirring events at home and abroad, and the British Public, though Great, cannot digest a too varied assortment of news. Nevertheless, it was an interesting trip, and finds worthy record in Mr. WATSON'S *The Queen's Wish*, published in a handsome volume by Messrs. HUTCHINSON. Mr. WATSON accompanied the *Ophir* in the capacity of REUTER'S correspondent. Day by day, when he was in touch with the cables, there flashed through the English-speaking world some portions of the story here re-cast and presented as a whole. It is told with graphic force, and is illustrated by a multitude of engravings from photographs snatched on the spot.

L. B. WALFORD'S *Charlotte* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) is a very cleverly-written analysis of character. There is no plot; there is hardly a situation that can be called dramatic; the reader becomes interested simply in the one central figure, and in the effect she produces upon those with whom she is brought into contact. The heroine, living with her mother, is so sufficiently well off that neither wealth nor rank need be victorious over love, were she capable of a true self-sacrificing passion. In a lower social position, and without a mother, *Charlotte* has in her all the makings of a *Becky*

Sharp. Drax Rotherham, the hero of the story, is a lumbering simpleton, a sort of muscular "Bountiful Bertie," saying to his confidential adviser and rival in *Charlotte's* affections, the Reverend Alban, who is something of a prig and much of a sensualist, "You have been awfully good to me," and receiving, in "confusion and bewilderment," the Reverend Alban's reply, "You have chosen me for a father-confessor, you know," the one being no penitent, and the other having nothing more to give him than, as an old song has it,

"His counsel and advice,
So judicious and so sound."

Charlotte's scene with this severe but malleable clergyman is very *Becky-ish*. Olivia, the reverend gentleman's irreverent, worldly, scheming sister, is another excellent sketch, and the scene with her brother, when she triumphs over the "father-confessor's" indiscretion, is admirable. Altogether a noteworthy book, whose sole fault is that it is considerably overwritten, and offers chances of which the experienced "skipper" will avail himself in quite a hundred pages out of the three hundred and eighty-six that make up the volume. The end of *Charlotte's* career is cleverly shadowed forth. She is by no means such as was *Werther's Charlotte*, who,

"Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter."

And, indeed, the reader will not be much concerned to know the last dying speech and confession of this hopelessly unprincipled worldling.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

OF INSINCERE APOLOGIES.

BY AN EXPERT.

[SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who is understood to have expressed regret that his remarks on British "methods of barbarism" should have seemed to reflect upon the conduct of our troops in the field, has made the following observations on one of the proposed new rules of procedure: "You can exact an ample, a profuse, or a full apology, because you can be the judge of whether it is ample, profuse, or full. But you cannot be the judge of its sincerity." (Cheers.)]

MOTHER of Parliaments and fount of Freedom,
Wide as the welkin, generous as the sun!

Pause, pause a moment while I briefly plead 'em,
My views on Standing Order 21.

Sounds I have caught, like dirges faintly fiddled,
Over the corpse of Liberty-of-Speech;
Have marked how Freedom's flag, already riddled
Has recently sustained a shocking breach.

Brummagem Hooligans had sworn to whelm it,
What time its prophet, my peculiar friend,
Cowled in a constable's extinctive helmet,
Barely escaped the martyr's glorious end.

But *here*, in this the home of hoar tradition,
Temple of privilege and ancient lights,
Haven where men may use without contrition
Language that leads elsewhere to open fights;—

Here, where the lusty Irish-Boer alliance
Says unaffectedly the thing it feels,
Hurls at the House a resolute defiance,
And chaffs the Chairman's passionate appeals;—

Here (if I understand this new Procedure),
O Liberty, it leaves me strangely sore
To see the tyrant's wanton hand impede your
Movements with manacles unknown before.

Ere this, the sons of that distressful nation,
When they assailed the Speaker in his chair,
Suffered at most a trivial vacation,
Lightly suspended, so to speak, in air.

But now these ornaments of our profession
Must face the doom of exile, lone and dumb,
Mounting, by geometrical progression,
From twenty days to eighty (*maximum*).

Then, lest their punishment's inhuman rigour
Should fan the flame of Admiration's eyes,
On reappearing, fresh and full of vigour,
They are expected to apologise!

Nay, but they have their prospects further blighted;
To injury outrageously severe
Insult is added; they will be invited
To make the said apology *sincere!*

But there are certain obstacles that trammel
This rude compulsion more than one might think;
Thus, to the dam you may conduct a camel—
No power on earth can make the beggar drink.

I could, if necessary, cite a sample
Proving that, though expedience or fear
May force apologies profuse and ample,
Conscience alone can make the stuff "*sincere.*"

For when I tinkered my historic sentence
So as to salve our warriors' wounded pride,
Do you suppose I made a clean repentance?
My tongue announced it, but my heart denied.

O. S.

FROM THE DIARY OF A GENIUS.

Monday.—Got up feeling very cheap and uncomfortable. Query, was the port as good as NIXON said it was? Or did I take a glass more than was right? Can't solve the puzzle. Large packet of press cuttings on breakfast table. Open them. "The volume of poems about to be published by Mr. BRINDLEY will be ready towards the end of March. The collection will include many pieces not previously printed." Eight more to the same effect. Another says, "Mr. BRINDLEY, whose collection of poems is announced for the end of March, is a middle-aged young man of 37. He was for many years a struggling journalist on the outside staff of *The Blue Moon*, but came into notice two years ago with a series of articles in verse on 'Fiends and their Friendships.' He is a quick worker, and never makes any corrections in the proofs sent to him. At Oxford he was known as the 'Rhyming Coot,' probably owing to the fact that he was prematurely bald."

Nasty, very. FOGERTY must have written it. Shall pay him out. Breakfast very disagreeable. Eggs cold, bacon a scrap of leather. Coffee beastly. To work. Can't think of anything. Shall I write in verse or prose? Toss up. Heads for verse, tails for prose. Coin rolls under sofa. Recover it after much exertion. Toss again. Heads. Try verse—something sentimental. Let me see. *Lines to a Teardrop*. Good. Lots of rhymes for tear. Beer, leer, sneer, jeer, gear, hear, spear, etc. Doesn't promise to be sentimental. Chuck it. Try prose. Butler comes in suddenly to say pipes have burst. Will I have them mended at once, and shall he send for plumber? Issue orders and resume work. There's a dog barking somewhere. Impossible to collect ideas. Order butler to silence dog. By the way, haven't read morning papers yet. Do so. Escape of DE WET. Same old game. Treaty with Japan. What's it all about? Sudden idea—*Ode to a Chrysanthemum*. Good. Now for it:—

Hail! varied splendour of the farthest East!

Good beginning. Beast, feast, ceased, priest. Got it!—

Blessed by the Buddhist and his pallid priest.

Are the Japs Buddhists, by the way? It doesn't much matter. Buddhist quite near enough anyway. Now then, next line:

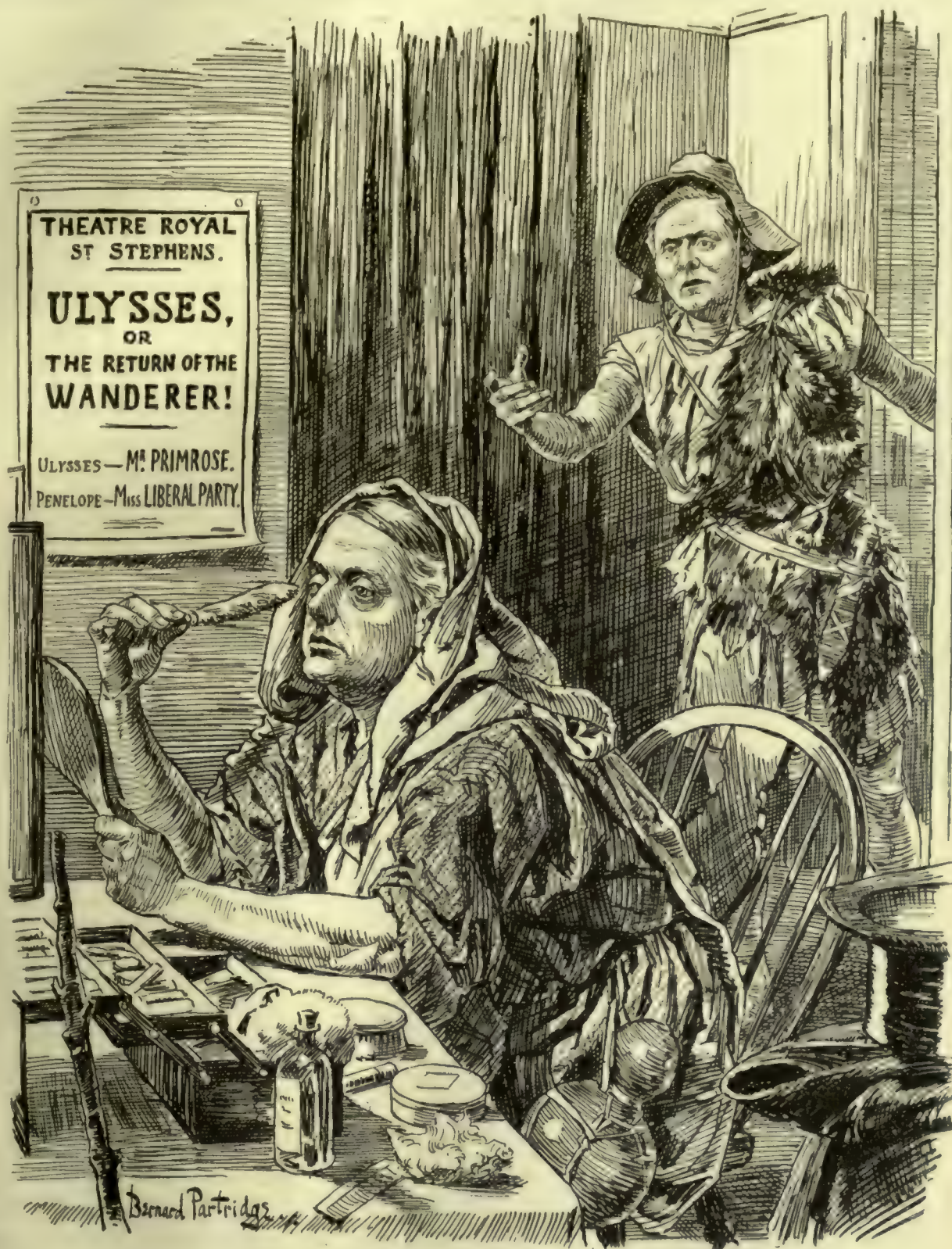
The Rose of England—

Butler enters to say there's a big black dog in the garden barking at cat in tree. Will I come out and get him away? Order butler to do it himself. A ring at the bell. Enter butler announcing visit from Miss MARPOLE. Awful old bore. Collects for charities. Must see her. Interview lasts half-an-hour. She departs with thirty shillings of mine. Tackle the ode again. Can't make anything of it. Chuck it. Only half-an-hour before lunch. Must go out. Do so. Shall try some other subject to-morrow.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—The mummy of an Egyptian child has just been knocked down by an auctioneer for £6. It is a romantic thought that, even under the hammer, "the Mummy and the Child were there."

A MINER QUESTION.—The out-of-work colliers at Newcastle have been passing the time by snowballing the police. The weather is, further, considered seasonable for the prospects of wages on a sliding scale.

THE Old Crimean Mount and Remount scandals occurring during the present war may be described simply as an "A Knacker-onism."



A CASUAL "STAR."

Mr. Asq-th (the faithful Eumæus, to Ulysses). "COME ALONG, MR. PRIMROSE. WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR YOU. THEY'RE GETTING IMPATIENT IN FRONT."

HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

JOBSON, who edits a cheerful little weekly, said to me the other day :

"You hunt, don't you?"

I looked at him knowingly. JOBSON interpreted my smile according to his preconceived idea.

"I thought so," he continued.

"Well, you might do me a bright little article—about half a column, you know—on hunting, will you?"

Why should I hesitate? JOBSON is safe for cash; and he had not asked me to give my own experiences of the hunting field. I replied warily, "I fancy I know the sort of thing you want."

"Good," he said, and before we could arrive at any detailed explanation he had banged the door and dashed downstairs, jumped into his hansom and was off.

This was the article:—

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING.

It is hardly possible to overrate the value of hunting as a National sport. Steeplechasing is a Grand-National sport, but it is the sport of the rich, whereas hunting is not. By judiciously dodging the Hunt Secretary, you can, in fact, hunt for nothing. Of course, people will come at me open-mouthed for this assertion, and say, "How about the keep of your horses?" To which I reply, "If you keep a carriage, hunt the carriage horse; if you don't, borrow a friend's horse for a long ride in the country, and accidentally meet the hounds." To proceed. This has been a season of poor scent. Of course, the horses of the present day have deteriorated as line hunters: they possess not the keen sense of smell which their grandsires had. But despite this the sport goes gaily on. There are plenty of foxes—but we cannot agree with the popular idea of feeding them on poultry. And yet, in every hunt, we see hunters subscribing to poultry funds. This is not as it should be: SPOTT'S meat biscuit would be much better for foxes' food.

But these be details: let us hie forrard and listen to the cheery voice of sly Reynard as he is winded from his earth. The huntsman blows his horn, and soon the welkin rings with a chorus of brass instruments; the tufters dash into covert, and anon the cheerful note of Ponto or Gripper gives warning that a warrantable fox is on foot—well, of course, he couldn't be on horseback, but this is merely a venatorial *façon de parler*. Away go the huntsmen, showing marvellous dexterity in cracking their whips and blowing their horns at the same moment. Last of all come the hounds, trailing after their masters—



A CRITERION.

She. "JACK, I'M AFRAID THIS DOG YOU'VE GIVEN ME ISN'T A GOOD ONE."

He. "NOT A GOOD ONE! WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?"

She. "I DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE; BUT I'VE HAD HIM A WHOLE MONTH NOW, AND NO ONE HAS EVEN TRIED TO STEAL HIM!"

ah, good dogs, you cannot hope to keep up very far with the swifter-footed horses! Nevertheless, they strain at their leashes and struggle for a better place at the horses' heels. "Hike forrard! tally ho! whoo-hoop!" They swoop over the fields like a charge of cavalry. But after several hours' hard running a check is at hand: the fox falters, then struggles on again, its tail waving over its head. As its pursuers approach, it rushes up a tree to sit on the topmost branch and crack nuts.

The panting horses arrive—some with their riders still in the saddle, though many, alas! have fallen by the wayside. Next come the hounds, at a long interval—poor Fido, poor Vic, poor Snap! you have done your best to keep up, but the horses have out-distanced you! The whipper-in immediately climbs the tree in which the little red-brown animal still peacefully cracks its nuts, its

pretty tail curled well over its head. Its would-be captor carries a revolving wire cage, and, by sleight-of-hand movement, manages to get the quarry securely into it. Then he descends, places the cage in a cart and it is driven home.

The "mort" is sounded by four green velvet-coated huntsmen, with horns wound round their bodies; a beautiful brush* presented to the lady who was first up at the "take"; and then the field slowly disperse. Tally Ho-Yoicks! all is over for the day.

I really thought this would be just the very thing for JOBSON'S paper. Somehow or other, though, it hardly seems to have hit the popular taste. Still, the public are always fickle: it is so difficult to know what will please them nowadays.

* Ivory-backed?—ED.

INFANTS IN ARMS.

[The Kent County Council's new order in respect to the carrying of lights by perambulators (as recorded in a recent issue of *Mr. Punch*) has elicited a rallying cry from one of the exasperated victims.]

FAIR babies, dark babies,
Slum babies, park babies,
Weak babies, strong babies,
Round babies, long babies,
Good babies, bad babies,
Glum babies, glad babies,
Babes one and all,
Rise at my call!
Cease from your prattle,
Seize coral and rattle,
Prepare to do battle,
And conquer or fall!

Babes, do you hear the tyrannical mandate
Levelled at us by the Council of Kent?
Brothers in arms, will ye patiently stand it,
Sucking your bottles in slavish content?
Is it right, is it fair, is it just; is it proper
To filch from us our immemorial rights,
And make us the prey of each meddling copper
Who likes to salute us with "Where are your lights?"

No more shall we scorch at our will in the gloaming,
Through shadowy streets in invisible prams;
No more shall we leave in the path we've been roaming
A wake of barked shins and irascible d—s.
No, all will be tedious, wearisome sameness,
And life will be robbed of the last of its charms.
Then up! seize your rattles and show us your gameness,
And strike for your freedom, O infants in arms!

A GENTLEMAN OF THE COMB.

"HAIR rather dry, Sir," volunteered the operator.

"Yes, I like it dry," replied the dreamy voice.

For a moment the hairdresser was nonplussed. He looked covertly to see if he was being made the object of playful irony; but there could be no suspicion of such a thing, for the old gentleman betrayed by his expression that his mind was far away. So the attack was recommenced.

"You've got the dandruff rather badly, Sir." This in a convincing tone of voice from which there could be no appeal.

"Ah, indeed," he exclaimed mildly. "Is it bad?"

"Very, Sir. You see, the pores of the skin become clogged; all the natural moisture of the head is absorbed, and the hair acquires a certain dryness, and consequently the individual hairs crack, split and—"

"Ah, indeed," the old man interrupted, "is that so?"

"Yes, Sir; what you want is some preparation that will remove the scurf, then the natural moisture of the head will soon obviate the dryness of the hair. This, Sir," he continued, producing a green bottle of liquid, "is a most excellent dandruff remover. I guarantee that one bottle will remove all the trouble. We undertake to return your money should you find that our lotion gives no relief."

"Ah," said the elderly gentleman again, taking the bottle in his hand, "it is 5s. 6d., is it not?"

"That is the price, Sir."

"And the dandruff will not reappear?"

"You will never suffer from it again."

"And you have never known anything to equal this mixture?"

"It is the best-known preparation, Sir."

"And you really think I require it?"

"Your hair is in a very bad state, Sir."

"Ah. I thought so. You told me all this when I bought a bottle of this stuff a month ago. I have been using it daily ever since, and I believed it was doing my hair good, but sorry to find you don't think so. Shampoo, please."

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

THE first sitting of the newly constituted Literary Bench was held on February 29, 1902. The Court was crowded. The Magistrates present were Mr. WAITS-DUNTON, J.P., Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, J.P., and Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, J.P. Mr. C. K. SHORTER acted as Magistrate's Clerk. The principal cases are reported below:—

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, 36, rhapsodist, giving as his address six townships in the Levant, was charged by the Gas Light and Coke Company with falsifying the metre at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, one of the Company's inspectors, gave evidence as to the state of the metre. Mr. PHILLIPS had consumed a very great number of feet that rightly belonged to him, and his irregularities were fatal, for example:—

"Even a woman had in her heart said, 'Now . . .'"

"They have the truth, I speak as a man speaks."

"Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge."

"That sting in the wine of being, salt of its feast."

After corroborative evidence had been given, Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN, speaking in a rich brogue, said that he had carefully examined the metre and could find no fault with it. He discovered a close affinity between Mr. PHILLIPS's pterodactyls and the galliambics of CATULLUS.

Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN said that he had known the prisoner for years, even before he began to wear a fringe. He had no fault to find with Mr. PHILLIPS' feet. They were perhaps copious, but the insertion of an occasional anapaest was justified by the precedent of MILTON and BRIDGES. For his part, even if Mr. PHILLIPS had ventured to employ the trochaic tetrameter acatalectic, he would have supported the innovation. If he had to choose between the *Heel of Achilles* and the feet of *Ulysses* he would unhesitatingly plump for the latter.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER said that Mr. PHILLIPS was about to make a long-deferred visit to his theatre, and that nothing that was likely to happen to-day would cause him, the speaker, to cancel the invitation. The Bench were about to give judgment, when they were interrupted by ZEUS, attended by Mr. BROOK, of the Crystal Palace, who at this point insisted upon addressing the Court. He said that he must utter a protest against the indignity put upon him by Mr. PHILLIPS, in making him speak rhyme as if he were in a pantomime. His old friend HOMER, even at his noddingest, never did anything so trumpery as that.

The prisoner was sentenced to proceed to Colorado forthwith, and to employ all his feet in crushing the beetle.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, 42, surgeon, and WILLIAM GILLETTE, 44, actor, two able-bodied men, were flung into the dock charged with the exhumation of SHERLOCK HOLMES for purposes of gain.

Mr. JAMES WELCH, K.C., prosecuting for the Crown, said that not since the days of BURKE and HARE had so flagrant a case been heard of. Long after the death of Mr. HOLMES, who had been in his day a detective of some skill, though not attached to Scotland Yard (*sensation*), the prisoners had exhumed him, and were charging, at the Lyceum Theatre, considerable sums to persons who wished to view the body. Sir GEORGE NEWNES, proprietor of the *Strand Magazine*, gave evidence of SHERLOCK HOLMES's death.



HARD ON THE DOCTOR.

Old Lady. "MY 'USBAND 'E NEVER DID 'OLD WITH DOCTORS, AND 'E WOULDN'T LET ME SEND FOR YER TILL 'E WAS REAL BAD. WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM, DOCTOR?"

Doctor. "MAINLY SENILITY, MRS. WILKINS."

Old Lady. "LOR' NOW! AN' I DESSAY 'E WOULDN'T 'AVE 'AD IT IF 'E'D 'AD YER SOON ENOUGH!"

Dr. MORIARTY, called for the defence, stated, however, that SHERLOCK HOLMES was never really dead, but merely in a comatose condition. It was quite possible, he said, to fall off an Alp and still live; in fact he had done it himself (*tremendous sensation*).

Further evidence having been given by Mr. FROHMAN and the Hound of the Baskervilles, to the effect that SHERLOCK HOLMES was still vigorous, the Magistrates stopped the case, saying that if SHERLOCK HOLMES was not dead, he ought to be. They accordingly ordered Dr. DOYLE to give him decent and definitive burial at the earliest possible opportunity.

Mr. JAMES WELCH having called the attention of the Bench to the fact that this exhumation had been ferociously commented on by the *Blutwurst* of Berlin, and the *Libre Menteur* of Paris, and other continental Anglophobe organs, the Magistrates directed that Dr. DOYLE should print and circulate at his own cost translations of the proceedings in the Lithuanian, Suabian, Basque, Yiddish and Czech languages, with a special edition for the Ballybunion district of North Kerry.

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, 54, who described himself as an agricultural labourer and was attired in a tattered Chesterfield, was charged by the Westminster Guardians with neglecting to perform his allotted share of labour. It seemed that the prisoner had entered the Casual Ward of the Union in the usual way, and had been given a night's shelter. In the morning, when asked what he could do,

he replied that he was an advocate of digging, and produced a pamphlet to prove the assertion. He was therefore given a spade and told to dig. The prisoner, however, handled the implement so awkwardly that the Labour Master, who gave this evidence, had serious doubts whether he understood spade work at all.

The shade of Sir HUDSON LOWE deposed that the prisoner was a very pestilent fellow who had garbled a conversation of the Duke of WELLINGTON to the witness's discredit. He was also a bosom friend of a notorious criminal named NAPOLEON, one of the Boer prisoners at St. Helena.

The prisoner pleaded, in extenuation of his offence, that he was really a ploughman. He said also that he had been highly educated, and until the present unfortunate circumstances, although he had once dug a Pitt, he had never been in the habit of calling a spade a spade. He reminded the Bench that Lord SALISBURY had in early youth paid an unsuccessful visit to the diggings, and that many of the most prominent statesmen were reformed rakes. In conclusion, he promised the Bench that, if they would let him off this time, he would proceed at once to Leeds or Liverpool, where he had promise of regular employment.

The Bench imposed a fine of ten shillings, which was paid by Mr. R. W. PERKS, M.P.

INTENDED INTERVENTIONS.

At intervals the *Echo de Paris* has published articles signed "Niet," who is said, on good authority, to be Dr. LEYDS. The last one, quoted in the *Times* of the 13th, stated that the Tsar, having failed to obtain the co-operation of the Emperor WILLIAM, was about to take action alone, when "he fell so seriously ill that he was vaguely believed to be poisoned."

The ever-truthful LEYDS has saved his sharpest sting for the end. But his information is curiously incomplete. A correspondent, signing himself "Gnat," has sent us the following particulars of the intentions of other rulers, alike prevented by chance from taking any action:—

The Queen of HOLLAND implored the Emperor WILLIAM to join her in active intervention, but he telegraphed in reply, "So sorry, but no time now. Much too busy in China. Won't you take a slice? Or could send you second-hand astronomical instrument guaranteed genuine." Her Majesty's request being thus refused, she resolved that the Dutch army should land in Lincolnshire. Unfortunately at that moment she was stung on the nose by a wasp, afterwards conclusively proved to have been an English wasp, and was so much scared that the intended invasion was entirely abandoned.

In much the same manner the Prince of MONACO communicated later on with the German Emperor, who replied, "WALDERSEE would have to command allied armies. Rather elderly and short-sighted, he could not see yours." The Prince thereupon ordered the whole of his army to be mobilised, and with incredible exertions 125 men were assembled in the camp on the palace square. There was only one absentee, who was just then cleaning the windows of the Casino—a difficult operation, since they are never opened, winter or summer. The Prince proceeded to address a stirring speech to the assembled host. Just as he was explaining his warlike intentions against England, a little boy, afterwards discovered to be an English boy, fired off a pop-gun. The army of Monaco, laying down its arms, immediately marched across the frontier into France, and was never seen again.

The King of the BELGIANS, though personally quite indifferent to other people's affairs, was urged to attempt some friendly mediation. He also applied to the German Emperor, who telegraphed, "Chinese difficulties settled, but still very busy with architectural work. Should advise you not to bother. Try trip to Paris. Always does you good." The KING was at first disposed to make some show of mediation, but having walked an enormous distance in a new pair of boots while considering what to do, he was laid up with a corn, and was compelled to go to Paris to have it cut. The new boots were of English make.

A few months later the Prince of BULGARIA wrote to the Emperor WILLIAM on the subject of combined intervention. The Emperor replied, "Much regret not possible now. Just off shooting. Besides, my dearest friend, ABDUL HAMID, might be offended. Can't risk concessions. So long. Love to Sobranjé." The proud independence of a Bulgarian prince, though German by birth, was aroused by this. The valiant FERDINAND had definitely resolved to invade England, when, by the most unfortunate chance, he went out one day without his umbrella. A heavy shower came on, and he caught such a severe cold in his head that his medical attendants were compelled to forbid the projected expedition. The umbrella, which the Prince left at home, was an English one.

More recently the King of SERBIA, anxious to go one better than his neighbour, also applied to the German Emperor, who telegraphed, "Exclusively occupied just now with fine arts. Exquisite statues of superb Sieges-Allee

gloriously completed. Am having more turned out wholesale. Should be delighted send you statue GOETHE or SCHILLER to adorn Belgrade. Or job-lot busts of myself for private rooms of palace. Ta ta." The King thereupon resolved to act alone, and proceeded to Vienna to see if he could buy some horses. While crossing the Stephans-Platz he was nearly run over by an omnibus, which seemed such a bad omen that Queen DRAGA took him home to Belgrade at once, and has not allowed him to go anywhere since. The omnibuses of Vienna are the property of an English company. GNAT.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

[Among the exponents of "pure literature" a great outcry has been raised at the exclusion of representatives of this department from the proposed list of members of the new Royal British Academy. Mr. R-DY-ED K-PL-NG kindly voices this indignation in the following diatribe against the committee of selection.]

TAUGHT by your tinkering tutors, made stupid by stultified schools,

Long did ye lie down donkeys, and long wake up fond fools;

Till ye said of our tales, "What are they?" of our rhymes, "They are far from our ken;"

Till ye made a sport of your poets, and a jest of your writing men.

Then was your shame made naked when we looked in the *Times* one day

At the long, limp list of the noodles proposed for your R.B.A.: Pitiful prigs of professors, gawks that have grubbed through their "Greats,"

Diligent dabblers in history, dry as their own dry dates, Pedants that potter with parchments and palimpsests, and plan

Useless essays on PLATO and notes on the particle *äü*.

But ye say, "Lo! these are professors!" ye say, "These are scholars of fame!"

And ye add three more to the letters that follow each nincompoop's name;

And ye leave your country's letters, your priceless pearl, to the care

Of anæmic mugs of the study and prating prigs of the chair.

Purblind, blundering boobies, this fact ye could not seize— Literature isn't written by elderly LL.D.'s.

Ninnies do not write novels that make you laugh and weep:

Men, not mugs, made MUDIE's. Men, not mugs, must keep—

Men, not dons and pedants from academic chairs;

Men who can slang in Saxon and shout wood-pavement swears,

Violent, vigorous, virile—men whose copyright rhymes

Are handed down to the future in the deathless files of the *Times*;

Men, ay, too, and women, whose pages are never debased

By a slavish subservient cringing to old-world canons of taste.

Doubt not we are the people—KIPLINGS, CORELLIS, and CAINES:

What the Islanders' hearts have desired we have not withheld from their brains.

It is for them to decide if the scandal goes or remains.

NOTICE.—Answers to the following conundrums are invited to be sent in during the week.

(1) Why did Jack and the Beanstalk?

(2) Why did CHARLES LEVER?

FROM THE "DAYSNEWS" OF 2002.

LAST night BACON's old tragedy, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, with new music provided by the Automatic Tune Company, was produced with great success at the Central London Theatre, Richmond, Surrey.

The Duke of CITYROADE AND TURNHAM-GREEN was married yesterday to Miss PLANTAGENET STUART GUELPH WASHINGTON SLICK, of New York, by wireless telegraphy. This revival of an old-fashioned ceremony by an antiquated system of communication caused considerable interest in the ranks of the Society of Antiquaries.

HENRY, second Viscount IRVING, has acquired a site between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges for a sub-Thamesian theatre.

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—I see that a suggestion has been made to use Colonial troops for service in England. Writes a light-hearted scribe, "Why not send a Melbourne regiment to Aldershot and carry to Sydney a battalion raised in Shoreditch?" Well, of course, there can be no objection to the last suggestion. "The British soldier can go anywhere at a moment's notice, and do anything." We all agree to that assertion. And probably (barring accidents) "do it very well." Whether my old Militia regiment, the Shoreditch Sharpshooters, would be welcome on the other side of the globe is a matter for Colonial consideration. That they have behaved well whenever embodied is historical, they were certainly most anxious to go to the Crimea, because, as they put it, they would take the Russian stronghold by strategy—in fact, "steal Sevastopol." But the tradition of thirty years ago was that they were better on active service than when giving employment to what is technically known as "the civil power." But let that pass. An evening paper has advocated the establishment of a regiment of Colonial Guards. Why not? Certainly we should have a magnificent body of men—both officers and privates. But, like the Scotsman, "I have my doubts." The splendour of the bush—I confess I know little about Australia, but I believe there is a bush, and it is sure to be splendid—may produce the grandest army in the world's history, but possibly there might be some difficulty in supplying an entirely satisfactory Palace Guard. London and Windsor are not exactly on all fours with their fixed points at the Antipodes.



DOTTIVILLE AGAIN.

Dotty One (to gorgeous visitor, mysteriously). "EXCUSE ME, BUT HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A BIT OF TOAST ABOUT YOU?"

Gorgeous Visitor. "GREAT SCOTT! NO! WHY SHOULD I CARRY TOAST ABOUT WITH ME? AND, BESIDES, WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?"

Dotty One (more mysteriously). "I'M A POACHED EGG, AND I'M TIRED. I WANT TO SIT DOWN!"

At least—without a profound knowledge of the subject—I think so.

I have again had the advantage of a close inspection of the new service uniform. It is most workmanlike and seemingly comfortable. All I would suggest is that it should be adopted at once to avoid it being annexed as a suitable garb for the attendant in charge of a restaurant car on a northern railroad.

In conclusion, the remount question is still to the fore. All I can say is,

why bother about miserable commercial details? Is it not the duty of the British soldier to think only of the honour of the flag? The pen may be mightier than the sword, but it is rather a feeble instrument when it gets into the hands of those who are not professional accountants.

A. DUGOUT, Captain.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—DE WET'S DASH; KITCHENER'S D—n.



Hairdresser (about to part Customer's hair). "CENTRE, SIR?"
 Flannelled Fool (rather an absent-minded beggar). "OH—ER—MIDDLE AN' LEG!"

HOW ACHILLES TURNED ON HIS HEEL.

The Heel of Achilles is a thoroughgoing melodrama, over-written and under-thought-out by Messrs. LOUIS N. PARKER and BOYLE LAWRENCE. These two dramatists have got hold of a good dramatic story and fairly strong situations, which are kept so far apart by thick wedges of dialogue, that only by contriving to boil LAWRENCE and PARKER down together could the action acquire that closeness in construction so essential to the success of any melodrama. To dramatists and to actors "Compression is the better part of valour," and had the play been subjected to this treatment before its appearance, it might, with such excellent interpreters, have achieved a considerable success.

As the man of destiny, *Prince Vladimir*, Mr. FRED TERRY gives a fine rendering of a part that has very subtle distinctions; he has to be a cool-headed schemer, a fatalist, and a brutal sensualist. The authors have succeeded with him up to the last point, and then they have had pity upon this masterful villain, who, crushed, yet repentant, dies by his own hand, in which *Marie Bartenieff* has placed a phial containing poison. Miss OLIVE's *Marie* is a really fine performance; with her is the sympathy of the audience from the first, and with her it would have been to the end, but for this faulty method of disentangling the knot. As *Lady Leslie Harrington* Miss JULIA NEILSON has what might have been a fine part, but for the wedges of dialogue (aforesaid) and the delays in the play's action. Comedy and tragedy are here, and in her part there is scarcely a line too much.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE's *Adam Bartenieff* is a masterly performance throughout. The scoundrelly little cad, *Ivan*

Bartenieff, is forcibly played by Mr. LORING FERNIE; while, as *Vernon Foljambe*, the secretary to *Julius Lascelles*, of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY brings a welcome gleam of light comedy into the gloom of melodrama.

Mrs. E. H. BROOKE's clever performance of the warm-hearted Irishwoman raises laughter and excites sympathy; and Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS, in the small but distinctive part of a Russian police officer, is so good that, like *Sam Weller's* abrupt valentine, we "wish as there was more on it"; which is also true of the slight but important character of the German doctor, *Herr Rudolf Mauser*, played by Mr. ALFRED BONNIN.

Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR has ere now been better suited than he is with the character of *Count Varile Poniatowski*, a kind of Russian "*Charles*, his friend-in-need," helping the plot forward on every possible occasion by doing nothing in particular. The collaborateurs' rule seems to have been—"When in doubt, play *Poniatowski*."

It is already announced that *The Heel of Achilles* is to be "taken off" (not burlesqued), and it might be at once sent back to the cobblers, Messrs. PARKER and LAWRENCE; but whether they would be able to add any sole to it, so as to fit it for a good run later on, is a question. Still, if the necessary repairs can be satisfactorily effected—"there is much virtue in an 'if'"—then the Warrior may yet be seen in the provinces, where

"the mighty *Achilles*"
 "Will step o'er the plains full of duffydowndillies"

and return to London as a giant refreshed. It is to be hoped that these two same clever cobblers will soon rise above their last.



SWORN FRIENDS.

RUSSIA (*aside*). "H'M—I DON'T LIKE THESE CONFIDENCES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"A TROUPE OF BLIND TRAVELLERS, GONE ASTRAY, SEEKING SAFETY (IN JAPAN)."

By our Japanese Artist, Watalaké Aishuiseo, after the celebrated drawing by Hokusai.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 10th.—That old sea-horse, JOHN COLOMB, Knight, scenting the battle from afar, shook the dewdrops from his mane, neighed thrice, and pawed the mat of the House of Commons with his forefeet. All this, of course, in a Parliamentary sense. What really happened was that to-night, after long interval, the name of Wei-Hai-Wei is once more heard at Westminster. COLOMB recalls with proud emotion how, some sessions ago, when the topic was newer, he descanted upon it for a full hour, accomplishing the feat of pronouncing the word in a new way every time he cited it.

To-night resolves to call it Why-Oh-Why? That in accordance with the interrogative mood adopted in both Houses. In reply to question put in the Lords, ONSLOW lightly recounts how intention of fortifying the port has been abandoned.

"Then Why-Oh-Why did you make such a fuss when you acquired the place?" ROSEBURY inconveniently asks.

We all remember the flush of pride that mounted the Englishman's brow when announcement was made that Wei-Hai-Wei had been added to the British Empire. Russia had seized Port Arthur. Germany had her eye on some other desirable spot. England, it was disconsolately said, Cinderella of nations, had, as usual, been left in the kitchen. Then, flashed o'er land and sea, came the proud news that the British flag was floating over Wei-Hai-Wei. The Muscovite had been checked. A night's march had been stolen on Germany.

"What a man the MARKISS is!" we all said, regarding with fresh pride his massive figure.

Now it turns out it was all a mistake. Hundreds of thousands of pounds spent on Wei-Hai-Wei; conclusion reluctantly arrived at is that as a place of arms it is impossible. It is, with curiously close analogy, the story of Cyprus over again. Instead of being an outpost of the British Empire in the Far East, a menace to Russia, a thorn in the side of our cousin of

Germany, Wei-Hai-Wei will be a sort of Saturday-to-Monday watering-place.

"Another concession to the week-enders," CAWMELL - BANNERMAN says, gloomily regarding across the table President of Local Government Board. "WALTER LONG just the kind of man to pull down his window-blinds on Saturday morning with design to make Ennismore Gardens believe he has gone off to Wei-Hai-Wei till Monday."

Business done.—Commons commenced shaping ends of new Procedure scheme, rough hewn by PRINCE ARTHUR.

Tuesday night.—GRANT LAWSON begins to wish he hadn't spoke. To-night a great occasion. PRINCE ARTHUR selected him to serve as first lieutenant in his cruise with the tight but ticklish craft, Procedure. He is to sit next to First Lord of Treasury, and prompt him with facts and figures whenever insatiable House demands those objectionable commodities. Nay, he shall even, from time to time, move small amendments standing on Paper in name of his chief.

Truly a great day; Secretary of Local Government Board feels he must live up to it. PRINCE ARTHUR been very good to him; put him in the Ministry when there was CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES sitting on same bench almost in touch. This the first opportunity of patting PRINCE ARTHUR on the back; must seize it. Accordingly prefaced his remarks by gracious recognition of "the great speech made by my right honourable friend on introducing the Rules."

English Members stared in freezing surprise at this *gaucherie*. Irish Members sniggered. PRINCE ARTHUR looked exceedingly uncomfortable. There for the time the matter rested.

At eleven o'clock TAY came along and, quite casually, extinguished the new Minister. Quoting the effusive reference to the "great speech," TAY remarked, "We don't mind when the audience applauds the leader of the band. But I think the triangle had better leave it alone."

A long time since situation so happily and accurately hit off in a phrase. For full enjoyment of its flavour you must know our good GRANT LAWSON in the House. But it will serve for general consumption.

Business done.—Agreed to appoint second Deputy Chairman.

Thursday night.—FINLAY astonished House to-night. Made his mark soon after he entered, sent here by Liberal Inverness Burghs. Like JESSE COLLINGS and some other eminent men, the tide of his affairs flooded at epoch of the Great Disruption in 1886. He took the turn that led to fortune and the Attorney-Generalship. Since he sat on Treasury Bench has failed to deepen his mark. Doubtless, like another of his countrymen, he is "sage counsel in cumber." Has not shone in field of open debate.

To-night suddenly recovered early debating form; even bettered it. PRINCE ARTHUR, tired of defending position taken up in respect of the hanging (or suspension) clause of the new Rules, put up Attorney-General to say final word before the division. An admirable speech in phrase and argument; delivered in ringing tones with vivacity of manner quite unfamiliar.

Business done.—Treaty with Japan discussed in both Houses.

Friday.—RONALD GOWER, sometime Member for County Sutherland, is uncle—or is it aunt?—of half the Peerage. Question suggested by the pleasant garrulity of his *Old Diaries*, just published by JOHN MURRAY. At first SARK was inclined to think it would have been well if the pruning pen had been used with hand less tender than the author's. But, after all, it is pleasant reading, the

prattle of a well-bred, scholarly man-about-town. Man-about-the-world would more precisely describe Lord RONALD's characteristic. *Ulysses* travelled far; Lord RONALD could give him the coasts of the Læstrygonæ and the Island of Æea, and beat him in the matter of variety and continuity of his voyaging.

Year after year, as the *Diaries* testify, he is literally here to-day and gone to-morrow. A peculiarity of his journeyings is that wherever he puts up, in Europe or Africa, he is sure to come upon a nephew, a niece, an uncle, a great aunt, or at least a "niece-at-



"THE MAN WHO PLAYS THE TRIANGLE."

Mr. Grant Lawson.

law," whatever that may be. His appetite in this direction is insatiable. Under 8th of May, 1895, he writes: "Looked in at Hanover Square, where I found Lady ANNE BLUNT, BYRON's great granddaughter. I reminded her of our cousinhood through her immortal grandfather on my HOWARD great-grandfather's side." Lord RONALD did not happen to come across NOAH in his journeyings, which were, indeed, chiefly by land. Otherwise he would certainly have enquired after his great-great-uncles on the SUTHERLAND great-grandmother's side, SHEM, HAM and JAPHETH.

Outside the family circle Lord RONALD knows most people worth knowing, and chats about them pleasantly. He was deservedly a personal favourite with the late QUEEN. One or two letters he pub-

lishes from Her Majesty testify afresh to her homeliness and infinite kind-heartedness. Mr. GLADSTONE was another friend from boyhood's days. There is a particularly interesting account of a visit to BISMARCK after the Pilot had been dropped. A book to get and read. One of the innumerable visits paid by Lord RONALD and minutely chronicled is perhaps a little uncanny. He writes: "Called on POMAR, the son of Lady CAITHNESS, Duchess DE POMAR, who died some years ago, and is buried in Holyrood Chapel."

The attention, like most of Lord RONALD's actions, was kindly. But what he said to his long-buried friend, and what language the corpse spoke in reply, is not told.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

BIKE-PONG.

(Some Queries by a Middle-aged Practitioner.)

REALLY, the ping-world is moving too fast, and it is time to cry Halt! when we read (in last week's *Sketch*) that we are threatened with Ping-pong on bicycles. At any rate, let us know the worst, that we may be prepared when we are directed in dinner invitations to bring our machines with us. Is the celluloid to be hit with the wheel, as in bicycle polo? Are the cycles to mount the ancestral mahogany after the manner of the music-hall trick-rider? Is the aluminium steed to rear on its hind wheel in order to return the ball, or should it plunge and reply friskily with back-hander action? Is the table to be abolished and the four-inch net placed on the floor, as was done by some beginners who knew no better in the infancy of the game? Are ladies to play, or only professional acrobats in tights and spangles? Are ambulances to be provided as well as umpires? Is SANTOS going to take the matter up and give us air-ping over the roof of Olympia or the Great Wheel? Is MARCONI about to invent netless tennis, and omit the ball altogether, with the players a thousand miles apart? Is KIPLING ready with fresh compliments for "vellumed varlets" or "corrugated cranks"? Meanwhile, we see some reason for an Anti-Ping-pong League, such as they say has been recently founded in Paris.

HEROIC MEASURES.—"As a precaution against the spread of the disease [small-pox] it was agreed to close the school. The books of the children and the other members of the family were ordered to be destroyed."—*Scotsman*.



YE EPIDEMIC DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD.

[From a rare old mural decoration (*Pongus pinguit*).]

Charles Pott

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

MR. PUNCH, HONOUR'D SIR,—We have all been laughing for at least a fortnight at the *Spectator's* joke about "the Hooligans" in the House of Commons. The excellent *Westminster* caps it by suggesting that the word should be spelt "Hughligans." Ha! ha!

I was just going to laugh again, when, turning over back pages of *Punch*, as is my custom of an afternoon, I came upon the following passage in "The Diary of TOBY, M.P.," published on July 24 last year:

"The MARKISS has a pretty wit. One of its flashes of late illumined the family circle. Too good to be exclusively enjoyed at Hatfield. Some one discoursing on the activity of Lord HUGH CECIL and Earl PERCY when any question affecting the Church comes on in the House of Commons, observed that, though only half the strength of the Fourth Party, they are a considerable power in Parliament, and only want a distinctive name. 'Call them Hughligans,' said the MARKISS, his eye dwelling with fatherly affection on the slim figure and seraphic countenance of son HUGH."

I have not the pleasure of knowing the MEMBER FOR SARK in the flesh. But I fancy I hear him murmur, "Cast your joke upon the waters and it will return to someone else after many days."

Yours, with much respect,
Bookshelf Row. A BACK-NUMBER.

QUITE AT THE FRONT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I learn from a literary paper that "more than one prominent novelist intends to utilise the war in his next work, and the publishers report that most of the stories already issued which have South Africa for their background command a ready sale." So I myself am preparing a work of this kind, and enclose a sample chapter. It is possible that there may be in it a few trifling inaccuracies, but these, I am told, will not be perceived by the fiction-reading public. Of course, a war-novel is rather outside my usual line. Yours,

MATILDA NIMBLEPEN,
Author of "Dimples," "Little Louie's Luck," "Diddums Then!" &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

His face tense with emotion, ALGERNON quitted the verandah of his block-house, where the dancers were sitting out in festive couples, and paced alone the deserted *veldt*. Well might he be anxious. A heliogram just received, close upon midnight, had told him of DOROTHY's dreadful fate. While lingering in a Boer *kopje*, where she had wandered in order to take some photographs, she found the place suddenly attacked by a detachment of the Army Service Corps. With such effect had they deployed their guns that the Boers had fled in all directions. When,



Mistress. "DO YOU KNOW, CARTER, THAT I CAN ACTUALLY WRITE MY NAME IN THE DUST ON THE TABLE!"

Carter. "FAITH, MUM, THAT'S MORE THAN I CAN DO. SURE THERE'S NOTHING LIKE EDUCATION, AFTER ALL!"

however, she told her story to the General in command of the British force, it was received with cold incredulity. This officer persisted in regarding her as a Boer, and ordered her instant removal to a concentration camp. As she was being carried off, however, she contrived to use her pocket heliograph to convey to ALGERNON the news of her fate.

What was he to do? To allow this terrible lot to befall his DOROTHY was out of the question. In a concentration camp she would be manacled, starved and perhaps interviewed by Miss HOBSON. But only one way of saving her occurred to him. He must see the Commander-in-Chief, and he was in Pretoria, twenty miles away. To reach Pretoria, he would have to ride through De Aar, Krugersdorp, Mafeking, and Springfontein; a dangerous line of country, largely in the enemy's possession. However, not a minute was to be lost. He returned to the block-house stables, and saddled his best charger, purchased from a knacker's yard by the War Office for £35, and worth at least four times less the money. In another minute he had mounted and begun his perilous journey.

For some miles he was unmolested. True, he was sometimes so close to the Boer forces as to be able to hear the words of their hymns, sung around the camp fire. But on the narrow piece of

road half way between Ladysmith and Norval's Point, a sudden shout bade him halt, and a party of burghers, each bearing a machine-gun on his saddle, made their appearance immediately in front of him.

"Beesti grachueon netiwicks?" said their leader, sternly.

ALGERNON spoke double-Dutch like a native. "Ogresti jimjams," he replied simply.

"Notarim gumbo, por?" pursued the Boer, with evident surprise.

"Gonny," said ALGERNON, emphatically, "Gonny mahado."

"Kiop!" said the other, his suspicions completely disarmed by ALGERNON's astuteness.

Ten minutes later that gallant hero entered Pretoria.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE EGG.

["There were various degrees in the declension of eggs, the final degree being that of eggs without epithets."—Sir William Harcourt at the National Poultry Organisation Society.]

WHEN Sir WILLIAM clearly states How the egg degenerates, Tracing it through many ages—New-laid, fresh—by easy stages, Till at last, he says, we get "Eggs—without an epithet," There his disquisition stays; He ignores the latest phase Where in politics we find Eggs and epithets combined.

TALKS WITH
MY
BEDMAKER.

THE CORONATION.

"Good mornin', Sir," said Mrs. BURBIDGE, as she began to clear away the remains of my frugal breakfast, "though it wouldn't 'ardly be mornin' anywhere exceptin' in Cambridge, where it's anythink you 'as before your lunch is mornin' in a manner of speakin'; which you young gentlemen gets more lie-thargical every term, and couldn't get up no later not if you was fellers of the colledge, no, nor if it was the Vice-Chancellor or the King of England 'isself, though I don't suppose he can lie long of a mornin' nowadays neither, seein' all the work 'e 'as to do with the Coronation comin' on and all."

At this juncture I courted disaster by remarking that the Coronation would be a fine sight, and asking Mrs. BURBIDGE if she intended to honour it with her presence.

"Ah, Sir," continued that estimable lady, as she shot a small cascade of crumbs onto the hearthrug, under the belief that she was shaking the tablecloth into the fender, "for my part I don't 'old with these poms and pedantries nohow, no, nor never 'ave, no more did my pore farther afore me, which 'e always used to say as it was the last Coronation as set 'im agin 'em, and no wonder, seein' as that was the most misfortunate day's pleasin' 'e ever 'ad this side of the grave. Which 'e was walkin' out at the time with my pore mother that was, not with a heye to the halter immediate, 'im not bein' certain of his mind as yet, but just to see if they'd suit like, and 'e took 'er to see the procession in St. James's as was right and proper, 'im 'avin' walked out with 'er for some time past. And hours and hages them two stood there without so much as room to move a heyelid, like Persians on a monument, as you might



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE (GUILDHALL) FARE.

Rosalind (of London, to Orlando of Birmingham).

"SIR YOU HAVE WRESTLED WELL, AND OVERTHROWN
MORE THAN YOUR ENEMIES."

As You Like It, Act I., Sc. 2.

say, and just as the QUEEN was a-passin' by, and the cream 'orses goin' one to-day and one to-morrer, as many a time 'e 'ave described it to me, what with the people shovin' from behind and the sodgers shovin' from in front and the nearness of the 'orses tails, before 'e knew as 'e 'ad done it 'e put the momentious question, and 'im not meanin' to do more than remonstrate with 'er for pinchin' of 'is arm, which she 'ad a 'and like a helephant, as many a time I 'ave 'ad occasion to remark; and the bands was put up the very next Sunday as ever was, and they was married within the month, as 'e 'ad reason to remember every day of 'is life for the next forty years till she was took off with a chill of the stumatch last Michaelmas twenty years, along of eatin' them red, white and blue Napoleon ices at the Patriotic Mothers' Meetin'. And the last distellible words she spoke to me afore

she was took, 'ELIZA, my love,' she says, which it was the fust and last time she was ever 'eard to utter the expression, the sinkin' feelin' comin' upon 'er very strong and sudden, 'ELIZA,' says she, 'sein' as 'ow you are come to years of digression, if ever you are to attain to them, and I am fadin' fast, let me give you a word of advice, and none more qualified. Keep clear of them Coronations, which they are a bubble and a snare, and never, never you eat them miscellaneous foreign ices.'"

These painful recollections, combined with a certain shortness of breath, the penalty of liberal perquisites and advancing years, caused Mrs. BURBIDGE to relapse for a few moments into a gloomy and expressive silence, as with many shakings of the head she made a feint of piling my crockery onto a battered tray, preparatory to removing it to the sanctum at the end of the passage, where, with much clattering and an



Horsely Wag (to Mr. and Mrs. Tourey, who are walking up a hill). "AND DO YOU ALWAYS TAKE YOUR CYCLES WITH YOU WHEN YOU GO FOR A WALK?"

occasional crash, she was accustomed to perform the mysterious functions of her class. I was just beginning to murmur inarticulate sympathy when she rose superior to her momentary weakness, and embarked once more upon the tide of personal reminiscence.

"Then there's them Jubilees, which is just as bad as any Coronations and less excuse for 'em, as I 'ave often said, which the fust of 'em wild 'orses wouldn't drag me out for to see, no, not if the QUEEN herself 'ad sent 'em with the Royal kerridge; but when it came to the second I felt as 'ow there was a providence in it all, and I couldn't 'old out against it any longer, me bein' a true Empirealist and no Pro-bor, as I am proud and thankful to maintain, though if anythink could 'ave made me one, it would 'ave been the depredations of that horful day: twelve blessed hours we was squeezed as tight as two of them 'eathen mummies, though less reposeful, which if my 'usband 'adn't been as patient as a Job's comforter it might 'ave come to separation betwixt us, and no more than three sengwidges and a bottle of ginger beer did we 'ave, and them that warm with all the pressin' and squeezin' you couldn't 'ardly tell one from the other, and the dust lyin' in between the layers till it was like eatin' a bit o' emery paper. I never see so much dust in all my life, though I've been 'ere bedmaker and 'elp these thirty years and livin' in it all the time, as one might say, and dust there always is and always will be, I

suppose, which, seein' as 'ow we're all made of it, it ain't to be wondered at. But this was like them great Egyptshian deserts, exceptin' that there was more people, and 'orses instead of camels and giraffes. And what with the sun bein' that topical over'ead, and the people droppin' down all round like the sprinklin' o' tea-leaves on a carpet, and my toes that trod on that every drop o' blood in 'em was druv right up the body, I fell all of a 'eap at the zoological moment, and all I seed was the hinside of a hambulance stretcher till I got to my pore brother's 'ouse, 'im bein' a hundertaker in a good way of business and much respected, which 'e died the very next winter as ever was in a fit of the new-moan-yer, seemin' as 'ow it was them foreign princes as brought it into the country. And what I says is, them things is all very well for them as is in 'em and them as 'as seats to see, and they may be good for trade, though it stands to reason that everythink that's put into 'em comes out of us, and there's more put into 'em than ever comes out again, and no one 'll ever catch me goin' to see another, no not if there was fifty kings to be crowned and jubileed all in one day, and all the livin' Hemperors and Shahs a-walkin' respectful behind."

THE "National Poultry Organisation Society" is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Mr. HATCH, M.P., in the office of Treasurer.

A FROST IN THE THAW.

HE was a typical Serpentine skater, I thought, as head down and arms swinging he passed me and soughed along in front through the half-inch of water with which the sweepers had long since been unable to cope. Suddenly he dropped on to his knee, and before I had time to pull up I had tripped over him and fallen forward into the slush.

Without moving from his position on one knee he helped me to my feet.

"I saw yer was after it," he said, looking up at me knowingly.

"After what?" I inquired, wincing with pain.

He held his closed hand before him.

"Ah, you sor it first," he observed with a wink, "but yer wanted to be quicker down on it."

"The celerity of my descent," I replied, rubbing my injured knee, "more than satisfied my fondest hopes."

"Yes," he said, rising to his feet, with his right hand still closed, "I was too quick for yer."

"That's an unimpeachable statement," I answered, mopping my wet clothes with my handkerchief.

My companion edged closer towards me and looked cautiously around him. Then holding out his hand he opened it slowly and disclosed a massive gold ring lying in his grimy palm.

"Orl right, that, mate, ain't it?" he remarked.

"I don't know," I replied. The ring did not look wet.

"That's gold orl right, yer know, that is," he observed, weighing it in his open palm. "I saw yer was after it."

"I'm afraid," said I, "you must be very sharp."

"Ah, but you sor it first," he acknowledged with some frankness. "Sorter double affair this,—you sor it first, but I got it. It's gold, yer know, mate. Feel it."

I took the ring in my hand, and gave it back to him.

"Well, for what it's worth," said I, "I'm sure you deserve it."

"Ah, but that'd be rough on you, mate," he said, with benignant reproof. "You sor it before me, yer know. Shares is only fair. It's gold. Look at it."

"Oh, come," said I, "I don't think I'm entitled to anything."

His features assumed an expression of unswerving justice.

"I cawn't do yer outer yer share," he said firmly. "You sor it first. Share and share alike. I'm a honest man, I am."

"I've no right to a share, really," I protested.

"Look 'ere, tell yer wot, mate," he



Lady. "HALF-A-CROWN, INDEED! YOUR FARE IS EIGHTEEN-PENCE. I LOOKED IT UP IN BRADSHAW."

Cabman. "WELL, TO BE SURE! WOT A GOOD WIFE YOU WOULD 'AVE MADE FOR A PORE MAN!"

exclaimed, in a fit of sudden generosity. "You shall 'ave a third. That's square, that is."

"You're too generous," I murmured.

"It was only my luck bein' a bit quicker than you," he said magnanimously. "Just look at it. This is wot I call a find, this is!"

"What do you think it's worth?" I asked.

He looked at the ring critically.

"That's a three pahnd ring," he said decisively, holding it out to me.

"Don't you think it's worth more than that?" I ventured to suggest.

He hastily made another examination of it.

"More? Why, wot am I torking abaht!" he exclaimed. "That ring ain't worth a 'alfpenny less than five pahnd."

"You think so?" I asked.

"Certain of it," said he, holding the ring out to me again. "You must 'ave your third orl right, mate."

I hastily made the calculation.

"Well, then, you've only to give

me one pound thirteen shillings and fourpence down," I said, "and we're square."

His jaw dropped. "Look 'ere," he began, "I'm a pore man—"

"All right then," I said, "give me thirty shillings, and we'll say nothing about the balance."

"I'm a pore man," he repeated. "S'pose I was ter try ter sell a valuer-

able article like this 'ere. They'd want ter know where I got it,—think I'd stolen it. Nah, you're a gentleman—"

"Well, then," I suggested, "you might come with me and wait while I sell it."

He looked at me narrowly.

"Of course," I added, "as we're both honest men, we'll call at Scotland Yard first to ask if—"

"Well, afternoon, Sir," he said hastily. "Nasty thor, ain't it?"

And, without waiting to catch my antithetical reply, he pounded off, head down and elbows out, and disappeared into the crowd.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN ENGLAND.

II.

"PANEM ET CIRCENSES."

[With the author's profound acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Sir HENRY CAM BELL-BANNERMAN for the brilliant conception of latter-day Cæsarism contained in his Leicester speech, from which the following extracts are reverently culled:—"We, my colleagues on the platform and I, come here straight from the House of Commons, with the dust of its arena upon us. . . . There is a domestic Imperialism which we know also under the name of Cæsarism. . . . It acts upon the passions of the people—(hear, hear);—it conciliates them in classes . . . by lavish expenditure—(hear, hear);—it occupies men's minds with display and amusement; it inspires a thirst for military glory—(hear, hear);—it crushes opposition and extinguishes liberty (prolonged cheers)."]

Ho! quæstors, sound a progress!
And blow, ye trumpets, blow!
The plebs is out with pomp and rout
To see the Circus Show.
Bright are the roofs with banners,
And bright the Sacred Way,
But brighter still the hopes that fill
The hearts of Rome to-day.
Beneath a purple awning
Behold the Chief recline,
Great SALISBURIUS CÆSAR
Of the old Cæcilian line;
Beside him see ARTHURUS,
His tunic sanguine red,
And in his grasp a driver
Tipped with a bulger head;
And by him, wreathed with orchids
And rapt in proud disdain,
Stands glassy-eyed JOSEPHUS,
The Circus Chamberlain;
While rearwards in the shadow
DALMENIUS moves apart,
His toga's hue as good as new,
Thanks to the cleaner's art.
Now sounds the tuba's signal,
Down falls the barrier-gate,
And forth the belted fighters
Debouch to try their fate:
And first they make obeisance
To CÆSAR throned on high,
And "Ave!" cry, "we greet thee,
Thy warriors doomed to die!"
But hark! the shouts of Havoc!
The shriek of sliding doors—
And forth there swoops in devious troops
A herd of Marsian boars;
Anon the sand is reeking
With blood and flying foam,
And lust of death holds fast the breath
And fires the eyes of Rome.
And, when in weakening remnants
The quarry quits the fray,
With thumbs depressed they whoop their best—
"Hoc habet! Slay and slay!"
Nor yet with glut of slaughter
Is the people's belly full,
But now their chartered minions
Bait the Hibernian Bull:
And now the Men of Peace that wear
No weapons but their tongues
Receive the staves of hireling knaves
Full on their windy lungs.

Rude were the tale to reckon
Of innocents that fell
In the dust and shame of the butcher's game
That Romans love so well.
But, when the play was ended
At CÆSAR's awful nod,
The riven sky gave back the cry
"Behold a god, a god!"
Hail! Chieftain, hail! whose largess
With lavish hand is spent;
Who fling'st to priest and lordling
Their dole of tithe and rent;
Whose Circus Games have won thee
The public's fair report,—
Long may'st thou last as in the past
To make the people sport!"

O. S.

"CHANGE OF NAME," &c.

THE title of Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES's new piece is announced as *The Princess's Nose*. Who is cast for the Princess? Will she have to speak through her nose? Is the character an utterly extravagant one, and will she have to "pay through the nose" for her recklessness? Will her character be thoroughly diagnosed in a printed preface? What is the plot? Has the Princess caught a severe cold and, having "thrown her handkerchief" to one of her lovers, hasn't she got another ready for an emergency? Fine situation this. And, besides the *Nose*, what are the other principal features in the play? Shall we hear of *The Prince's Cheek*? Is she a Chinese Princess with lines about "*chin-chin*"? Shall we have "the story of her life from ear to ear"? To express a hope that a piece with such a title should be "in for a run" doesn't sound at all pleasant. If, as regards this *Nose*, HENRY AUTHOR will condescend to take a tip, he will change it. As the poet has beautifully expressed it, "What's in a name? A Nose by any other name will smell as well." Take a show of hands on our amendment—"Ayes" (for the alteration) *versus* "Nose" (against it)—and the majority in favour of the former must be two to one. That is evident on the face of it. So let HENRY AUTHOR withdraw his original resolution. We would suggest a title did we know the plot. Has the "*Nose*" anything to do with the popular game of *Bridge*? Who knows? HENRY AUTHOR does; perhaps his most intimate friends may,—"*nose-citur à sociis*,"—and, after all, dash it, or, we might say, blow it, as it is his affair, not ours, we hope that, on this play's success, we shall not forget to send him a button-hole, or, more appropriately, "a Nose-gay."

ALICE IN CLOVERLAND.

SIR,—The *Sphere* of last week gave a portrait of Miss ALICE ROOSEVELT, to whom a Boston man who had never seen the young lady "bequeathed £25,000, because he admired her father." Have there been many millionaires who have shown how they wish to remember "Sweet ALICE" in a similar manner? Does it follow from this that if I haven't received any such legacy at all it is because no one with money admired *my* father? Ah! Why was I born?

Yours impecuniously,

A PENNY IN THE SLOT.

EXPLANATION.—When the Archbishop of CANTERBURY went to speak on temperance at Cambridge, he alluded to himself, when receiving an honorary degree, as a "*τετράγωνος ἀνθρ.*" Evidently a Greek temperance waiter's title; probably descriptive of a man who went round with the tea-tray.



THE AMERICAN HONEYSUCKLE AND THE HOHENZOLLERN BEE.

Columbia (singing). "I AM THE HONEYSUCKLE!"
Prince Henry of Prussia. "I AM THE BEE!"



ANOTHER MISUNDERSTANDING.

Wife. "OH, EDWIN, I CAN'T FIND THAT LETTER YOU LOST ANYWHERE; AND I'VE GIVEN MYSELF SUCH A HEADACHE HUNTING FOR IT!"

Edwin (sympathetically). "AH! YOU DON'T LOOK VERY WELL, DEAR."

Wife. "I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D LOOK YOURSELF, THEN!"

"VISIONS ABOUT" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Blue-Bell in Fairyland has already been performed more than a hundred times, and still remains, and is likely to remain, the freshest, merriest, sweetest, prettiest of all the "pieces of extravagance" now to be seen in and about London. To class such a piece is difficult. It is pathetic, for does not sweet ELLALINE TERRISS appeal to us as the most distressful seller of violets that ever yet was seen? And don't our hearts go out to her, and wouldn't the six-pences go out of our pockets to her, as they do, and half-sovereigns too, from the purse or purses of the *Cheeryble-brotherly* old gentleman who, with a couple of grotesquely comic servants (Messrs. MURRAY KING and SIDNEY HARCOURT) carrying his bags of money about for him, meets *Blue-Bell*, constitutes himself her father, friend, and patron, and intends—that is, as far as it is possible to ascertain this admirable millionaire's intentions from his eccentric actions—to provide for *Blue-Bell* in perpetuity?

But who, with an eye for grace of action, ear for charm of melody, and appreciation of originality in arrangement, could refuse any amount of helping "hands" to produce the thunders of applause that redemand over and over again ELLALINE TERRISS's perfectly delightful, sweet, simple, and touching rendering of "*The Honeysuckle and the Bee*"—*Blue-Bell* being the Honey-suckle on the stage, while the Bee's reply is given by a fresh young voice issuing

from out of the darkness in which the front of the house is enveloped. The effect is wonderful.

"I am the honey-honey-suckle," sings ELLALINE TERRISS, peering up from the stage, and immediately "I am the Bee," replies the invisible possessor of a tuneful alto voice, "perched," as was DIBDIN's "Sweet little cherub, up aloft." It is the very essence of a surprise. Where is that "*Vox et praterrea Nil*?" Is it "far away where angels dwell," or does it issue from an Apollo among the gods in the gallery? What wonder were Miss ELLALINE, when she repeats the refrain, to alter the first line, and address the hidden chorister with

"You're in the upper-suckles?"

and for the Voice to reply,

"Aye, that I be!"

Which slight alteration might fix the temporary *habitat* of *Son Altesse*. This is herewith commended to Manager and Actor SEYMOUR HICKS. In this piece we might 'see more' Hicks than we do.

The crossing-sweeper *Dicky* is played by him with perfectly electrifying vivacity, for he is all over the place and back again in less than a minute—HICKS *et ubique*—in fact, a sort of humorous Will-o'-the-Wisp, with "a little quip here, a little crank there, and everywhere a joke," yet relieved by an artistic touch of pathos, that the audience, being nervous lest he should collapse from over-exertion, are really gratified on discovering that he has suddenly become

the *Sleeping King* whose slumbers have lasted three hundred years.

But would such repose suit Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS-et-ubique? Not a bit of it. He is like "the little quiver fellow" whom *Skallow* remembered in *Arthur's* show, who "would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in; rah, tah, tah, would he say; bounce, would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come; — I shall never see such a fellow." His imitations of popular personages are most happy; in a second, with a word and an eyeglass, he is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; in another second he is somebody else—Sir HENRY IRVING, BEERBOHM-TREE or CHARLES WYNDHAM; the two latter imitations unsurpassably good.

Oh, dear! *Alice in Wonderland* and the *Rabbit*, and the *Hatter*, not to mention the *Walrus* and the *Carpenter*, are all sensible sober-sided individuals in comparison with the characters in the marvellous "Musical Dream Play" in two acts, by Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and WALTER SLAUGHTER (whose music never ceases to sparkle and keep the proceedings perfectly harmonious throughout), with "lyrics" by Mr. AUBREY HOPWOOD, and one effective song, capitably sung by Miss FLORENCE LLOYD, who represents, "in the handsomest manner possible," the Reigning Queen Consort of *The Reigning King* (Mr. STANLEY BRETT) of somewhere or other; but to give the realm a name would puzzle Mr. HICKS, not to mention his musical collaborateur, Mr. SLAUGHTER, the composer of such "killing" music.

And what a school for actors is not this piece! There are children here—precious clever children, and pretty too are not a few of them—from very early ages up to sweet seventeen, who can sing in tune, speak their lines distinctly, and suit the action to the word and the word to the action. As *Tommy the Highlander*, little Miss KATHLEEN COURTNEY is immense; but the Highlander's girl, who simply by her hearty laughing sends the house into convulsions of merriment, and whose name it is difficult to hit upon in the crowded programme, is a little person, of about five or six years old, whom everyone should see, appreciate, and remember when, perhaps, years hence, she may be playing *Beatrice* to some distinguished *Benedick*.

The finish of it all is as artistic as it is unexpected. From the visions we wake to reality, and *Blue-Bell* and *Dick* are apparently not much better off than they were before the dream, but are all in all to each other. Let no one miss seeing this delightful piece.

CHURCH AND STATE.

O'er the visit to Burton blue ribbons are rent;
Yet the King had a true theological bent:
He wished to preside at a Council of Trent.



DEFINITE SEPARATION."

Hamlet . . . LORD R-S-B-RY. *Ophelia* . . . C-MPB-LL-B-NN-EM-N.
Hamlet. "GO TO YOUR PONTIFFERY. Go!"

[Lord ROSEBERY, in a letter to the *Times*, Friday, Feb. 21, alludes to Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN as "speaking pontifically within his tabernacle."]

PRINCIPLE AND UNITY.

(In style of leader in the
"W-stm-nst-r Gazette.")

THE conflict between the theorist and the practical man of affairs, between boundless aspiration and possible performance, is no doubt as old as the creation of man. It meets us at every turn and in every department of life. It raged acutely even in the Garden of Eden; it disturbs the meetings of Parish Councils. It has agitated the Cabinets of Kings, and has divided families, formerly contented, into jarring sections whose contests are embittered by the very fact that the antagonists are related to one another and are highly conscious each of the shortcomings of the other. Sometimes dormant, but never extinguished, it is sure to break out with special violence in the ranks of a body striving against overwhelming numbers for recognition and influence. It is the part of wisdom, while acknowledging the existence of this conflict, not to embitter it by rashness in word or act, but to trust to the

effect of time and opportunity for the reconciliation of differences which can be compromised without undue surrender on either side, provided there is, together with an adherence to principle, a genuine desire for unity of action against a common foe.

We make these observations, it is hardly necessary to say, with an earnest desire that they may be laid to heart by all those who are interested in the fortunes of the Liberal Party. We have incurred some criticism from the more ardent spirits of the two sections into which, as we are told by the Conservative press, that Party has now definitely split. The office of peacemaker is at all times a thankless one, but if the Party is ever to regain its position and to make its influence prevail with the mass of voters in the country, it is essential that no opportunity should be lost for pouring oil on the troubled waters. We propose to the best of our ability to pursue that task in spite of the criticism to which it may expose us on the part of those in whose interests we are acting, and whose good-will, we may add, we have no wish to abandon. That appeal, strong at all times, gains a special force from the circumstances of the moment. A furious controversy has begun with reference to Lord ROSEBERY's remarks in his recent speech at Stornoway. To avoid misapprehension we quote them in full:—

"Nothing, said Lord ROSEBERY, is in these days more important than a proper application of the forces that make for progress to the reactionary tendencies of traditional Toryism. I have no part in politics. I come before you as a quiet student, a detached observer of the storm and bustle of the world. But I am asked for my advice, and I give it. The root of our evils seems to me to be a perpetual agitation. If I may say so, we wave our arms too violently and move our legs too much. I should suggest to my friends of the Liberal Party, though I do not presume to do more than suggest in a humble but earnest spirit, that they should concentrate their energies by lopping off these superfluous legs and arms. When that is done, the heart

and brain can still be sound, and the trunk and the head can do good work without the distraction of ornamental but too often useless limbs."

In itself, it would seem, this passage is innocent enough, but it has been seized upon and distorted both by those who represent the extreme anti-war section of the Party and by those who look upon Lord ROSEBURY as a new MOSES destined to guide them to the promised land. "Behold," say the former, "how Lord ROSEBURY desires us to exist. He refuses to spare us even a toe or a little finger with which to eke out our maimed existence. Never can we stoop to the degradation involved in this suggested mutilation." Surely this is a somewhat violent and literal interpretation to place upon remarks which we are at liberty to believe Lord ROSEBURY had no intention of pressing too strictly. But, on the other hand, we can have but little sympathy with the proposal put forward by Dr. HEBER HART, and supported, we regret to notice, by Sir EDWARD GREY, that only those who voluntarily submit to the loss of their limbs should be recognised as genuine Liberals. It is true that Sir EDWARD GREY mitigated the harshness of his remarks by advocating the use of anaesthetics in all cases, but the suggestion does not go far towards removing our objections to the imposition of this new test. Our object is to rule no man out, and though for many reasons it might perhaps, under different circumstances, be advisable to adhere to the plan suggested by Lord ROSEBURY, we can only say that we doubt if the time has yet come for putting into force a remedy so drastic and, after all, so uncertain in its results.

There is room in the Liberal party for all shades of men. The essential point is that we should keep in view definite aims and not lose ourselves in by-paths of useless recrimination. The late Mr. X. was a useful member of society, in spite of the fact that nature had refused him those excrescences the removal of which Lord ROSEBURY is understood to advocate. The example may be commended to those who see in Lord ROSEBURY's speech a definite recantation of Liberal doctrines and ideals. But legs and arms have still, within reason, their use, as Lord ROSEBURY himself would be the last to deny.

DARBY JONES ON THE BETTING COMMITTEE.

HONOURED SIR,—It is some Decades of Months ago since I advocated in your unparalleled Journal the Licensing of Bookmakers, and for so doing I was, I regret to say, scoffed at by those whose Hide is Impervious to the Penetration of Truth. But what has more than one



R. MA-
1902

BROTHERS IN ART.

New Arrival. "WHAT SHOULD I CHARGE FOR TEACHING ZE PIANOFORTE?"

Old Stager. "OH, I DON'T KNOW."

N. A. "VELL, TELL ME VOT YOU CHARGE."

O. S. "I CHARGE FIVE GUINEAS A LESSON."

N. A. "HIMMEL! HOW MANY PUPILS HAVE YOU GOT?" *O. S.* "OH, I HAVE NO PUPILS!"

Witness testified during the present Enquiry? Precisely what the humble D. J. suggested through your Doric-Ionic Columns. Treat a Bookmaker like a Cabman, or a seven-and-sixpenny dog, and he becomes a Personage instead of a Parvenu.

Honoured Sir, Salt Tears of Laughter trickled from my eyes when I read the evidence of the Right Honourable the Chairman of the Epsom Bench of Magistrates with regard to Welshers. His Honour desired that Policemen should wait on the Layers and Takers of Odds all over the Course. I can fancy the Imperial Chuckling of his August Neighbour, the Earl of ROSEBURY, when

he read the statement of the Unbeneficed Beak. A Bobby to every party of Bookmakers is SPLENDID in theory; but the slippery DE WET is not more Agile in his Escapes than is a Salted Welsher. You might ring him with Minions of the Law, but he would vanish with the ease of one of Mr. MASKELYNE's Metamorphoses.

But, Sir, were the Bookies and their not always genteel Pencillers registered, the wily Welsher would find his occupation gone. You can't stop betting by Act of Parliament. You might just as well try to prevent the onrush of an Express Train with a Hurdle. DARBY JONES.

TO NEERA.

TEMP. 1902.

["Girls are beginning to complain of scanty hair"—the result of persistent frizzing and waving. —*Graphic*, Feb. 18.]

I.

FAIR NEERA, once there was a time
When (at any rate in rhyme
Acting on Miltonic precedent)
I could, with immense content,
Sport amid the tangles of your hair
Dowered with luxuriance rare!

II.

No, I don't to Hampstead Heath allude,
Or the ways and manners rude
Prevalent upon Bank Holiday—
Still, you could with pride display
In your childhood such a *chevelure*
As few mermaids could procure.

III.

But, alas! you were ill satisfied
With what Nature had supplied,
Thought each wavy lock too straight and
limp,
And began to crisp and crimp,
Heedless, while the curling-tongs you
ply,
Of the coming by-and-by!

IV.

When you're twenty and would fain
"come out,"
Then you find without a doubt
That your wealth of hair's preceded
you,
Coming out before it's due!
'Tis a case of previousness, I grant,
Trying to a *débutante*.

V.

Now a transformation with a bang
Comes (to write it gives a pang)
O'er your head and o'er my dream as
well;
Never more, I grieve to tell,
Dare I trifle with that tangled tress—
Wigs will seldom bear the stress.

THE MORAL REFORMER.

(A Page from Her Diary.)

[In discussing the means of suppressing a certain public nuisance, the *British Medical Journal* remarks that "the glare and the frown of a strong-minded woman would be more effective than a wilderness of pamphlets."]

Monday.—Much struck by this sentence in the *British Medical Journal*, which JACK read out at breakfast. Have been looking for some good work to take up during Lent. Attempts at district-visiting not altogether a success, and stupid editors refuse my articles on social questions. But apparently the best way for a woman to be useful is to "glare" and "frown" in public. I will try the plan to-day.

Tuesday.—Wandered about most of yesterday, making faces at appropriate

TRANSFORMATIONS.

["In Paris, in view of the Coronation festivities . . . the trade in artificial calves is very brisk." —*St. James's Gazette*.]



THE EARL OF SPINDLESHANKS AS HE
APPEARED AT OSTEND.



THE EARL OF SPINDLESHANKS AS HE WILL
APPEAR AT THE CORONATION.

moments. Met Captain JOHNSON smoking a cigarette. Cigarette-smoking is a pernicious habit, so I glared and frowned at him like anything. He seemed surprised, but I don't think he threw away his cigarette. Still, no doubt, it had more effect upon him than "a wilderness of pamphlets." Shortly after, came across a gentleman wearing a hideous green and yellow tie—a flagrant breach of good taste, which it was my duty to reprove. So I halted immediately in front of him, pointed to his tie, frowned ferociously and glared. Evidently he was conscience-stricken, for he simply turned tail and fled. Ah, if only all the women in England would use their influence in this way, how quickly the plague of inartistic ties would be stamped out! In the next street I saw an old gentleman give a penny to a crossing-sweeper. Plainly it is one's duty to encourage kind deeds just as much as to remedy abuses. I smiled and kissed my hand at him affectionately. The lady with him looked quite annoyed, and seemed to be demanding an explanation as I passed on. In St. James's Street I met young CHARLIE WINKWORTH coming down the steps of his club. CHARLIE has no right to belong to an expensive club, his income is much too small. So I glared and frowned, alternately, for quite two minutes. I distinctly heard him gasp "Good Lord!" so my rebuke must have gone home. On my way back I passed Dr. THISTLETON in his carriage—smoking a cigar, I was sorry to notice. Still, he is kind to his poorer patients, so I hesitated how to treat him. Finally I compromised by alternately kissing my hand and frowning. He stopped his carriage and insisted on taking me home, asking a great many absurd questions about my health as we went.

Wednesday.—I must have caught a cold yesterday, and am not fit to go out. A great nuisance, just when I was beginning to use my influence for the public good. However, I will spend the morning at the dining-room window, glaring or frowning at every one who goes by.

Later.—Had a most disagreeable morning. I only glared and frowned at the people who seemed to deserve it, just as the *British Medical Journal* recommended. But before long quite a crowd began to assemble outside the house. I glared fiercely and frowned severely, but they wouldn't go away. Unexpectedly JACK came home. He had met Dr. THISTLETON, and seemed very much annoyed. I reminded him of the paragraph he had read to me, and told him that I was only using my influence, as every woman ought to do. But I'm almost afraid that I must take to pamphlet-writing instead.



Grumbling Guest (after any amount of excellent champagne, addressing host). "I SAY, THIS BOTTLE'S CORKED!"
Friend of Family, and something of a wag, comes to rescue. "DON'T AGREE AT ALL. I CALL IT UN-CORKED. EH?"

[Relief of everybody and collapse of grumbler.]

SALMON IN THAMES.

[A further number of two-year-old smolts have been turned into the Thames.]

THE Thames shall compete with the bountiful Seine,
 And angling by ticket shall shortly begin;
 While bailiffs, supported by rates, shall restrain
 The ubiquitous boy with a worm and a pin.

At Barnes they will make a convenient beach
 For the casts of the rich, while the indigent seek
 The turbulent waters of Pimlico reach,
 Where a rod may be plied at a guinea a week.

And a portion of water at least will be free
 (From licence and fish), where the file and the rank,
 By the generous leave of the powers that be,
 May angle for nothing at all from the bank.

Say fifty per cent. of the salmonidæ
 That have entered the Thames with such infinite care
 Accomplish an ultimate way to the sea,
 And spurn a return to their previous lair;

And forty per cent. eat too freely of mud,
 Or fall to itinerant anglers as fry;
 And nine disappear 'twixt the neap and the flood,
 Just one will be left who may rise to the fly.

Though they angle for him both in season and out,
 In every and any conceivable way,
 The fish, I am sure, will persistently flout
 Their efforts—and perish of senile decay.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OPPORTUNELY, in view of the festival of June next, CHATTO & WINDUS issue *Crowns and Coronations*, described and recorded by Mr. WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A. It is a compendium of information on these points that leaves nothing untold. Colossal industry, directed by admirable judgment, has been devoted to the task. Mr. JONES goes back to earliest history for descriptions of crowns and records of coronations. Naturally what interests us most relates to the history of our own sovereigns. Here it will be found set forth in the picturesque style of contemporary chroniclers. From the time of RICHARD II. to Queen VICTORIA the ceremony of successive coronations is described. The late Lord Privy Seal will be interested by reminder of the ceremonial that, from Plantagenet times down to the days of the STUARTS, attended the investment of Knights of the Bath. In those days the Coronation Procession started from the Tower for Westminster. A preliminary was the creation of a batch of Knights of the Bath. The novitiate was, on the night before the Coronation, actually tubbed, a process less familiar then than now. Dressing after his bath, wearing a hermit's weed of russet cloth, he kept vigil in the Church till daybreak. When the procession started for Westminster he joined it, and on arriving at Westminster Hall received sword and spurs, and was dubbed knight by the Royal hand. My Baronite dwells in mute delight on the idea of our "Grand Cross" marching, spectacled, in russet cloth, from his bath to keep vigil in Church sans prospect of a cigar.

For every new "Dooley Book," as is this of Mr. Dooley's *Opinions* (HEINEMANN), we are all Dooley thankful," says the smiling
 BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



WEATHER NOTE.

Tramp. "COULD YER 'ELP A PORE FELLER WOT'S SEEN BETTER DAYS?"

Crusty Old Gent. "SEEN BETTER DAYS, HAVE YOU? WELL, I QUITE BELIEVE IT. I'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS MYSELF!"

BALLAD OF A HOUSE HUNTER.

Do you wonder why my auburn locks are prematurely grey,
Though in business or in love no disappointment have I
met?

Eighteen months I have been hunting for a house, but, sad
to say,

I have not discovered one that's satisfactory as yet.
I've explored among the suburbs, north and south and
east and west,

And in looking at some flats in town a lot of time I've
spent;

But there's something always stops me from succeeding in
my quest,

It may be the situation, or the drainage, or the rent.

I've inspected red brick villas that were going rather cheap,
With the ordinary dados and a tessellated hall;

But the doors were badly fitting and the staircases were steep,
So the jerry builder didn't take my fancy after all.

Now and then I've seen a house that seemed particularly nice,
But the distance from the station was a little bit too great;

There were others that I thought extremely moderate in price
Till I found the railway ran behind and caused them to
vibrate.

If the sitting-rooms are spacious—well, the bedrooms may
be bad;

If the garden's picturesque, then all the stonework may
be old;

At the mention of electric bells perhaps my heart is glad,
Till I find the place is not supplied with water hot and cold.

When artistic grates and overmantels catch my eager eye,
And a glimpse of panelled ceilings makes my energy
increase,

All my hopes are dashed completely, for I find out by-and-by
I must bind myself for seven years on a repairing lease.

And at night my sleep is troubled and I toss and turn
about,

While a horrid crowd of agents by my bedside ever stands,
And these ghostly individuals continually shout

Choice selections from the catalogues they're holding in
their hands.

Then they show me heaps of photographs of houses small
and great,

And particulars of "residences standing in their
grounds,"

Till I dream that I can purchase a magnificent estate—
Say about ten thousand acres—for the sum of twenty
pounds.

Oh, if business would permit, how I should like to wander
where

No such things as bricks and mortar one need ever, ever
see;

I would take a large and well-appointed castle in the air,
And no doubt I could remain there in the future quite
rent free.

But alas! like other mortals I must bear my little load:
On another exploration I will start without delay,

And I'll do my very best to find a suitable abode
Somewhere in the time that's coming between now and
quarter-day.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

SHADE OF DRYDEN (to LORD KITCHENER).

"OUR TROUBLE NOW IS BUT TO MAKE THEM DARE;
AND NOT SO GREAT TO VANQUISH AS TO FIND."

(*"Annus Mirabilis," on the Dutch War, 1666.*)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOMMY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, February 17th. "A pity," says SARK, "that the eternal principles of the quart of liquor and the pint pot should be applied to such lofty affairs as the forming of Administrations. If the MARKISS, when settling his Fourth, could, with any show of reasonableness, have worked in HUGH CECIL with the rest of the family, it would have been a great relief to PRINCE ARTHUR. As things are, Leader of the House never knows what Lord HUGH may do. There is one comfort about CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. He is sure to be nasty, whatever may be circumstances of the moment. Lord HUGH will lie low and say nuffin for weeks. All of a sudden he's found loitering in the Lobby on Wednesday afternoons, "with intent," as police court indictments say; or, just when things are going nicely, up he gets and,

Washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water,

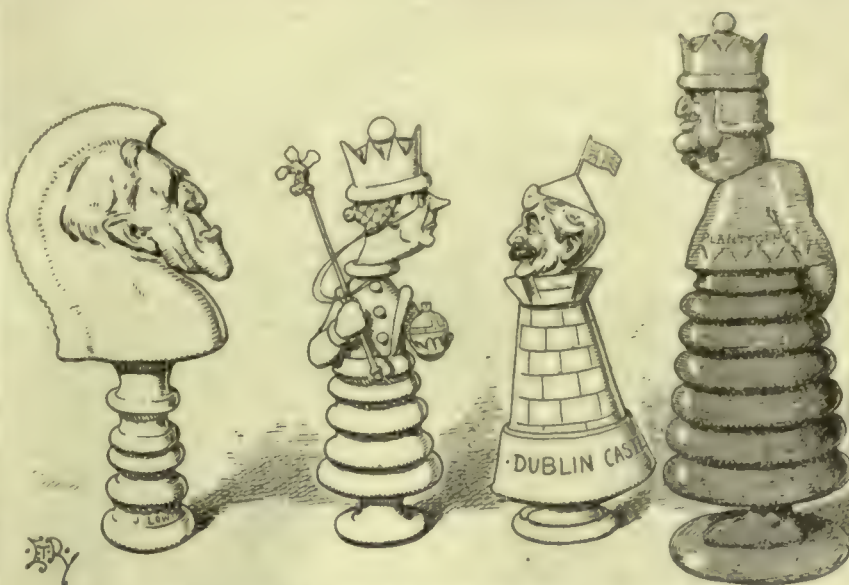
makes rasping speech that upsets everything."

Don't agree with my hon. friend if he implies that the toils of office would have fettered Lord HUGH's individuality. Doubtless he would have accepted a salaried post had it been offered to him. 'Tis the way of the CECILS since the spacious times of QUEEN ELIZABETH. But he would have been just as awkward to deal with on the Treasury Bench as he is below Gangway. Is even fanatically honest. Sees men and things along a narrow shaft of light; believes he sees



"Mr. Speaker, Sir, oi've had the experience of being suspended en bloc, but niver in dhetail."

(Mr. T. P. O'C-nn-r.)



SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' "CHESS CIRCLE."

them clearly and truly. Once convinced he is right—and, as happens to men of narrow views, such conviction is chronic—he would cheerfully go to the stake rather than yield a hair's breadth.

To-night, after ticklish fight round the body of that interesting person, the Impenitent Member, PRINCE ARTHUR arranged to postpone further discussion on the hanging (or suspension) Rule, going on with the rest as they stood in order. Everything amicably settled, when up gat Lord HUGH, and, wringing his hands, as if feeling them already incarnadined with his cousin's blood, protested against proceeding with the discussion of Rules re-arranging time of sittings.

"Really, I can't please everybody," PRINCE ARTHUR wailed in tone of anguish that would have reached any but a cousin's heart.

On consideration he found it desirable to please Lord HUGH, who thus had his way in altering business of the sitting.

Business done.—Discussing Rules of Procedure.

Tuesday night.—Truly troubles never come singly. Of late we had the Speaker and Chairman of Ways and Means both *hors de combat*. Necessary to obtain remount. Avoided War Office. New Standing Order makes desired provision. Now everyone sorry to hear the Chaplain is on the sick list. Members hurried down for prayers, with mundane curiosity, to see what would be done in sad circumstances.

"Is the Chaplain recognised in the Standing Orders?" I asked SARK.

"No, only in Holy Orders," he replied; a little inconsequentially, I thought.

Rumour current on House assembling

that provision made by the electors of the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire would be utilised, and that Dr. HARRY CHAPLIN, D.L., D.D., would officiate. Nothing unreasonable in the suggestion. Out of office now, time hangs heavy on his hands. Peculiar appropriateness in this disposal of his time. Think what a Dean he would have made, supposing his attention had, whilst still at Christ Church, been turned from politics towards the pulpit! One can see him in his gaiters and shovel hat walking about the Cathedral precincts diffusing an atmosphere of almost unctuous devotion.

That was not to be. Nor did he to-day read prayers in the House. Partly made up for it to-night by reading his late colleagues on Treasury bench a First Lesson in art of amending Procedure. Has hitherto borne with dignified, almost archdiaconal, reserve his cutting off from Ministerial position. But he is, after all, partly human. Could not resist temptation of prodding PRINCE ARTHUR in the back, or wholly hide gratification at evidence of his right hon. friend's extreme irritation.

Business done.—Pegging away at Procedure.

Thursday night.—"That's what I call doggery," said a Member of the Chesham Local Council.

At last week's meeting a parishioner, in accordance with regulation, submitted proposed epitaph for the grave of a relative. The Clerk read out the lines:—

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

There followed a pause of pained

amazement as the Councillors looked at each other. Silence was broken by an emphatic voice: "That's what I call doggery."

The Council agreed; unanimously refused desired authority.

It is a beautiful word, compound in its construction, subtle in its suggestion of shades of meaning. When I hear the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD lamenting decadence of Parliament, invoking the shade of WILKES because it is proposed to insist upon apology from a Member who has deliberately defied authority of the Chair; when I hear HENRY FOWLER and JEMMY LOWTHER declare their preference for dealing with Supply after dinner on Friday nights, I find my lips murmuring, with the Chesham Councillor:

"That's what I call doggery."

PRINCE ARTHUR, in clever speech defending week-end proposals, had sly effective hit at HENRY FOWLER and the Right Honourable JEMMY. They protested against morning sittings on Friday on score of difficulty of making a House. Let them examine their conscience and declare what measure of assistance has been forthcoming from either of them in dealing with Supply after eight o'clock on Friday nights. H. F. looked straight before him unheeding; JEMMY, more ingenuous, hung his head as doth the tired lily, and blushed as he thought of days spent at Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot, whilst others slaved at Westminster.

Opposition to Procedure Rules has led to incessant outpouring of doggery. Only thing to be said for Opposition is, that, had position of parties been reversed, whilst C.-B. and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD would have extolled and defended the new Rules, PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ would have supplied the doggery.

Business done.—Decided by majority of 97 in House of 429 Members to round off Parliamentary week-ends.

Friday night.—CLAUDE LOWTHER didn't get the Victoria Cross, though he won it at Faber's Point. Has shown even more desperate courage in campaign at Westminster. One of the new Rules of Procedure invests the SPEAKER with power to suspend a sitting at crises of grave disorder. CLAUDE LOWTHER, wearing the white waistcoat of a blameless life, rose from a kopje above the Gangway and fired off proposal that SPEAKER should further be empowered to prolong a sitting. When laughter excited by this quaint suggestion subsided, the gallant Yeomanry captain (nothing to do with remounts) disclosed what was rapkling in his warlike bosom. It was HUGH CECIL and his famous Lobby manoeuvre of Wednesday week, whereby he wrecked chances of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. If the SPEAKER had possessed the power

proposed to be added to his elbow, he would have defeated what CLAUDE LOWTHER, turning his white waistcoat full upon Lord HUGH cowering below the Gangway, described as "the machinations of fanatic faddists."

House delighted with this bold proposal by a new Member. In elation of moment, CLAUDE begged formally to submit his proposal as an amendment to the Rules. The SPEAKER gently but firmly pointed out there was an amendment already before the House, which must have some consideration paid to it. Somehow or other, in what followed nothing more was heard of CLAUDE'S amendment. But the effort was recog-



Dr. Chaplin, D.D.

nised as a very good start for a new Member. The Radical blood of ALFRED DAVIES pleasingly stirred by disclosure of personal difference between scions of the governing classes.

"When LOWTHERS and CECILS fall out," he said, "humble citizens may hope to come into their own. Will the COLONIAL SECRETARY kindly note this incident?"

Business done.—Committee of Supply on Naval Estimates. SARK brings me word that a proposal is on foot to call the annexed Boer provinces "Joedesia."

"FROM CRADLE TO CROWN" is the title of a serial to be brought out in sixpenny parts. "I am afraid," writes to us TOM TOPER, of Old Port House, "that this title will prevent me from copyrighting my Story of a Bottle of Fine Old Burgundy, which was placed after dinner on the table, and from its 'cradle' went up into my crown."

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—I think we warriors might be very helpful to the powers that are in Winchester House and its neighbourhood. A young relative of mine—he was young then, half a century ago—once had a chair in the War Department. I used to look in upon him now and again, and, so far as I could make out, his chief duties were to read the morning paper, to wear a button-hole, and to get to the park by twelve noon, and later on at a decent hour. In those distant days it used to be said of the civil servants that they were like the fountains in Trafalgar Square, "because they played from ten to four." Well, this was half a century ago, and things have changed since the date of which I am speaking. Nowadays my young relative—he is quite old according to *Who's Who*—has to work (I use his expression) "like a nigger," and scarcely has time for his annual holiday, and this being so I really think I could help him.

It will be remembered that the poorer subalterns of that gallant and scientific body of men; the R.A.M.C., when detached from their regiment, suddenly became combatant—very combatant officers. I remember a lieutenant (not a surgeon-lieutenant, but a lieutenant) telling me with glee that "he had now sufficient orderlies under him to organise squad and even company drill." I was asked to admit that I would feel more comfortable when lying wounded if I only knew that the bearers who were coming to carry me away could move into line to the right or retire in column in rear of the centre company. Well, the grateful thought would be pleasing if I were sure that the instructions of the drill book would not oust from memory the duties of "first aid." Now, at the War Office I fancy many of the messengers have been in the service, and those who have not would benefit equally from the exercises I would propose to introduce.

I would suggest a drill to be known as "How to resist," not cavalry, but "public importunity." If I were at Pall Mall I would seize and prove my squad of official attendants. I would then speak somewhat as follows:—"Messengers! Attention! At the word 'one' take the visitor's card and bring it in, slow time, level with the eyes. At the word 'two' carry it sharply to the right and return it. At the word 'three' observe 'the gentleman's pout,' right about turn and exit."

In course of time I would be able to frame a very valuable "Civilian Officials' Drill Book." So, after all, we retired warriors may be of value in the War Office.

A. DUGOUT, Captain.



G. L. STAMPA. 1901.

VERY NECESSARY.*Young Wife.* "I'M SO HAPPY! I WONDER YOU NEVER MARRIED."*Elderly Spinster.* "MY CHILD, I'VE ALWAYS SAID I NEVER WOULD AND NEVER COULD MARRY UNTIL I MET A MAN DIFFERENT FROM OTHER MEN AND FULL OF COURAGE."*Young Wife.* "OF COURSE YOU COULDN'T. HOW STUPID OF ME."

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

II.

At the adjourned sitting of the Court, HENRY JAMES, 58, described as an author, was charged under the Game Laws with splitting hairs.

The evidence of Mr. GUY BOOTHBY as to the prisoner's misdemeanours having been taken, the prisoner entered upon an exhaustive manifesto in which he was understood to plead not guilty.

Sentence was about to be passed when Mr. HENRY HARLAND, a friend of the prisoner, arose to point out that Mr. JAMES had not yet begun his defence, but had merely asked with the utmost delicacy if he might be accommodated with a glass of water.

On this being supplied to him he spoke as follows: "If, as I understand, or, as it has been with much courtesy demonstrated to me, I am, so to speak, charged, or, in a sense, convicted—no, not convicted; certainly not; I cannot think how that word, so rudely, so coarsely, I might say, committal, can have escaped me, but I trust your lordships—I should say, your worships—will endeavour to forget an interjection of such palpable infelicity—to obliterate it from your consciences as though it had never been; if, as I was saying, I am charged with, in a manner, splitting hairs, I would remark in extenuation—no, not extenuation, for that bears perceptibly the likeness of implying guilt or, as it were, admitting liability, whereas it is my sole purpose here, in as clear and scrupulously veracious a way as is permitted to frail human nature gifted with but one tongue for the phrasing of a myriad shades of exactitude; my sole purpose here, as I was endeavouring with approximate clarity to say, is to adhere with the utmost precision—or, at any rate, utmost possible precision in a court of law—and accuracy to—"

At this moment the Court awoke and adjourned for luncheon. After the interval, although every effort was made, Mr. JAMES could not be found. The Bench remarked that there was no need for them to say anything more, as Mr. JAMES, who was obviously guilty, had forestalled them in the longest sentence on record.

MOBERLY BELL, manager of the *Times*, was charged with the manslaughter of *Literature*.

Mr. BELL stated in defence that the child died from natural causes; it was always weekly and had a poor circulation from the first.

Dr. CLAUDIUS CLEAR corroborated this statement.

The prisoner further stated that no expense had been spared over the funeral, and *Literature* was now respectably interred in the *Academy*.

The case was dismissed.

ANTHONY HOPE, 39, of no fixed abode, was charged under the Alien Immigration Act with being a suspicious person. Evidence was given by the police to show that the prisoner was in the habit of loitering in the neighbourhood of the New Vagabonds' Club, in itself a significant action. He had also endeavoured to get into Parliament. Another very awkward fact against him was that he went under an alias. His real name, they had ascertained, was HAWKINS. They had also discovered that he came from Ruritania, and had some connection with the famous *Prisoner of Zenda*, con-



Brer Fox. "That's bad! Barometer falling, thermometer rising, and just as I was beginning to enjoy my holidays!"

cerning whom, it will be remembered, Messrs. MUDIE made so many applications for extradition.

The prisoner, on being asked if his name was really HAWKINS, admitted it, but would give no reason for preferring to call himself HOPE.

LORD BRAMPTON and Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER were called to prove that HAWKINS was a first-class name.

Mr. A. P. WAT† stated that from his experience a man might do more under the name of HOPE. The remainder of his evidence was indistinctly heard, but something sounded like ten per cent.

The prisoner, in his defence, said that he had merely been looking for competitors for the NÖBEL Prize. He denied that he was breaking any law, and asserted that his pedigree might be found in *Pilkerton's Peerage*.

The Bench remanded him for enquiries to be made.

ALGERNON ASHTON, Professor of Music, who gave an address in Bury Street, was charged with neglecting his duties as Inspector of Mausoleums.

On the evidence of Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it was shown that Mr. ASHTON had omitted to notify to the public press that a spider had spun its web on a corner of the tomb of MARTIN TUPPER, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. This, it was contended, constituted a grave dereliction of duty on the part of Mr. ASHTON.

The prisoner, in his defence, explained that he had heard of the scandalous state of TUPPER's tomb only a day or so before, and was intending to visit it in his official capacity at the earliest possible moment.

He would point out to the Bench that he was but human, and he had to take tombs in rotation. In the ordinary course of affairs, for example, he would visit the grave of ANNA SEWARD before that of MARTIN TUPPER. He promised, however, to attend to TUPPER's at once, even if the delay caused a spot of mildew to develop on the stone of the Swan of Lichfield.

Sir HUBERT PARRY, called for the prisoner, testified, as Director of the Royal College of Music, where Mr. ASHTON was a Professor, that Mr. ASHTON's pupils were distinguished by the extraordinary pathos with which they rendered CHOPIN's *Marche Funèbre* and the study on the black keys.

Other testimony in favour of the prisoner's mortuary thoroughness having been offered by Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, and Miss CLO GRAVES, Mr. ASHTON was liberated on a promise of increased zeal in the future. He hastened away at once in his private hearse to catch the Necropolitan express to Kensal Green.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY," &c.—The "Mice" are playing at the Lyric (with the "Men" under Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON's command), but one of the lot, *A Country Mouse*, has evidently contrived to escape and appear on the stage of the Prince of Wales's.

THE SUGAR CONFERENCE.—If they cannot arrive at any certain *modus operandi*, the Representatives of the countries interested have determined to "lump it."

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID. III.

WHEN AUGUSTA first came to us she had no friends in London. GWEN and I had done our best to make up for the deficiency, but there came a time when we felt that not even the compensating attractions of the Tivoli and the Empire could make up for the want of more congenial society. In a word, AUGUSTA was *blasée*—such, at least, was the thought which GWEN, who habitually judges others by herself, declared to be the offspring of my own unspoken wish. At any rate, there came a lull in our gaieties, and now, her work done, AUGUSTA would sit apart in her lonely kitchen gazing sadly into the fire. In vain GWENDOLEN besought her to go out, to look at the pretty shops, to walk in the park. AUGUSTA refused to budge. She had no one to go with; she hated walking alone, and it made her sad to see the happy couples sitting under the trees, while she could not even glory in a hired military escort. Whenever GWEN and I were having our after-dinner chat, the image of the general crossed our minds, and at length it became so haunting and oppressive that GWEN urged me to consult the neighbouring Scotch parson.

"Parson!" I gasped.

"Yes, to be sure. Have you never heard of such a thing before? Tell him about AUGUSTA, make him interested in her, and get him to send up someone to call on her."

My embassy was at once successful. Scarce a day passed before visitors began to ask for AUGUSTA, and in a couple of months her circle had far outgrown our own. We no longer had to urge her to take a walk; social duties claimed every spare moment, and although she kindly made a point of accepting no engagements for GWENDOLEN's "days," on other afternoons she was seldom at home. Of course, as we had always been urging her to go out, we could not now find fault with her for not staying in; but as the time of her return steadily drew nearer to our supposed dinner hour, GWEN, who, when meals are late, is not quite safe, became more and more unapproachable.

"I wish AUGUSTA would have her regular evenings out," she said.

"So do I," I exclaimed.

"Half-past seven, and she's not in yet. It's most annoying."

"Why not speak to her?" I suggested.

"Speak to her!" cried GWEN. "You can't say things to AUGUSTA."

"But, my dear girl——"

"Don't say that!"

"Sorry. What I mean to say is, you are the mistress here——"



A LATTER-DAY DECADENT.

He. "BEEN STOPPED TERRIBLY OFTEN BY FROST THIS SEASON!"

She. "YES; BUT I HAVE NOT BEEN ALTOGETHER SORRY."

He. "NOT SORRY?"

She. "No. YOU SEE I HAVE HAD ALL THE MORE TIME FOR PRACTICE. PING-PONG, I MEAN, OF COURSE!"

"Am I?"

"Well, if it comes to that, I suppose you could tell her to go——"

"Could I?"

"Couldn't you?"

"No. Could *you*?"

"Well, I suppose if it were absolutely necessary——"

"For Heaven's sake, don't then! It's all very well for you, who go out in the morning, but how could I make conversation when she is clearing away the breakfast things, after she had been given warning?"

"Why try to make it?"

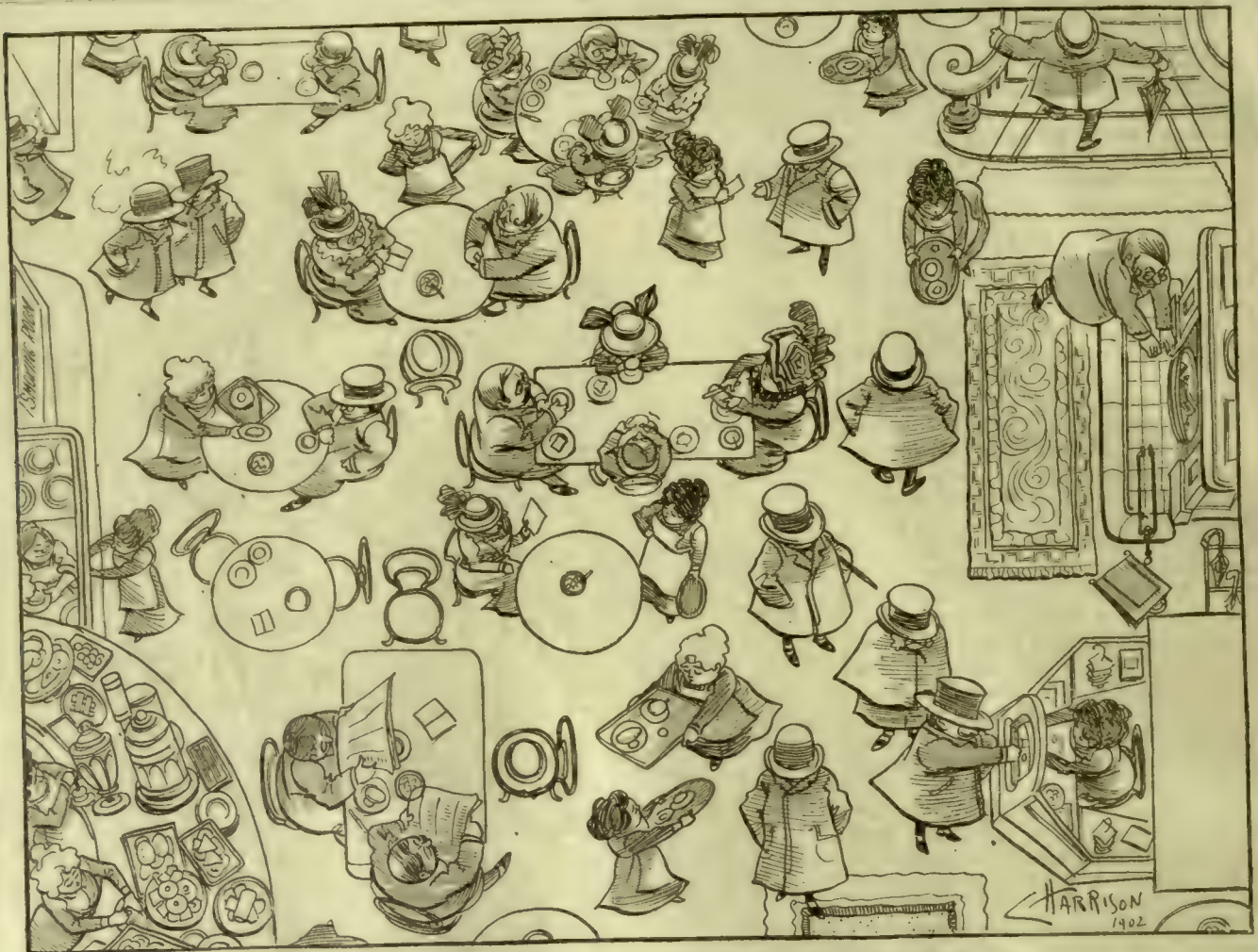
"Simply because I must. You know

you have to talk to AUGUSTA when she is in the room."

This was true. Whenever I chanced to see AUGUSTA my brain instinctively set to work to manufacture small talk for her benefit. It was the oil without which the machinery refused to run, and many a morning have I missed my train while listening to those anecdotes whose conclusion AUGUSTA's artistic sense of ornament and finish would never permit her to hasten.

I came home one foggy evening to find GWENDOLEN busy at an open window, spreading out the silver on the sill.

"What are you doing?" I exclaimed.



SKYLIGHT VIEWS—A WEST-END TEA-SHOP.

"Oh, JACK, AUGUSTA went out to an afternoon tea. She hasn't touched the silver for a month, and it got so on my nerves that I simply *had* to clean it, so I went into the kitchen, stole the whitening——"

"But the fog, my dear——"

"Yes, I know. I got the silver all beautifully bright, and then I sat down to read, and suddenly it struck me that when AUGUSTA came back she would see what I had been doing——"

"And a jolly good thing too!"

"Oh no, she would be so hurt at my poaching on her preserves."

"But if she neglects her work——"

"I can't help it! I won't have her disapproving of me."

"My dear," I began firmly, "It's preposterous! It is just the same with our bicycles. She officiously took them over into her charge, and cleaned them once, six months ago, and now they are red with rust, and you won't let me touch them for fear of hurting AUGUSTA's precious feelings."

"Certainly not, JACK! When AUGUSTA

is in her moods I'm simply miserable, and I won't have it, so there! Come and help me get this silver dirty again, then you might go into the kitchen and sweep up some whitening that I spilt. AUGUSTA must not find out what I have been doing."

With the kindly aid of the fog we succeeded in hiding our crime from AUGUSTA, but our next offence was not in its nature capable of concealment. AUGUSTA had more than once given us to understand that she disapproved of dogs, and it was in a spirit of sheer recklessness that I ventured to bring home our pup. She eyed it at first in amazement, nor did she seem convinced by my story that it was a present from a dog-fancier. GWEN and I spent several days in painful apprehension, fearfully watching her attitude towards the pup. In diplomatic language this, I believe, at first would have been described as "correct": there were no demonstrations of affection or hatred, and an occasional word seemed to indicate that the relations between the

powers were of a friendly nature. Gradually, however, these relations became more strained; and before a fortnight was over, AUGUSTA was cutting Nig in the passage.

(To be concluded.)

HALF-A-DOZEN REASONS WHY THE TEST MATCHES WENT WRONG.

(By a Mother Countryman.)

BECAUSE the luck was always on the other side.

Because accidents will happen in the best regulated cricket teams.

Because the weather favoured the Cornstalks.

Because, in a case of batting and fielding, there is no place like home.

Because everything might have been better.

Because—and best reason of all—the test matches did not go right.

SMALL-POX "RETURNS."—Yes, but when is it going away?

A HUMBLE DISTINCTION.

MYSELF, I never have, like some
The joys that fame can bring wished,
I never panted to become
In any way distinguished;
And even now I keep my head,
Careless how much I'm noted
Because I wear a ribbon red,
As if I'd been promoted.

A wreck, from shoulder down to wrist,
I claim no Service order,
Indeed, no kind of Army list
Counts me within its border;
And while with guns, for war's alarms,
The brave in transport boats leave,
I bear, avoiding other arms,
My shield inside my coat-sleeve.

My life's inglorious daily round
Has all my wants required:
I know, of course, that kings are crowned,
And lesser men are knighted,
And some as peers are born, maybe,
And some have been created,
But 'tis enough, at least for me,
That I've been vaccinated!

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—In the piping times of peace—now, it is to be trusted, within approximately hopeful anticipation—the importance of the levee will revive. As it is, St. James's Palace is crowded when the function is announced, so it may be expected that when our warriors return home to be presented, the respectful demand for gracious admittance will be trebled if not quadrupled. Under those circumstances it may be useful to ascertain if the new cloth to be used in the revised uniform will bear wear and tear without shrinkage. As far as my personal experience goes, I find scarlet cloth anything rather than elastic. My tunic ceased to be in constant military use some thirty years ago, and since then it has laid peacefully in my case beside cigar ends, said to be the enemies of moth. Now and again I have taken it out to be presented to the august Head of the Army, but on each occasion have found it tighter round the lower chest. This seems to be the peculiarity of scarlet cloth, for on my last visit to St. James's Palace I found warriors of equal years to mine making the same complaint.

I hear, however, on excellent authority, that uniforms on the august occasion to which I have respectfully referred will in future be more rigidly inspected. If this proves to be the case, the costumier, once the best friend of the retired officer, will cease to be of any practical assistance. Not very long ago an American citizen who had served in the Confederate army asked



He, "IF YOU EVER THINK OF BEING PHOTOGRAPHED, MRS. SEYMOUR, I CAN HIGHLY RECOMMEND MESSRS. SHUTTER AND LENS. THEY TOOK A BEAUTIFUL ONE OF ME A SHORT TIME AGO!"

a costumier to turn him out in "something presentable." He had entirely forgotten the regulation sealed pattern, but was under the impression that it was something "silver-lacied" connected with shirt-sleeves. "That won't do at all, Colonel," commented the intelligent shopman. "What you want is a turned-up felt hat with black ostrich feathers added to the suit of the second officer in *The Lady of Lyons*." And in the result the American citizen adopted a garb at once striking and unconventional.

But, all things considered, it is satisfactory to learn that warriors on the retired list will not be required to pre-

sent themselves in future as hardy annuals. An appearance once in four or five years will be considered sufficient.

So in the days to come our scarlet cloth will be saved from perceptible shrinkage and our tunics will be at rest.
A. DUGOUT, Captain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN INEXPERIENCED GOLFER" writes to inquire whether what he has heard about "the Tee Duty" will in any way affect the "caddies."

FOR Sporting and Vaccination News, ride "Latest Scratchings."

MARRIAGE RETURNS.

["The fashion of the day is to shorten the honeymoon."—*Tattler*.]

WE'LL be knitted at St. Peter's, Cranleigh Gardens,
On a Saturday at something after one,
And, with faces bright as little DOLLY VARDEN'S,
Down to Brighton-super-Mare we will run;
In the afternoon, AMANDA, we'll run down,
And on Monday we will travel up to town.

For it's there amid the thunder of the traffic,
In the gaiety and rush of London town,
That the honeymooning roysterer can maffick
Thro' the crowded hours before he settles down;
Oh, the epilogue to chiming marriage-bells
Is a month of heavy dinners at hotels.

You won't notice that it's dull upon the Sunday,
For at Brighton there's a jolly church parade,
And you'll all the time be thinking of the Monday,
Of the Carlton and the Burlington Arcade;
O AMANDA! how my amorous spirit yearns
For our week-end honeymooners' first returns!

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS" AT THE COMEDY.

To point the moral expressed in the refrain of the song that serves as title to this brief notice must have been the purpose that Messrs. CHEVALIER and GALLON had in view when they called their three-act play *Memory's Garden*. The garden of Memory must evidently be "the back garden," where the grass-plot requires mowing, for indeed it would be vastly improved by an occasional *mot*. A powerful one-act play it might have been, and may be yet.

Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER ought himself to have played *Adam Carfrae*, the old villager—so like is it to one of the characters in his entertainment (pity this old villager should be blind, as such an affliction makes whatever comicality was intended in this scene positively cruel)—now excellently rendered by Mr. WILLIAM CHEESEMAN.

Mr. MACKINTOSH, as the white-haired *Vicar*, who, having in his hot youth "heard the chimes at midnight" and "painted the town red," has become a genial, kindly "convertite," gives us a fine performance whenever opportunity is afforded. But who is responsible for his walking about on his knees when making an agonised confession to his son? It is all unreal, but this simulated "wrestling on his knees" only wears out the *Vicar's* trousers, the stage carpet, and the patience of the audience. Noting the vixenish character of *Martha Ferbridge* (a capital impersonation by Miss BESSIE MAJOR), would it not be more effective were the reverend gentleman to break forth into song, and address his son as follows?—

Before I was a clergyman, with hair so snowy white,
I used to do a lot of things that now I don't think right.
I met a pretty maiden *then*, whose name I won't betray,
Betray! alas!—but then I was *un preux chevalier*.

I grieve to add we patronised nor registrar nor church,
And, ever gay, I went away and left her in the lurch;
On my return I found bequeathed to me a little kid—
'Twas you! and *you* have gone and done just what your father did!

So you will marry *Jessie*—lovely eyes and comely shape!
But not without a penance for your sins can you escape;
For retribution on your shoulders lays its heavy paw,
Yes! Jessie's mother, Martha Ferbridge, is your ma-in-law!
(*George faints. Curtain.*)

That would bring down the house. Miss CARLOTTA

ADDISON as the *Vicar's* wife is excellent. Mr. BASSETT ROE as *Dick Miller* and Mr. DENNIS EADIE as *Gilbert Etheridge* are both distinctly good.

It is to Mr. ALFRED KENDRICK's credit that his somewhat conventional rôle comes out so well.

Miss DAISY THIMM looks charming; "red as a rose is she!" quite the picture of health, and caring only for the dear "old folks at home" on the stage, and not by any means unmindful of "our kind friends in front." Let Miss DAISY banish the audience from her thoughts, let her not express open-eyed surprise on every possible occasion; and she might with advantage reduce her smiles by, say, three out of nine.

As *Jessie Ferbridge* Miss NORAH LANCASTER carries with her the entire sympathy of the audience, and makes the utmost of what the authors (who seem to have missed all their own home-made chances) have given her to do. In one strong act this play might run, but in three it can only with difficulty toddle

DIFFUGERE NIVES.

THE snows have melted; in the park
The sparrows chirp from dawn to dark,
And from the budding lilac, hark!
A blackbird carols mellow;
And crocuses, so long unseen,
Begin to stir the clods between,
With here and there a spear of green,
And here and there of yellow.

The sooty sheep of yester-year
Upon the sooty grass appear,
And natty *bonnes* their babies steer
In skirts of snowy cotton,
Or take themselves to penny chairs
To talk of other folks' affairs,
Forgetting all their little cares,
And by their cares forgotten.

Now, too, the birds of Venus bring
The guardsman, redly loitering,
To learn the influence of spring
Upon the young man's fancy,
Which bids him sport with PHYLLIS fair,
Or toy with dark NEERA's hair,
Or challenge Mrs. GRUNDY's stare,
While changing hats with NANCY.

Yes, Spring is here, and Winter flees.
So say the birds, the buds, the trees,
So, too, declares the vernal breeze,
With bite so keen and cruel;
So, too, these streaming eyes, this head
Of throbbing pain, these limbs of lead—
Come, CHLOE, quick! Prepare the bed!
The mustard and the gruel.

LATEST REMOUNTS.

	Old Horse.	New Horse.
Lord ROSEBURY	Tabernacle	Efficiency
Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN	Pendulum	Tabernacle
Mr. BRODRICK	Hartigan	Reform
Mr. CHAMBERLAIN	Birmingham	London
Mr. T. G. BOWLES	Vanity Fair	Free Lance
Mr. BALFOUR	Wednesday	Week-End
Lord KITCHENER	Mobility	Block House
DE WET	Cape Cart	Bulrush
Prince HENRY	Mailyfist	Uncle Sam



"ALL FOR HER!"

Old (Liberal Party) Hen (much agitated). "THIS IS REALLY VERY FLATTERING. STILL, I DO WISH THEY'D SETTLE IT ONE WAY OR THE OTHER."





"AS MAN'S INGRATITUDE."

"NONSENSE, FRANK! CAN'T PAY THEM! WHY, BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE WELL OFF."
 "SO I WAS. BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT!"

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

III.

MAURICE HEWLETT, Cinque-centist, was charged with producing inflammatory literature detrimental to the best interests of Positivism and demoralising to Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON. He was further charged with stealing a suit of mail from Wardour Street, and a title from GEOFFREY CHAUCER, an elderly man, who failed to attend.

ELIZA COMTE, who said that she was Mr. HARRISON's cook, gave evidence as to her master's change of habits. Before Mr. HEWLETT's *Richard Yea and Nay* came into the house, she said, Mr. HARRISON was always that Positive; but since then you never knew whether he meant it or not. And his language! He never used to say things like "By my Hali-dom!" But now—well! Once Mr. HARRISON was all for guillotines, but now he cuts the bread with a battle-axe. And Mr. HARRISON used to come home from Fetter Lane on Sunday evenings quiet as a mouse; but now he halloas in front of the house—"What oh, without there! Let down the draw-bridge! Raise the portcullis! A stoup of wine, I say!" But the worst was when he wanted her to change clothes with him. (*Sensation.*)

Professor BEESLY, editor of the *Positivist Review*, in a voice broken with emotion, corroborated Miss COMTE's evidence. Formerly Mr. HARRISON wrote regularly and soberly for his organ, but since the publication of *The Forest Lovers* his contributions were so lavishly decorated with mediæval expletives as to be quite unprintable. Thus, he had prefaced a denunciation of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with the words "By the Mass!" and when Professor BEESLY had stepped round to 38, Westbourne Terrace to protest, he

found Mr. HARRISON drinking Malvoisie with Pan and the Young Shepherd.

Mr. GEORGE MACMILLAN, publisher, stated that, so far from Mr. HARRISON's infatuation being an evil, he and his partners had found it the greatest possible benefit.

The Bench, after a short deliberation, condemned Mr. HEWLETT to abandon fiction for history, to forswear Canary, and exchange chain mail for Jæger. The other charges were not proceeded with.

JOHN ST. LOE STRACHEY, 41, the editor of the *Weekly News*, was charged with keeping ten Mausers at the head-quarters of his rifle club without a licence. Great interest was taken in the case, the court being so crowded with contributors to Mr. STRACHEY's journal that it looked like a Diocesan Conference.

Mr. KILKENNY, who prosecuted on behalf of the R.S.P.C.A., drew a painful picture of the muzzles of Mr. STRACHEY's Mausers, which were never removed. The noise they made was so great that sleep was impossible within a radius of five miles, and Merrow, Shere and Guildford were decimated by an epidemic of insomnia.

Mr. S. A. P. KITCAT, the celebrated Gloucestershire advocate, who appeared for Mr. STRACHEY, contended that his client had been actuated solely by the most patriotic motives, as these Mausers had been captured from the Boers, and being alien enemies, could not be set at liberty before the end of the war. Mr. KITCAT said that never in his nine lives had he heard so monstrous a charge.

The Magistrate promptly dismissed the case, and Mr. STRACHEY left the Court amid a salvo of cat-calls, without a stain upon his character.

THE RIVAL CREWS AT PRACTICE.

(By Our Own Nautical Retainer.)

THE public's interest in our leading aquatic contest, after having shown signs of a sad falling-off owing to the long run of victories achieved by the Unionist crew, has temporarily revived by reason of notorious dissensions in the Liberal boat. Only recently No. 7 was understood to have definitely separated himself from his captain's fraternity, and indeed was seen for several days taking a whiff on his own account. Meanwhile, in the regrettable absence of an alternative oar, his place in the boat was actually left vacant, though this unfortunate hiatus had no appreciable effect on the pace of the boat.

It was feared that Bow, 3 and 5 might be tempted to follow his example; but on Tuesday he signified his intention of returning to his old thwart, while reserving for himself the right to set a stroke of his own to the bow-side oars.

At the same time the Press was notified that an attempt would be made by the lady friends of the Liberal crew to restore harmony in the boat by the formation of a Social League. This, it is assumed, will serve as a counterblast to the Primrose League, which has been of such incalculable service to the rival faction. The emblem of this new association has not yet been determined upon, but it is generally thought the flower selected will be either *Loosestrife* (*Lythymachia vulgaris*) or *Love-lies-bleeding* (*Amaranthus caudatus*).

Before proceeding to general and individual criticism we give the names and latest weights of the rival crews:—

UNIONISTS.		LIBERALS.	
	st. lbs.		st. lbs.
Bow Lord Halsbury .	6 3½	Bow Sir E. Grey .	11 7
2. Mr. Brodrick .	11 4	2. Mr. Bryce .	9 10
3. Sir M. Hicks-Beach .	10 13	3. Sir H. Fowler .	12 4
4. Mr. Balfour .	11 10	4. Mr. Morley .	10 0
5. Duke of Devonshire .	14 9	5. Mr. Asquith .	12 11
6. Mr. Chamberlain	12 5	6. Sir W. Harcourt	17 9¾
7. Lord Lansdowne	10 12	7. Lord Rosebery .	13 5
Str. Lord Salisbury	16 8½	8. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman .	14 8
Cox. Mr. Grant Lawson .	12 3	Cox. Mr. Lloyd-George .	4 0½

The Unionist crew, who are using their new WARRE craft (now familiarly known as the Blockas Boat), with barbed-wire outriggers, are temporarily quartered at *The Knackeries*, Cook'em, and are enjoying the instruction of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Sir BLUNDELL MAPLE, who coaches from the bank on a four-in-hand, and Captain T. BOWLES, who follows with a megaphone in his private East Coast herring-smack. These gentlemen, among many others, very kindly volunteered their services, uninvited.

The Liberal crew are practising on the Wild Duck Pond in St. James's Park, in full view of the permanent headquarters of their rivals in Downing Street. They have been taken in hand by Mr. SPENDER (an old Light-Green oar) and by Dr. JOSEPH PARKER. Owing to a difference of opinion on Home Rules and Maxims and the question of Concentration Lodgings, they are divided into two sections; the bow-side staying on Primrose Hill, and the stroke side at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts. Their general style is marked less by uniformity than by individual initiative, and the old GLADSTONE boat in which they won in 1892 does not seem to suit the bow oars. Naturally she screws a good deal as the result of a dual stroke.

It is typical, by the way, of the purity of British sport that No. 7, though his family name (PRIMROSE) is identical

with that of the rival League, has declared himself incapable of accepting a seat in the Salisbury eight. Even when the differences in his crew were most poignant he was reported to have said that if there was one thing worse than an ordinary Liberal it was a Liberal Unionist.

The favourites, while not remarkable for individual talent (with perhaps the exception of No. 6), are naturally, after all these years, pretty well together. The only recent change in the order of rowing occurred when BRODRICK was introduced at 2, and LANSDOWNE shifted to 7. Prior to this, SALISBURY had occupied both the stroke and 7th thwarts, with the idea of distributing his weight over as wide a range as possible. The new order of things has enabled him to concentrate his energies, previously dissipated, and the change from No. 2 to No. 7 has suited LANSDOWNE nicely.

To proceed to detailed criticism. HALSBURY at bow is hardly an ideal figure-head, but then he is barely visible above the gunwale, although his seat has been raised by a large wool-sack pad. Still, he helps to give uniformity to the opposite ends of the boat, being, like Stroke, a man of strong and loyal family instincts, which have often come into play in the selection of his College crew. It was he who so cleverly parodied that line in the "*Canadian Boat Song*":

"Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time."

His imitation ran thus, in reference to SALISBURY and himself (HALSBURY):

"Our choices keep tune and our titles keep rhyme."

No. 2, if not exactly a pretty oar, does a lot of quiet, unobtrusive work. HICKS-BEACH at 3 is all right when paddling, but over a timed course he has great difficulty in restraining his language, which is at once varied and picturesque. He tries to give the boat a good balance by the careful trimming of his beard.

No. 4 is a good and graceful waterman, but his legs are a difficulty, being somewhat redundant, and his eyes have a tendency to wander from the shoulders of No. 6. He has original views about Procedure, and is just now promulgating a scheme for making the boat hang a little less between the strokes.

DEVONSHIRE at 5 hardly makes full use of his undoubted weight. He is inclined to lie back at the end of the stroke almost as if he were asleep, and drops his lower jaw over the handle.

No. 6 has a habit of rushing his slide, and hurrying on stroke. He is, perhaps, less shackled by traditions of form than any other member of the crew. But he is always good when alongside the other boat and especially in a tight finish. His recent election as honorary President of the London Rowing Club is a testimony to his high racing qualities.

Of No. 7 we have already spoken. In his new position he has a better chance of displaying his style, which is characterised by considerable French polish. Latterly, his recovery has been very smart.

Stroke, though apparently lethargic, keeps his head all over the course, and knows just when to take the other crew's water. His great weight, moral as well as physical, is of undeniable value in steadying the boat when the men behind him are apt to get hustled.

The selection of Cox is something of a mystery. The other day he made a loud remark which was quite uncalled for. "Oh! Four," he said, "how beautifully you are rowing!" He has no particular record, and is not allowed, like the reserves, to take the Cabinet Pudding course, which is the customary *pièce de résistance* at the training table.

I postpone individual criticism of the weaker vessel for my Second Notice.

O.S.

PRAVE 'ORTS.

[An American has calculated that there are 100,800 words in a hard lead pencil.]

It may be so: I cannot say:

In point of fact I never tried:
But why, oh why, then, do they stay
Inside?

The hungry public reap too small
A blighted harvest from my muse;
I weep with pity, learning all
They lose.

Within this cedar prison cell
My yet unwritten epic lurks,
And when I think upon it—well,
It irks.

Oh, could I get this fount to flow,
And catch the precious drops in time
To use a myriad or so
For rhyme,

My Pegasus should take his flight,
Fed on winged words, to magazines—
Not eat his head off on my Might-
Have beans.

Thrice happy he whose lead is hard!
He dallies not with pen and ink,
Nor pauses, like a common bard,
To think.

Not his to prune, to check, to stint,
He simply lets his pencil go—
And when you see it all in print,
You know!

MAGNIS COMPONENTE PARVA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a disciple of the apostle of Imperialist Liberalism, may I invite your disapproval of the collocation of names in Mr. H. G. Wells' recent dictum that "even great men, such as JULIUS CÆSAR, NAPOLEON, BURNS, and Lord ROSEBERY," were but symbols of forces behind them.

I would not deny that brave men lived before AGAMEMNON, nor belittle the first three of the above quartette, but men of mark though they were, what are they doing in this company?

Take CÆSAR. It is true that, in rendering all Gaul tripartite to our boyhood, he may have some claim to rank with one who is doing the same for the Britain of our old age, hitherto divided into two parties and two only; but look at his ridiculous habit of prancing over Rubicons. If history is to be believed he hopelessly failed to grasp the true function of these convenient obstacles—which, of course, is that of putting a natural limit to a temporary lust for action, and enforcing a return to the *status quo ante orationem*.

Then NAPOLEON. This man seldom wiped slates. The nearest substitute he ever used was the map of Europe; doubtless because, as a man of action,

his sense of proportion was distorted. Furthermore, he allowed himself to be sent into exile, when a superior mind would have seen the advantage of voluntarily stalking there in pique. There was certainly that Hundred Days' Wonder, but memories are short, and what is the use of more than Nine? Nine can be had without risk, and last phases indefinitely postponed.

BURNS (ROBERT, not JOHN, M.P., I presume) is better. I fear he was a practical ploughman, and to that extent imperfect; but, after all, he raised bigger crops of words than anything else. Remembering this, and also that he wrote that pleasing refrain, "*O Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad,*" I would

not deny him merit. He sipped, doubtless, at Pierian springs; but my revered leader has—judging by the dictum quoted above—drained Wells of inspiration. Yours obediently,

VERB. SAP. SAT.

P.S.—Having indicated my political faith, I need not, of course, explain to you that *Verb.* in my signature stands for the plural.

OVER-PRESSURE IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

TO GROCERS.—REQUIRED at once, young man, 22, used to family trade. Good solicitor. Outdoors.—*Daily Telegraph*.

VACCINATING DOCTORS.—Persons who are "licensed to bare arms."



Shocked Mother. "OH, TOMMY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"

Tommy (who has just returned from the first day of a preliminary course at the village school). "FIGHTING WITH BILLY BROWN."

Mother. "THAT HORRID BOY AT THE FARM! DON'T YOU EVER QUARREL WITH HIM AGAIN!"

Tommy. "I AIN'T LIKELY TO. HE CAN LICK ME!"

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

THE recent agitation in favour of the establishment of a National Theatre for London (with a subvention from the State and a site provided by the County Council) can hardly have escaped the notice of the earnest playgoer. There are, however, some scornful persons who declare that there is no use in having a State-aided theatre if we have no dramatists whose works are worth acting in it. It is not a National Theatre that we require, in fact, but National Dramas.

The injustice of this reproach must be patent to all. In order to demonstrate its baselessness, *Mr. Punch* has arranged for a series of masterpieces, by famous modern authors, suited for performance in this subventioned play-house—when it is built. The first of these belongs to the newest Homeric school of drama. Most of it is not yet written, but the prologue (of course in rhymed heroic couplets) is finished, and the rest can be completed in blank verse at a few hours' notice. With masterly alliteration it is called—

THE TAKING OF TROY.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE—*The top of Olympus.* PRESENT—*The twelve gods in council.* ZEUS (*with thunderbolt*) in centre. There is an impressive pause, then ZEUS speaks:—

Zeus. Sweet is it, dwelling on Olympian heights,
To watch the many sanguinary fights
Which for ten years are fated to employ
Th' opposing forces on the plains of Troy!

[*Murmurs of assent from assembled gods.*]

But now not much is going on down there;
Battles are not so frequent as they were;
The Greeks are torn between opposing factions
And haven't energy for martial actions.
No doubt they like the rest from warlike din;
But what I want to know is—where do we come in?

[*Exhausted by this Alexandrine, he hurls a petulant thunderbolt. The gods are suitably impressed.*]

Poseidon. Your words, if I may make the observation,
Correctly represent the situation.

[*A trap-door opens at ZEUS's feet, and ACHILLES' mother, THETIS, slowly rises through it.*]

Hera. Well, here comes THETIS from the Earth. No doubt
She'll tell us what ACHILLES is about.

[*By this time THETIS has completely risen.*]

Zeus (*addressing her irritably*). THETIS, I've told you several times before

That you are *not* to come up through the floor.

What is the news from Troy?

Thetis (*with great emotion*). Oh, woful sight!

HECTOR has slain PATROCLUS in the fight.

[*Weeps.*]

Zeus (*icily, still cross*). May I enquire the cause of all this fuss?

What has PATROCLUS' death to do with us?

Thetis. ACHILLES heard the news. It quite upset him.
He wants to take revenge. I hope you'll let him?

Zeus (*wearily*). My dear, be sensible. You surely see
There's no occasion for consulting me.

Fate rules these things. In fact, the human soul
Is practically out of our control.

What boots it that we lie beside our nectar
Cheering ACHILLES or applauding HECTOR?

We know quite well it doesn't really matter
Whether we back the former or the latter.

The limitations of our power are such

We can't help either of them very much.

(*Yawning.*) In fact there's no inducement to debate
An issue which entirely rests with Fate.

Thetis (*resentfully*). And yet I've often seen you interfere
To rescue HECTOR from ACHILLES' spear.

Zeus. I'm sorry, THETIS, if we've caused you pain.

We promise not to interfere again.

(*To ARES.*) Did HECTOR really break PATROCLUS' head?

Ares. PATROCLUS is unquestionably dead.

Zeus (*as if this settled the matter*). Well, then, I think there's
no more to be said.

Apollo (*nervous on behalf of HECTOR*). I am myself by no
means certain whether

We ought to let them fight it out together.

Zeus (*angrily*). What's that you say? Am I to understand
You venture to oppose what I command?

Are you aware, Sir, how I crush revolt?

Apollo (*sulkily*). Oh, yes. I know. That beastly thunder-
bolt.

Zeus (*fiercely*). Keep silence then. My powers may be
restricted

In some ways, but I won't be contradicted.

Go, THETIS, bid ACHILLES do his worst—

The Prologue should have ended with a line about the governing of the universe being provocative of thirst, but as the exquisite humour of this idea—and rhyme—has already delighted thousands in *Ulysses*, *Mr. Punch* sorrowfully abandons the gem.

After this we come to Act I. This will give an opportunity for a magnificent scene representing the plains before Troy (JOSEPH HARKER). At the back the walls of the city are seen. The stage is filled with armour-clad warriors. After a series of minor combats and general engagements the crowd, dead and alive, will disperse, leaving *Hector* face to face with *Achilles*. *Hector* will endeavour to escape, and *Achilles* will pursue him round and round the stage, always heading him off from Troy. The action having shifted to Earth from Olympus, the recriminations of the heroes will be couched in blank verse. This is the kind of thing:—

Achilles. HECTOR, in vain you seek to fly from me;

You know that I shall catch you in the end.

Better stand up and face me like a man.

Hector. Thank you. I'd rather not, if you don't mind.

Achilles. Cowards die many times before their death.

Perhaps you may have heard that line before?

Hector. I almost think I have. Yah! Would you, though!

This last exclamation is due to the sudden discharging of his spear by *Achilles*. It narrowly misses *Hector*. The chase may go on, punctuated by majestic blank verse, as long as the audience will stand it. Finally *Achilles* will catch up *Hector*; the latter will halt, and a terrific broad-sword combat will ensue in which *Hector* at last will be slain. *Ulysses* will then tie the body to his chariot and drag it three times round the stage. This will be a great sensational scene—especially for the actor who plays *Hector*.

Act II. will show Troy at the moment of capture (HAWES CRAVEN). The Wooden Horse will be a popular feature and will bulk largely on the stage. *Cassandra* (MISS HANBURY) will prophesy at the top of her voice, in the hope of escaping the notice of *Neoptolemus* (MR. OSCAR ASCHE). The gods themselves—in rhymed couplets—will be “on” in this scene. *Poseidon* will knock down battlements with his trident. *Pallas* will shake her ægis. Splendid!

If it is thought that the audience will want another act, a Hades scene (on black velvet) can be introduced, in which the ghosts of all the characters butchered during the play can skirl and gibber. Ultimately, an exhilarated audience will demand a speech from the manager about “this noble play,” and *Mr. Punch* will gracefully respond to enthusiastic calls for “author.”

DIVERSION IN BARCELONA.—The cracking of nuts.

INFLUENZA AND INTELLECT.

["Influenza only attacks persons of finely-strung dispositions and considerable mental capabilities."
—*St. James's Gazette.*]

ALL YOU who suffer from the flu—
This thought may mitigate your pain—

Though its unpleasantness you rue,
Yet influenza argues brain!

Ah! then, who would not bear the hurt,
And nature's weak upbraidings quell,
His finer fibre to assert?—

"*Il faut souffrir pour être belle.*"

Nay, rather let me boldly fare
Where the distinguished patients go,
And with them their infection share,
My intellect, like theirs, to show.

Thus gladly, then, to prove my wit,
Their influenzial steps I haunt,
More than content to suffer it
If I should catch it—but I can't.

"A NEEDLESS ALEXANDRINE."

SIR,—I SEE by the *Daily Telegraph* that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER is going to adopt an heroic method with unpunctual people who want to get to their seats after the curtain is once up. How is it to be managed? Say that there is a curtain-raiser at eight, and BROWN and Mrs. BROWN and Miss BROWN arrive at five minutes past the hour. Are the BROWNS to be kept standing for half-an-hour until the curtain-raiser is finished? If this is to be so, it will keep "Browns" out of the house and out of the St. James's cash-box. Or suppose the principal piece has commenced, and people are thronging to the theatre in their thousands from all parts of London, will an illustration of "Deuce take the hindmost" be practically given, and will the SMITHS, JONESES, ROBINSONS, etc., who are not in their seats at the rising of the curtain, be compelled to stand or sit in the lobbies and refreshment saloons?

Surely any purchaser of a seat at an entertainment has a right to come in whenever he likes, creating as little disturbance as possible, and doing his best to avoid irritating those who are already seated by treading only very gently on their toes, and apologising sweetly for hitting the spectator on the nose, and so forth, *en passant*.

All theatre-goers, it may be safely taken for granted, intend and wish to be in time; but those who are, say, by accident, some seven minutes late, ought not to be detained in a kind of middle state, where probably they can neither see nor hear until the act-drop has descended. These persons would surely be justified in requesting that a proportion of their money should



Whip (to yokel, who has been hallooing). "HAVE YOU SEEN THE FOX?"

Yokel. "A SEED SUM'AT."

Whip. "WAS IT THE FOX?"

Yokel. "MAY HAPPEN IT WOR WILSON'S DAWG. 'E'S WERRY LIKE A FOX!"

be handed back to them. Perhaps a limit of fifteen minutes might be given for the first act, and no "law" allowed for subsequent acts.

Mr. ALEXANDER, or any manager producing a play of some importance (or, for the matter of that, of no importance), could issue a notice to this effect, viz., "*Dramatic Service will commence at eight o'clock precisely.* Persons who are not in their private boxes, or in their seats, free or numbered, at least two minutes before the rising of the curtain will not be permitted to enter until after the descent of the act-drop, in order that the congregation may not be disturbed. For those who, through their own unpunctuality, are deprived of seeing the first act, books of this act will be provided gratis, from which parties, temporarily excluded, may gather all that the good punctual persons will be rewarded by witnessing." Perhaps this might be of use as a model.

Yours sympathetically,

AN EARLY BIRD.

PLEASE NOTE!

Mr. Punch very heartily commends to all children, old and young, the scheme for raising a memorial to the late KATE GREENAWAY. The form, or one of the forms that it will take, is to be the endowment of a cot at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, under the same roof as the cot already endowed by Mr. Punch and his friends to the memory of another lover of children, LEWIS CARROLL. Contributions will be welcomed by the Hon. Treasurer, at The Lee Manor, Great Missenden, Bucks; and children are particularly invited to apply to him for subscription cards.

Massa Bones. I say, Massa JOHNSON, why ought Lord BURTON to be deeply interested in South African mines?

Massa Johnson. I am not aware, BONES, why Lord BURTON, etc., etc.

Massa Bones. Den I tell you, sar. Bekase he make all him money out ob de Beers.



TERRIBLE POSSIBILITIES OF THE LATEST CRAZE.

Housemaid (entering hurriedly). "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, MUM, YOU KNOW WHEN YOU ALLOWED COOK TO GO OUT JUST NOW FOR AN HOUR! WELL, SHE'S COME BACK SO VERY—ER—(hesitatingly)—POORLY!"

Mistress. "SO VERY POORLY? GOOD GRACIOUS, JANE, WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?"

Housemaid. "WELL, YOU KNOW, MUM, YOU TOLD HER TO DO THEM BANTAM'S EGGS FOR MASTER'S TEA, AND SHE'S TRYING TO BOIL THE PING-PONG BALLS!"

FROM PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[We dare not divulge the means by which we became possessed of this letter. Some sentences in the early part appear to have been translated into English by an unskilled hand—probably by one of the Prince's naval Secretaries.—ED.]

LIEBER VETTER GEORG,—Was man versprochen hat muss man halten—what one promised has must one hold—also schick ich Dir einige Zeilen über meine Amerikanische Reise. Da Du nie in Amerika gewesen bist wird das Dir gewiss höchst interessant sein. However, you must me one thing on your side promise. Do not my brother WILLIE anything of what I write tell. He is a very groundly (gründlicher) fellow, and fun he understands not. My honoured Gemahlin, too, the Princess might me misunderstand, and in that case würde es Streit geben! The American girls are namely colossally pretty and—aber da Du selbst Matrose bist will you quite well the feelings of a sailor understand. One little girl in Washington war eine echte Zuckerbohne. Such a darling's mouth, solche Augen und solch ein entzückendes mit Locken geschmücktes Köpfchen habe ich noch nie im Leben gesehen. Sie heisst MARTHA K. BUGSBEE—it is a mighty funny name—and ihr Vater ist ein gewisser JOSHUA B. BUGSBEE, ein Millionär aus Minneapolis. The father is a dreadful old man with a diamond stud as big as a Leuchthurm, but the daughter ist ein Ripper erster Klasse A1 kupferbeschlagen at LLOYD'S.

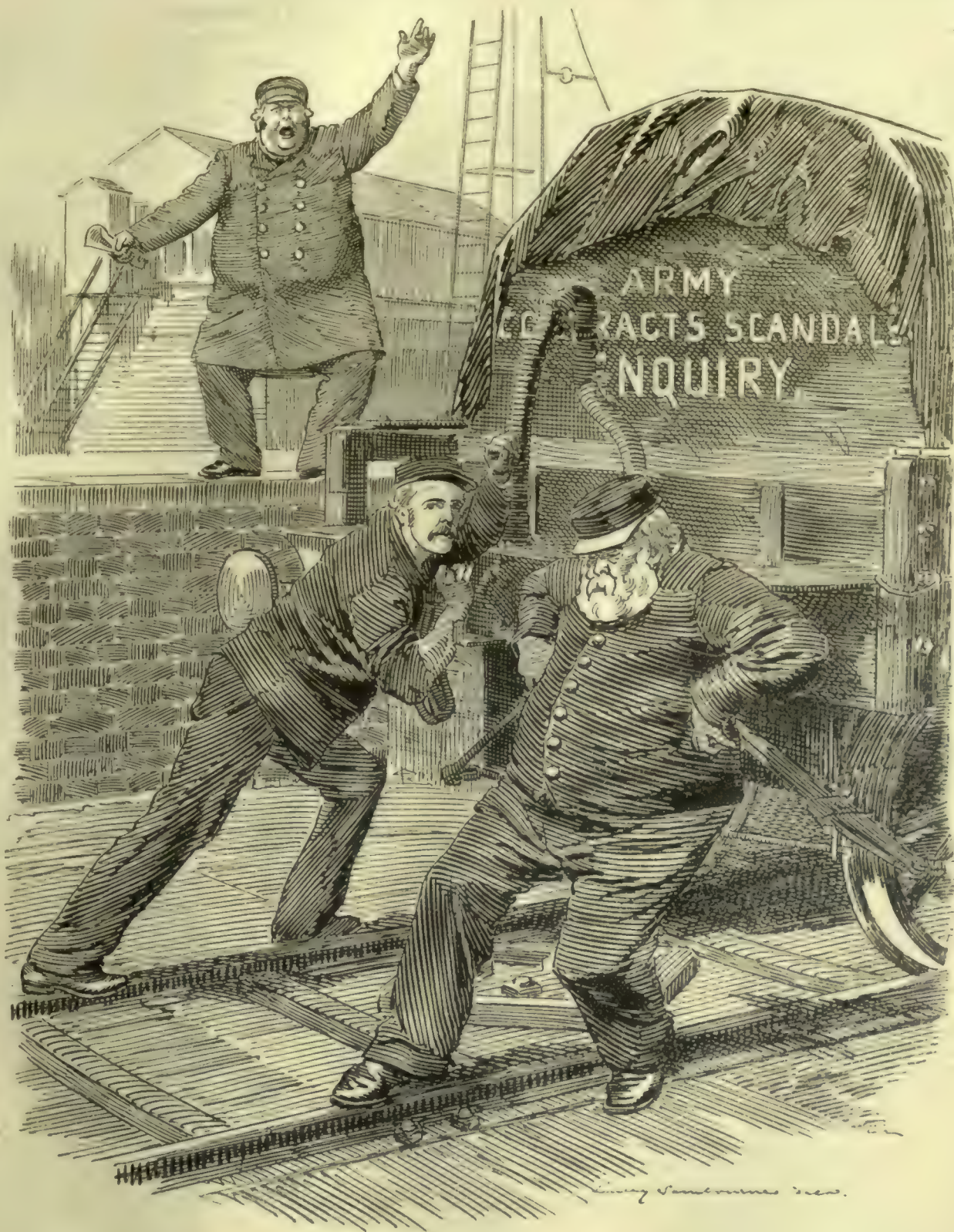
I met her first at an evening party, a topping affair, and I tell you her eyes just through-bored me back and front. Erst machte sie mir einen reizenden Knicks, dann blickte sie mir stracks in die Augen und, presto, war's um mich geschehen! Oh, MARTHA, MARTHA, in dreams I still hear those sweet words die durch deine liebe kleine Amerikanische Nase kräuselten: "Prince, I guess we're going to give you a real lovely time." Mit der Zeit kommt Trost—time will console me, but the name of MARTHA K. BUGSBEE is engraved for ever on my heart. As I said before, not a word of all this to WILLIE or the Princess, my wife.

Der alte ROOSEVELT ist ein tüchtiger Kerl mit glänzenden Zähnen die man von Weitem ohne Fernrohr ganz gut sehen kann—you can see his teeth miles away without bothering to look through a telescope. I'll show you MARTHA's photograph when we meet next.

Lebewohl, Dein Dich liebender Vetter.

HEINRICH.

P.S.—Vorgestern wurden mir 1000 Redacteurs vorgestellt—1000 live newspaper editors, my boy, and quite a decent lot of fellows too. Unsern WILLIE, I et R., der seine Redacteurs meistens ins Gefängniß packt, wird diese Nachricht furchtbar erfreuen—he'll be as pleased as a cat in a kennel, will our dear WILLIE, bless his kind heart. Es lebe hoch Amerika; es lebe hoch TEDDY ROOSEVELT, es lebe hoch MARTHA K. BUGSBEE. Hoch! Hoch!! Hoch!!!



NOT TO BE SHUNTED.

JOHN BULL (Station-master, to Porters, S-L-SB-RY and B-LF-R). "HERE, I SAY! WHAT ARE YOU SHUNTING THERE? I WANT *THAT* TO GO ON!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, February 24th. — Remember Lord TWEEDMOUTH very well, whilst he was yet with us in the Commons, cheerily suffering the drudgery of Whip.

Rarely a Whip exercises privilege of free-born Member and makes ordered speech. Recall occasion when exception made in case of MARJORIBANKS. Something to do with rifles. Liberal Whips' room turned into sort of armoury; the walls lined with gun-racks; the door pierced for musketry defence. Messengers approaching room for orders brought up short by contact with the aggressive coolness of a rifle barrel touching cheek or brow. AKERS DOUGLAS, then Whip in the other camp, had a dreadful time. Knew MARJORIBANKS meant no harm; only the enthusiasm of the moment. All the same, not at all comfortable when you are crossing the Lobby to be conscious of being covered by a rifle with the Opposition Whip's eye gleaming along the barrel.

When debate came on MARJORIBANKS wanted to bring in his gunnery. SPEAKER objected on ground of lack of precedent. MARJORIBANKS pointed out that LYON PLAYFAIR, delivering a lecture on margarine, had the table covered with samples of various kinds of grease in divers pots. BROADHURST, on another occasion, brought down a bag of tools and did a bit of masonry illustrating an argument. Could not vouch for accuracy of illustration, but remembered seeing somewhere a picture of HOWARD VINCENT having strapped about him all kinds of pots, pans, brushes, doormats, and other domestic utilities made in Germany. These he displayed whilst



Dogged's Coat and Badge; or, It-sch, the "Waterman."



JAPANESE "PROCEDURE" AT WESTMINSTER.

"A more humane Mikado never did in Japan exist."

With the assistance of Jo-Jo, the Lord High Executioner, he endeavours "to make the punishment fit the crime."

urging the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to clap ten per cent. on foreign imports.

SPEAKER obdurate; the guns had to be left in the Whips' room, and MARJORIBANKS made very good speech without them.

Since he went up to the Lords, has made up for lost time. A pretty frequent speaker, especially of late, since he marked the meat contract for his own. Otherwise it belongs to Melancholy. The whole business of Government contracts in connection with War in South Africa recalls darkest epoch of Crimean days. TWEEDMOUTH taken subject in hand; thoroughly mastered it; keeps pegging away. To-night moved for Joint Committee to enquire into the whole subject.

"Certainly," says a Government to

whom, like reading and writing, the granting of Commissions and Committees of Enquiry comes by nature, "with the greatest pleasure. Only, not just now; wait till the war is over."

"But," ROSEBERRY urged, "when the war is actually—not officially—over, public will be in such state of jubilation that they won't care about monstrosities in meat contracts, or horse deals by experts which recall, and in simplicity exceed, MOSES PRIMROSE's famous dealing at the fair, where he left his father's horse and jubilantly brought home its price in the form of a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases."

"Exactly," said the MARKISS, and he need have added no more.

Business done.—Joint Committee on

Remount and Meat Contract scandals refused in the Lords by 88 votes against 25.

House of Commons. Tuesday night.—Spectacle of the Right Hon. J. W. MELLOR, K.C., sometime Chairman of Committees, throned on bales of what looked like merchandise, entering Palace Yard this afternoon on one of PICKFORD'S vans naturally excited attention. On enquiry it turned out there was no foundation for conjecture that the right hon. gentleman, despairing of the Mother of Parliaments, has gone into the Manchester goods line. Was merely bringing down petitions gathered by zealous churchmen at home and abroad, humbly showing that there would be a Certain Personage to pay if the King's Coronation Oath were altered with a view to soothing sensibilities of brother-Christians and fellow-subjects.

The waggon unloaded, the bales were trundled into Lobby and thence to foot of Table. MELLOR, flushed and breathless with lending a hand, looking as if he had just come out of chair after presiding over another free fight on the floor of the House, moved that petition be read at the Table.

"Any language you like," he said, with airy gesture towards the perturbed Clerk. "Zulu, Kaffir, Wangami, Chinese with a Hong-Kong accent, Hindoo, or pure Somerset, all there."

It appears that some devout churchmen, anxious to obtain unbiased opinion on knotty theological and constitutional points, have submitted Coronation Oath to HIS MAJESTY'S subjects abroad. Fifty converted Zulus,



IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

The Broken-down B-l-n-s (to the impoverished M-r-k L-chu-d). "Ar! it were a bad day for us, Markie, when the Gav'ment brought in that beastly Water Bill! 'Ow much 'ave yer taken to-day? What! *P'pences!* Well, yer har in luck!"

thinking the matter over, have, to quote petition presented on their behalf, come to the conclusion that alteration of the Coronation Oath is "dangerous to the Protestant succession and the stability of the Throne, mischievous, unconstitutional, fraught with great danger to the civil, political and religious liberties of the people." The dwellers in Sierra Leone, sipping the innocuous refreshment suitable to occasions of deliberation, agree. Natives of light and leading in Agra, Bangalore, Latwanak and Kere-meos (British Columbia), Aleppo, Jaffa, Foo Chow, and eke Fuh Ning, with one accord say ditto.

As for the Right Hon. JOHN WILLIAM MELLOR, he, without vestige of a smile on his grave countenance, watches the bales containing these and other petitions, aggregating half a million signatures, dragged off to the cellars by the perspiring, mutinous messengers.

"By-and-by," said one of these, "the House will be discussing Resolution protesting against excessive hours of abour of railwaymen. But look at us, doing railway porters' work, and no prospect of a tip. Charity begins at home, I say," and he gave the Maori

bale of petitions a vicious kick that knocked them up against Basutoland.

Business done.—Voted wages for men in the Navy.

Thursday night.—Not since JAMES JOICEY, Bart., wrung the heart of the sensitive Commons with lamentation over the hard lot of coalowner-millionaires stricken with a shilling export tax has there been witnessed such pathetic scene as to-night dimmed eyesight of lookers-on. London Water Bill down for second reading. Its main proposal to buy up the Companies. As RASCH puts it, "a Government that has behaved so nobly to Hungarian horsecopers not likely to treat shabbily British Water Stockholders." Nor have they. Bearing of the Bill in this direction indicated by fact that as soon as provisions were made known price of stock jumped up. Increase of market value counted by hundreds of thousands of pounds.

And here comes along BOULNOIS, representative, as he admits, of the Water Companies, and bewails their hard lot, victims of a confiscatory Government incited by a brigandising County Council!



"Pity a poor Water Company Director."
(Mr. E. B-l-n-s.)



Lady to Bird Fancier. "I MUST GET YOU TO CHANGE THAT PARROT, MR. CHICKWEED. I'VE ONLY HAD HIM A WEEK, BUT QUITE HALF A DOZEN TIMES HE HAS SHOCKED MY VISITORS WITH HIS HORRIBLE LANGUAGE!"

Bird Fancier. "I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ONE THAT WAS QUICK TO LEARN, MA'AM!"

"We are," he said, borrowing DIXON-HARTLAND's handkerchief to check the waterworks appropriately turned on in his expressive eyes, "cast on the streets penniless. Our works, monuments of patient industry, are taken from us. Our reservoirs are given to another. Our New River, washing down gold since STUART days, will become even as the Fleet. Our King's Shares will no longer fetch more than £100,000 a piece. Our very counting-houses, where we have written through the revolving years cheques for fat dividends, will shelter strangers."

Here he broke down, and was led forth sobbing.

"Well, well," said the Member for SARK, "BOULNOIS does the thing thoroughly when he begins. General impression is that Water Stockholders are pretty well-to-do. BOULNOIS' business to represent them as really indigent victims of organised robbery. Often heard of taking the bull by the horns. This is taking the BOUL by the nose—or, as he pedantically spells it, the nois."

Business done.—Whisky and Water. The Lords dealt in the first in connection with Scotch Closing of Public Houses Bill; the Commons wallowed in the London Water Bill.

House of Lords, Friday.—The House of Lords is the sepulchre of speech. Of its august assembly there are not more than a dozen who can make themselves heard throughout the chamber. The MARKISS can, if he pleases; doesn't often try. His most interesting confidences are frequently poured into his own bosom, as he bows his head over the Table, to the despair of gentlemen in the Press Gallery. Members of the Commons, penned in odds and ends of galleries below the Bar, marvel when, after vainly trying to catch full purport of the MARKISS's sentences, they find them reported, avowedly verbatim, in the morning papers.

SARK gives me an interesting account of how this miracle is achieved. When the MARKISS is to be reported, syndicates are formed, just as if he were a loan to be underwritten, or a gold mine to be floated. No one reporter, however quick at hearing, could catch all he says. Half-a-dozen, labouring after his voice, take notes. Then they sit in a group and write out. A gap in one man's notes will be filled up from another's, and so they manage to get a fairly full report.

"Wouldn't it be better if he spoke up?" I asked.

"Yes," said SARK, evidently struck with novelty of idea.

Funniest thing I've heard in Lords for a long time was Lord FEVERSHAM speaking the other night on Army Contracts question. Being honorary Colonel of the 2nd North Riding Volunteers, FEVERSHAM discusses military matters with authority. Effect of counsel marred by irresistibly comical resemblance of his voice to something between the squeak of the Punch-and-Judy man and the remote metallic sound of one speaking through the telephone. No one would have been at all surprised if he had commenced his speech with enquiry, "Are you there?" and finished it with "Good night!" and the sound of the bell switching off the telephone.

Business done.—Commons working at Supply.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Under Secretary (HUTCHINSON) is evidently the literary achievement of a butler in the house of a Member of Parliament accustomed to serve at dinners where, according to habit, Parliamentary "shop" is incessantly talked. Unfortunately, the duty of occasionally going round with the wine has militated against perfect accuracy in matters of detail. *The Under Secretary*, purporting to be written from

the inner circle of political life, bristles with blunders in pretentious details. To begin with, there is no such Minister as the "Parliamentary Under Secretary" for Foreign Affairs, whom, in the person of his hero, the butler again and again pompously announces. He has heard and read a good deal of Supplementary Questions, interrogations which, as their name implies, are put *viva voce* on the spur of the moment in supplement of one printed on the Paper. He makes the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs deliver a long and brilliant speech, prepared in concert with his chief, in answer to "a Supplementary Question" later unexpectedly put. A speech would not be permitted at Question Time in answer to any form of interrogation, and obviously could not be prepared in advance of one sprung on a Minister. Our butler is under the impression that the House sits in November. Accordingly we have in that month the "Parliamentary Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs remaining in town, tied to the House by his professional duties." Nothing escapes the worthy butler's eagle glance. "They were waiting that reply of yours in the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs with a good deal of anxiety, I can tell you," says a melodramatic Foreign Office spy to the Under Secretary. "It was telephoned to Paris before you had delivered it." "Ah," said the Under Secretary, whom nothing disturbs, "copied from one of the sheets of replies given out to the Press Gallery, I expect." The butler has, my Baronite suspects, caught in the dinner conversation something about Ministerial replies being sent up to the Press Gallery. He missed the point that this is never done till after—occasionally long after—the answer has been delivered in the House. The idea of a Minister, above all a Foreign Minister, distributing to the Press a copy of his answer before he makes it, is good. After this it is natural to have a question printed on the Orders of the Day charging a Minister with treason and murder. There is nothing in the muddle-headed melodrama of the story itself to atone for these ludicrous, bumptious blunders. The scent of the butler's pantry is over it all.

[There is no foundation for my Baronite's suspicion about the butler. If he had looked at the title-page he would have seen that *The Under Secretary* is written by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.—The Baron.]

As a Pickwickian student Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD is indefatigable. His latest addition to Bozology is a fine, up-standing, clear-typed, and therefore in every sense readable volume, entitled *The Pickwickian Dictionary and Cyclopædia*, published by the author and W. T. SPENCER, presumably another Pickwickian enthusiast. It is dedicated to MARCUS STONE, R.A., one of the latest of "Boz's" illustrators. Among many interesting anecdotes concerning distinguished men associated in some way or other with *Pickwick*, Mr. FITZGERALD recounts how, on one occasion, Lord ROSEBURY, to relieve the monotony of a three weeks' voyage from San Francisco to Sydney, took the part of *Serjeant Buzfuz* in a dramatic version of "the Trial in *Pickwick*." His lordship's performance appears to have been a memorable success, although, "carried away by his ardour, he occasionally disputed his judge's ruling, who threatened to commit him for contempt." The rôle of the judge on this occasion was not played by either Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. *A propos* of a note on the substitution of "V" for "W" in cockney dialect, it should be stated (and it may be so stated, but the Baron cannot find it) that such substitution was a cockneyism, but to substitute "W" for "V" was (and is still in some parts of the county) peculiar to Kent. A cockney of the time of DICKENS and SEYMOUR would have said "ven" for "when"; a Kent-coast man would pronounce "villain" as "willin," but would never say "vig" for "wig."

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



FOR THE CORONATION YEAR.

MAY WE SUGGEST A "WASH AND BRUSH UP" FOR ALL THE METROPOLITAN STATUES.

A DALY CHRONICLE.

At Daly's, now being run by EDUARDES the First, otherwise GEORGE the Lucky, there are crowded houses nightly to see and hear *A Country Girl*. And, indeed, there is much worth seeing supplied by a very fair company ("very fair" describes the appearance of the attractive feminine portion of it); by Messrs. CRAVEN and HARKER, scenic artists; by Willie-o'-the-Wispy WARDE, acting as "business" man for the chorus, making the dancers follow in his steps; and by Mr. quite *Per-se* ANDERSON, the artfully designing costumier. There is also not a little worth hearing writ by a TANNER, interspersed with lyrics by Messrs. ROSS, GREENBANK and RUBENS, the whole concoction being kept "going strong" by the light, bright and tuneful music of LIONEL MONCKTON, played by a first-rate orchestra under the direction of Mr. BARTER JOHNS. Any attempt to discover the story underlying the action would scarcely be worth the while of a generally gratified spectator. Why destroy a pleasant illusion? Take for granted that there is a plot, but don't worry about it.

Messrs. FRED KAYE, BANTOCK and HUNTLEY WRIGHT (who, in the second act, when in petticoats, is suggestive of a sort of DAN LENO junior) are all capital; while Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON as *Quinton Raikes* supplies that refreshing repose in the "action" of which an audience, dazzled by the cinematographic character of the brilliant entertainment, are so much in need, and for which "relief" they say, with the immortal WILLIAM, "much thanks." Mr. BARRINGTON'S topical song, rendered in his own inimitable manner, every word being distinctly audible, is undoubtedly the hit of the evening, being encored until his supply of well-written verses is exhausted.

Miss LILIAN ELDEE, as *Marjory Joy*, is indeed a joy to the spectators; Miss ETHEL IRVING is merry and sprightly as *Madame Sophie*; Miss MAGGIE MAY'S contralto notes are worth far more than they go for in a piece of this description, as may be also said of the singing and acting of Miss EVIE GREENE (may she be Ever Greene and fresh as now!), on whose dramatic talent such a medley-variety piece as this makes the smallest possible demand.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN is Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN; more cannot be said, except that in this piece the author has called upon

him to assume the name of *Geoffrey Challoner*, and that he is as successful as usual, even when he has actually to "stand at ease" on the stage and assume an air of silent appreciation while listening to a song so charmingly sung by Miss MAGGIE MAY that it is pretty safe to be encored, in which case Mr. COFFIN, as the refrain to the old song of "*A Good Time Coming, Boys*" phrases it, has to "wait a little longer."

Miss TOPSY SINDEN'S special dances are excellent, though why she should be called *Miss Carruthers*, and who *Miss Carruthers* is supposed to be, or how *Miss Carruthers* comes to form any link of any sort with the other characters, or to be at all essential to the—ahem—"plot," except, of course, when dancing, will remain a mystery which the present deponent neither pretends nor in the very slightest degree cares to solve. Anyway, *A Country Girl* has "taken the Town."

Mr. Punch offers the First Prize (consisting of his warm appreciation) to the authors of the following solutions to his conundrums:—

I.

Q. Why did Jack and the Beanstalk?

A. Because Robinson Crusoe.

II.

Q. Why did CHARLES LEVER?

- A. a. Because ALICE through the Looking-glass.
- b. Because he saw GORDON CUMMING.
- c. Because he wanted to MARIE CORELLI.
- d. Because he thought MONA CAIRE.
- e. Because he loved HANNAH MORE.

Some consolation for the victim of the above act of desertion is suggested by the following:—

Q. Why did SAMUEL LOVER?

A. Because he saw CHARLES LEVER.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

A CELEBRATED leader of fashion, says a gossip, is going to re-introduce patches this coming season. Is the object of this to mend Society manners?

VIVE L'ARMÉE!

["In a recent circular General ANDRÉ points out that it is undesirable that soldiers of the artizan class in the French Army should be habitually taken away from their duties in order to act gratuitously as carpenters, painters, &c., for the officers and their wives. He notes, moreover, that in Algeria and Tunis the infant children of officers are nursed by their orderlies, who also do the cooking for the family. Some officers have as many as three orderlies. The leader of the regimental band has two, because the musicians refuse to carry the stands or distribute the music!"—*Daily Paper*.]

How happy is the Conscript's life!
He waits upon the General's wife,
Runs errands, cooks if he is able,
And, if he isn't, waits at table.
He stands respectful in the hall
Whenever people come to call,
And ushers everybody in
With military discipline.
He puts the baby in its crib,
Gives it its meals, adjusts its bib,
And if it should begin to cry
He soothes it with a lullaby.

If he should be an artizan
He is indeed a lucky man!
Whenever anything is broken
You find his services bespoken.
He mends the windows and the locks
And even regulates the clocks.
He makes the most ingenious toys
To gratify the Colonel's boys.
His plumbing is beyond reproof,
He puts new slates upon the roof,
And when the vernal months begin
He paints the house outside and in.

Nor must you think no use is made
Of those who have no special trade;
There's always *something* you can find
For men to do if you've a mind.
Thus, horticultural pursuits
Have great attractions for recruits,
And many of them rise at dawn
To go and mow the General's lawn.
Two men at least, I understand,
Wait on the regimental band,
Where their obliging dispositions
Are greatly prized by the musicians.

Unhappily, this life of peace,
I grieve to say, must shortly cease,
For General ANDRÉ, odious man,
Is going to stop it—if he can!
He holds that officers do ill
Who keep the Conscript from his drill
And make him concentrate his mind
On work of a domestic kind.
Such menial tasks, he thinks, should
yield

To practice in the tented field,
To handling guns of various size
And doing bayonet exercise.

The system, therefore, will be changed
(Or so the General has arranged)
And none will be allowed to shirk
His share of military work.
Farewell, the old delightful days
When, innocent of martial ways,

The soldier laid aside his sabre
And gave his time to household labour,
When Conscripts, if they knew a trade,
Were not expected on parade,
And when the swords of skilful cooks
Were beaten into pruning hooks!

WHY GO TO CAIRO OR CANNES?

SOME ARGUMENTS FOR THE HOME RESORTS.
(As set forth by Local Correspondents.)

I was looking out for some place in which to spend the worst part of the winter, loathing London from November to May, when suddenly one of my friends suggested giving the home resorts a chance. He darkly hinted at bandits on the P.L.M., insanitary arrangements from Hyères to San Remo, and "hatred of England" everywhere.

"Turn," he said, "to your daily paper and read the news, attractions, and so on, sent up daily by the local correspondents."

This is what I found:—

BOGGLETON.

Though the sky was cloudy, and rain fell heavily all day yesterday, it was very fine at night. Much gratification has been caused here by the inauguration of a horse-trough outside the Post-Office. The Tradesmen's Association took advantage of the interesting occasion to present a massive silver locket to Mrs. JIMSON, our popular Mayoress.

Goat Hot.—Fir. cl. Brac. air. Mod. ter.—PEN. FLOPP, Prop.^g

MUDWORTH.

Balmy breezes prevail, and as proof of the phenomenally mild weather it may be mentioned that the trees were never so nearly about to bud. A raspberry was gathered yesterday in the open air. Mr. JORKINS, an influential visitor, has generously promised a thousand pounds towards the new cottage hospital, providing that ten other gentlemen contribute a similar sum by the day after to-morrow. The Mudworth Minstrels gave an enjoyable entertainment last night in the Pump Room, and young Mr. HANKER was encored for his spirited rendering of "*Oh, Ho! Oh, Ho!*"

Mud. Hot. Sel. Wint. terms.—Mrs. ROOT.

DULTON WELLS.

The great event here yesterday was the return of the Imperial Yeoman whom we sent off to the front with a great tea recently. Unfortunately, owing to a War Office blunder, he got no farther than Southampton, where, after drinking the King's health, he was taken care of by the authorities for fourteen days, and

* The strange characters are advertisements inserted under matter at a guinea a line.

then returned to us safely. The band of the Inebriates' Home went out to meet him.

A geological lecture was given last night at the Institute. Quoits are played daily.

Apart. Suit all inco.—Ap. LOPWORTH AND CRUTCHLEY, The Parade.

FLINTLOCK.

Very open weather has prevailed during the last few days. A local character, upwards of eighty years old, was seen going up the main street yesterday without a hat. The fox hounds were out in a large field. The snow that fell last month is now being rapidly removed, and we hope to have the streets ready for Easter visitors. Festivities continue at the Hydros. A fancy dress ball was given last week at BLOBSON'S, the hit of the evening being Mr. SOFTLEY as *Queen Elizabeth*.

TATE'S Hot. Bath available. Gas in all bedrooms. Opposite pub. laundry.

I have not yet decided upon my home winter resort.

TAXATION OF SUBURBAN "VALUES."

(A Hint to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

SIR MICHAEL, spare the aching backs
Of those poor sheep already shorn;
On him insensate lay your tax,
Who, thinking to exalt his horn,
Christens his little box of bricks
"San Remo"—meaning "number six."

The bliss that wraps his soul around
Whene'er he views that blessed name,
Should still in lesser sort abound
Though he were mulcted for the same;
And cabby might blaspheme the less,
Threading that stony wilderness.

O Chancellor, consider well
These leagues on leagues of virgin soil,
Which at a word you might compel
To yield such rich and easy spoil;
So shall these dreary wastes of stone
For all their hideousness atone.

SUGGESTED PUBLICATIONS.—Mr. HEINEMANN advertises a novel by MARGARET L. WOODS, entitled *Sons of the Sword*. Happy start for a series: say, *Daughters of the Dagger*, *Brothers of the Bomb*, *Aunts of the Arquebus*, *Cousins of the Cannon* (which might be a military-ecclesiastical story of the "Church militant"), *Relatives of the Rapier*, *Mothers of the Musket*, and, perhaps, a nautical tale of life on board an armour-clad, entitled, without alliteration,

A SON OF A GUN.



Second Horseman No. 1. "ULLOAH, DANNY, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' FOR!"

Second Horseman No. 2. "PERKISITES. GUV'NOR'S JUST BEEN OVER 'ERE. 'E JUMPS SO MUCH 'IGHER THAN 'IS ORSE, THERE'S ALWAYS SOME SMALL CHANGE OR SUMMAT TO BE PICKED UP!"

THE FAD THAT FAILED.

"FATE cannot touch me, I have lunched to-day," he said with simulated hilarity as he came up to me in the club smoking-room.

"How?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I had *purée* of porridge, *consommé* of potatoes and cauliflower *au naturel*. There was something else too of which I know not the name. It looked like green peas wrapped up in porridge, and I declined it. It is a novel sensation. I feel full and empty at the same time."

"What did you do it for?" I demanded.

"I am become a vegetarian," he answered with the air of an early martyr.

"Why?" I asked in surprise, for I had always imagined him to understand the art of dining as well as any man.

"Because," he said, "I do not wish to catch the small-pox, and vegetarians do not catch it."

"Who said so?" I asked again.

"The President of the London Vegetarian Association," he replied. "He said that 'if people would only put their lives in harmony with Heaven's eternal laws of health, there need be no fear of contracting small-pox.'"

"Oh!" I said. "Do you like your diet?"

"I hardly know," he said, thoughtfully. "I feel as if I was becoming emptier every moment. But it is a great thing to be in touch with the eternal laws of health."

"You say that," I assured him, "much as a man who had been drifting about in an open boat in mid-Atlantic for a week, supporting life on one ship's biscuit and a pint of stale water, would mention a life on the ocean wave! Give

it up, and come and have a chop with me. Afterwards you can go and get vaccinated if you are afraid of small-pox."

"I couldn't possibly," he declared. "The President said he hoped vegetarians would do all in their power to counteract the false doctrine that people could be saved from one disease by the inoculation of another!"

"It was very foolish of the President," I suggested.

"Not at all," he returned, warmly. "Besides, I do not want to die yet. Did you see that a Battersea Borough Councillor said that there were more deaths from vaccination than from small-pox?"

"I never did hear much good of Borough Councils yet," I replied; "but I have often heard better things than that. Come and have a chop."

"I think," he said slowly and sadly, "I should like to watch you eat one, but I must not partake myself. Still, I feel so horribly empty that I may take a little bread and cheese."

We left the smoking-room and found a corner table in the dining-room. I ordered my chop and other things, and his eyes grew wistful.

"What do you think of the President's theory?" he said.

"Nothing at all," I replied, shortly.

"And of the Borough Councillor's?"

"Less," I said.

"After all, I think I shall get vaccinated this afternoon," he said, with the air of one who yields an outpost of his creed in order to confirm the inner defences.

Then my chop came, and I began to eat with appetite. He watched in a silence that became almost painful. Suddenly, however, his mouth opened, and he called out in a loud voice, "Waiter! bring me a chop, several chops, and no vegetables!"

THE PERFECT OAR.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Presidents
of the two University Boat Clubs.)

ONCE on a dim and dream-like shore,
Half seen, half recollected,
I thought I met a human oar
Ideally perfected.

To me at least he seemed a man
Like any of our neighbours,
Formed on the self-same sort of plan
For high aquatic labours.

His simple raiment took my eyes :
No fancy duds he sported,
He had his rather lengthy thighs
Exiguously "shorted."
A scarf about his neck he threw ;
A zephyr hid his torso ;
He looked as much a man as you—
Perhaps a trifle more so.

And yet I fancy you 'll agree,
When his description 's ended,
No merely mortal thing could be
So faultlessly commended.
I noted down with eager hand
The points that mark his glory ;
So grant me your attention, and
I'll set them out before ye.

His hands are ever light to catch,
Their swiftness is astounding :
No billiard-ball could pass or match
The pace of their rebounding.
Then, joyfully released and gay,
And springy as Apollo's,
With what a fine columnar sway
His balanced body follows !

He keeps his sturdy legs applied
Just where he has been taught to,
And always moves his happy slide
Precisely as he ought to.
He owns a wealth of symmetry
Which nothing can diminish,
And strong men shout for joy to see
His wonder-working finish.

He never rows his stroke in dabs—
A fatal form of sinning—
And never either catches crabs
Or misses the beginning.
Against his ship the storm-winds blow,
And every lipper frets her :
He hears the cox cry, "Let her go !"
And swings and drives and lets her.

Besides, he has about his knees,
His feet, his wrists, his shoulders,
Some points which make him work with
ease,
And fascinate beholders.
He is, in short, impeccable,
And—this perhaps is oddest
In one who rows and looks so well—
He is supremely modest.

He always keeps his language cool,
Nor stimulates its vigour
In face of some restrictive rule
Of dietary rigour.

And when the other men annoy
With trivial reproaches,
He is his Captain's constant joy,
The comfort of his coaches.

When grumblers call the rowing vile,
Or growl about the weather,
Our Phoenix smiles a cheerful smile
And keeps the crew together.
No "hump" is his—when everything
Looks black his zeal grows stronger,
And makes his temper, like his swing,
Proportionately longer.

One aim is his through weeks of stress :—
By each stroke rowed to aid work.
No facile sugared prettiness
Impairs his swirling blade-work.
And, oh, it makes the pulses go
A thousand to the minute
To see the man sit down and row
A ding-dong race and win it !

* * * * *
Such was, and is, the perfect oar,
A sort of river Prince, Sirs ;
I never met the man before,
And never saw him since, Sirs.
Yet still, I think, he moves his blade,
As grand in style, or grander,
As Captain of some Happy-Shade
Elysian Leander. R. C. L.

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

I HAVE received so many applications from candidates for forensic honours to give an opinion upon the *modus operandi* of securing success in the Law Courts that I have determined to devote some of my scanty leisure to addressing the Editor of the leading paper patronised by Bench and Bar on the subject. My correspondents do not desire to be litigants save as agents, in fact they are all anxious to become members of one of the four Inns. Some of them are rather impatient and deprecate delay. One gentleman, who has not yet become even a student, asks me if there "is not some short cut to fame?" Well, I would rather not venture a decided opinion upon the subject. If one becomes personally interested in a Chancery suit, one rapidly secures an insight into the assessment of costs and subjects of a kindred character that may be of great service in the march to prosperity later on. I myself have had such an experience. Some ten or twenty years ago I became a party to an action for administering an estate. I was so active in watching the various parties that when payment of expenses was ordered on further consideration my name appeared in half-a-dozen bills of costs. Not only did I get a good notion of the procedure in chambers, but also obtained a healthy incentive to further work. But it is only right to admit that when the suit commenced I had a



["The after-dinner Ping-pong player is sighing for the invention of a coat . . . to meet table tennisian requirements."—*Evening News*.]

THE ABOVE IS A DESIGN BY MR. PUNCH'S FASHION-PLATE ARTIST. THE CELLULOID BALLS, IN PLACE OF BUTTONS AND SHOE BUCKLES, AND THE DECORATIVE BATTLEDORES, WOULD BE VERY EFFECTIVE. THE DESIGN OF THE CAP, TOO, WILL BE APPRECIATED BY THOSE WHO CANNOT KEEP THEIR HAIR ON OR STRAIGHT WHILST PLAYING.

fair competence, but towards its close became poorer. However, it was most interesting to notice the dwindling of the estate in satisfying the clamours of the solicitors. It was certainly the rule that suitors might come and suitors might go, but the *corpus* must remain for ever—to satisfy the *protégés* of the taxing master.

The *esprit de corps* of the profession was certainly—from a forensic point of view—delightful. Whatever the wrangling might be in matters of detail—such as the interests of the parties litigating—the one basis of action (all things being equal) was the protection of the funds in Court for the purpose I have indicated. Whomever or whatever a solicitor might represent, when it came to a question of security for expenses, the stern cry of the lawyer was very properly (from a purely professional point of view) "hands off."



Donald Patridge.

WANTED—AN EMBLEM!

Tactful Josephine (to R-s-b-ry and A-s-q-th). "BEE Y'ARE, GENTS! YOU'LL WANT A NICE FLOWER FOR YOUR BUTTON-'OLE. 'AVE ONE O' MY ORCHIDS!"

I hope, on some future occasion, to point out how easy it is for the student to be called to the outer Bar, to secure the patents of a King's Counsel, and to ascend the Bench, and ultimately become Lord Chancellor. But on the present occasion I have occupied the valuable space placed at my disposal by introductory remarks. I will content myself by answering one of the many questions put to me by stating that I have never allowed myself to become Lord Chancellor because I conscientiously object to mixing up law with politics.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.

THE SONG OF A FIRESIDE RANGER.

I've donned a cloak and leathern hose
And a feathered hat of felt,
A rapier keen at my side is seen,
And I've pistols in my belt;
I am ready for either open war
Or the sudden veiled attack;
And I laugh at the frowns of sullen
clowns

Who menace behind my back.
For I'm off to the land of stern romance
Where arrogant heroes ride,
With WEYMAN, WEYMAN, STANLEY WEYMAN,
WEYMAN at my side.

I've donned a "frock" and a "chimney-
pot,"

And gloves of faultless fit,
For I seek the haunts where fashion
flaunts

And airs its grace and wit.
The fickle fair who dally there
With swains of high degree
But ope their lips and out there slips
A sparkling repartee.

Then it's oh! for the glittering, glad-
some world

As we hail a passing fly,
Just HAWKINS, HAWKINS, ANTHONY
HAWKINS,
ANTHONY HOPE and I.

I've donned "me Sabbath suit o'
blacks"

And a plaid of sober hue,
That I may confer with the "Meenister,"
And the "Auld Licht" elders too.
I've learnt the sense of "ben" and
"but,"

And have also learnt to love
Brave-hearted Jess, whose tenderness
Was born of Heaven above.
And it's oh! for the welcome lights of
Thrums,

Where tears and laughter blend,
With BARRIE, BARRIE, J. M. BARRIE,
BARRIE for guide and friend.

I've donned a Norfolk suit of grey,
And a canvas helmet too,
For I'm off to a land of burning sand
With Captain Good and crew.



WHAT TOMMY OVERHEARD.

Mrs. Jinks. "THAT'S SIGNOR SCRAPESKI JUST PASSED. HE PLAYS THE VIOLIN LIKE AN ANGEL."

Tommy. "MUMMY, DEAR, DO THE ANGELS SAY 'DAM' WHEN A STRING BREAKS?"

We have chosen a long-named Zulu chief
To share our joys and woes,
And there isn't a tongue the tribes
among

But one of the party knows.
Then it's hey! for the subterranean
stream

And the queen of a thousand years,
With HAGGARD, HAGGARD, RIDER HAGGARD,
To raise and quell our fears.

I've donned a somewhat motley garb
From cupboard, drawer, and shelf,
Wherever stored—for I'm off on board
Of the *Ship that Found Herself*.

I mean to land on India's strand,
And the sights of Simla see;
To crack a joke with the jungle folk,
To carouse with *Soldiers Three*.

So it's oh! for a cruise with vivid views
Of a bright Imperial realm,
With KIPLING, KIPLING, RUDYARD KIPLING,
KIPLING at the helm.

I've donned my "slacks" and a sailor
cap,
And a rare old pilot coat,

And early o'clock I'm off to a dock
Where *Many Cargoes* float.
My heart grows light at the welcome
sight

Of the skipper's discontent
As off we steer in an atmosphere
Of ambiguous compliment.
Then it's oh! for the cook and the cabin-
boy,

As away from the wharf we steal,
With JACOBS, JACOBS, jocular JACOBS,
JACOBS at the wheel.

Again the garb of a gentleman,
For I go to join the throng
Of heroes fair and debonair,
Or silent, brave and strong.
Be it Afric's coast, or France, or Spain,
Or Russian's waste of snow,
With never a fear of a journey drear,
I gird myself and go.

Then it's oh! for the womanly, high-
souled girl,

And the rogue who is underhand,
With MERRIMAN, MERRIMAN, H. S.
MERRIMAN,
MERRIMAN in command.

THE RIVAL CREWS AT PRACTICE.

(By Our Own Nautical Retainer.)

SECOND NOTICE.

A CHANGE has to be recorded in the Liberal Combination. On his return to the boat at 7, ROSEBERRY had announced his intention of setting a private stroke of his own to the bow oars. As a result, not unforeseen by him, the handle of his oar naturally came into repeated contact with the broad of Stroke's back. This process, which had given promise of proving a source of secret satisfaction to No. 7, who had taken the precaution of casing his knuckles in light kid gloves, had its painful counterpart in the constant bombardment of ROSEBERRY's back by HARCOURT at 6. The undoubted gravity of this welter oarsman, as he plunges forward, differs materially from that of the small elephant in the problem, whose weight as it advanced along the inclined plane was for convenience permitted to be regarded as negligible.

Accordingly, on his own initiative, 7 has now replaced Bow, the latter shifting to 3, 3 to 5, and 5 to 7. At his new thwart, with nobody to ram him behind, ROSEBERRY enjoys a certain freedom from inconvenience, and from his point of vantage, with the rest of the boat in front of him has greater facilities, as an independent oar, for offering comments on the behaviour of the crew generally. At the same time the difficulties of the bow side, who are expected to take their time from him, are increased by the fact that he is outside the range of their vision. The device of a small hand-mirror affixed to the outriggers of 3, 5, and 7, is to enable them to cope with this difficulty, and gather some vague premonition of what Bow is going to do next.

Appended are the names and latest weights of the crew in their new order of rowing. It will be observed that their recent exertions have somewhat reduced both Stroke and Bow, the latter especially, owing to his having enjoyed a lengthy period of comparative luxury and inertia. On the other hand, No. 6, who, since the retirement of ROSEBERRY to the bow thwart, finds a narrower field for his fighting energies, is gaining daily in weight. Cox also has put on a few pounds, having modified his training exercise, which at one time took the form of a sharp run across country in full policeman's uniform. The rest of the crew remain stationary, with the exception of ASQUITH, in whose case the anxieties of his new position are beginning to tell upon a fine physique. These anxieties are largely due to the fact that his stroke is set him from behind, and that the eccentricities of Bow, so far from being always conjecturable beforehand, despite the hand-mirror, are often only to be recognised by the ensuing shock which the boat sustains.

	st.	lbs.
Bow. Lord Rosebery	12	6
2. Mr. Bryce	9	10
3. Sir E. Grey	11	7
4. Mr. Morley	10	0
5. Sir H. Fowler	12	4
6. Sir W. Harcourt	17	13
7. Mr. Asquith	12	7
8. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman	14	1½
Cox. Mr. Lloyd-George	4	9

Mr. SPENDER, one of the Liberal coaches, is still optimistic, and contends that notwithstanding an apparent divergence of styles, the crew is actually characterised by inherent uniformity. This view, however, is not shared by the *conoscenti*.

Passing to criticism in detail, we may say that Bow is a showy oar, but not a sound worker. He is inclined to sugar when there are no spectators on the bank. He

brought a great reputation from Eton, and would make a good figure-head in any race for which the other crew had scratched. But he has no staying-power for a stern chase. He rather prides himself on a tendency to dig, and is often heard to shout, "More spade work!"

BRYCE at 2 has the advantage of a cosmopolitan experience. He has rowed on the Great Salt Lake (Utah), the Orange River, and the Holy Roman Marshes.

Of No. 3 great things have been predicted. He has a pretty, taking style. But he has not yet proved his watermanship in foul weather. He is obviously uncomfortable in his present surroundings, and it is thought by many that he would be better suited with a seat in the rival crew.

No. 4 has scarcely enough stamina for the Westminster course. He is an honest worker according to his lights, but lacks both *élan* and adaptability. He has an air of abstraction when paddling, as if his heart were elsewhere, and occasionally lets his blade get up behind his ear like a quill pen. Though he has said of himself, "I am a stern, cold oar, and range apart," he really belongs, as we have seen, to the bow end of the boat.

FOWLER at 5 is hereditarily nonconformist, and has full play for his individuality in the present so-called combination.

No. 6 is a veteran challenger, and would sooner compete with the members of his own crew than nobody at all. The immense trampling capacity of his feet is of incomparable service when once they get fixed on the stretcher, but they are apt to break loose and crash through the frail shell of a racing craft. He still sits his full weight, if he does not actually pull it; and the support of his mere presence in such close neighbourhood is the sole remaining source of Stroke's confidence. Since the migration of ROSEBERRY from 7 to bow, No. 6 has given his knuckles a well-merited rest.

ASQUITH, the new 7, has a good rowing head and is what is popularly known as a brilliant oar. But it has been generally doubted whether his moral force is equal to the exigencies of a tight struggle. Originally of Spartan habits, he has of late years developed a taste for social ambitions, which has played havoc with his training. His prospects indeed are not what they were. Placed, so to speak, between the devil and the deep sea, with a Stroke (in front) whom he declines to follow, and a Bow (behind) that by the nature of things he cannot follow though he would, he can no longer hope, in the near future, to be in the winning boat, and the most that he can achieve is to assist with the rest of the bow oars in pulling the stroke side round.

Stroke, whose private attitude towards his crew is marked by protestations of unimpaired amity, has made a fair show of adapting himself to the variegated time of the men behind him. His methods are the methods of humanity, and he would not willingly displace the smallest insect on the surface of the water. In consequence, he rows rather light, and once very nearly gave vent to an expression of refined contempt for the habit of digging.

COXSWAIN LLOYD, who has assumed the second name of GEORGE, tutelary saint of England, from motives of patriotism, has drawn most of his experience from Wales. As a result, he handles his lines in the somewhat rough manner of a professional harpoonist. He also makes a point of keeping his rudder hard against the bow-side oars. In this way he raises a lot of water, which is suggestive of the spouting of a cetacean. Though limited in stature, it would greatly annoy him to be mistaken for a Liberal Imp.

In conclusion, it may be said that the dissensions in the Liberal boat, which at one time aroused a certain interest, have now come to be considered tedious to the verge of stupidity; and in regard to the issue of the contest between the rival crews, the public remains fixed in that attitude of indifference which is commonly associated with a foregone conclusion.

O. S.



FEMININE PINPRICKS.

Elderly Spinster. "AH, DEAR JULIA, YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW I DREAD TO THINK OF MY FORTIETH BIRTHDAY!"

Julia. "WHY, DEAR? DID SOMETHING VERY UNPLEASANT HAPPEN THEN?"

A WELCH RARE-BIT AT TERRY'S.

THE case of a nervous man becoming well-nigh distraught under the overwhelming impression of having been the immediate cause of a friend's death, and frantically assuming a disguise which shall assist him in escaping the attentions of the police, is not a novelty on the stage. Several variations on this theme will occur to the playgoer's, or play-reader's, mind, notably *L'Homme Blâsé*, or, as its English title is, *Used Up*, in which CHARLES MATHEWS as *Sir Charles Coldstream* has never been, and never will be, surpassed. The Baronet thinks he has caused the death of a blacksmith, and the blacksmith thinks he has killed *Sir Charles*, both having wrestled and tumbled out of window into the river together.

In *The New Clown*, by H. M. PAULL, Lord Cyril Garston, a namby-pamby, effeminate little person, gives his friend Captain Trent what Mr. PENLEY's simpering curate would call "quite a nasty knock," which causes him to lose his balance and fall into the river, whereupon Lord Cyril imagines he has been the cause of the Captain's death, and one Thomas Baker turning up, who is on his way to fulfil an engagement as a clown in a travelling circus, Lord Cyril, for a consideration to Baker, assumes the name of Baker, and, disguised as clown, takes his place in the ring.

Mr. JAMES WELCH, with his quiet, natural humour, is excellent as the highly sensitive little aristocrat masquerading as the new clown; and Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON plays to the life the rather bounding *Honble. Jack*, as in the previous piece this same actor had given a curiously close imitation of the manner and appearance of Mr. GILLETTE as the now famous

Sherlock Holmes. *En passant*, it must be said, and with truth, of Mr. BLAKISTON, as *Polly Eccles* said of her father, that, "he may have his faults, but he's a very clever man." The disreputable *Thomas Baker* finds a most amusing impersonator in Mr. GEORGE SHELTON; and Mr. JOHN WILLES is precisely the stolid landlord of a riverside inn. The sisters *Maude* and *Winnie Chesterton* are airily played by Miss JANET ALEXANDER and Miss BEATRICE IRWIN.

Miss NINA BOUCICAULT gives us a perfect miniature portrait of the impulsive, tender-hearted *Rose*, niece of the circus-proprietor, making of her such a character as CHARLES DICKENS might have imagined.

But the gem of the piece, for which unstinted praise is due both to author and actor, but especially to the latter, is the characterisation of Mr. Dixon, circus-proprietor and ring-master, and its perfect impersonation by Mr. EDWARD SASS. His perpetual reiteration of "Now, my lad," and "You know what I mean," in various tones, his professional "airs and graces," which have become part and parcel of his nature, are delightfully portrayed.

Two more of the *dramatis personæ* are quite worthy of honourable mention, the one being *Boy* (no name mentioned, simply "Boy" *tout court*), by Master LEONARD PARKER, and the other is "The Performing Donkey" (not mentioned in the bills), a real live, highly-trained circus ass, belonging to Mister SASS, whose scene with Mr. JAMES WELCH is one of the funniest in the piece. The introduction of this donkey as one of the principal characters is in strict keeping with the locality in which the action of the piece takes place, namely, "Bray."

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

AFTER the Homeric blank verse drama with which Mr. Punch's National Theatre opened its season, something lighter seems to be required. The next play, therefore, will belong to the modern Political genre of which Mr. ANTHONY HOPE is the inventor. It is called:—

TOMLINSON'S TABERNACLE.

ACT I.—SCENE—Sir JOHN MUDDLETON's study in Carlton House Terrace. Mr. VANTROMP, his secretary, is discovered at a large desk opening letters.

Vantromp (glancing at these as fast as they are opened, reading a sentence, and then casting them aside impatiently). "Mr. TOMLINSON's political attitude"—Bah! "After reading Mr. TOMLINSON's speech"—Pish! "No one can observe Mr. TOMLINSON's views"—Pshaw! (Opening more rapidly). . . . "Mr. TOMLINSON's patriotism." "Mr. TOMLINSON's force"—Tut! TOMLINSON TOMLINSON!

Enter Sir JOHN, a mild, kindly, rather helpless creature.

Sir J. (rubbing his hands genially). Ah, good morning, VANTROMP! Any letters?

Van. A few, Sir.

[Pointing to heap.]

Sir J. And what are they about, eh?

Van. Nothing special, Sir—except TOMLINSON.

Sir J. TOMLINSON? Ah, yes. Very satisfactory, his return to political life. He's a force, an undeniable force.

Van. Yes. But on which side?

Sir J. On our side, of course. There are little differences, no doubt, subtle divergences. But Unity, my dear VANTROMP, Unity! Practically, we are agreed on all points.

Van. Indeed? I hadn't been able to discover that.

Sir J. But his speeches, my dear fellow

Van. Wouldn't it be as well to make sure?

Sir J. Perhaps it would. I'll drop in on him at luncheon and sound him. It's just on half-past one. [Exit cheerily. (Curtain.)]

ACT II.—SCENE—Mr. TOMLINSON's dining room in Mayfair. Luncheon is on the table. Enter TOMLINSON and Sir JOHN.

Sir J. Very unceremonious, my dropping in on you in this way, my dear TOMLINSON.

Tom. Not at all, Sir JOHN. Delighted to see you. Will you sit there? [They sit. Luncheon is served.]

Sir J. Delightful day, isn't it?

Tom. Very pleasant. Try one of those cutlets.

Sir J. Thank you. Thank you.

Tom. (to footman). Put the things on the table, MANTON. You needn't wait. [Exit MANTON.]

Sir J. Your cutlets—er—remarkably good.

Tom. My dear Sir JOHN, you have not come all the way from Carlton House Terrace to talk about my cutlets.

Sir J. (with an uneasy laugh). No—er—that's true.

Tom. (ruthlessly). What have you come to talk about?

Sir J. (hesitating). Well—er—it's about your metaphors.

Tom. Metaphors?

Sir J. Yes—there's a sort of—er—efflorescence about them—don't you think?

Tom. Upon my word, I don't know that I do.

Sir J. Of course we all desire the Unity of the Party.

Tom. No doubt—if there's anything we're united about.

Sir J. (uneasily). He! He! Very good: But I thought if there were less—er—efflorescence there might be—er—more Unity. Eh?

Tom. I'm sorry you think so. By the way, I don't admire your metaphors either.

Sir J. Indeed?

Tom. Shall I give you instances?

Sir J. (hurriedly). No, no, I think you'd better not. It would hardly tend towards Unity, would it?

Tom. My dear Sir JOHN, let me be plain with you. I'm all for Unity so long as it means that you agree with me. But if by Unity you mean that I have got to agree with you, I don't care about the prospect.

Sir J. (tearfully). This is very unexpected, very unexpected. (More sternly.) I must, however, put to you one question. Do you speak as one in the Tabernacle or outside it?

Tom. (disgusted). Another metaphor! I'm outside it.

Sir J. (in a burst of tenderness). Ah, my poor friend! That lonely furrow again!

Tom. No. Spadework. And I'm not alone, either.

Sir J. (wringing his hands). And I thought we were such a United Party. [Exit mournfully.]

(Curtain.)

ACT III.—SCENE—Sir JOHN's study. VANTROMP still at his desk writing.

Van. Four o'clock! (Yawns.) The chief's a long time over that luncheon. [Returns to his writing.]

Enter Sir JOHN. He looks less cheery than he did earlier in the day and sinks into chair limply.

Sir J. I've seen TOMLINSON.

Van. Pleasant luncheon?

Sir J. Not at all.

Van. (glancing at clock). It lasted some time.

Sir J. Less than an hour. I've been walking since, trying to collect my thoughts.

Van. TOMLINSON not very genial?

Sir J. He breaks with us definitely.

Van. Didn't you reason with him? Didn't you point out the necessity of Unity, the moral beauty of agreeing to differ? Didn't you show him that in politics the difference between black and white was more apparent than real.

Sir J. I did all that. But it was useless. With revolting cynicism he said that his conception of Unity was my agreeing with him, not his agreeing to differ from me.

Van. Monster!

Sir J. (almost weeping). And after all my speeches too! After I've proved again and again in public meetings that our views, though apparently contradictory, were in reality identical. It's heart-breaking!

Van. (with great disgust). This comes of cleaning one's slate!

Sir J. (ruefully). I shouldn't have minded his cleaning his slate. But I object to his breaking it over my head. I call such proceedings methods of barbarism.

Van. (much alarmed). Hush! Hush!

Sir J. I use the phrase in a political sense.

Van. (frostily). I think, perhaps, it would be better not to use it at all in future.

Sir J. Perhaps you're right. But it's a deprivation. I own it's a deprivation.

Van. Indeed, I think it might be more prudent to avoid all figurative expressions just now.

Sir J. (in a burst of emotion). So I suggested to TOMLINSON. "Let us give up metaphors," I said. But he didn't agree with me. He didn't seem even to want to agree with me!

Van. Surly fellow!

Sir J. But there, I can't trust myself to speak of it. I shall go and lie down. And remember, VANTROMP, I'm not at home to anyone. Mind, to anyone!

[Exit in a flood of tears. (Curtain.)]

THE ROYAL VISIT TO DEVONSHIRE.—Their Majesties, it is reported, on their return from the West, expressed themselves highly delighted with the manner in which they were received by the *crème de la crème* of Devonshire society.

PLEASURE PLUS PROFIT.

THE Bulgarian Bandit Co., Limited, beg to call attention to their arrangements for providing authors with enjoyable Easter vacations. Absolutely free accommodation is offered for literary men and women, as all expenses will be met by public subscriptions and Government grants. And those who avail themselves of this opportunity will be able subsequently to dispose of their work for prices hitherto beyond their wildest dreams. At the present moment, for example, twenty-five American publishers are bidding against one another for the privilege of obtaining copy from Miss STONE. The moral, for all writers desirous of increasing their incomes, is obvious.

We have chartered special steamers for our clients, leaving London once a week, and parties can be promptly kidnapped on the frontier between the hours of ten and six (Saturdays, ten to one). The operation will be performed painlessly by experts. If a grand dramatic kidnapping is required—which can be worked up afterwards into a striking article—a small fee is charged. This includes brandishing of swords, firing of guns, hire of a few Turkish soldiers to be put to flight, and attendance of a competent photographer.

The patrons of the Bulgarian Bandit Co. will be comfortably lodged in highly eligible caves. It is undesirable to describe their exact situation, but they are in the midst of most picturesque scenery, and are fitted with every convenience, including all the literary journals, typewriters, and rhyming dictionaries. The diet, consisting principally of figs and fried goat, is noted for its tonic properties. The poems and stories written upon it have a unique flavour, highly esteemed by editors.

While it is impossible to allow our clients to conduct their own correspondence, other than letters relating to the dispatch of ransom, a bandit of superior intelligence is prepared to act as the literary agent of authors taking up their abode with us. He will be in direct communication with all the best publishing houses, and will either sell poems and descriptive sketches to the utmost advantage, or, if events should unfortunately make this necessary, will edit an author's work for posthumous publication, together with a preface describing the fortitude with which he met his end.

The scale of ransom will be by arrangement. It will be due within one month of capture, and we offer a liberal discount for cash. Should it be not forthcoming within a further



Miss Prim (with the welfare of the working man at heart, and a strong antipathy to tobacco, sweetly, to labourer resting). "NOW, MY GOOD MAN, YOU KNOW WE SHOULD ALL TRY TO GIVE UP SOMETHING IN THE PENITENTIAL TIME OF LENT." (Engagingly.) "WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GIVE UP SOMETHING? ER!"

Labourer (stoutly). "YES, MARM, I SHOULD."

Miss Prim. "I'M SO GLAD! AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE UP?"

Labourer (readily). "WORK!"

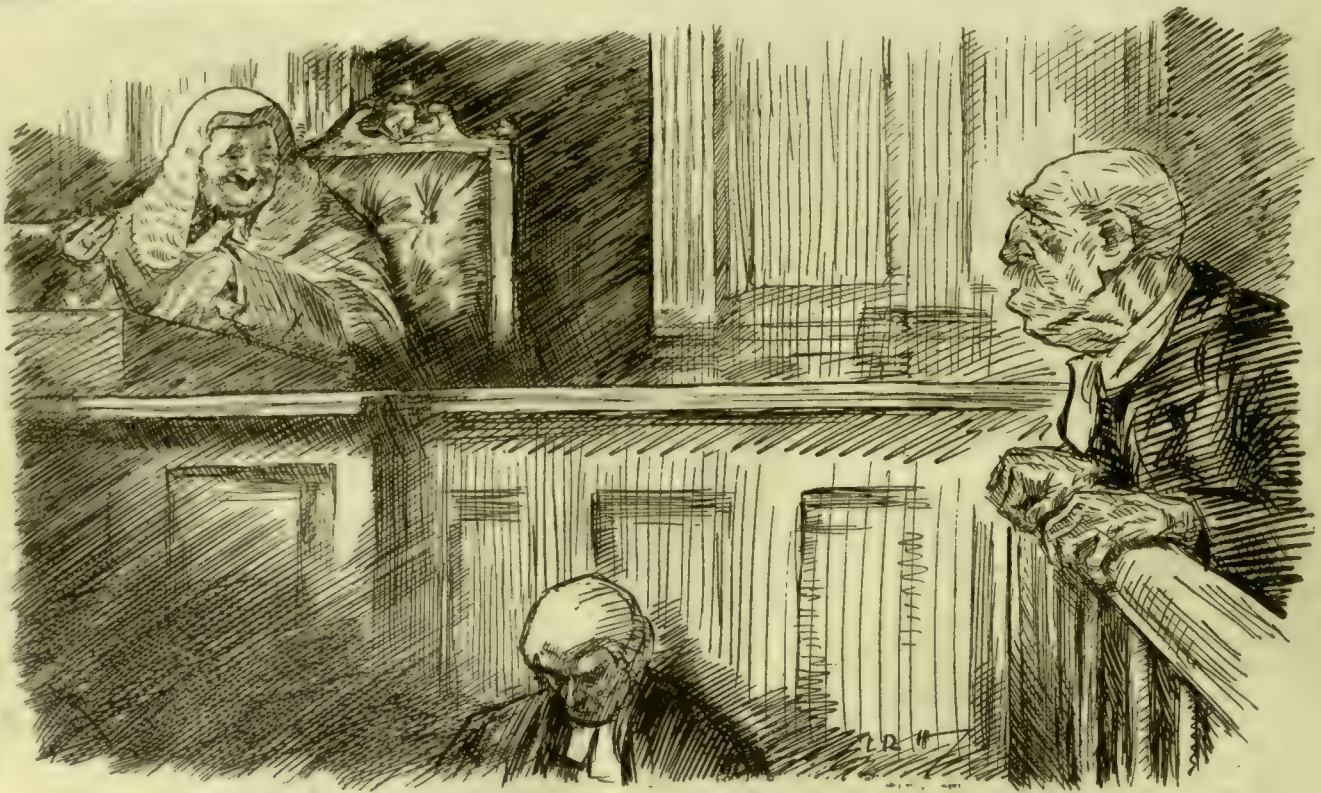
period of three months, we shall be compelled to put the author to death, in order to meet expenses. In this case, however, he will be allowed to compose his own epitaph. Our ransom-rates are studiously moderate, comparing most favourably with those of any other bandits or brigands.

Poets and dramatists will be welcomed, as well as novelists, compilers of time-tables, and other writers of fiction.

Should any attempt at a premature "rescue" be made by military forces, authors will be expected to aid in repelling the attack by reciting portions of their own works.

Owing to the impossibility of obtaining ransom for them, we must decline to receive critics as our guests.

Since the number of our visitors is sure to be very large, all who wish to be kidnapped about Easter should write to secure a cave without delay.



Aged Criminal (who has just got a life sentence). "OH, ME LUD, I SHALL NEVER LIVE TO DO IT!"
Judge (sweetly). "NEVER MIND. DO AS MUCH OF IT AS YOU CAN!"

A CITY IDYLL.

[The *Academy* invited its readers to turn some prose of a well-known man into sonnet form. "This suggests," says a contemporary, "new facilities in the production of verse, founded on the principle of the division of labour."]

In gold "no movement" at the Bank to-day!
 Yet silver "shows a fractional advance";
 De Beers are "weak on further sales from France";
 In Kaffirs "prices tend to fall away."

Consols—now quoted ex—again betray
 A languid tendency; men eye askance
 Home rails, which to investors give a chance
 Who venture common courage to display.

Abroad stagnation reigns, but "Spanish Fours"
 Are pressed for sale and show "a slight decline";
 One sixteenth lower they put down Mysore;
 Discounts "close firm" at two-three-quarters fine;
 Then a wild rumour of some Boer defeat
 Gives a faint spurt to "business in the street."

"THE LITTLE LESS, AND WHAT WORLDS AWAY!"

"General OSMAN PASHA, son of the Kurdish chief, BEDRAHAN PASHA, was to-day sentenced to death by the Criminal Court. The sentence will be commuted to one of interment (*vic*) in perpetuity."—*Westminster Gazette*, March 6.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Papa says that Lord ROSEBERY has given the Bannermaniacs a nasty knock, and please I want to know if the Bannermaniacs are the people that sing songs in the park on Sundays, and carry such lots of lovely banners, *all different*. I thought they was called teetotalums.
 Your little friend,
 EILEEN.

NEGLECTED!

"THE King has decided that eighteen representatives of the ancient Cinque Ports shall be invited to assist at the Coronation." Thus was it stated in the *D.T.*'s "Day by Day" column. The list is headed by Dover and ends with Margate. What a snub for Ramsgate! GEORGE THE FOURTH embarked at Ramsgate for his beloved Hanover, and an Obelisk commemorates both his departure and return. Thenceforth Ramsgate was "Royal Ramsgate." The Duchess of KENT and her late Majesty before she was Queen resided in Ramsgate. The oldest inhabitants can point out the Royal Residence, and an inscription is, we believe, still extant on the little dairy whence was brought every morning the fresh milk for the Duchess's and the Princess VICTORIA'S early breakfast. And now is "Royal Ramsgate" to be left out in the cold, while Margate is honoured with an invitation to the Coronation? Oh, too cruel! Sir WOLLASTON KNOCKER, Registrar of Cinque Ports, must be informed by a deputation from Ramsgate that this sort of thing isn't "up to the knocker" at all.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

(A Scene in the Near Future.)

Stage Manager (to Assistant). They are calling for the Author. Is the iron curtain down?

Assistant. Yes, Sir.

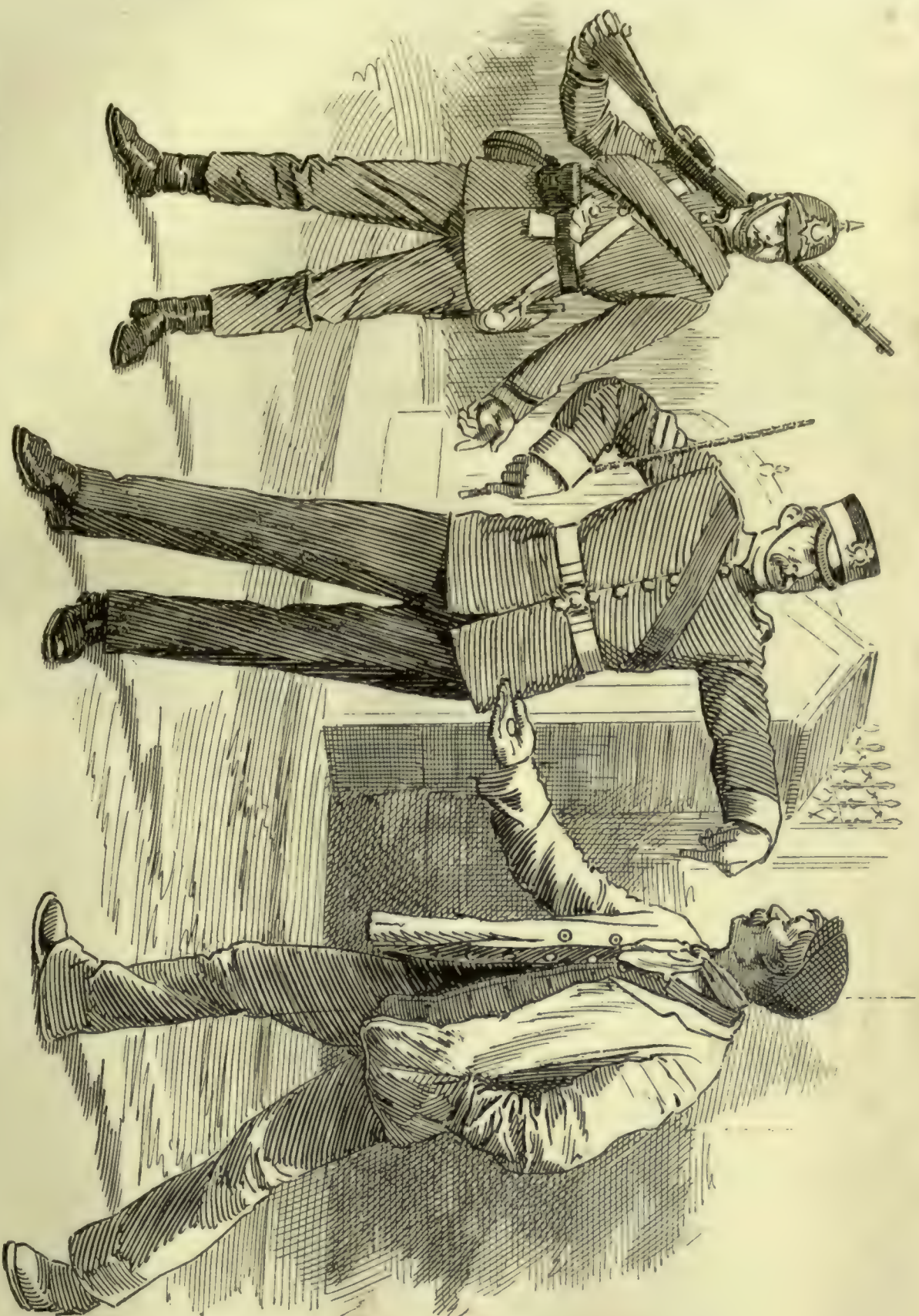
Stage Man. And the emergency exits open?

Assist. Yes, Sir.

Stage Man. Is the Author in his coat of mail?

Assist. Yes, Sir. Two supers are holding him.

Stage Man. I think we might venture to put him in front. I insured his life last week.

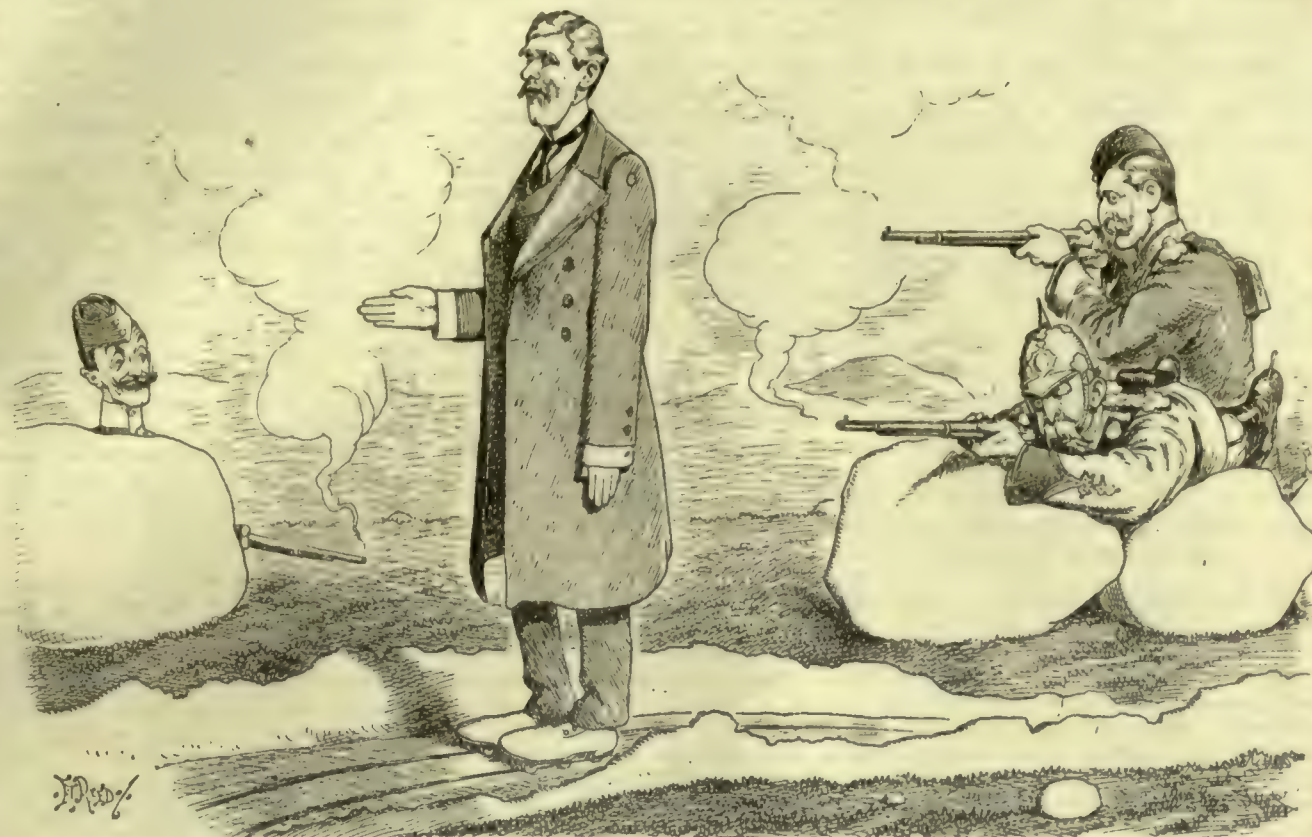


THE KING'S SHILLING.

LINE RECRUIT (with shilling from SERGEANT BR-DROCK). "WHAT! A SHILLIN' A DAY CLEAR! ALL RIGHT, GUVNOR, I'M ON!"
VOLUNTEER (aside). "AH! EXTRA HALFPENCE FOR HIM, EXTRA KICKS FOR ME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE AUTOMATIC CASE-HARDENED "RUNNING-MAN."

For testing the shooting efficiency of the Volunteers.

Mr. B-bby Sp-ne-r.

Mr. Br-dr-ck.

Col. Sir H-w-rd V-ne-nt.

Col. D-nny.

House of Commons, Monday, March 3rd.—No man enjoys a joke more heartily than CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. He can make 'em and take 'em. But there are some things that are no joke. One is, getting behind a fellow's back in his constituency and attempting to stab him. This happened at King's Lynn the other day when the CAP'EN hove in sight and mustered his constituency on the quarter-deck. The CAP'EN a dangerous customer to play tricks with. Quick as lightning his supple hand was on the wrist of his assailant whom he dragged forth into light of day.

To-night assault more openly renewed in House. Good Ministerialists can't understand a man marching under Government flag having a mind of his own and presuming to exercise it.

"Some of 'em," growled the old salt, in moment of rare irritation, "haven't got the mind to begin with."

ST. MICHAEL, unimproved by the companionship of All Angels, tried on little game with Committee of Supply; submitted innocent looking Vote of £100, which, carried, would include unauthorised appropriation for war services of a round million. The CAP'EN's eagle eye

pierced the cunningly-woven device. Rising with patriotic intent to expose it, he was greeted with impatient clamour from below gangway to his right. Slowly turning, he surveyed the riotous throng. He spake not a word; only looked them up and down. But there was ominous quivering of the mailed fist; audible, tremulous movement of the timbered adjunct that does duty for the leg "left in Badajoz' breaches" when his assailants' grandfathers were puling in the nursery. Effect remarkable. Silence suddenly fell over noisy throng.

Having thus by a glance quelled incipient mutiny, the CAP'EN went on demonstrating irregularity of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, whose look of boyish innocence is worth an extra £500 a year to salary of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, persuasively replied. The CAP'EN said no more; like DON JOSÉ and, by odd coincidence, the German Chancellor, what he had said he had said. After a while ST. MICHAEL, conscience-stricken, interposed, and withdrew the Vote, thus triumphantly vindicating the CAP'EN's prescience and judgment.

Business done.—London Water Bill read second time and sent to Joint Committee.

Tuesday night.—DON JOSÉ in fire form to-night. His blazing indignation shrivels up the CHANNINGS and other conies ("the conies are but a feeble folk"). HUMPHREYS-OWEN moves vote of censure on Government for, cf all things in the world, their infinite and costly solicitude for the abandoned Boer families gathered within the fold of the Refugee Camps. HUMPHREYS-OWEN the mildest man that ever cut a fellow-countryman's throat with insinuation or accusation of cowardly cruelty. Taken altogether, is of the best type of this peculiar class of citizen. White-haired, snow-bearded, soft-voiced, low-spoken, with countenance of almost sheepish kindness, if his head lacks something in clearness of intellectual vision his heart is all right. Even his heart has no room for recognition of the humane services of his brethren at the front, weary with overwork, tireless in endeavour to make things comfortable for the nation's strange guests. He has no cheer for Tommy Atkins sharing his rations with the

frowsy fraus, or helping to bring about the state of things described by Mrs. FAWCETT (who certainly did not go forth to bless the Camps) wherein the Boer children are "happier than they ever were in their own homes."

"Since war began," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "there has never been seen to the credit of a nation so fine a thing as these homes on the veld, sheltering the wives and children of the men we are fighting. That they add a cost of £180,000 a month to the burden of the war is nothing. It is the conception of the generous idea, its painstaking carrying-out, that make it unique in the world's history. Fancy I can see NAPOLEON's face had the idea been suggested to him in Italy or in Spain. Don't remember it recommending itself to our own CROMWELL in Ireland. Not certain that WELLINGTON in analogous circumstances would have welcomed it. Voluntarily to relieve the foe of the embarrassment of home-cares and camp followers was not part of his plan of campaign."

DON JOSÉ, bubbling over with honest indignation, defended men and officers at the front besmirched by the hands of brethren comfortably regarding scene from antimacassared arm-chairs in best parlours at home. Touch of comedy given to almost tragic episode by the regular, automatic uprising of meek-visaged HUMPHREYS-OWEN, explaining that he hadn't said something no one had attributed to him. It is hard on a man in the full flow of impassioned speech to be interrupted by a mildly-spoken person who obviously has not caught the drift of his remarks. At first when interruption came, DON JOSÉ, checked midway in sentence, turned and glared at the irrelevant gentleman as if he would have consumed him with the fire of his anger. Something so pathetic about Member for Montgomeryshire—he looked so like an elderly moth dazed in the sunlight—that DON JOSÉ relented, suffering his inconsequential buzzing, not gladly but with marvellous restraint.

Business done.—ST. JOHN BRODRICK explained latest phase of Army Reform. Tommy Atkins will have shorter service and higher pay.

Thursday night.—Rather a painful scene in House on Tuesday night when ST. JOHN BRODRICK was introducing Army Estimates. Spoke disrespectfully of Volunteers. If it had been the Equator, HOWARD VINCENT wouldn't have minded; the Volunteers are *une autre paire de manches*. Is not he the representative, almost the embodiment, of the Volunteer Corps? Would next have SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR speaking slightly of Member for Central Sheffield.

To tell the truth the gallant Colonel

is a little ruffled in temper just now. Ever full of patriotic ardour, he offered to take the part of the Champion at forthcoming Coronation. The mediæval person, with his coat of mail, his gauntlet and his Norman-English, all very well in his time. That time gone by. A much gallanter figure would be the Colonel of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, in his becoming grey suit, mounted on a bay charger. Proposal snubbed, just as if it had been a fresh plan of Protection submitted to CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. On top of this disappointment comes ST. JOHN BRODRICK sneering at the Volunteers, telling funny stories to their belittlement. More than a Knight of the German Crown and the Crown of Italy (not to drag in Central Sheffield) could stand.

Whilst BRODRICK spoke there suddenly opened from the rear what, in a moment of guilty fright, he took for discharge of a Pompom. Only HOWARD VINCENT rebuking ill-timed frivolity. BRODRICK nervously declared he hadn't meant anything. H. V. not to be put off with phrases. In deepened voice renewed protest. BRODRICK attempted to continue his speech. H. V. barred the way. Excitement grew on crowded benches. Wasn't this a military offence? Might a Colonel of Volunteers, on parade as it were, beard the civil Head of the British Army?

Irish Members sat up alert, attentive. Supposed this wasn't matter for the police; that an arm of the Service reserved for them. What here seemed most appropriate was the marching in of a corporal's guard, and the marching forth, under arrest, of the mutinous Colonel. Happily storm blew over. Only temporary surcease. To-night Colonels and Captains of Volunteers, under command of H. V., made attack in force on SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, who finally capitulated. Explained, after the manner of *Benedick*, that when on Tuesday he poked fun at the Volunteer he did not think he would live till Thursday to recognise in him the pink of military perfection, the worthy comrade of the veteran soldier.

"Nor did I," muttered Colonel HOWARD VINCENT, V.C., furtively withdrawing charge from a six-barrel revolver made in Germany.

Business done.—House got into Committee on Army Estimates.

Friday night.—Day by day through the revolving seasons F. C. G. delights the world by his sketches in the *Westminster Gazette*. For freshness, originality, humour, and piercing point, the series is unrivalled. In *Froissart's Modern Chronicles* (FISHER UNWIN), he excels himself. Has carried out with delightful effect the happy

thought of environing men of the twentieth century with the costume and other circumstance of the fourteenth. The combination, more especially in connection with DON JOSÉ, can, especially now it is done, be easily imagined. Next to DON JOSÉ, F. C. G. delights in the MARKISS, who here grandly figures drawn from picture in a stained-glass window.

Is not alone successful in admirable facial portraits. By certain subtle strokes he reproduces, with touch of caricature that does not mar the faithfulness of portraiture, familiar gestures and attitudes. Like all effort of high art it looks easy enough when done. Is really outcome of long, patient study. To draw men in the House of Commons, whether with pencil or pen, it is necessary to live in the place, be impregnated with its atmosphere. These conditions F. C. G. has for many years fulfilled. By this time he knows every look or gesture of the principal subjects of his study.

Where all is good it is hard to particularise. The MEMBER FOR SARK especially delights in the cartoon showing Sir JOSEPH DE BIRMINGHAM promising Old Age Pensions to the People, (JESSE COLLINGS as the squire is delicious); Sir JOSEPH and others rejecting the counsel of Sir GLADSTONE LE GRAND (observe the face and attitude of Mr. COURTNEY); and a small but delightful sketch of Irishmen fighting, with marvellous portraits of WILLIAM O'BRIEN and TIM HEALY.

Business done.—Still in Committee on Army Estimates.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



"FATHER has his faults, but he's a very clever man," is a line in *Caste* with which *Polly Eccles* always used to fetch the house. It is evident from Mr. WALTER FREWEN LORD's article, "An Apostle of Mediocrity," in the *March Nineteenth Century*, that he is a very clever man. It is also evident that he has his faults as a critic. The article is a long indictment of THACKERAY—for what? For not doing what he never professed to do. The charge urged at such length against him is that he did not truly "represent the social life of his century," but merely certain types of it, in many cases "ludicrous or disreputable" types. The reply is that—unlike BALZAC—THACKERAY did not aim at picturing the social life of his century. He was a satirist: and a satirist naturally dwells chiefly upon the seamy side of things: that is his vocation: nor is he tied to strict accuracy—to exact presentment of the facts. There



PING-PONG AT THE BROWNIE CLUB.

is onesidedness, there is exaggeration, there is caricature, in THACKERAY'S satire, as there is in all good satire. It is the keen and vivacious railing of an accomplished man of the world "who, without method, talks us into sense." Mr. LORD'S indictment might be urged with equal reason—or unreason—against ARISTOPHANES, JUVENAL, SWIFT, POPE, and all the great masters of the art. And to say that is to indicate sufficiently that Mr. LORD has his faults as a critic—though he is a very clever man.

Cecil Rhodes (BLACKWOOD), by HOWARD HENSMAN, is a somewhat matter-of-fact narrative of one of the most notable careers of the nineteenth century. It is written from the outside point of view, containing none of those touches possible only to a biographer who has studied his subject from intimate personal acquaintance. Happily the topic is so fascinating, the points of interest so wide, that even work frankly done on this plan cannot fail to be attractive. To a considerable extent the book is a record of the later history of South Africa. There are several illustrations, including a pretty picture of Groot Schuur, Mr. RHODES'S residence near Cape Town. My Baronite sees again the spacious stoep where, far into nights of South African summer, he has sat listening to *CECIL RHODES* talking—not about gold or diamonds, or even a trunk line of rail from Cape Town to Cairo, but of English literature in the reign of *QUEEN ANNE* and the statecraft that marked the makers and rulers of the early Roman Empire. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

IV.

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP, an American, who described herself as a Verulamianiac, and gave an address at Ham Common, was charged with ignoring *Lee's majesté*, in that she had alleged in public prints that Mr. SIDNEY LEE could do wrong, and that SHAKESPEARE was BACON. She was also charged with *micning mallocko*, an old indictable offence dating from the reign of Queen Mab.

The prisoner asserted in Gay and Bird-like tones that she had never heard of Mr. LEE. Very likely there was no such person. She had no doubt that if she were to examine one of his books she would find evidence of other authorship.

She would repeat with even more emphasis her old assertion to the effect that after reading SHAKESPEARE'S first folio at breakfast she found distinct traces of BACON on the leaves.

The first folio being produced in Court, Mr. LEE denied that it contained traces of BACON. The marks, he contended, were the result of margarine.

Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING, statistician, said that he had carefully counted all the italics in the twenty-six first folios of SHAKESPEARE which Mr. LEE had placed at his disposal. The total was 15,641,616. These figures, it will be seen, can be divided into 1564 and 1616, the birth and death dates of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. (*Sensation.*) The contention set up by Mrs. GALLUP that this was the precise number of hairs on Queen ELIZABETH'S head and in Lord BACON'S beard had been proved to be unsound on the authority of Mr. TRUEFIT, who declared that the entire annals of capillary literature went to establish 750,403 as the maximum number of hairs on an individual head, and 240,718 in a beard. (*Applause in Court, which was at once suppressed.*)

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Professor of Singing, was next called. He declared emphatically that BACON never agreed with him.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Baconian expert, affirmed that if any of his young men offered copies of the *Temple Shakspeare* in place of rashers, his customers would all leave him.

Mr. W. H. MALLOCK gave evidence on behalf of the prisoner. His attention, he said, had first been drawn to the



TIME'S REVENGES.

Bill Sikes (with grim satisfaction, being unaware that the paper refers to Judge Koch, late of the Transvaal Bench, and recently taken prisoner in the field). "ERE, MITE, I'LL TIKE A PENN'ORTH O' THAT!"

interesting theory by a letter in cipher, which he had received from her. After obtaining the key from the *De Augmentis*, he discovered her missive to run as follows: "You ask, 'Is life worth living?' To which I answer, It depends on the liver—and BACON!"

After further evidence, the Bench found Mrs. GALLUP guilty on both counts, and sentenced her to read through the *Dictionary of Rational Bi-Hography*.

GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE, 49, who described himself as editor of the *Times*, was charged with entering Swinford Old Manor, the residence of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, burglariously, with felonious intent.

A constable having proved the arrest, the prisoner was asked what he had to say for himself.

He thereupon entered upon a long statement. He said that his motive in entering the Laureate's abode was one of pure curiosity. The desire to see if Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, the "A. A." who wrote to the *Times*, really had in his desk better verses than *The Islanders*, was quite irresistible. It was a feeling, he felt confident, that he shared with thousands. He therefore procured a dark lantern, a suit of khaki and a domino, and filling his flask with JAMESON'S Best, he hurried to Ashford. After a round on the local links to compose his nerves, he approached the house. Having observed from the last bunker that the Royal Standard was floating over the donjon keep, he recognised the necessity for supreme caution. Eluding the seneschal—who was surreptitiously tasting the new pipe of Malmsey which had just arrived from the Windsor cellars—he rapidly and silently made his way beneath the raised portcullis to *Veronica's* bower, and was just breaking open her ormolu escritoire when the poet

rushed in fresh from spade work amongst the savoyes, and dislodged him with a well-directed bunch of Neapolitan triolets.

Mr. BUCKLE, his efforts frustrated, at once left the neighbourhood, and five days later was run to earth at Printing House Square by a Scotland Yard sleuth-hound.

The Bench dismissed the case, expressing their lively admiration of Mr. BUCKLE's public-spirited enterprise.

AU VOLEUR!

IN view of recent robberies on French railways it may be useful to suggest a few rules for travellers from Calais to the South. No longer can the initials of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée be interpreted as meaning "*Pour la mort.*" It would be more accurate to say at the present time "*Perdre la monnaie,*" except that, unfortunately, it is not only the change that goes, if one goes for a change, but bank notes and all. As for the "N" of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, it may well mean "*Néant,*" or "nothing," which is what you have in your pocket at the end of the journey.

If you are travelling in an ordinary compartment the golden rule is never to fall asleep. If you run a pin into the calf of your leg at regular intervals of five minutes you will easily keep awake. Only you must exercise great care, if you become at all fatigued and drowsy, not to run it into your neighbour's calf. A Frenchman, especially an elderly one, would be likely to show unreasonable irritation on such an occasion.

If, on the other hand, you are travelling in a corridor carriage, the golden, nay more, the diamond rule, is always to get out last. It is true that some difficulty would be caused if all the passengers insisted on doing this, but by steadfastly refusing to do otherwise you may be left behind somewhere, or carried on beyond your destination, but you cannot have your pocket picked.

These are elementary precautions. If during the journey any fellow-traveller should make any remark to you—such as "*Pardon,*" or "*permettez, monsieur,*" or "*il y a un courant d'air,*" or "*oserai-je vous offrir un journal*"—you will at once reply in English, tapping your coat pocket, in which you have placed a flask or other small object bulging out just enough, "I don't speak French, and I don't know what you are talking about, but here I have my revolver." This *crescendo*, so as to emphasise the last word, the only one the Frenchman would understand. If this statement should be misunderstood as a threat and bring you into the hands of the police, you have only to produce your pocket-flask to show that it was all a mistake. The first remark



He. "How do you do, Mrs. WEST! I've been intending calling on you for some time; but somehow I've been so busy I haven't been able to."

She. "I'm delighted to hear it, Mr. HARDUPP. I hope you'll continue to be busy!"

of any stranger being met in this way, it is improbable that anyone will get so far as to offer you a cigar. Should this happen, you have only to snatch his whole cigar-case and throw it out of the window, which might possibly cause some slight unpleasantness, even though you explained that it dropped out by accident, but would certainly save you from being drugged. You would, of course, do the same with any sandwich-box, fruit-basket, flask, wine-bottle or other refreshment case, though here again your fellow-traveller, if irritable, might protest.

It has been thought that perfect safety could be ensured by wearing a Life Guard's breastplate and a diver's helmet. Though an excellent protection, these articles of attire might not be altogether comfortable for a night journey, and might feel a little warm beyond Marseilles.

There is only one absolutely sure system, and that is to put your bank notes into your boots, made very large for the purpose. Even then you must exercise some care, and, if you go in the sleeping-car, you must take your boots into bed with you.

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

IV.

I CAME home one evening to a deserted hearth: GWEN and Nig had fled. I was not without an inkling of the truth, as for the past week our evenings had been spent discussing the *impasse*, for it was no longer only Nig that was cut in the passage. AUGUSTA would not give warning and we could not give notice, so our imaginations had been at work to devise some other method of depriving ourselves of her society. Should I be seized with an unaccustomed patriotism and go out to South Africa at the request of Lord KITCHENER to play TYRTEUS to our despairing troops? Should GWENDOLEN, who had never known a pain, be ordered by the doctor to winter in the South of France? Should we suddenly inherit those unclaimed millions which family tradition suggested were ours? Admiring the plausibility of all these inspirations, we had been quite unable to decide which merited the palm of victory; but I now gathered that some crisis had hastened GWENDOLEN'S award.

While I pondered these things, a letter written at Victoria arrived from GWEN. AUGUSTA'S mood of aggressively silent martyrdom had become intolerable, and GWEN, uncertain of Nig's reception elsewhere, had gone to seek refuge with LYDIA (a doggy friend, who lived in a remote village three miles from a station). She was not to return until assured of AUGUSTA'S departure from London.

Determined to take the bull by the horns, I swallowed a glassful of Dutch courage and strode across the passage to the kitchen.

"AUGUSTA," I began, "I—I—I—the fact is, I've had a letter from your mistress."

AUGUSTA looked at me in some surprise, and I had an unpleasant feeling that she thought I had been drinking. To corroborate my words I held up the letter.

"She says—that is to say, your mistress says—that she has had to leave the house, AUGUSTA, because you have been so—so—well, so melancholy lately."

I was painfully conscious that I was not putting my case so strongly as I could have wished, and also that AUGUSTA'S suspicion was rapidly becoming conviction. I waited for her to

FAMILIAR PHRASES ILLUSTRATED.



"TAKES A LOT O' BEATIN'!"

make some remark, but she would do nothing to help me.

"We've been so—so—so—, because you've been so—so—so—. What I mean to say is, here's a month's wages and your fare to Scotland, and your mistress says you are to go home to-morrow."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet AUGUSTA could not have looked more surprised.

"I don't understand, Sir," she began, and burst into floods of tears.

"Well, you see," I faltered, beginning to feel that I had been a brute. "Your mistress is rather a—rather a—rather a—"

"I love her as a sister," sobbed AUGUSTA, "or I would never have come so far from home, and if you hadn't suited me I would have left long ago."

"Oh!" I was fast becoming even less articulate. "Yes, yes, to be sure, of course you would. D—don't! please don't do that!"

The sobs became louder. I patted her gently on the back.

"Look here, AUGUSTA! I'll tell you what I'll do. As soon as I can, I'll go off to your mistress and talk to her, and try and bring her home, and Nig too."

"The d-d-dear wee doggie that I l-l-loved!"

"Well, well, never mind! Have a drop of brandy and go to bed like a good girl. We'll see what to-morrow brings forth."

In the morning a second letter arrived. Finding that LYDIA was away from home, GWEN had been obliged to seek shelter in a wayside inn.

I took a holiday and hurried off in search of my family. The rain poured down in torrents, and I found GWEN and Nig shivering opposite each other on either side of a cheerless smoking fire. Nig had not a bark left in him, and as for GWEN, she could only gasp, "When is the first train home?"

Our three-mile walk to the station was trudged in muddy silence. When at length we got into our carriage and the train started, GWENDOLEN asked me, "Is she gone?"

"N-n-no, not exactly. You see—"

GWENDOLEN sighed.

"She was frightfully upset, GWEN. I hadn't the heart to send her."

GWEN leant back in the carriage and closed her eyes. "I suppose I'll have to do it after all."

When we got home, I opened the door noiselessly and smuggled GWENDOLEN into bed. From this coign of vantage she thought she would be better able to tackle AUGUSTA.

"Send her in, JACK. I mean to be very dignified."

Presently, I heard hysterical sobs bursting from the bedroom, and when AUGUSTA at length withdrew I went in to learn what had happened.

For some time GWENDOLEN was speechless. In the convulsed and quivering heap before me I sought in vain for any trace of the promised dignity.

"Have you done it, dear?" I whispered gently.

"O JACK, she stroked my hand and t-t-told me not to m-m-m-mind. She says she's g-g-going—"

"Going? Of course she's going."

"T-t-t to stay!"

In the City.

Friend (utterly astonished, to despondent S. African (reputed) Millionaire). You—hard up for the "ready"?!! My dear fellow, absolutely, I can't realise—

R. S. A. M. (cutting in quickly). Just so. I can't "realise."

A "SPORTING AND LITERARY" correspondent writes: "Sir, in the *King* appeared last week a capital picture representing 'Ambush II. with Anthony Up.' Please, Sir, who is 'ANTHONY UP'? Is it intended for 'ANTHONY HOPE'?" [We would rather not express any opinion.—Ed.]



"EYES RIGHT!" OR, WHAT WE NOW EX-SPECS TO SEE.

[ARMY ORDER. SPECTACLES PERMITTED.—"Officers and soldiers of the Regular Forces are permitted to wear spectacles or glasses on or off duty."]

EXCEPTING OCCASIONS WHEN GRAND MILITARY SPECTACLES ARE NECESSARY, THE ABOVE "ORDER" SEEMS RATHER A SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY.

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

(Anent the Choice of an Inn.)

WHEN the mother of Young Hopeful has convinced herself that her boy is destined to obtain the highest forensic honours, her husband (if a wise man) will do his utmost to comply with her wishes. It is not his duty to point out that, although a boy of thirteen can use the science of cross-examination to screen himself from punishment, it does not necessarily follow that he must sooner or later land himself on the Bench. If Young Hopeful himself takes kindly to the maternal project, Paterfamilias had best put a good face on the scheme and further it to the utmost. The first step towards the Woolsack is the studentship of an Inn of Court. As all the legal (and most of the lay) world knows, there are four Honourable societies who guard the gate to the Outer Bar. They are equally good. It is said that those who love our "swarthy fellow-subjects" will find them in greater abundance in the Middle and Inner Temples. Still, both Lincoln's and Gray's (especially on grand nights) are not without turbaned representatives of British lands beyond the seas. The eloquence of these gentlemen when asked to respond on Call night is not unlike TENNYSON'S "Brook"—it threatens to flow on for ever.

The Lord High Chancellor in embryo will find the Temples possibly gayer than the other Inns. The present Benchers are distinctly fond of balls and more or less amateur theatricals. Those who love to hear the words of SHAKESPEARE—a deceased Worthy loyally believed in Gray's Inn to be BACON—pure and simple, have frequently the chance of

trying that experiment. With the assistance of a Stage society they will be able to realise how absolutely unnecessary are scenic accessories to an



"WHAT TO DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS."

(Especially the Plain Ones.)

A SUGGESTION TO COMPANY PROMOTERS. FORM A SYNDICATE, AND SEND THEM TO BE CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS. PROFITS SURE TO BE ENORMOUS.

[Vide "Pleasure plus Profit" in ours of last week. Our artist now adds a suggestive illustration for the "Bulgarian Bandit Co." Circular.]

appreciation of the works of the national and semi-anonymous Bard. There are in the Temple Gardens suitable grounds for lawn tennis, and in King's Bench Walk the Inns of Court mess room welcomes the student who occasionally substitutes *arms* for the *toga*.

Lincoln's Inn, once the toast of the Equity Bar, has its excellent Common Room, and dear old Gray's still boasts an *esprit de corps* that not even the frowns of Queen ELIZABETH and a nineteenth century revival of the "Maske of Flowers" could destroy.

And here I must break off, as the valuable space placed at my disposal is exhausted. But, as I have been writing of the initial step to the Woolsack, I may perhaps be permitted to recommend the purchase of a wig and gown—I would add, for the sake of economy, second-hand. I have in my mind's eye a set that, although venerable in years, has still seen but little wear and tear outside the Robing-room. The owner has only used it for ceremony—to bow to the Judge on his Lordship entering the Court, and to repeat the salutation on the announcement of the adjournment. I would willingly cancel—on the receipt of an equitable offer—my present resolution to bequeath it as an heirloom.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.

WHERE would the Emperor of RUSSIA stay when visiting Paris?—Of course at the Palais des Beaux Arts.

SONG OF L'ALLEGRO; OR, THE HAPPY VACCINATIONIST.

"Haste thee, lymph, and bring with thee," &c.

TWO OF OUR CONQUERORS;

OR, ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND PHILLIPS THE GREATER.

AT last the Sole Lessee of the St. James's Theatre has had the courage of other people's opinions and produced the play that he has fearfully and jealously guarded in his pocket from long before the time when Mr. TREE first heard of *Herod*. Familiar with the written work, which has already come to be regarded as a classic, the first-night audience did not go to prove a novelty, but just to find whether *Paolo and Francesca* would emerge from the test as the great poetic drama which its many lovers had declared it to be, and whether Mr. ALEXANDER and his carefully-selected company were capable of a right interpretation of its unquestioned beauty. Let it be said at once, with certain reservations, that the public was justified of its sanguine hopes.

What flaws were discoverable, not in technical construction—for Mr. PHILLIPS knows his stage-craft—but in the general design of the play, were largely confined to a part of the second and third acts. One may afford to overlook the common criticism that the scene at the wayside inn savoured of comic opera even more on the stage than in the book. This trivial defect had its more than sufficient compensation in the moral purpose it achieved: to show, namely, how between two forms of lawless passion there may be a wider difference than even between the lawful and the lawless. The heartless amours of these men who love and ride away are here used to point a just contrast with that other kind of love, the high, fatal passion of noble natures that are the sport of destiny. It is the same contrast that is enforced in *Francesca's* great lines to *Nita* of the shallow conscience: "O NITA, when we women sin."

But it is in the inconstancy of his attitude towards the fundamental idea of destiny that Mr. PHILLIPS seems at fault. From the first he arranges his scheme in a Greek atmosphere of overshadowing doom. Of *Paolo* he says:—

"His kiss was on her lips ere she was born."

Fate throws them together; against his will he woos. And by the Hellenic standard which he sets up the author was bound to abide. Yet in the very heart of his work he shifts his ground and makes his play, for the time, a play of character. Destiny no longer brings the lovers together. *Paolo's* natural place is at the war—conveniently located almost in the suburbs of Rimini. It is his own pusillanimity which turns him back from his soldier's task. Of his free will he is guilty of behaviour that would have been discreditable even in a Provençal troubadour, and to-day would be regarded by Mr. BRODRICK as unworthy of "an officer and a gentleman." Small wonder that, so doing, he loses our respect and sympathy. Nor have we much of these emotions to spend on the woman who has so little high-heartedness that she can tolerate the return of this runagate who would choose to die in her arms rather than his own. And in the event we miss to enjoy that purification of the spirit, by pity and terror, which the sage of Stagira promises as the just reward of an audience that sits out a first-class tragedy.

My friend Mr. PHILLIPS has not yet invited me to assist him in amending this part of his play; but, should he take this desperate course, I would have *Paolo* knocked on the head in an early skirmish, off the scene, and brought back insensible to the castle. I would have him commit himself in a spasm of delirium, under the nose

of *Giovanni*, thus obviating his somewhat improbable confession in *Pulci's* drug shop. I would have him affectionately nursed by his sister-in-law, and make a swift recovery in time to satisfy, roughly, the demands of the Unities. It should be all destiny, and nobody else's fault in particular.

A notable effect of the performance was to establish the protagonistic importance of *Lucrezia*. She is found to be the chief figure in the play. Miss ROBINS acted the part with an appreciation of its possibilities that was perhaps greater than her power of execution. Her tendency was to over-accentuate. But she had to sustain the two most exhausting ordeals of the play; first, in *Lucrezia's* long and passionate protest against her childlessness—too long and too unbroken at so early a stage while still her character was in course of comprehension; and, later, in the scene of her sudden *volte-face* from jealous hatred to motherly love of *Francesca*—too sudden to compel belief outside the written page. Her part, too, at the end, where she is the one most concerned to prevent the ruin which her own hand has devised, contains the purest irony (in the Sophoclean sense, and most comparable with the irony of *Deianira's* part in the *Trachiniae*); that of *Giovanni*, in his brotherly confidence in *Paolo*, being more obvious and commonplace. In the creation of *Lucrezia*, a character of his own inventing, Mr. PHILLIPS is at his dramatic best.

To the part of *Giovanni* Mr. ALEXANDER, sacrificing for once his own personal charms, so familiar in English evening dress, gave a performance that was too reminiscent of Sir HENRY IRVING's methods, but always workmanlike and often studiously unassertive. Mr. AINLEY was almost sensationally *Il Bello*; otherwise his performance of *Paolo*, played without offence, was only a negative achievement. The manner and appearance of *Francesca* was not convincingly virginal, and there was a certain lack of colour in Miss MILLARD's attempt to portray the sudden surge of Italian passion; but she was gracious and sensitive, especially in the arbour scene.

An intolerable absurdity on the first night was the sudden exhibition of Mr. ALEXANDER, at the second rise of the curtain after this scene, bowing in the garden between the two lovers whom we had left embracing in the obscure solitude of dawn, over the book of *Lancelot*. Plainly, one scented collusion, calling for the intervention of the King's Proctor. To me, an amateur in stage traditions, it is incredible that an actor-manager should put himself to such artistic pains as had their visible reward in the marvellously smooth working of the first night's performance, and then, for the poor joy of "getting a hand" (as I think they call it), should utterly ruin all sense of illusion by so fatuous an apparition, Mr. ALEXANDER's reputation surely stands in need of no such appeal to the worst passions of the pit. I can only hope that the National Theatre will have a departmental veto put upon this kind of conventional ineptitude.

Of the minor characters, Miss HALSTAN was vivacious as *Tess* of the *Herbypills*, and Miss BRAITHWAITE played *Francesca's* maid very naturally and with a nice discretion. But among the women-folk, the *bella testa* of the piece, under its wealth of natural hair, belonged to Miss GWENDOLEN LOGAN, playing the too slight part of a peasant girl somewhere in the corner.

A few otiose lines have been expunged from the text, notably the remark of *Malatesta* over *Francesca's* corpse:—



PULCI'S PILLS FOR PALE PAOLOS.



SO YANKEE, YOU KNOW!

Prince Henry. "GUESS I'VE HAD A REAL BULLY TIME, AND MADE THINGS HUM."
German Emperor. "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE! YOU SHALL TEACH IT TO ME—TO-DAY!"

"I did not know the dead could have such hair"—a phrase that irresistibly recalled the painful capillary attraction of the death-chamber scene in the *Bel-Ami* of GUY DE MAUPASSANT. I observe, captiously, that the critic of the *D.T.*, omitting to correct impressions formed before the event, quotes this line as from the actual play. I observe also that the *Sphere* produced an illustration of an episode which occurred altogether off the scene, behind a subsidiary curtain. Of such are the perils that attend upon "intelligent anticipation." O. S.

BRICKS WITHOUT CORNSTALKS.

(Being hints on Test-expansion for the guidance of Fleet Street journalists during Mr. Maclaren's next tour in the Antipodes.)

LIKE several of its predecessors the Test Match now in progress has been largely interfered with by Jupiter Pluvius.

The Englishmen have suffered terribly bad luck.

How far this may militate against our chances of ultimate success still remains a moot point. But it cannot be denied that if the Clerk of the Weather had arranged things differently the result might, and probably would, have been otherwise.

The present encounter between the Mother-Country and her Colonial offspring has now reached a very exciting stage. The umpires are inspecting the wicket from time to time, and it is generally admitted that the Englishmen are experiencing terribly bad luck.

(Note to Printer.—Here insert The Score; The Bowling Analysis; The Fall of the Wickets. These should occupy half a column.)

A DESCRIPTION OF THE GAME. (Copyright.)

Tuesday.—When the time for play arrived it was at once seen that the wicket was in a very bad condition, owing to the effect of the rain, which still continued to fall with such persistent energy that it was felt that there was but little chance of the not-outs (JONES and JESSOP) being able to resume their innings.

The umpires inspected the wickets from time to time.

Considering that they were likely to gain considerable assistance from the wicket, the Cornstalks, not unnaturally, felt jubilant about their prospects of victory.

On the other hand MACLAREN and his merry men, after a minute inspection of the sodden pitch, were somewhat doubtful as to their chances of obtaining the necessary runs. Throughout the match the Englishmen have been cruelly ill-treated by Fortune. Sun and



Smithson (the celebrated poet, novelist, playwright, &c.). "BUT, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU. I HAVEN'T BEEN WINNING ANY PING-PONG TOURNAMENT. I DON'T PLAY."

Miss Brown. "OH, BUT SURELY I HEARD OUR HOSTESS SAY YOU WERE THE MR. SMITHSON!"

rain seem to have conspired against them. The very same luminary which makes the pitch play as easily as possible when the Australians are batting, renders it almost impossible to score on when the Mother-Country is at the wickets; while the rain, which is now minimising the British chances of an almost certain win, had earlier in the contest nullified all the efforts of our best bowlers, and rendered the pitch so easy that the Colonials had no difficulty in piling up a gigantic score.

Rather earlier than the ordinary luncheon interval, the umpires having inspected the pitch, it was decided to proceed at once with the meal, whereupon JESSOP, JONES and KELLY divested themselves of their pads and gloves.

COMMENTS ON THE MEAL.

JESSOP (not out, 16) at once set to work and adopted forcing tactics. A drizzling rain was still falling.

Seeing the condition of the wicket, he proceeded to play a very good knife

and fork, regardless of consequence. Nothing seemed to come amiss to him until at last he got his leg in front of a plate of scalding soup, from the hand of a careless waiter, and was forced to retire. This was terribly bad luck for England. It was not as if he had been playing the waiting game himself.

Meanwhile JONES (not out, 2) had made two successive cuts off the joint, and appeared to be quite at his ease, when TRUMBLE tempted him with a sleggin, and he succumbed.

MCGAHEY, who had been waiting with patient determination, followed, and at once began to make up for lost time, when NOBLE sent him down a bumper, and he retired to the dressing-room, after helping himself to a hard-boiled duck's egg.

LATE NEWS. (Copyright.)

(N.B.—This is the original theme: the variations will be found above.)

Australia, Tuesday. Test Match. Rain all day. No play.

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

V.

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD, yeoman, was prosecuted by the Aborigines Protection Society for deserting *Ohm Slumpingas*, a Zulu chieftain.

Sir HENRY CURTIS, K.C., who prosecuted, showed that Mr. HAGGARD, finding it impossible to obtain local labour for his Norfolk farm, had imported *Ohm Slumpingas*, a Zulu of extensive dimensions and great personal strength; but after luring him to England with the 'most flattering offers he had turned him adrift without a friend or a bead.

Mr. HAGGARD, who conducted his own defence, stated that on abandoning farming as a bad job, he had employed *Ohm Slumpingas* on his Norfolk estate as a game-keeper, but that serious trouble with the Master of the Bungay Beagles had arisen owing to his having killed a hare with an assegai, while his peculiar attire had excited protests from the County Council. He had accordingly paid him a year's salary in lieu of notice, and recommended him for employment in the Kaffir Circus. Here *Ohm Slumpingas* had forestalled his own hammering by the use of a knobkerrie, and on his release from Holloway had started business as a local colourman and was now doing a roaring trade in supplying materials to war novelists. Mr. HAGGARD attributed this action entirely to his refusal to give *Ohm Slumpingas* any orders; düsselbooms and sjamboks being entirely inappropriate to the methods of high farming practised in Norfolk.

Messrs. LONGMAN AND STRONGYTH'ARM, Mr. HAGGARD's publishers, who were called for the defence, deposed that owing to the conditions of modern warfare there was no further demand for the hand-to-hand combats of which *Ohm Slumpingas* was so notable an exponent. They considered that Mr. HAGGARD had treated *Ohm Slumpingas* with a loyalty that was little short of suicidal, considering the man's violent temper. They understood that a summons had been taken out against him for assaulting the Secretary of the Cromer Golf Club, where he had played in the Strangers' Handicap and had been disqualified for using his famous "woodpecker" on the greens.

Cross-examined by Sir HENRY CURTIS, they admitted it was true that Mr. HAGGARD had used the phrase "and then a strange thing happened" more often in connection with *Ohm Slumpingas* than with any other of his creations.

After a brief consultation the magistrates found Mr. HAGGARD guilty of desertion, and sentenced him to write a novel in his earlier manner.

EDWARD FREDERIC BENSON, 34, Gilt-edged Satirist, giving addresses at Dodona, and Barton Street, Westminster, was charged with committing sundry social solecisms.

Lady GROVE, called for the prosecution as an expert witness, said that she had made a special study of Shibboleth, and drew the attention of the Court to the current *Cornhill Magazine*, her article in which had given it a *cachet* that it had lacked ever since the days of THACKERAY. Her attention had been called to the prisoner's novel, *Scarlet and Hyssop*, just published, and it was her pained surprise at some of his violations of the conversational decalogue that had led to the present proceedings. Thus, in this novel, which purported to be an accurate chronicle of the smartest society, she found a scandalous swarm of vulgar misrepresentations. Mr. BENSON makes *Lady Ardingly* say "your husband" in addressing a friend. This is unpardonable. In really smart society such relationships are never insisted upon in this coarse way. Again, as an instance of the prisoner's indecorous, indecent and indelicate inaccuracy, he alludes to "the Row," whereas, in smart society, people say "Rotten Row" or nothing. Having read *Scarlet and Hyssop* more hurriedly, if possible, than it deserved, she would not positively charge him with saying "easy chair" instead of "arm

chair," or "dress suit" instead of "evening clothes," or "mantel-piece" instead of "mantel-shelf"; but she could accuse him with all the indignation at her disposal of making his heroine say that she left "town," whereas MACAULAY's callowest *ingénue* knows that it should be "London." (*Sensation*.)

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE, alias "OUIDA," for the defence, said that she had devoted with impunity an industrious career to the perpetration of crime similar to that for which Mr. BENSON was now in the dock, in comparison with which criminality Mr. BENSON's guilt was no more than the innocence of a *Babe B.A.* With Mr. BENSON's impeachment of the vulgar and vivisectioning plutocracy she had every sympathy, and she was held in bondage by the continual regret that the days of golden-whiskered guardsmen sipping *crème de menthe* from its native pewter and winning the Varsity boat race with a lofty slashing stroke, had passed into limbo with the GREAT VANCE and GUY LIVINGSTONE.

The prisoner, who wore an Albanian fustanella, pleaded Kleptomania. He added that, owing to his long sojourn in the Thessalonian highlands, where he had been conducting researches for the Greek School, he had perhaps lost touch with Mayfair. He was ordered to attend a course at Lady GROVE's School of Deportment in Waterloo Place.

FREE LIST! O LIST!

(To all Theatrical Managers, per Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—At one time, not so very long ago, there was a perfect craze among certain faddists for combining Church and Stage in such a way that they should assist one another somehow,—*how* I don't know, unless the clergy were to give their "church services" to the stage whenever such a scene as the christening of baby *Bess* in *Henry the Eighth*, the burial of *Ophelia*, or the marriage ceremony in *Much Ado* might seem to admit of it.

And how should the Stage reciprocate this "benefit of clergy?" Well, Sir, it seems to me that they could do so most effectively, thus:—In all churches, though the majority of "sittings" are paid for and secured by the year, just as one takes a box or stall at the opera for the season, there is also a fair proportion of seats absolutely free, a notice being conspicuously exhibited announcing the fact, and adding, in some instances, that if seat-holders are not in their places by a certain given time, such places will be given to the first comer. Last Friday night I observed at least ten persons arriving quite twenty minutes late! I trembled for them when I saw the fire that gleamed in the Alexandrian eye! Let Theatrical Managers set aside so many seats in every part of the house which shall be absolutely free, equivalent, that is, to the "free seats" in Church. Isn't this an excellent idea? After all, does it in any way differ, except in the matter of form (of course I would not suggest their being merely "benches"), from the old "Free List," which could come in at any time for nothing?—except when there was an overwhelming success, and then the manager having naturally said, "O hang the Free List!" the "Free List" was accordingly "suspended." This was quite fair. When the business slackened the "suspended" were let down easily from their state of suspense, and once more occupied their seats. I merely throw out this as a suggestion, that being in my line of business.

Yours,

CHARLEY CHUCKEROUT.

P.S.—By the way, the old "Free-enlisted men" were not "privileged," as a rule, unless for a *quid pro quo*, which took the shape of exhibiting the theatre bills in some conspicuous part of their shops or other places of business.



Gorgeous Stranger. "I SAY, HUNTSMAN, WOULD YOU MIND BLOWING YOUR HORN TWO OR THREE TIMES? I WANT MY FELLOW, WHO HAS MY FLASK, TO KNOW WHERE WE ARE, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

ON SATURDAY MORNING EARLY.

ON Saturday next at half-past eight—
I mustn't be half a second late—

I'm going out at the garden gate
When the dew is glittery-pearly.

I'm going, I'm going, I don't know where,
But I think I shall find some others there,
On Saturday next if the sun shines fair,
On Saturday morning early.

Perhaps it's the home of the big tom-tit,
Or the land where the little blue fairies flit,
For Daddy he said I should visit it,

And go for a treat alone, too,
In a marvellous carriage with golden springs,
And six white horses with twelve white wings,
And a coachman all over curls and things,
And a footman all of my own, too.

Or perhaps I shall go to the doll-country,
Where the dollies are all as big as me,
And all have raspberry jam for tea,

With huge thick slices of *some* cake:
It might be sponge, or it might be bright
With cherries, and iced as smooth and white
As the pond when the feathery snow falls light,
Or it might be, possibly, plum-cake.

What fun it'll be to see Boy Blue,
And Jack and the stalk that grew and grew,
And Puss in Boots and his Marquis too,
And giants and giantesses;
And wonderful gleaming golden towns,
And Kings with sceptres and swords and crowns,
And Queens with fur on their satin gowns,
And beautiful young Princesses!

And if I should see Red Riding Hood
And her grandmamma in the dark old wood,
I shall run away, as a good girl should,
For fear that a wolf might meet her.

But grandmamma will perhaps explain
If teeth, when they bite you, give you pain,
And how she ever got out again
When the wolf had managed to eat her.

And, oh, I shall find where the roses go,
And the golden crocuses all aglow,
And where the little white daisies grow
When they vanish away together;
And the place where the pretty blue-bells stay,
And the pinks and the tulips bright and gay,
When they go away and "Goodbye," they say,
"Goodbye for the winter weather."

I must take my funny dog *Buff*, the Skye,
With his little short legs and his ears cocked high,
And his long rough hair, and his hidden eye,
And his face like a great grey pansy.
Doll JANE I shall leave on the nursery floor,
For she doesn't go travelling any more:—
Since her head got squeezed in the bedroom door
There's not very much she can see.

So I'm ready, I'm ready! I've packed some socks,
A bonnet, a bib, and two holland frocks,
And a pair of shoes in a brand-new box;
And I've given my Mummy warning.
I shall take a mug and a fork and spoon,
And the musical box that plays one tune,
And I'll hurry away—but I'll come back soon—
On Saturday next in the morning.

R. C. L.

THE MYSTIC HATS.

[Mr. ERNEST CRAWLEY, in the *Mystic Rose*, shows that the instinct which prompts "Arry and Arriet" to exchange hats on Hampstead Heath, or a boy and girl among the Hairy Ainus of the Far East to wear each other's clothes after betrothal, owes its origin to the belief that "mutual inoculation" by means of dress breaks the taboo that keeps the sexes separate.]

WHEN I tikes the ostridge fever wot's adornin' of yer 'ead,
And claps upon yer kiss-me-quicks me billycock instead,

You may think, like uvver folk,

As it 's jes' a little joke—

Then you ain't no anthypollygist, like me, but jes' a moke.

For I'm doin' wot them 'Airy Ainus do, Liz;

I'm a-brykin' down the bloomin' ole taboo, Liz—

The hobsticle as parts

Two fythful lovin' 'earts,

An' keeps yer 'Arry far awy from you, Liz.

Yus, that 's the hinner meanin' of this simple little hact:

We inoculites each uvver wiv each uvver, that 's a fact;

Then there 's somethink goes inside,

An' we ain't no more afride

Ter think about each uvver as a bridegroom an' a bride.

Then come along! Change 'ats, Liz! Well, I never!

Why, s'elp me, ain't I 'andsome in a fever!

An' ain't you jes' a crock

In a bloomin' billycock!

O Liz, yer mine for hever an' for hever!

"COATS AND COLLARS."

SCENE—*The Theatre Monopole.*

TIME.—1903 A.D.

The stalls are filled with young men in fine linen, with spotless white kid gloves, and faces like nice clean sheep. They sink into their seats as though they were afraid of bending something, and discourse in passionate whispers concerning a new style of shirting and the latest pattern of open-work socks. As the curtain rises, Lord ALGY is discovered trying on a frock-coat.

Percy (in the stalls, whispers). I say, that's rather good! What? Coat doesn't fit him a bit. Bet he has a row with the tailor fellow. By Jove! this is exciting.

Bertie. S-s-h! I want to look at the other fellow's trousers. (*Adjusts opera-glasses and stares intently for a few minutes, then turns to PERCY.*) Won't do, old man, positively won't do. Scheme of colour all right, but cut too full over the pockets. Spoils the whole effect of the creation.

Percy. There I don't agree, old man; a little fulness there gives an effect—but, I say, look at this! (*Enter a minor character in a ravishing riding suit.*) Isn't it a dream? And the boots! Look at the boots! Laced up the sides, and with blue riband too!—Oh, never mind what they're talkin' about. What's the name of the man who supplies the clothin'? Here we are, SNIPPE AND SNIPPE, Bridge Street. BERTIE, I'm there to-morrow, and you must come too, dear old boy. Since you wore that last suit of yours for a whole day it's become positively indecent. But do look!

[*He leans forward and with difficulty restrains little shrieks of excitement as the glories of the wardrobe are unfolded.*]

It doesn't much matter what the play was all about. But there seemed to be something about a younger son and a stern parent. The younger son wouldn't marry the proper girl, so the stern parent casts him off and bids him go forth into the world and earn a living. Having changed into a travelling suit, he stands centre, and, with the lime-light on the crease in his trousers, says a few scorching

words. The aged parent retorts by turning his back and trying on a new dressing-gown, and the curtain falls to respectful applause.

Percy (taking a quinine lozenge). I say, this is something like a play. Rotten good I call it. But d'you know, dear old BERTIE, I think the old man was wrong about that dressin'-gown. Not at five in the afternoon! But perhaps it was the author's idea to make one think—eh, what?

Bertie. P'raps; you never know what these authors are up to. But those boots, PERCY, those boots—hullo! here's CLAUDE. Silly ass, late as usual. I say, CLAUDE, you missed a suit in the first act that would have made you gasp.

Claude. Just my dashed luck. Is that the bell?

[*The pillars of the drama throw away their cigarettes and return to their stalls.*]

In the second act all the characters meet in a fashionable restaurant. Beautiful young male persons parade about from table to table, smooth their hair with easy abandon, and show off the fall in their backs. Even the waiters' clothes fit.

Percy (whispering critically). I say, BERTIE, see that fellow to the right? his left lapel is out of drawing and his shirt bulges. Think he's the villain?

Bertie. Shouldn't wonder, you can never tell what these authors spring on you. By Jove! that's something new in coats over there—no tails and short sleeves. PERCY, we must have one. Who's the maker for this Act? FLITTER and FLUTTER, eh? Good men those, shall give them a turn.

The action of the play now recovers itself. There is a little incidental comic relief when a clumsy waiter spills some *sauce piquante* over the aged one, spoiling a magnificent twill coat cut loose to the figure and trimmed with braid. The younger son, who by this time has made a large fortune as managing-director of a tailoring establishment, is recognised by the stern parent. The latter humbles himself and asks for his son's help in floating a new company. He promises to think it over, and, putting on quite a new thing in overcoats, swaggers off.

Bertie. I'm worn out. I shan't move this time. D'you know, I turned quite faint when the sauce went over the old fellow. Never saw anything so thrillin' in my life. Wonder what they'll wear in the next act? I say, quick, PERCY, see that fellow in the box? Deuced clever chap. Invented a new waistcoat-improver. Made no money out of it, as the thing didn't sell, but shows he's not afraid of work—what?

The curtain rises on the shooting-box of the stern parent in the Highlands. The younger son arrives in a sporting suit specially designed for him by a prominent Academy exhibitor. One of the stalls faints at the sight, and is fanned back to life by strong-nerved attendants. Subsidiary interests of a forged cheque, two or three love affairs and an elopement are cleared up, and the curtain falls with the younger son leaning gracefully against the half-open door, while the last of a lurid sunset plays on his new scheme of knickerbockers.

Bertie (as he lights a cigarette in the portico). Rippin' play, PERCY—what?

Percy. Rather, but dunno how the actor fellows stand it. Must be a fearful strain on their nerves. I feel used up, simply watchin' it. Good-night, old fellow. Must get home to bed. Tryin' on to-morrow. [Exit.

NOTICE.—"To my friends at I intend taking on Undertaking. Anyone requiring my services will find me prompt at all times."—*Cambria Daily Leader.*

TRIOLETS.

I.

Who 'd have thought she 'd be here?
 It 's so awkward to meet her.
 She saw me, I fear!
 Who 'd have thought she 'd be here!
 Why, it 's nearly a year!
 How on earth shall I greet her?
 Who 'd have thought she 'd be here!
 It 's so awkward to meet her!

II.

I 've asked for a dance,
 But I doubt if it answers.
 Just to make an advance,
 I 've asked for a dance.
 Now was it by chance
 She selected the Lancers?
 I 've asked for a dance,
 But I doubt if it answers!

III.

"Shall we dance, or sit out?
 They've got plenty without us."
 (What is she about?
 Shall we dance or sit out!
 Great Scott! I could shout!
 But the crowd 's all about us.)
 "Shall we dance, or sit out?
 They've got plenty without us."

IV.

And so, in the end,
 We had supper together.
 After all—an old friend!
 And so, in the end—
 No! I will not pretend
 That we talked of the weather!
 And so, in the end,
 We had supper together. .

V.

She said but "Good-night!
 I shall see you to-morrow?"
 When all had come right,
 She said but "Good-night!"
 And my heart was so light
 It forgot the long sorrow.
 She said but "Good-night!
 I shall see you? To-morrow?"

Too BAD.—In these matter-of-fact days why rob us of a single picturesque or romantic pleasure? Why dock us of a "show"? The Coronation ceremony of the Dymoke championship "is not to be revived!" Alas! Alas! "For O! for O! the Hobby-horse is forgot!" Is that the reason? Surely there must be a supply of hobby-horses always ready in Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS'S Pantomime property stables, Drury Lane (stalls always full), so they've only to apply in that quarter. Or is there something in the name? Cannot "Dymoke" be revived? The "Dy" may be off, but cannot the "moke" be found on which the champion could



A BIG ORDER.

Stout Party (to waitress). "PUT ME ON A PANCAKE, PLEASE!"

ride into Westminster Hall? Why not substitute the performing donkey with the two comic acrobats inside, and DAN LENO for champion?

POLITICAL POSSIBILITIES.

(Jottings from the Daily Megaphone).

THE 99th sectional split of the Go-Ahead party took place yesterday, when the "Crawl-on-the-Ground" Club was formed, with Mr. VIRGINIA CREEPER, M.P., as its President. This club is intended to counteract the influence of the "Fly-up-in-the-Air" League, of which Mr. WHIZZLER is the leading spirit.

Mr. TRIMMER, M.P., who belongs to about five-and-twenty sectional clubs in order to conciliate opposing factions in his constituency, was interviewed the other day with the idea of eliciting from him an explanation of how he could belong to both the "Crawl" and the

"Fly" clubs. The gentleman in question pointed out that all the best insects can do both.

We regret to learn that Mr. TRIMMER, shortly after his interview, was attacked in the street by an infuriated dilemma, and before he could escape was impaled on its horns.

As the number of leaders in the Party now exceeds considerably the number of the rank and file, it was decided by the last leader (No. 52), after a futile attempt to elect his followers, to have recourse to force. Meeting two independent members of the Party the other day, leader No. 52 pounced upon them and read a series of his speeches upon the "Go-ahead Programme." When they recovered consciousness they found themselves in the leader's private marquee, secured to the ground by guy-ropes and tabernacle pegs.



Patient (ex-pugilist). "I SAY, BILL, YER'VE BIN AN' BROUGHT ME TO SEE A FEATHER-WEIGHT!"
Friend. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MITE. LOOK AT 'IS 'ED! JUST YOU WITE TILL 'E STARTS THINKIN'!"

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

THE *Daily Chronicle* recently reported a speech of Dr. STÜBEL, Director of the German Colonial Department, on the subject of the Cameroons, which must have greatly cheered those persons who had been shocked by stories of barbarities committed by Germans on natives in that part of the world. It was true, said Dr. STÜBEL, that "several whites had been placed under arrest or imprisoned for ill-treating natives," but the report that a negro had been impaled "was surely an exaggeration!"

This is certainly a most interesting example of Parliamentary apologetics, and it must be extremely comforting to the relatives of the poor black to know that his impalement has been exaggerated. Meantime, the next speech on the Cameroons by the Director of the Colonial Department will be looked for with the liveliest interest. It will probably run more or less as follows:—

Herr SCHRUMPF has spoken of a native who was shut up for three days in a hut without food, and died of starvation. The probabilities are all against such a story being true. Herr TEUFFELSDROCH says that two natives were recently tied to a tree and flogged to death. The facts are not correctly stated. The men were flogged and they subsequently died. That is all. Again, with regard to Baron VON PUMPERNICKEL's account of horrible tortures to which natives have been subjected, I consider it unlikely that any considerable number of men have actually been mutilated. The story of a man who was roasted over a slow fire is inexact. The slowness of the fire has been greatly exaggerated.

HORATIO'S PHILOSOPHY.

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY writes in the *Sun* of the 10th inst.:—"And now I think I'll run down to the country, on this glorious spring day, and have a chat with my dear dumb friends (there is no paradox in that phrase, believe me), who would have welcomed me just as warmly had I lost the case."

HORATIO the bold, after gaining his suit,
 Goes down to the country to rest and recruit;
 And there, as the chief of his joys, he intends
 To chat with his dumb but affectionate friends
 (Who had welcomed him, so he assures us, no less
 Had the verdict been given in favour of HESS).
 Now it's very consoling, no doubt, to arouse
 In pigs adoration, devotion in cows,
 And the love of a donkey, expressed in a bray,
 Soothes a suffering soul in a wonderful way;
 But the heartiest solace a farm can produce
 Is the egg of the plump and auriferous goose,
 And better than kindness of oxen or wethers,
 A handful of pigeon's delectable feathers.

The Inferior Sex.

First Small Scholar. Please, Miss, we've got such a beautiful cat, and she's just had some kittens.

Second ditto. Please, Miss, our cat's a beauty, too; but (regretfully) he doesn't lay.



THE IRISH HORSE.

JOHN BULL (*to* GEORGE WASHINGTON on "Ireland"). "THAT'S THE WAY, GEORGE, RIDE HIM ON THE SNAFFLE!"
GEORGE WASHINGTON. "RIGHT YOU ARE, JOHN! I DON'T WANT TO USE THE CURB, IF I CAN HELP IT."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE EFFECT OF MR. DAN LENO'S VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—No. 1.

CAREFUL OBSERVERS HAVE NOTED A MARKED CHANGE IN THE DRESS AND DEMEANOUR OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN EVER SINCE.

[“Mr. DAN LENO and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL were among the visitors to the House of Commons last evening.”—*Daily Telegraph*, March 14.]

House of Commons, Monday, March 10th.—“Man and boy I’ve sat in House of Commons for thirty years; have seen and heard many things in my time; remember nothing so painful as the ghoul-like ecstasy of Irish Members to-night at news that the gallant METHUEN, after two years’ hard fighting day and night, is wounded, defeated, a prisoner, his men dispersed, his guns and baggage captured. The despicable thing about the performance was its safety. Had these gentlemen been in any public hall or any open street in Great Britain where the news of the disaster was followed by jubilant cheers and clapping of hands there would have been vacancies in many boroughs and counties in Ireland. In the House of Commons they are quite safe.

“Next to outbreak of malignant spite that in the persons of its Parliamentary representatives dishonours a brave and chivalrous nation, nothing more remarkable than the self-restraint of English and Scotch Members. When, above the shouting in the Irish camp, SWIFT MAC-NEILL was heard clapping his hands, there were deep, angry shouts of ‘Shame!’ That was all. Neither hand

nor foot was raised; wherein, considering the circumstances, the House of Com-



Exuberant Loyalty of an authority on Constitutional Law—who, by the way, has presumably taken the Oath of Allegiance—on hearing of a disaster to British Arms at the hands of the King’s enemies.

mons establishes a difference with any other legislative assembly in the world. Think what would have happened in the Italian chamber if narrative of reverse in Abyssinia had been cheered by a small minority. Consider the probable proceedings in the Corps Législatif if news of a check in Cochin China had been followed by applause on any of the benches. Contemplate the consequences in Congress at Washington if a group of Members had clapped their hands with joy on hearing of disaster to the flag in the Philippines.

“In the House of Commons to-night Englishmen and Scotchmen, with exception of the instinctive cry of shame that rose to their lips when the Irish Members gleefully danced round the dead and wounded on the veld between Tweebosch and Palmietkuil, sat in proud, pained silence.”

Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK, in the longest speech I ever heard him introduce into conversation.

But, as he says, the circumstances are exceptional. From beginning to end the scene intensely dramatic. Usually when something big takes place at the

front, rumour reaches the House before the SPEAKER takes the Chair. To-night not a whisper of good or evil went round. When BRODRICK approached Table it was evident from his manner that he had portentous news. Instantly crowded House was hushed in attitude of strained attention. Who could tell? It might be a message harbinger of peace.

The opening sentence of KITCHENER'S despatch dispelled illusion. With soldier-like directness he went straight to the point. "Bad news about METHUEN"; then, blow after blow, fell the grim story. METHUEN wounded and a prisoner; guns and baggage taken, mounted troops in flight for four miles with the Boers riding hard at their heels.

This quite too much for the Irish gentry. They also nearly died—of laughter. The most moving episode in striking scene was where BRODRICK came to read the list of killed and wounded. British Members, baring their heads, leaned forward breathless, fearing to catch the name of some old friend or comrade. Even when spared this shock, there was sharp feeling of pain at the thought of all the syllables would mean in some quiet home.

Meanwhile the Irish Members had quite a merry quarter of an hour.

Business done.—Great clearance of Estimates through Committee of Supply.

Tuesday night.—House drifted into one of those pools of stillness that contrast with its experience of the Roaring Forties. A good time for Ministers in charge of Estimates. Some of us remember when to get one Vote after a sitting that, beginning at four in the afternoon, saw the morning sun rise, was accounted fair business. To-night money voted with both hands after briefest speeches. True, divisions frequently taken; that obviously from desire to seem to be doing something. Also had wholesome effect on vast majority of Members wandering about precincts. Maximum of thirty remain in House and vote little purses of from two to eight millions sterling. Three hundred lounge outside, chatting in Lobby, reading newspapers, smoking or brooding over what they will have for dinner.

Seems friendly to bring them occasionally within touch of business. So challenge division. Bell rings, the stray three hundred come in, nothing loth, the call providing agreeable change from doing nothing in other forms. Moreover, it will add one division to their personal record; may come in useful to confound inquisitive constituents of the *genus* who are always wanting to know Where was MOSES when the candle went out? Where was their hon. Member when question came on in House of

Commons touching the salary of the Chaplain of Lewes Gaol?

"Why, I was there!" says the hon. Member triumphantly, holding up the Division List in which his name figures.

Well if the constituent doesn't pursue enquiry as to the Member's view of bearings of the question. Not for him to wonder why the Chaplain fobs £500 a year, while the Gaol doctor draws only £100. His but to go into the Division Lobby and vote "Aye" or "No" as the Whips indicate.

Business done.—Piles of money voted on Army and Navy Estimates.

Friday night.—Occasionally, out of the soul-searing verbosity, angry recrimination, baseless insinuation that characterise speeches in Irish camp, there flashes upon the conscience-stricken House lurid light disclosing the hopeless condition of Ireland. To-night it was the hand of JAMES JOHN SHEE, Member for West Waterford, that uplifted the torch. In his name there stood on the Paper a cluster of six questions, forming a sort of tragedy in as many acts. The scene is a place called Tallow, which Mr. SHEE alluded to as if it were Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, or other familiar centre of life. At Tallow (wherever it may be), "on the 24th ultimo, two pigs belonging to Mr. ALEXANDER HESKIN, one of the traversers in the recent conspiracy case," were taking the air. No thought of evil crossed their mind. Grunting amicably at each other, they may, for aught man knows, have been commenting on the scene in the House last Monday, or, peradventure, with nearer personal interest, discussing the vexed question of BACON *versus* SHAKESPEARE.

Their conversation, whatever it may have been, was interrupted by "the police." Mr. SHEE, a master of phrase, puts it that way. There may have been two of the constabulary; there may have been forty. Mention of "the police" infers overwhelming force, as who should speak of "the Law" or "the Army." However that be, the pigs, seeing resistance was hopeless, submitted to be personally conducted by the police through the shocked streets of Tallow and immured in the pound. Mr. HESKIN, informed of the outrage, set forth to the rescue. The heartless owner of the pound refused to free the pigs, "although Mr. HESKIN offered his name and address." Apparently moved by remorse, the pound-keeper, later, privily resorted to the Police Barracks, and "was directed by the Head Constable not to give up the pigs until the police should be present."

For three bleak February days the pigs, riven from home and its tender attachments, lay in the pound. The

distracted owner moved heaven and earth for their release. He couldn't move the police. Finally, the head-constable and two of his uniformed myrmidons, doubtless followed by as many of the citizens of Tallow as could be spared from pursuit of urgent business, marched down to the pound. It seemed now that all was well. The two pigs would run into the arms of Mr. ALEXANDER HESKIN; some patriot, taking advantage of the distraction of the moment, would heave a pewter-pot at the police; peace and amity would once more reign under the hoary ruins of the Round Tower of Tallow.

But no. Ireland, epitome of man, never is but always to be blessed. Before release of the pigs might be accomplished, "Mr. ALEXANDER HESKIN was called upon to pay seven shillings in the pound." In England twenty shillings is usually demanded; but that is neither here nor there. It certainly does not lessen the guilt of the police, or detract from the interest of a story told in sixteen printed lines of a folio Question Paper, and gravely replied to, after painstaking enquiry, by the Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

And JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG says Irish Members in the first Parliament of the new century have no sense of humour!

Business done.—Debate on Congested Districts. HORACE PLUNKETT listening under the Gallery.

DREAM-CHILDREN.

[“Miss EURETTA D. METCALF is a literary prodigy who composes and writes poems, novels and magazine articles in her sleep.”—*Chicago News*.]

O FOOL of Fleet Street, sorry hack,
Who toil the long night through
With aching heart and breaking back,
How much I pity you!
Pale author, frowning o'er your plot
With fancy all run dry,
Why live you so laborious? Not
So I.

I toil not, neither do I spin.
Sheer waste of time it seems
To spend the sunny seasons in
Excogitating themes.
I never hunt for copy; no,
Nor rack my empty head
For plot or dialogue. I go
To bed.

And when I wake, my soul is rich
With masterpieces ripe—
Such stuff as dreams are made of—
which

I only have to type.
No need for me to toil and plod,
Nor ponder problems deep—
HOMER himself could only nod:
I sleep.



Hostess. "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR. NIGHTINGALE. WHAT A LOVELY SONG!"
 I've just (pleased with himself). "I USUALLY FIND IT GOES DOWN VERY WELL."
 Cynical Old Gentleman. "IT WENT DOWN NEARLY A SEMI-TONE THIS TIME!"



A SERIOUS CASE.

Cook (reading from daily paper). "LAST NIGHT'S OFFICIAL STATEMENT SHOWS THAT THERE ARE FIFTY THOUSAND CASES OF INFLUENZA IN THE METROPOLIS." *Nervous Parlourmaid.* "OH, MARY! AND HOW MANY ARE THERE IN A CASE?"

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

["We must take care lest our sense be outweighed by our sensibility."
Mr. Chamberlain.]

OH, a statesman's sensibilities are fine,
For he wishes to be gentle and benign,
And the passion of his heart
Is to play the pretty part
Of an angel of beneficence divine.
In his eagerness he scarcely can withhold
From providing cosy pensions for the old,
And his tender heart is wrung
When he thinks about the young
Who are perishing of hunger and of cold.

But Sense says, "No! such things must go.

With all this war taxation
'Twould be absurd to breathe the word
Domestic legislation."

When he thinks about the war, it is with pain
That so many gallant foemen have been slain,
And he doesn't care a rap
For "the feather in his cap,"
And he weeps for gentle KRUGER, LEYDS and STEYN.
For his soul is filled with love and pity pure,
And an altruistic longing to secure
For the bitterest of foes
All the blessings that he knows,
And to shake the friendly hand of Brother Boer.

But Sense says, "No! cut off the flow
Of any feelings tender;
Be firm, my son, and stick to un-
Conditional surrender!"

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.

SORR,—Regarding the recent controversy in which Mrs. GALLUP declares that BACON was the author of SHAKESPEARE's plays, I'm sure she's right. Take, for instance, *Othello*—it is evidently an Irish piece, and SHAKESPEARE never knew a word of Irish in his life. O'THELLO is as Irish as the O'GORMANS or the O'SHAUGHNESSYS, as anyone can judge for themselves, and Jago is not a foreign name at all. There are JAGOS in Ireland, Cornwall, and Devon. MONA DESMOND is Irish to the backbone, and what does SHAKESPEARE do? He alters the names into Italian. CASSIDY becomes *Cassio*, and then he blacks O'THELLO's face, so that BACON shouldn't know him, and coolly produces the piece as his own!! If SHAKESPEARE could steal a deer he wouldn't be above appropriating a piece of BACON.

Yours truly, ANDY MURTAGH.

THE LIVERPOOL DOCK LABOURER'S WINDFALL.—One HENRY ECCLES hoarded gold to the amount of £10,000 which at his death ought to go to his brother, JOHN ECCLES, seaman, whose whereabouts, it appears, is difficult to discover. Should the lucky man not appear within statutable time, then, if the late TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste* be still about the country, on tour, there must be several representatives of *Eccles* who might arrange to divide the amount in equal proportions.

PROMOTION.—Mr. ROBERT LLOYD, brother to the Brecon ping-pong champion, has been promoted to the rank of Quarter-master-Sergeant.—"*County Intelligence*" in *Brecon County Times*.

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY LIMERICKS.

Time was when the great ANDREW LANG
Had the deuce of a critical fang:
Never was such a biter
To maul a new writer
Who wasn't a friend of A. LANG.

But none of us now feels a pang
When he reads the remarks of A. LANG,
Discoursing of MARYS
And Crystals and Fairies,
A chastened, benevolent LANG.

We shall never have done with HALL
CAINE,
He's sure to be at it again!
For years and for years
We shall stop up our ears
To deaden the noise of HALL CAINE.

THE SENSE OF HUMOUR.

He was an ordinarily mild and inoffensive little gentleman who had lived for many happy, uneventful years in farther Chelsea, when a volume of theatrical anecdotes came into his hands. In this he read of delicious practical jokes played with unflinching success by VIVIER and SOTHERN, and of how that great comedian, J. L. TOOLE, brought confusion to a baker's shop displaying in the window a sign, "Families supplied," by requesting that three girls and a boy should be sent round as soon as possible.

"This," he said, "is the exercise of true wit." Then he went out, still chuckling.

In farther Chelsea, where custom is drawn by halfpence from the needy, stands an eating-house which endeavours to attract the hungry by pasting on its front this dubious message, "Everything as nice as mother makes it."

"The very place," said the little gentleman, and entered.

"I can have a meal?" was his first query.

"Yes—straight through," said the woman behind the counter, pointing to an inner partition of the shop.

"And everything as nice as mother makes it?" he asked.

"That's in the window."

"But how nice does mother make it?"

"Jm," said the woman, calling into space, "here's a cove wants to know how nice mother makes it," and she laughed.

"Garn," came a beery voice; "must be balmy on the crumpet. Turn 'im out."

Nothing daunted, the little man went on: "Supposing she doesn't make it at all nice? Supposing she makes it very nasty, what then?"



Tommy (unwillingly studious, to favourite Auntie, who considers "the dear boy so overworked").
"OH, AUNTIE, I'M SO BAD!"
Auntie (with tender sympathy). "WHERE, DEAR?"
Tommy. "IN MY FRENCH."

[Gives way, and sobs.]

No answer.

The woman went on frying onions, but her eye gleamed.

"What if I don't remember any mother? What if she never made anything at all? What if—"

He got no further, but found himself thrust violently through the door to the pavement outside, while a voice admonished him: "'Ere, you, don't come interfering 'ere—if yer wants a sausage and mashed, say so. If not, get out." And as he retreated hastily, though with dignity, the voice followed faintly: "Bedlam—that's the place for the likes of you—Bedlam."

The discomfited little gentleman had walked nearly a mile before his recovery was completed by a sign, hung over a boot shop, which caught his eye. "Wear PARKINSON'S BOOTS," ran the legend.

The little man fairly leaped into the shop.

"Why?" he asked, in mild enquiry.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the assistant who had hurried forward to greet him.

"Why should I wear PARKINSON'S boots?"

"Because they are the best, Sir. We use nothing but the best leather."

"What's the matter with my own?"

The assistant glanced down.

"Uppers want mending and heels levelling, Sir. Do you a perfect boot for fifteen shillings."

"But supposing PARKINSON'S don't fit me?"

"We keep all sizes, Sir."

"Yes, but I don't know that I care about wearing another man's boots."

"Of course, Sir, if you prefer to go

on buying boots like those you've got on; but," with a deprecatory smile, "we can turn you out a much better article for fifteen shillings."

"But my name is PETTIGREW, and I don't think it would be legal for me to wear PARKINSON'S boots—it looks like robbery."

"Robbery?" said the assistant sharply. "Our prices are as low as they can be for sound wearing qualities. If there's nothing further to-day, Sir," holding open the door, "good morning!"

"Some people," said PETTIGREW to himself, as he waited for his homeward 'bus, "have no sense of humour. I wonder how TOOLE managed it?"

"A Hard Case."

ORPHEUS, a talented musician, is privileged to enter the land of the departed and recover his deceased wife, on the understanding that he must not look round at her on their way out. This condition he complies with, but on emerging discovers that the lady thus irrevocably revived is not his wife, but his wife's mother. What should "O" do?

THE VERY LAST OF THE DANDIES.

THERE'S fear in Belgravian marrows,
For Rumour declares (and she knows)
That when we've demolished the Aros
A raid will be made on the Beaux.

THE new curate (Rev. SPOONER), who is *dans le mouvement*, gives out Hymn No. 175, "Ponquering Pings their titles take."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Mastery of the Pacific (HEINEMANN) is the happy title of Mr. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN'S latest contribution to the knowledge of mankind. Like his earlier efforts the book is enlightened by encyclopædic knowledge, communicated in always lucid, occasionally picturesque, language. After a prefatory chapter telling the story of the Pacific, he describes in succession the work and position in the Pacific of the United States, Great Britain, Holland, Japan, Germany, France, Russia and China, each severally operating in this vast, attractive region. For an ordinary writer any one of these subjects would suffice for a volume. Master of each to the smallest detail, acquainted with the bearings of the question studied on the spot, Mr.

COLQUHOUN condenses his information and the lessons of his experience into the smallest space. His history of the United States in the Philippines, a mere fragment of the book, is the best that has yet appeared in this country. Points of resemblance between the American occupation of the Philippines and our task in South Africa are curiously close. My Baronite notes that they are carried to the extent that in the United States there are pro-Filipinos as with us there are pro-Boers. Mr. COLQUHOUN recognises as among the most significant features of the situation the advances of Russia and the United States towards confronting each other in the Pacific. The handsome volume is illustrated with maps and considerably over a hundred illustrations from original sketches and photographs.

The latest instalment of BLACKWOOD'S "Modern English Writers" is *Thomas Henry Huxley*, contributed by Mr. EDWARD CLODD. There is a preliminary chapter devoted to consideration and elucidation of "the man." But the volume is chiefly devoted to an epitome of HUXLEY'S contributions to the march of modern science and the trend of modern thought. For those who, like my Baronite, have not time or opportunity to study the many volumes of HUXLEY'S collected essays and his longer works, this handy little volume will be invaluable. Mr. CLODD, master of his subject, knows how to pick and prune. Dealing with abstruse, momentous topics, he manages to convey to the student an immense amount of valuable matter conveyed in an alluringly small package.

Our Mr. REED'S *Prehistoric Peeps* (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.)



COMPENSATION.

Saxon Intruder (to Irish Country Vet.). "I SAY, MIKE, WHAT'S THIS BILL OF YOURS FOR TWO PUN' TEN FOR?"
Vet. "FAIX, 'TIS RAYXONABLE ENOUGH. ISN'T IT FOR CURING YOUR MOTHER'S COULD MARE TILL SHE DIED?"

is a thing of absurdity and a joy for ever! In all Mr. *Punch's* varied collection of artistic gems there is nothing like it. It recalls neither the inimitable airiness of DICKY DOYLE, nor the quaint eccentricities of BENNETT. It is *per se*, and this unique collection will afford perpetual entertainment for innumerable evenings both to politicians and to those ignorant concerning political personages. It must not be looked at during the daytime in "this work-a-day world," or no business would be done. And, mind you, it will be valuable as a reference for the portraiture of various celebrities, literary, artistic, and Parliamentary. The contemporaneous caricaturist, when reprinting his designs in book form, should always consider posterity and give the names of the persons caricatured. Not a few celebrities have already passed away since Mr. REED commenced his *Prehistoric Studies*. Posterity runs up the price, and the kind-hearted artist—they are all kind-hearted—will rejoice in the prospective value of a work that may enrich his heirs and give additional lustre to the name they bear. The story of our own country from day to day or week by week, as told in caricature, is invaluable; and, apart from this, the striking originality and the genuine *vis comica* of these pictures differentiate them from all other contemporaneous work professing to illustrate the social life and Parliamentary "features" of our time.

The Baron notices that a second edition of *Mexico as I Saw It* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is issued this week, writ by Mrs. TWEEDIE, author of *Through Finland in Carts*. Has not seen last-named book, but supposes that the "carts" named were *carts de visit*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

In the Neighbourhood of St. James's Street.

Tom (inspecting theatre-bill of "Paolo and Francesca"). I say, 'ARRY, ole man, 'ow d'yer pernounce these 'ere nimes? 'Arry (with all the modest condescension of a superior person). Well, I'm free to admit I ain't much of a French schollard, but I should say it were pernounced "Polo and Frank Chester." O' course it's a kind o' sportin' piece.
Tom (satisfied). Ah, I see.

[Exeunt into nearest house of refreshment.]

SOMETHING LIKE MANAGEMENT!

["It is said that, encouraged by the success of Mr. ALEXANDER's experiment, some of his fellow-managers contemplate the introduction of further reforms."—*Daily Paper*.]

It was on a fine spring evening in the year 1903 that Mr. Punch's Representative made his way to the Coliseum Theatre, intent on seeing *The Emperor's Elbow*, a new and successful comedy. Arriving, with his wonted punctuality, some ten minutes before the time when the curtain was announced to rise, our Representative was a little surprised to find the vestibule of the theatre absolutely empty, save for a strong force of attendants, each of whom wore a revolver-case.

"One moment, Sir," said the official in the box-office; "you cannot enter until your registration form has been filled up. I must trouble you for your name, age, profession, and date of last vaccination."

"What--what in the world has that got to do with you?" gasped the Representative.

"Our invariable rule," replied the official, calmly, "made by the Manager of the Coliseum in the interests of the public. Can't be too careful whom we admit into the theatre, you know. Age—profession—thank you. The vaccination took well, I hope? Ah, quite so. That is all I want, thank you. JAMES, you may show this gentlemen into cell No. 151."

"But my ticket is for stall B 29," objected Mr. Punch's Representative.

The box-office manager smiled. "Yes, and you shall occupy it presently," he said. "Is it possible that you have not heard of our new rule? Anyone who does not arrive in time to take his place half-an-hour before the rise of the curtain is imprisoned in a padded cell until the end of the first act. Remove the gentleman, if you please, JAMES."

The attendant named tapped his revolver-case significantly, and our Representative made haste to follow him. He led the way to a small underground cell, the walls of which were covered by portraits of the manager, and by an announcement that the upholstery, air cushions and leg-irons were supplied by Messrs. SNOOKS' Emporium.

"The leg-irons," explained the attendant, "are reserved for those of our patrons who try to resist the new rules by force. In your case, Sir, I am sure they will not be necessary. Nor shall I have to trouble you with a visit from our hairdresser."

"Hairdresser?" exclaimed our astonished Representative, raising his hand to his ambrosial locks, lightly toned with pearly grey, "I should think not! What do you mean?"



A BORN STRATEGIST.

Tommy's Mother. "WHY, YOU HAVE GOT YOUR RIBBON ON THE WRONG ARM, TOMMY!"

Tommy (who has been recently vaccinated). "AH, MUMMIE, YOU DON'T KNOW THE BOYS AT MY SCHOOL!"

"Well, Sir, it was found that gentlemen with a great deal of hair, brushed high, somewhat obstructed the view of the stage. So we have a rule that if your hair rises more than a quarter of an inch above the level of your skull it must be trimmed before you are allowed to take your place in the audience. When the first act is nearly over I will fetch you your felt slippers and gag."

"Felt slippers? Gag? Do you mean that you expect me to wear them?" cried Mr. Punch's Representative with unaffected indignation.

"Certainly, Sir—it's one of our new rules—framed solely in the interests of

playgoers. The felt slippers will prevent your damaging other persons' toes as you pass to your seat. The gag will check any inclination you may feel to talk during the performance. We allow you to remove it, of course, between the acts. I will fetch these articles for you presently."

"Don't trouble," said our esteemed Representative, hastily, "don't trouble. The fact is—I am not very well, and I think I'll go home. I'm an old theatre-goer, and these new rules of yours are—er—a little upsetting, you know. 'All in the interests of the audience?' Ah, yes, no doubt—no doubt. But I think I'll go home, all the same."

STYLE AND THE OAR.

To sit upon a seat
 With the straps about your feet,
 And to grasp an oar and use it, to recover and to slide,
 And to keep your body swinging,
 And to get the finish ringing,
 And to send the light ship leaping as she whizzes on the tide ;
 To make the rhythm right
 And your feather clean and bright,
 And to slash as if you loved it, though your muscles seem
 to crack ;
 And, although your brain is spinning,
 To be sharp with your beginning,
 And to heave your solid body indefatigably back ;
 Not to be a fraction late
 When the rate is thirty-eight ;
 To be quick when stroke demands it, to be steady when
 he's slow ;
 And to keep a mind unheeding
 When the other lot are leading,
 And to set your teeth and brace your back and just to make
 her go.
 And when she gives a roll
 To swing out with heart and soul,
 And to balance her and rally her and get her trim and true ;
 And while the ship goes flying
 To hear the coxswain crying,
 "Reach out, my boys, you'll do it!" and, by Jupiter,
 you do !
 To seek your bed at ten,
 And to tumble out again
 When the clocks are striking seven and the winds of March
 are chill ;
 To be resolute and steady,
 Cheerful, regular, and ready
 For a run upon the Common or a tramp up Putney Hill ;
 To sink yourself and be
 Just a unit, and to see
 How the individual withers and the crew is more and more ;
 And to guard without omission
 Every glorious tradition
 That the ancient heroes founded when they first took up
 an oar ;
 In short, to play the game
 Not so much for name or fame
 As to win a common honour for your colours light or dark—
 Oh ! it's this has made your crew-man
 Such a chivalrous and true man
 Since the day that Father Noah went a-floating in the Ark.

R. C. L.

AN EVENING'S TIVOLITY.

AFTER an excellent dinner at the Sibyl Hotel, not far from the Temple, our noble host, LUCULLUS, conducted us in his chariot to Tivoli, the Tivoli, "where, by Hercules!" he exclaimed, "you will see some marvellous wrestling, and, by Tibur-Thames and Apollo, you will hear discoursed much catching music." In the unavoidable absence of DANIELENO DEURIOLOANO, there is provided for the Tivolian patrons a capital and varied entertainment. It is to be regretted that we were not in time to hear "Miss MARIE WILTON, Comédienne," just for "auld acquaintance" namesake, and equally sorry were we on finding that we were too late for the performance of two clever "Duetists and Dancers," the Sisters ASQUITH. We missed the name of HERBERT CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN from the exceedingly liberal programme issued

by the Tivolian management. A charmingly graceful show is that of the "Japanese Cherry Blossom Company" of *chanteuses et danseuses* led by Miss MARGUERITE FISH, a singing, dancing, and quaintly fascinating little sole whom the management are very fortunate to have caught. Following in her wake comes Mr. ALBERT WHELAN, set down in the bill as a vocalist, though had he been described as a "double whistler" (nothing to do with JAMES MCNEILL of that artistic ilk), it would have been more correct and more exciting to the curiosity. His issue of "double notes" is wonderfully clear and harmonious, and his imitations excellent. Down as "19," and a remarkably fine girl for her age, came the Imperial ALEXANDRA DAGMAR, who, in the most good-natured and condescending *bonne enfant* manner, proceeded to delight her devoted subjects with a topical song entitled "*Dolly Grey*," which was rapturously encored.

No. 20 was intended to be "the hit of the evening," though, as a matter of fact—it being purely a wrestling match—no hit could possibly be made. GEORGES HACKENSCHMIDT, "the champion wrestler of the world," engaged in three bouts with three separate first-rate *bonâ fide* champions of other worlds (for there are "more worlds than one"), each one of whom gave Master-Champion GEORGES a considerable amount of trouble. Queer to see how they approached one another, bending suspiciously, ever on the alert, eye to eye, nose to nose, each holding out his right hand, palm open upwards, as if offering some alluring morsel as a bait for the other to fall into his grip. Not otherwise did Mrs. BOND, in the old song, entice the ducklings with "Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed." Then, when each attempted to clutch and grip—"to have and to hold"—the other, and as each, illusive, escaped, and came down, as an item of luggage is labelled, "this side up—with care," both champions might have muttered, with *Macbeth*, apostrophising the imaginary dagger,

"Come, let me clutch thee!
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still ;"

until at last they tumble first into each other's arms, then on to each others backs, their heads alternately disappearing and re-appearing; up they come, silently wriggling, down they go, struggling and striving, the excitement of the audience increasing at every round, until partisans all over the house began to shout advice to their man and to express themselves so strongly that, were it not for the Referee crying "Time!" and closing the strife, it seemed as if there would have been a considerable probability of the entire audience emphasising their opinions in private and personal single hand-to-hand wrestling matches. "Time!" Quite so. Eleven p.m. And so ta-ta to Tivoli.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

VERY soon will be held the Royal Academy Sessions at Burlington House. Hundreds of prisoners will anxiously await the sentence to be pronounced upon them by the Committee of Selection, every member of which is, in his judicially artistic capacity, a sort of Judge JEFFREYS or "Hanging Judge." From this body, as the old song has it, "A dreadful ar-ray" of R.A.'s, are chosen the executioners, to whom is entrusted the carrying out of the final irrevocable sentence. Only those who have been present at a criminal trial, or who have seen the drama of *Le Juif Polonais* (with Sir HENRY IRVING as *Mathias*) can realise the awful solemnity of the proceedings under the presidency of Chief Justice Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A. Yet how merciful is this Judicial Bench! The hopelessly condemned are permitted to go away unhung! While those about whom the evidence is doubtful are allowed to remain in a state of suspense (oh, the torture of it!), until their final doom is pronounced, when they are either hung or banished.



Bernard Partridge.

NO SPRING CLEANING.

Mrs. Campbell-Bunrman (the "Char"). "AIN'T YOU GOIN' TO 'AVE *NOTHINK* DONE THIS YEAR? THE PLACE IS IN A SHOCKIN' STATE!"

Mr. Brdrck (the Butler). "WELL, WE'RE DOIN' A LITTLE WHITEWASHIN',—BUT WE WILL NOT HAVE THE CARPETS UP!"





A HIGH STANDARD.

"HINTELLIGENT? BLESS YE, THAT THERE DOG 'E BE MOST AS CLEVER AS I ARE!"

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

My Baronite honestly confesses he has not read Mr. BERNARD CAPES' *Plots* (METHUEN). Attracted by the name of the publisher, who habitually turns out good work, he took up the volume and found it further enticing by reason of the titles of successive stories. But he came a cropper on the second page. Here is a sentence descriptive of one of the characters in the first tale: "Another evolution, only less negative, was of a certain desperate pugnacity that derived from a sense of the inhuman justice conveyed in the fact that temperamental debility not only debarred him from that bold and healthy expression of self that it was his nature to wish [What?], but made him actually appear to act in contradiction to his own really sweet and sound predilections." Dazed by this blow, my Baronite staggered through a few more pages, till he came upon the hero, whose "soul seemed to pant grey from his lips; his face was bloodless and like stone; the devils in his eyes were awake and busy as maggots in a wound." Then my Baronite softly laid the book on the table and stole away on tiptoe.

Among the host of Transatlantic writers who have recently dealt with the history of our Colonies in what are now known as the United States of America, Miss MARY JOHNSTON, says my Nautical Retainer, has a place apart. If we except the author of that remarkable novel, *Cardigan*, there is no one to compare her with but herself. Though her new book, *Audrey* (CONSTABLE), misses something of the fine piquancy and high masculine daring of her last—*By Order of the Company* (which also had its setting in Old Virginia)—it has a more rounded perfection and the author has here kept more closely within the limits of her powers, whose range is still astonishingly wide. No braver tucket ever heralded an adventurous pageant than the opening chapter of *Audrey*.

Yet the book is less a romance of adventure than a moving study of the inter-relationship of three characters. *Audrey* herself is so wayward a child of nature, and is placed in an environment so remote from common experience, that we have to accept her on trust as the pure creation of a charming fancy. But it is when we refer the hero to the familiar standard set up by other popular romancers that we best appreciate Miss JOHNSTON's distinction of draughtsmanship. His youthful, irresponsible self-indulgence; his imperturbable *sang-froid*; his distraction of spirit between two types of woman, one commanding his complete respect without his love, the other his love without, at first, his complete respect; the dawn and growth of this desired complement to his passion; these features and developments go to make up a figure of irresistible fascination. Other characters, such as that of *MacLean*, who loves well because he hates well, are drawn with nice discrimination. If Miss JOHNSTON has a fault it lies in a tendency to abuse her unquestionable gift of scenic description by the over-elaboration of her background. Her narrative is also marred at times by a trick of rhetorical inversion—a negative placed after its verb, a verb placed before its subject in a dependent sentence. She is singularly free from Americanisms, but she allows herself to indulge in one example of a very noxious habit now prevailing among her countrymen: "trees that had been felled *lest they afford cover*." Our cousins must learn the distinction between the past and present tenses of the subjunctive mood. The coloured illustrations in *Audrey*, both for delicacy of drawing and refinement of subdued harmony, are an exquisite addition to the charm of the book. I commend it with absolute confidence to the readers of *Punch*. No Easter holiday should be attempted without it.

(*Nihil obstat*)

BARON DE B.-W.

OUR LAST LINE OF DEFENCE, IF NOT DEFIANCE.

[After Campbell. *Being the Views of a Private of the Inns of Court ("Devil's Own") Volunteers.*]

"LIGHTS out!" rang our bugles; the weather was drizzly,
And deep lay the dark round the Devil his Own,
As we flung ourselves down on our bedding at Bisley—
The sleepy to slumber, the wakeful to groan.

I could hear the low curse of the Common Law sentry,
Our shield from the peril that prowleth by night,
As I dozed with my section of militant gentry
In skirmishing order, undressed by the right.

With a smile on my conscience—the outcome of duty—
And blisters that burned at the back of my heel,
I evoked recollections of laughter and beauty
In scenes where I once had a succulent meal.

And I thought of the dear ones that urged me to spare a
Brief respite of leisure from legal routine
For a cursory trip to the blue Riviera
Or Fontainebleau's woods at the first of the green.

Had I carelessly yielded to feminine clamour
And placed before England's my personal gain,
I could now have been basking in Italy's glamour
Or haunting the splendid Alhambra (in Spain).

But my ear had been closed to the voice of the charmer,
My breast was as basalt, my will like a rock;
I would up with my rifle and on with my armour
And out on the warpath at six of the clock.

For I thought, "What if France, at the Easter vacation,
With Ministers loafing in various lands,
Should arrive overnight, and from Cannon Street Station
Ask London at breakfast to hold up her hands?"

"But if only they hear that our corps is in fettle
Scarce thirty miles off from their line of retreat,
They will certainly shrink from essaying the mettle
Of us who have never acknowledged defeat.

"Yet 'tis we that Officials regard as a burden,
A raw, ineffective, civilian police;
They would stint us and starve us, forgetting the guerdon
Rome gave to her loyal, if amateur, geese.

"But we want no reward for the service we bring them,
Who, safe in our keeping, lie warm in their beds;
And our single and lofty revenge is to fling them
Live coals from the kitchen to wear on their heads!"

* * * * *

So I dreamed till the blast of the blatant reveille;
Then rose from my pallet, one uniform ache,
And repaired to parade with a vacuous beille
For England and home and my honour at stake. O.S.

A POINTLESS NOSE.

(At the Duke of York's Theatre.)

WHEN Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES got *The Princess's Nose* out of his own head and took it in hand, was it not evident to the talented but persistently wilful holder thereof that the point, previously manifest to his own unclothed eye, had become entirely obscured? Did he think that by tweaking the Princess's nose, causing its possessor to suffer acutely, he could bring tears to the eyes of a sympathetic audience?

This nasal idea evidently seized upon HENRY AUTHOR and stuck to him as persistently as did the head of King CHARLES THE FIRST to Mr. Dick. The obsession was too strong for

him, and with the yielding French heroine (was she in a play by OHNET?) he must have exclaimed (for it is evident from the dialogue that he was thinking a good deal in French)—

"Ah! je n'ose point! C'est trop fort pour moi!"

Now the Princess herself has a pretty little tip-tilted nose, "turned up" at the idea of snuff, of which commodity she gives a sufficiency, or *quantum snuff*, both to her faithless spouse and her treacherous friend. This *bourgeoise* Princess is cleverly played by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, who seems puzzled to know what precisely to make of the character. And the whimsicality of it all is, that it is not the Princess's nose that suffers, but the nose of the wicked lady who was plotting to put that of the Princess out of joint! So here is an unexpected twist given to somebody else's nose and not that of the *Princesse de Chalençon* (*née*, or *nez*, LANGRISH)! From this point to the finish, tragedy vanishes, comedy fades away, and farce prevails.

The plot, diagnosed, would occupy too much time and space; simply told, it is that the Princess with the tip-tilted nose discovers that she has got two "wipers" in the house; one being *Mrs. Malpas* (well represented by Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON), and the other, *Mr. Eglinton-Pyne* (a difficult part amusingly rendered by Mr. COSMO STUART). *Mrs. Malpas*, who attempts to put the Princess's nose out of joint by flirting desperately with the *Prince de Chalençon* (a perfect performance by Mr. HENRY IRVING of an imperfectly conceived character) under the very nose of the Princess, gets her own nose flattened out like a pancake all over her face (as was *Pat Murphy's* after a Donnybrook fight) in a carriage accident. Mr. GILBERT HARE as *Sir John Langrish*, the Princess's uncle, to whom she goes when in difficulties (quite an exceptional case this of a Princess "going to her uncle's"), does nothing in particular with consummate skill; and the same may be said of Mr. VIBART as the chatty doctor, Mr. PAWLE as the idiotic *Mr. Malpas*, of Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON as the scandal-loving old lady, and of Miss ETHELWYN ARTHUR-JONES, whose rendering, it is fair to add, of an odiously ridiculous type of young lady, belonging rather to the period of the æsthetic craze than to the present day, is decidedly clever.

It is a mistake on the author's part to show a country gentleman, "so English, you know" as is *Sir John Langrish*, acting towards even such a cad as *Mr. Eglinton-Pyne* proves himself after the fashion of a French aristocrat of the Louis Quinze period; for this he does when, instead of quietly telling the butler to "see *Mr. Pyne* safely out of the house," he summons a game-keeper and two of his men to act as "chuckers-out" and, three bullies to one flabby little man, soundly to thrash the wretched creature who, in his way, is a variant of THEODORE HOOK's *Jack Brag*. The indignant old Louis Quinze Marquis, treating *Mr. Eglinton-Pyne* as mere *canaille*, would have summoned his *domestiques* with, "*Ici et promptement, vous autres! Qu'on me jette ce drôle à la rue, après l'avoir bâtonné comme il faut!*" "*Alors, Irène (Vanbrugh) poussa un cri d'horreur,*"

"—Ah! pitié, pitié, mon oncle!"

"For which overhaul" your GUY CHANTEPLEURE, *cher Maître HENRI ARTHUR*, "*et quand on l'a trouvé, notez-le bien!*" comme dit M. le Capitaine Cuttle.

By the way, as the story is modern and we are shown the manners and customs of quite a modern country house party, how is it that, where the nose is so prominent, "Bridge" is not in evidence? Might we not have had some music introduced into the Amateur Theatricals, say from *Nosé in Egitto*? or could not the Princess have given us "a little thing of her own" to an accompaniment on the "gay catarrh"? In answer to such questions, HENRY AUTHOR

will probably reply by imitating, figuratively of course, the action of INGOLDSBY's little vulgar boy who

"Put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out."

Allowing that HENRY AUTHOR knows his own business best, it may be fairly asked whether, if *The Princess's Nose* had had a turn on the grindstone, it could not have been considerably shortened and sharpened?

Well-meaning critical friends might have jocosely "pulled HENRY AUTHOR's leg," but he would still have kept firm hold of this nose until it came off, as it did on the first night, and he will subsequently find himself with a piece on his hands. But what does it matter? Our HENRY AUTHOR has so excellent a record with his *Liars*, *Rebellious Susan*, *Dancing Girl*, and other plays, that no doubt it will not be long before he "follows his nose" with a big success.

PHILLIPS v. HALSBURY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Can you allow me space wherein to prove, what has long been suspected by Baconians, that the plays attributed to Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS were really written by Lord Chancellor HALSBURY? The chain of evidence runs thus:—

1. Lord HALSBURY, Lord Chancellor: cf. Lord BACON.

2. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, self-styled dramatist and ex-actor: cf. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

3. The ingrained tendency of Lord Chancellors to write other people's plays.

4. The antecedent improbability that Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, who for six years mixed with none but travelling actors, and then (see JOHN LANE's biography) became an army coach, should have acquired that knowledge of kings, heroes, heroines, nobles, palaces, &c., displayed in *Ulysses*, *Herod*, and *Paolo and Francesca*.

5. *Per contra*, the intimate and protracted association of Lord HALSBURY with Royalty, peers, and all manner of magnates, including JOSEPHUS.

6. The extraordinary resemblance between the Prologue to *Ulysses* and the proceedings of a Cabinet Council.

7. References in the above-mentioned plays betokening a knowledge of law which it is impossible that Mr. PHILLIPS could have acquired. For example:—

(i.) "And yonder sack" [*i.e.* Woolsack].
Herod, p. 114.

(ii.) "Sire, if this insolence unpunished go,
We soon shall lack all reverence below"
Prologue to Ulysses

—a clear allusion to contempt of court.

8. Reference to "a sort of war" in *Herod*, p. 124, where we read "I have outspanned life."



She. "IT'S VERY GOOD OF YOU TO COME WITH ME. DO YOU ALWAYS SEE PEOPLE HOME THAT CALL AT YOUR HOUSE?"

He. "I GENERALLY DO IF THEY'RE GIRLS. 'Cos, YOU SEE THEY NEED A MAN TO LOOK AFTER THEM, 'SPECIALLY IF IT'S A BIT LATE."

9. The remarkable fact that there are precisely the same number of letters in HARDINGE GIFFORD and STEPHEN PHILLIPS. I am, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,
GALLOPING BESS.

ANOTHER AMERICAN TRUST?—At the Inter-University Sports on the 21st Cambridge lost the odd event to Oxford and Co^s. If the Co^s. (from America) had been absent, the result would have been Oxford four events, Cambridge five; but as he was there his Weight (so to put it) turned the balance.

To Correspondents.

A "YOUNG STUDENT" writes to ask "Who was Cactus?" CACTUS was one of the flower of the Roman Patricians. He was known as a Sprig of Nobility. His motto was "*Sic Romanus tu scis*," and he flourished a good deal about 25 A.U.C. [*Vide Dr. Punch's Classical Dictionary of Quite Proper Names.*]

"SHAKESPEARE" asks, "Was *Othello* a Yorkshire Moor?" There is hardly anything in the text to warrant such an assumption; but, on the other hand, SHAKESPEARE's silence as to Yorkshire has to be reckoned with.—ED.

RUGGERSOCCY.

"Now, if you're ready for the poem," said Humpty-Dumpty.

"Please begin," said ALICE.

"Well, don't interrupt," said Humpty-Dumpty, "because it ought to go straight on. It's like this."

'Twas Britig, and the islish boves
Did scrove and pinnage in the scrog,
All sweasy were the muddidoaves
And the line-umps outwog.

"It's very difficult," said ALICE.

"Don't interrupt," said Humpty-Dumpty.

"But, please, what's Britig and the other things?"

ALICE asked.

"I should have thought everybody would easily understand," replied Humpty-Dumpty. "'Britig' means any time or place, because the sun never sets on the British Empire. And 'islish boves' are a sort of John Bulls that play football on an island, and they scrag and shove and push and scrimmage in all weathers, sun, cold, rain, or fog, or all four together, which is 'scrog'; and then they all get sweltering and greasy and muddy, and the umpires on the touch lines keep waving flags; that's why it says they 'outwog.' And the rest of it is quite simple; so don't interrupt again."

"I'll try not to," said ALICE. "How does it go on, please?"

"Like this," said Humpty-Dumpty.

"Beware the Ruggersoc, my son,
The feet that kick, the arms that clutch,
Beware the foul-foul bird and shun
The flukious kick-in-touch!"

He took his typal yost in hand;
Long time the gamesome foe he sought;
So rested he by the dumdum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in khakish thought he stood,
The Ruggersoc, with eyes of flame,
Came piffing by in bulgeous mood,
And footled as it came.

"What ho! what ho!" and to and fro
His typal yost went snickersnack,
He left the Ruggersoc for dead
And went gig-lamping back.

"And hast thou slain the Ruggersoc?
Come to my arms, my kiplish boy!
O rudyous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He gloatled in his joy.

* * * * *

'Twas Britig, and the islish boves
Still scroved and pimmaged in the scrog;
All sweasy were the muddidoaves
And the line-umps outwog.

"Well?" said Humpty-Dumpty after a long pause.

"Is that all?" asked ALICE, as she put her hand politely in front of her mouth.

"All!" cried Humpty-Dumpty. "Can't you see that we've got back to the place we started from?"

"Then he didn't really kill the Ruggersoc?" ALICE asked.

"Nothing like it," said Humpty-Dumpty. "He only broke his typing machine against the Ruggersoccy's nice hard head, that's all."

"I think it's a very beautiful poem," said ALICE.

GEMS OF THE FIRST WATER-COLOURISTS.

(Selected specimens for the guidance of visitors to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours, Piccadilly. Eighty-seventh Exhibition.)

43. "*Entrance to Dunkerque Harbour.*" By EDWIN HAYES, R.H.A., R.I. One of the best. Just that Haze about it that reminds one of the place.

49. "*Portrait of Mrs. H. H.*" Not silent "H," but a speaking likeness. Shall we have, also from the Hand of HAL HURST, R.I., portraits of "Signor C. C.," "Doctor D. D.," "M. F. H. on his G. G." and then a striking one showing a Naiad just entering the water, and a Dryad with towel, just after the bathe, entitled, modestly, "O! O!"? Then on to 512, "*Portrait of a Lady*," also by HAL HURST. "What, HAL! How now, Mad Wag?" Why this invidious distinction between 49 and 512?

160. H. G. HEWITT's "*Wasted Melody*" is full of humour. The poor blind minstrel is piping at the broken-down door of a dilapidated cottage. Not a soul to listen to him. It is a sad picture for any actor to contemplate, as it may forcibly remind him of some unlucky occasion when he "played to an empty house."

192. TOM BROWNE, R.I., who is one of "the Elect," shows a young Dutchman and his young Dutchesse in rather misty weather. He is giving her some of his *sauce hollandaise*, and she is "not taking any, thank you." It might be appropriately called "*Our Young Dutch*."

27. "*Enthroned*" is a puzzler, by J. EDWARD GOODALL. Does it represent "The Lady of Banbury Cross" (she doesn't look particularly cross—"more in sorrow than in anger") as she sat for her portrait, "with rings on her fingers," while awaiting the arrival of an expert chiropodist to tell her what on earth that great blue excrescence is on a toe of her right foot?

220. A charming picture by CHARLES P. SAINTON, R.I., called "*The Fairy's Hunt*." But what is this child-fairy hunting? Or is it a babe being hunted by fairies? Is it a mortal babe at all, or is it only symbolical of a "little spirit and water?"

225. As near perfection as possible are these "*White Horses*" from Neptune's stable, by HELY SMITH, wild and restive, yet well broken.

251. "*For All the World to See.*" W. H. C. GROOME depicts a lover cutting his lady's initials on a tree "while she waits." Suggestive of future bride-Groome?

264. This is simply first-rate. Every one knows—or if they don't they ought to know—the fish market at Boulogne, and the fisher-women, from the age of ninety downwards. Here they are, a pair of mer-women, *affiché*d by DUDLEY HARDY, R.I., all alive O! The old one up to any amount of wrinkles in the trade, the buxom middle-aged one ready to give as good as and better than she gets, sell her fish and enjoy her lark, as the case may be. And then the fish! The artist has caught them perfectly. These fish and these fisher-women ought not to be long in the market!

348. Excellent is MAURICE RANDALL's "*A South-Wester*." None but an uncommonly good sailor can behold this unmoved.

373. Once more ashore with JAMES ORROCK, R.I. O'er-rock, far away from sea coast, walking leisurely, trotting, and coming to the gentle "*Amble, near Warkworth*" ("well worth the wark") "*in Northumberland*." Delightful, restful, sweet!

451. Two equestrians, a lover and his lass, mounted on one horse, encounter a stilted comedian, or, to be accurate, a mountebank on stilts, followed by the drum and pipes. On this, GORDON BROWNE, R.I., colourist and humorist, comments with the quotation, "Thou com'st in such a questionable shape!" Perhaps the subtle artist intended

us to understand that these *two spectators retained their seats* during the performance.

496. After the above exciting scene how pleasant it is to settle down with EDMUND G. WARREN, R.I. "*On the River Dart, near Holne Chase, Devon.*" A haven of perfect rest. And having hither come, we take the rest and leave the remainder. Go early in the morning, if fine weather, for the water-colours seem far fresher then, and at all events the eyes—that is if you mind your eyes—are clearer.

WINTER AND THE POETS.

SOME to soft Spring bring adjectival praise,

Others to Autumn with her dropping dews,

Others delight in Summer's widening days;

Only do we inclement Winter choose. Not for his frosty breath or lucent snows,

His slippery ways, his crisp and nimble airs,

Or for his playful habit every time We venture forth of touching up our nose, But that a charter for a verse he bears—

In winter one expects a little rime!

THOUGHTS ON SHOW SUNDAY.

(By One who has to be in Fifty Studios at the same time.)

March 21st.—Next Sunday is "Outsiders' Show Day," when one particularly wants to be out of town to see if there are any primroses in the railway cuttings on the Dover line—and there are several dozen invitations for that afternoon on the mantelpiece marked "Pictures, 3 to 6 o'clock" . . . Well, duty calls, whether here or in South Africa, and a "drive" must clearly be organised, or a circular tour round London, or something Boyle-Rochean. Let me see, where are the chief objectives? Tite Street (Chelsea), Pembroke Gardens, Bedford Park, Adelaide Road, Eton Avenue, Haverstock Hill, St. Paul's Studios, Orme Square, Abbey Road, William Street, Bedford Gardens, Maida Vale, King's Road, Sutherland Avenue, Victoria Street, Brunswick Square, St. John's Wood, Little Holland Road, The Avenue (Fulham), Finchley Road, Bolton Studios, Pembroke Studios, Onslow Studios, Stratford Studios, and a score of other coteries. This will require management. With a quick cab, a sketch plan of the route, a fair wind and an occasional pick-me-up, I think we may reckon on twenty seconds with each artist.

This will mean, on an average, four



Loafer. "ANY CHANCE OF A JOB O' WORK 'ERE, MISTER?"

Foreman. "NO. WE'RE NOT WANTING ANY MORE HANDS NOW."

Loafer. "WELL, THE LITTLE BIT O' WORK I'D DO WOULDN'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE!"

seconds for each picture. Which is, in certain cases, quite long enough.

A few of these precious moments must be deducted for salutations, personal enquiries, condolences on bad hangings, abuse of the British climate, tea, cigarettes, skirmishes with children and critics, platitudes, comments on the painter's brilliant past and still more glowing future, parting jokes where advisable, and not more than three allusions apiece to the Coronation.

It would be as well, meanwhile, to pick up a few fresh flowers of art-jargon, "values" and "tonality," "key" and "genre" having had their

day; also to make sure of the difference between the Glasgow and Newlyn schools, and to look up Barbizon, Cinquecento and so forth, in the encyclopædia.

A good deal of horse-power, not to speak of foot-pounds and shoe-leather, promises to be used up over this *Rundreise*, which would be obviated if only the artists would pool their shows and hold a combined private view, say in Olympia.

On second thoughts, *can* one do justice after all to so many geniuses in one afternoon? . . .

Ah, here is the Continental *Bradshaw* and the circular of Easter excursions!



Rector. "WHY, DOCTOR, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? I THOUGHT THE MEET WAS DOWN AT THE CROSS ROADS."

Doctor. "WELL, THE FACT IS, I'VE GOT A PATIENT UP HERE THAT I MUST SEE, AND THE HOUNDS ARE CERTAIN TO COME THIS WAY."

Rector. "I SEE. KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, EH?"

THE AUTHOR'S GUIDE.

(V. "Literary Year Book, 1902," *passim*. With grateful apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert.)

If you're anxious for to shine in the literary line and to live upon your pen,

You must write up racy pars on our operatic stars and our leading public men,

You must pierce their penetralia, indulge in personalia and give us spicy stuff—

The truth of it don't matter if it's only idle chatter that is impudent enough.

And everyone will say,

As you go your inky way,

"If he can take a hansom cab when a 'bus must do for me,

Why, what a very singularly smart young man this smart young man must be!"

Having trained imagination by this course of education, you will take with eager zest

To the universal fashion, writing tales of plot and passion with a strong love interest,

You will pile up lots of pathos, high as Pelion on Athos, while a murder always tells,

But the *sine qua*, my friend, is the usual happy end to the tune of marriage bells.

And everyone will say,

As you go your conventional way,

"If he can think of sensational plots which never would occur to me,

Why, what a very singularly fertile man this fertile man must be!"

You must never publish aught that's provocative of thought, nor labour the finishing file

To endanger your position by the very least suspicion of distinction in your style,

You must never vex your noddle with a classic for a model, nor revive the dead, dead past,

No, and never, never write any syllable which might, by a freak of fortune, last.

And everyone will say,

As you go your ephemeral way,

"If he can write from an empty brain, which would very much appeal to me,

Why, what a very up-to-date kind of youth this kind of youth must be!"

THE CONTRACTOR'S LOT.

WHEN the enterprising B-RGL's busy bergling,

And contracting daily, daily doth expand,

He loves to hear the oxen fall a-gurgling,

As they drag the bullock-waggons through the sand.

His delight he can with difficulty smother

When the War Office has business to be done—

Ah, take one consideration with another,

A contractor's lot's a very happy one.

When the War Office has business to be done,

The contractor's lot's a very happy one.

AN INVALID EXCUSE.—Mr. JONES regrets that he is unable to accept Mrs. BOREHAM's kind invitation to luncheon for this day three weeks, as he is engaged to attend a funeral on that date.



AU REVOIR!

ARTHUR BELFRAGE. "YOU TWO STAY WHERE YOU ARE. WE'LL PICK YOU UP AGAIN WHEN WE COME BACK."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE AMENITIES OF DEBATE. TWENTIETH CENTURY.

House of Commons, March 17th.—Well known that it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose. The necessity weighs heavily upon the Party in the House of Commons. His Majesty's Opposition could almost be happy if it were not that from time to time sense of duty and of the fitness of things suggests a Vote of Censure. Immediate, inevitable result is to close up Ministerial ranks, while fresh fissures are riven in their own. Not since the famous CAWLEY resolution was moved has House been in such doleful dumps as to-night. Yet if ever opportunity was provided by a Government for a united, well-led Opposition to smite them hip and thigh, the story of the War Office Contracts creates it. To-night, as heretofore, not a voice is raised on Ministerial side (save from the Treasury Bench) in extenuation, much less defence, of the great Hungarian Horse Deal or the bargain with the Cold Storage Company.

SARK, watching DON JOSÉ listening to BRODRICK making the best of his case, whispered, "Toby, *mio*, I would willingly give to the poor a quarter's cheque of JESSE COLLINGS's salary to see DON JOSÉ sitting on the other side of the Table, ready to spring up and reply to the War Minister on the whole case. I don't believe the Ministry would survive his speech a week. He has his compensations; but they must be large indeed to console him for not being in

Opposition during the past two years. He is, alas for Liberalism, on the other side."

Attack on Ministerial position led by CAWMELI-BANNERMAN. A very good speech he made; moderate in tone, judicial in manner, convincing in citation of indisputable facts. But no wave of enthusiasm ran along Opposition Benches. When he sat down, House, by no means crowded, emptied; at nine o'clock, progress of debate on Vote of Censure, moved by Leader of Opposition, was nearly stopped by count out.

Business done.—C.-B. moves for Committee of Enquiry on War Office Contracts. Government reply, "Why, certainly; sort of thing we ought to do, dear boy. No one more anxious than we for full enquiry; only not just yet. Wait till the clouds roll by. Then, as ROSEBURY says, we shall all be in such a state of jubilation that no one will care about trifles like the Hungarian Horse Deal or the Cold Storage Company with its more than a million profit on a year's transactions. If they do care, nothing practical can result from enquiry made at that epoch. Might just as well appoint Committee to enquire into the cause and effect of the last eclipse of the moon. We've nothing to hide; nothing to fear from full enquiry; we are in fact dying for it. Only not just yet. Wait till the 'sort of war' is really over. Then, if any of you are still alive, come and ask for

Committee or Commission, and you shall have either or both."

Tuesday night.—The MEMBER FOR SARK is old enough to have sat in the House with the father of the present Financial Secretary to the War Office. In fact he confides to me that he was the inventor of a little joke that had much vogue in the mid-seventies. FRED STANLEY, as the sixteenth Earl of DERBY was styled twenty-seven years ago, held the very office his son and heir now adorns. As Financial Secretary to the War Office F. S. was put up to make his maiden official speech in connection with the Regimental Exchanges Bill. A modest man, abashed by his prominence, he floundered fearfully. DIZZY sat behind with arms folded, head bent down, but eyes anxiously fixed on the form of the younger son of the statesman who had done much to establish his own fortune. When the callow Minister seemed to be in imminent danger of finally sticking in the mud, DIZZY's voice (so the story ran), was heard encouragingly quoting, "On, STANLEY, on!"

No need for such incentive in case of the STANLEY who to-night, after interval of more than a quarter of a century, stands at the Table, spokesman of the War Office. Rather is suggested the second clause in the famed last words of *Marmion*, "Charge, CHESTER, charge!" as more in Lord STANLEY's way. If criticism be called for it would be in direction of

friendly advice to stem the torrent of his speech. Too often it flows down like the waters of Lodore, making it difficult to catch the full purport of his remarks. This mannerism, born of constitutional habit, that endears him to both sides of the House. He is almost cholerically honest; fans consuming fire of scorn for anything mean or low. His grandfather was known as the "RUPERT of debate." Our Lord STANLEY is the Heavy Dragoon of the Question Hour. Heavily armed, fully accoutred, mounted on a steed not made in Hungary, he rides at and rides down Members opposite who, under thin disguise of a question, attempt to insinuate personal charges against soldiers in the field or officials at Pall Mall.

To-night essayed his longest speech in debate. A hard task to extenuate War Office complicity in contracts, whether for dead meat or live horses. STANLEY's untutored speech more effective in this direction than the more elaborate harangue of his chief at the War Office or of his Commander in Downing Street. A bluffly-spoken, shrewdly-argued discourse, displaying business-like contempt for theological differences as influencing Meat Contracts, or racial prejudices coming between a Department and the cheapest horses in the market. Almost persuaded the House that, with ST. JOHN BRODRICK in Pall Mall and KITCHENER in Pretoria, "all's right with the world."

Business done.—Vote of Censure moved from front Opposition Bench swiftly runs up Ministerial majority from normal level of 130 to actual record of 155. "There is an old constitutional axiom that the king can do no wrong. Seems to me," says SARK, "to be now transferred to the Ministry. Certainly, judging by votes of Commons, it appears that the Government can do no wrong."

Thursday night.—Few things more striking than the business-like fashion in which the House sets itself about the process of suspending a Member. Might justifiably write on its business cards, "Suspensions made whilst you wait." JOHN DILLON having in emphatic language conveyed his impression that an observation falling from the lips of the Colonial Secretary was lacking in the quality of veracity, the SPEAKER "named" him before he quite knew where he was. PRINCE ARTHUR was at the table moving the resolution ordering his suspension, and the House was cleared for a division.

Talk about the changefulness of an April day, it's nothing to the possibilities of the House of Commons. One moment we have DON JOSÉ quietly showing cause for his faith in the future of South Africa; the next JOHN DILLON

is on his feet saying bad words, and the thronged floor of the House is tossing in tumult, like the sea on which a cyclone has swept down.

Next to the suddenness of the outbreak is the completeness of the return to common-place calmness. Interrupted by the remark hinted at, DON JOSÉ, halting midway in a sentence, resumed his seat. Meanwhile there was the violent scene; the uproar of cheers and counter cheers; the division and the suspension of a Member. DILLON having



The Heavy Dragoon of the Question Hour.
Lord St-nl-y.

retired amid frantic cheers from his compatriots, DON JOSÉ again appeared at the Table.

"As I was going to say when I was interrupted," he remarked, just as if a fly had settled on his nose, he had stopped to brush it off and was now continuing his speech.

Business done.—JOHN DILLON suspended.

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY LIMERICKS.
An ingenious person called CROCKETT
Ascended to fame like a rocket,
His Minister (Stickit)
Was such a good trick, it
Expanded the publisher's pocket.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

"The following have satisfied the examiners for the degree of Bachelor of Music, Pt. II. . . .

H. HUMM, B.A., non-collegiate."

THE COMMON COMPLAINT.

["A man can't be happy in politics."—Mr. Barton.]

"Bid politics go,
If you want to be happy."

'Tis a Premier's *mot*,

"Bid politics go!"

And he ought to know.

So remember, old chappie,

Bid politics go,

If you want to be happy.

"Bid Art a good day,

If you want to be happy."

So painters all say,

"Bid Art a good day,"

For she wears you away.

So remember, old chappie,

Bid Art a good day,

If you want to be happy.

"Never dip pen in ink,

If you want to be happy."

So writers all think,

"Never dip pen in ink,"

If you do, you will sink.

So remember, old chappie,

Never dip pen in ink,

If you want to be happy.

"Avoid stock and share,

If you want to be happy."

Financiers declare,

"Avoid stock and share,"

For money means care.

So remember, old chappie,

Avoid stock and share,

If you want to be happy.

"Eat mash while you may,

If you want to be happy."

Contented pigs say,

"Eat mash while you may,"

'Tis the only safe way.

So remember, old chappie,

Eat mash while you may

If you want to be happy.

THE FREAKISH HIPPODROME.

AMONG recent attractions at the London Hippodrome has been a one-legged cyclist. Forthcoming performers who guarantee to give the audience a turn include the following stars:—

ST. LEGER, the armless ping-pong champion, who will play three matches simultaneously blindfold.

CALMADY, the legless jockey, in his unparalleled equestrian act, when he will bestride fourteen bare-backed Basuto remounts abreast.

LOONEY, the idiot impersonator, who will give imitations of all the leading actor-managers.

ULULO, the deaf baritone, who will sing (in a different key from the accompanist) at 3 and 8.



*Papa (reading paper to Mamma). "MAN HALF-KILLED IN A GLOVE FIGHT."
Jessie. "POOR MAN! I WONDER WHICH HALF IT WAS, BOBBIE!"
Bobbie. "WHY, THE TOP HALF, SILLY." THEY MUSTN'T HIT BELOW THE BELT!"*

MR. PUNCH'S REPRINTS.

[Fired by the private example of the *Times* and *Globe*, Mr. Punch has explored the archives of our leading journals and reviews, and has much pleasure in publishing the results of his labours among the old files (*labor lance*).]

From "*The Spectator*" of 878 A.D., April 1st.

THE situation in Athelney is no doubt serious, but we see no cause for screaming. The news which arrives as we go to press, that King ÆLFRED has lost an entire convoy of cakes, need not be taken to argue strategic inefficiency on the part of the Commander-in-Chief. No great man is free from weakness. The most splendidly fearless man the present writer ever knew was tortured by the consciousness that he had no calf to his leg. We are therefore quite unconvinced by the arguments of those who clamour for the supersession of ÆLFRED by Prince BURHRED. In the first place it is by no means certain that the sacrifice of the convoy may not have been a skilful ruse. Indeed, one of the despatches states that the provisions in question were quite uneatable, whence one may infer that the Danes, who are notorious for their voracity, will not have indulged their appetites with impunity. Secondly, these hasty changes savour of panic. To adopt a homely metaphor, because the bootboy has come late one morning, you don't give his job to the lady's maid. Depend upon it, ÆLFRED has good reasons to show for his apparent negligence. Meantime, we shall continue in and out of season to insist on the urgent need of enrolling all able-bodied serfs in village archery clubs, on the understanding that any man who can hit a crow at fifty yards on Sunday afternoon shall be entitled to an old-age pension of ten groats a week, to commence at the age of 65.

From "*Truth*" of 1066, September 20th.

The statement that the Duke of NORMANDY will cross from St. Valery to Pevensey, which has been made in some uninstructed quarters, is of course dictated by crass ignorance. I have the best authority for announcing that he will take the Dieppe-Newhaven route. It has been stated also that the King resents the Duke's visit as inopportune, and will be at no pains to disguise his true feelings. This again is the usual farrago of rubbish which one has come to expect from so-called official organs. As a matter of fact King HAROLD welcomes the Duke's approach, and entertains not the shadow of enmity towards him. The story that the King will advance to Hastings to meet him is, however, pure invention.

From the "*World*" of 1419, November 10th.

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.—No. 003.

Sir Richard Whittington at the Mansion House.

A pull at the massive bell-handle of the private door of the official residence of the Chief Magistrate elicits a triple bob major, easily recognisable as the historic peal that bade our host to "turn again." It is quickly answered by a stately footman, and one has hardly had time to admire his fine development of calf before one is ushered into his Lordship's ante-room. Here all is bustle and life: franklins and scribes passing in and out, mercers waiting to display their wares; on the left a pardoner chatting with a sumptuous; on the right a reeve exchanging gossip with a manciple. At last our turn comes, and we are shown into the presence of the thrice-elected Lord Mayor. Our host, by whose side his famous cat, just recovering from her eighteenth family, greets us with a friendly claw, is a man in the prime of life, pleasant in manner. We note that he is dressed in pink fleshings and that he carries a bundle on a walking stick over his back; and we are in no way surprised when he breaks into a coon song and dance. While he is thus performing we have leisure to examine the room,

and to notice on the wall a charming oil sketch of Lady WHITTINGTON, better known perhaps by her maiden name of ALICE FITZWARREN, and a series of Kitcat portraits of her husband's feline Egeria at various stages of her nine illustrious lives. On the mantelpiece
(*cetera desunt.*)

From the "*Matrimonial News*" of 1542, February 14th.

Elderly widower wishes to meet with young lady to soothe his aching heart. Is of the highest rank, inclined to corpulence, aged fifty. Has already been married seven times, but still retains illusions. Will send portrait (by HOLBEIN) if return guaranteed. Address, H. R., Hampton Court.

From the "*Daily News*" of June 21st, 1815.

(By Our Military Critic.)

Though the official despatches claim a great victory for the Allied Forces at Waterloo, it simply leaps to the eyes of anyone who can read between the lines that the action has been both costly and indecisive. As we have constantly had occasion to point out during the Peninsular War, the Duke of WELLINGTON is no strategist, and had it not been for the heroic bravery of the Belgians, the British army would have been annihilated by the French. Holding as we do that this war is a crime, and that timely submission to NAPOLEON would have saved the country from incalculable misery, we cannot conceal our chagrin at the escape of our Commander-in-Chief from well-merited disaster. As for the defeat of the Old Guard—*Sapristi!* we flatly refuse to believe it. As we go to press a cheering rumour reaches us that WELLINGTON is a prisoner at Versailles.

THE TRUTHFUL YOUTHFUL GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

AN article in the *Lancet* on "The Study of Minor Ailments" reveals the inexperience of "the young practitioner, fresh from hospital work," in these trifling complaints. "He is called upon to deal with some common ailment of which he has often heard, from which, indeed, he may have suffered, but to which he has never had his attention directed during his days of pupillage." For the use of such medical men we venture to give the following dialogues, suited to various ailments. As we are not experts it is possible that some unimportant inaccuracies may be discovered in the medical terms:

SCENE—The consulting-room of Mr. AIKEN PAYNE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., "at home 2 to 4 daily." Enter a patient, a young lady, limping.

The Doctor (bowing gravely). How do you do? Please sit down. You need not describe your symptoms. From the way you walk I see at once that you are suffering from spasmodic malformation of the tendo Achillis complicated with gangrenous secondary dislocation of the big toe. You will, of course, agree to the amputation of your foot?

Young Lady (aghast). Oh, how dreadful! I had no idea of such a thing. Do you really mean it? I thought it was a very bad chilblain.

Doctor (more gravely). I will examine the foot. Ah, now I see it, I believe you are right. There is nothing to be done.

Young Lady (horried). Nothing to be done? Is my case hopeless? Shall I be a cripple for life? Tell me! Tell me! Let me know the worst.

Doctor. Oh, no! There is nothing to be done, because the chilblain will go away of itself. I know that from experience. So glad to reassure you. Good-bye!

[Exit young lady, wreathed in smiles.]

Pale Man (crawling in). Doctor, I'm awfully bad. A mere wreck. I've such a pain in my forehead.

Doctor. Indeed! This is serious. It indicates capillary enlargement of the anterior valvular lobe of the brain. I fear trepanning will be necessary.

Pale Man (anxiously). Trepanning? What's that?

Doctor (soothingly). A very ordinary operation. The removal of a portion of the skull—

Pale Man (starting). What? Scalp me? Wretched creature that I am, to have gone on with an illness with such an awful name, and supposed it to be a mere bilious attack!

Doctor. Let me look at your tongue. I am inclined to believe your supposition was correct. A little medicine will make you quite well again.

Pale Man (eagerly). Oh, thank you! You have saved me. (*Pressing five guineas into the doctor's hand.*) You must allow me to increase the usual fee. Thank you so much. Good-bye! (*Exit.*)

Elderly Lady (tripping in, holding her elbow). Oh, doctor, I know it is going to rain, my elbow is so painful.

Doctor. My dear Madam, pray sit down. This is a very remarkable case. You are evidently suffering from acute internal inflammation of the superior biceps, complicated with pulmonary neuritis of the jugular vein. The amputation of your arm—

Elderly Lady (screaming). Oh dear! oh dear! Amputation! Goodness gracious me! Mercy on us! I thought it was only a touch of rheumatism.

Doctor. My dear Madam, now you mention it, I think you are right. Put a piece of flannel round your elbow, and forget all about it.

Elderly Lady. Oh, dear me! That is a comfort. How clever of you to discover it. Really science is wonderful. I will come again if I feel at all unwell. Good-bye!

[*Trips off to recommend the doctor to all her friends.*]

Red-faced old gentleman walks in slowly, chokes, and then moves his lips. No sound is heard.

Doctor. My dear Sir, your case needs instant attention. It is clearly a subcutaneous enlargement of the uvula, inducing chronic suffocation. And I should be inclined to diagnose, in addition to this, peripheral prolapsus of the arteries in the œsophagus.

[*Old Gentleman, purple in the face, again moves his lips without uttering a sound.*]

Doctor. I presume you would consent to the immediate resort to tracheotomy?

Old Gentleman (by a supreme effort shouting in a faint whisper). Tracheotomy be hanged! Got a confounded cold. Lost my voice.



A PARTHIAN SHOT.

He (after a quarrel, bitterly). "I WAS A FOOL WHEN I MARRIED YOU!"

She (quietly, about to leave the room). "YES; BUT I THOUGHT YOU WOULD IMPROVE!"

Doctor. Indeed? Your view may be the right one. Let me look at your throat. Have some hot gruel when you go to bed. Your complaint is not unusual. I have had it myself.

[*Old Gentleman shakes hands heartily, nods and smiles, and presses ten guineas into the doctor's hand as he goes out.*]

A STILL MORE "AMAZING OFFER" TO TOBACCONISTS.

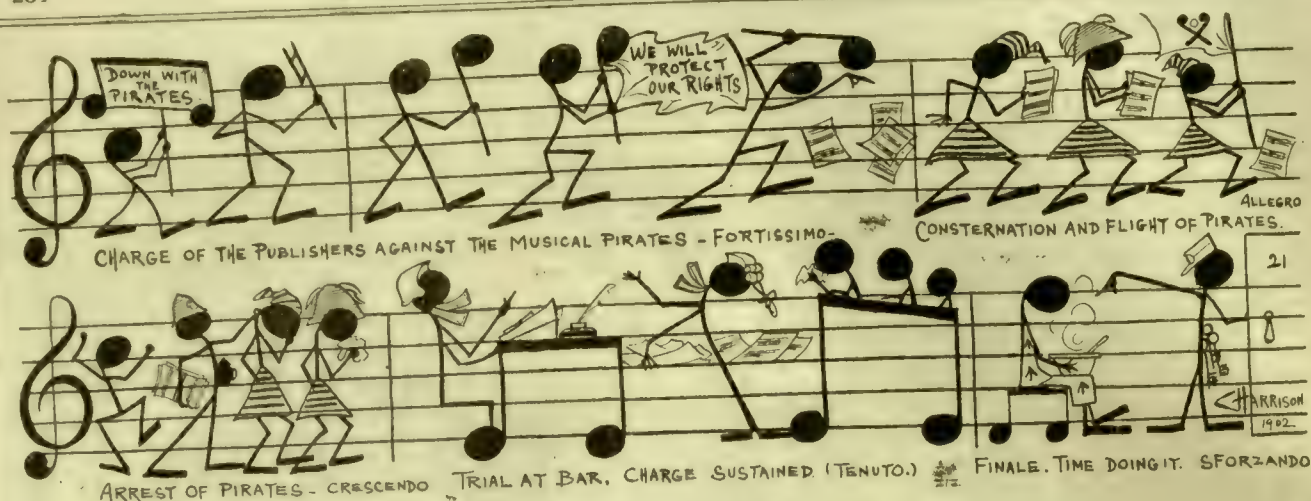
[*"Remarkable developments are taking place in the tobacco war. One well-known firm offers to distribute among the customers purchasing direct from them, for a period of four years, the total net profits on their goods sold in the United Kingdom, together with an annual sum of £200,000."*—Daily Paper.]

AFTER many years of deep meditation (during which we have lived upon the public), we have decided, without any thought of the insanity of our conduct,

to make the following stupendous offer to our customers:—

Commencing on the 1st of April next we intend to adopt all the male tobacco-nists in the United Kingdom. We shall not ask them to sell our cigarettes—indeed, we would rather they did not—nor do we prohibit them from selling those of any other firm. But, as an inducement to them to assist us in reaping absolutely no profits from our business for the next fifty years, we offer an income of £1,000 per annum to all tobacco-nists who suspect us of ever having sold cigarettes with a picture in each packet. To any man, tobacco-nist or no tobacco-nist, who can prove that we are not cutting off our nose to spite our face, we offer a bonus of £10,000,000 (to be deducted from the reserve fund of past profits).

Yours faithfully,
THE FIFTEEN-A-PENNY TRUST, U.S.A.



MUSICAL PIRACY.

(A selection from an old score, which it is to be hoped will soon be paid off.)

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK. (Anent Popularity as a Student.)

It is assumed that Young Hopeful has found the necessary sponsors and has entered an Honourable Society. He has either passed the preliminary exam. testing his acquirement of the rudiments of the education of a scholar and gentleman, or has been exempted therefrom for academical reasons. If he is at the University his connection with an Inn of Court will give him the advantage during term time of an occasional visit to the great metropolis to "eat his dinners" and to indulge in even livelier recreations. The first step to the Woolsack will have been taken, and, as his treasurer will assure him when he assumes for the first time a barrister's gown, "the road to success leading to the very highest forensic honours is now open before him." His next care should be his demeanour in relation to his fellow members—for benchers, barristers and students are all members—at his Inn.

He will meet his fellow members in Hall, in the Common Room, and in the Library. His conduct in Hall will perhaps be the most important, for when in Hall he is under the direct supervision of the Masters of the Bench, whose good word, individually and collectively, may be of considerable value to him later on. It may

perhaps be convenient at this point to refer to the varieties of students flourishing in the Inns of Court.

The "shoppy" student is a young gentleman who, in and out of season, is given to discussing the cases of the

hour. He backs his opinion against that of the Master of the Rolls, and is seldom "inclined to agree" with the rulings of the Lords of Appeal. To some people—chiefly those unconnected with the law—he is a very intelligent young man; to others—chiefly members of the Bar—he is an unmitigated idiot and bore.

The "comic" student is quite an acquisition on Call or Grand nights after the Masters of the Bench have retired to discuss their dessert in another place. He conveys funny messages to "Mr. Senior," asking that worthy gentleman's decision on absurd points of bar etiquette; he has been known to obtain some concession in honour of BACON's birthday, when he has—as he has admitted subsequently—been profoundly ignorant of the date of that interesting anniversary. In addition to this he occasionally contributes to the light literature of the day.

The "leal and loyal" student knows all the traditions of his Inn. He drinks the proper toasts when the loving cup goes round, and is great upon moots, maskes, and celebrations of a kindred character. To some people—the minority—he is perfectly delightful.

With other samples I will deal in my next.

Yours truly,

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.



A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

Mistress (after a heated discussion with argumentative Cook). "ARE YOU THE MISTRESS OF THIS HOUSE, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?"
Cook. "No, MA'AM, I AIN'T—BUT—"
Mistress (triumphantly). "THEN DON'T TALK LIKE AN IDIOT!"



A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

"I WAS SO SORRY TO HEAR A FOX HAD BEEN STEALING YOUR POULTRY AGAIN. HOW UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU!"

"OH, WE CAN BEAR IT, MISS, THANK YOU KINDLY. YOU SEE THE SLOPSHIRE HUNT COUNTRY COMES UP TO OUR FARM ON ONE SIDE, AND THE JOWLERS ON THE OTHER, SO WE MAKE A CLAIM ON BOTH, AND *THEY EACH PAY FOR THE OLD HENS!*"

NAPOLIANA.

"*Vedi Napoli e poi — ?*"—*Old Proverb.*

["Lord ROSEBERRY is going to his villa at Naples as soon as his political duties permit of his leaving England."—*Society News.*]

NAY, tempt me not until my task is o'er!

The little rift within the Party's lute

Must show a wider aperture before

I don my sailor-suit.

ASQUITH has need of me! One cannot tell

But what, were I across the estranging sea,

He'd play the Honeysuckle to the spell

Of busy Campbell-Bee.

Give me a few more days with voice and pen

To make the Liberal cleavage trebly sure—

Then Naples! then the crown of labour! then

The *far niente* cure!

Land of the azure sky and lucent air!

(Well-known to fame through Mr. FILDES, R.A.),

My sanatorium, my rest from care,

My milky Wei-hai-Wei!

Ah, sweet, in any case, when feeling slack,

Here to imbibe the balm of southern May,

And watch the Capri steamers, there and back,

Plough the cerulean bay!

But sweeter far, outstretched at full extent,

To taste the honest labourer's ease of mind,

Knowing that you have left a monument

Of patient toil behind!

Was such the thought that in his bosom leapt,
NAPOLEON's, when, with nothing much to do,
From Elba's isle his eagle glances swept
This self-same tideless blue?

How did the climate suit his active ways?

Did he repose on work's accomplished weft?

Or say, when asked about his latest "phase,"

"*I have a couple left*"?

Myself, like him, have wreathed my conquering brow,

Done time in exile, lying very low,

And am in act of working off, just now,

My Hundred Days or so.

He loved the big battalions; so do I;

Which ends the parallel between us two;

For, till I get them, I refuse to try

My luck at Waterloo.

Besides, I have a solace in reserve—

Always my villa on the Baïæ shore

To shield me should the fighting shake my nerve,

Or grow to be a bore.

O. S.

COMMON COMPLAINT AMONG THE REJECTED OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—*Angina Pictoris.*

To all "good judges of traitors" we recommend the new game of Russian Scandal, based on GRIMM's *Fairy Tales*.

ISLE OF WIGHT RAILWAY GUIDE.

Our Special Commissioner, after spending several months, not to mention a needless amount of money, on the Isle of Wight, has at last prepared a simplified time-table of the trains from Ryde. He has not yet investigated the return trains. He says it takes time, as almost every mile of railway belongs to a different company.

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Ryde (Pier Head) - -	7.59	8.1	C	2.59	3.1	4.45
Ryde (Pier Foot) - -	8.10	8.12		A		H
Ryde (Esplanade) - -	8.15	Stop		3.15		H
Ryde (First turning on left) - - - - -	A			3.20		H
Ryde (Centre of town) -	8.25	11.29		3.25		H
Ryde (End of town) - -	8.30	B	12.56	3.30		H
Brading - - - - -	9.0		D	4.0		J
Bembridge - - - - -	A.M.	11.45	3.50	Change trains.		B
Sandown (dep.) - - -	6.40	9.11	Stop	E		K
Newport (arr.) - - -	7.25	K				8.50
Cowes (arr.) - - - -	8.18		P.M.	F		10.21
Newport (dep.) - - -	7.20	6.50				8.49
Freshwater (arr.) - B		10.1		G		11.25
Shanklin - - - - -	9.45		Direct train to Bembridge.	6.56		L
Ventnor - - - - -	10.10			7.30	3.15	B

A Stops to put down through passengers from Helsingfors, Sorrento, Seville and Brixton.

B Time of arrival uncertain.

C Starts from Ryde (Pier Head) on the fifth Saturday in the month.

D Stops on alternate Mondays, except in Leap year.

E Train shunted here for engine-driver's tea.

F Passengers for Cowes proceed *via* Portsmouth, Eastleigh and Southampton.

G Passengers for Freshwater proceed by sea *via* Cherbourg.

H Stops to set down through passengers from Vancouver, Buenos Ayres, Mogadore, Mandalay and Clapham Junction.

J Does not stop for anyone. Passengers must change and proceed *via* Portsmouth, Oxford, Liverpool, Bristol and Southampton.

K This train remains here, but another starts soon after, and arrives at the following stations sooner or later.

L Arrives about 6.59 if it has ever started.

Our Commissioner states that these are all the trains now running. He has, however, heard rumours of a train which started from Ryde (first turning on the left) at 9.27 P.M. about a month ago, and is now believed to be somewhere between Newport and Freshwater. As this train appears to be untrustworthy it is not included in this time-table, which is intended to be absolutely correct and complete.

FARES FROM RYDE (PIER HEAD).

	Single.			Return.	
	1 cl.	2 cl.	3 cl.	1 or 2 cl.	
Town (any part) - - -	2 6	2 5	$\frac{1}{2}$	9 9	
Brading - - - - -	4 2	4 1	1	15 4	
Bembridge - - - - -	7 6	7 5	$1\frac{1}{4}$	27 6	
Sandown - - - - -	11 4	11 3	$1\frac{3}{4}$	34 2	
Newport - - - - -	15 $3\frac{1}{2}$	15 $2\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	55 3	
Shanklin - - - - -	16 2	16 1	2	66 2	
Ventnor - - - - -	18 9	18 8	$2\frac{1}{4}$	80 9	
Cowes - - - - -	25 4	25 3	$2\frac{3}{4}$	100 7	
Freshwater - - - -	33 1	33 0	$3\frac{1}{4}$	110 $6\frac{1}{2}$	

Note.—There is no third-class. Holders of third-class tickets to Town (any part) are allowed to walk. Those having third-class tickets to any other part of the Island,

except Sandown and Freshwater, are allowed to travel in second-class carriages by the train leaving Ryde (first turning on the left) at 9.27 P.M. except on alternate Bank Holidays. Passengers with third-class tickets for Sandown and Freshwater are similarly allowed to travel by the train leaving Ryde (Pier Head) at 4.45 P.M., but only on the fifth Tuesday in the month. Holders of through tickets from Nijni Novgorod can travel by this train on any day.

SMOOTHING IT OVER.

(A Ballad of Party Unity.)

If you're formed to be a Smoother you will act upon the plan,

Which is very right and proper, of attaching man to man;
And you'll prove that their attachment is perspicuously clear

When they grip each other tightly by the hair or by the ear.
From their closely linked embraces
And the flushing of their faces

You infer they love each other, having made their battle cease

Not so much by stopping fighting as by saying it is peace.

If the principles they rave about your party forces scatter,
Stick to non-essential details—they're the only things that matter;

And whene'er your varied sections take to pummelling with fists,

You can reconcile their quarrel by denying it exists.

All this truculent commotion

Shows affection, nay devotion;

And when I curse my enemy you soothe me, and reply
That he spared me half an eyelash after gouging out my eye.

If a statesman, while declaring he's averse from party schism,

Has denounced our warlike methods as the ways of barbarism;

If another quite as fervent has declared with equal zest
That such methods are the mildest, the humanest, and the best—

From this internecine ruction

There is only one deduction:—

So you strike an equal balance both of eulogy and blame,
And announce these adverse statements as demonstrably the same.

If in accents of conviction A. pronounces that it's flat
That the Home Rule dose is poison and he'll never swallow that;

And if B., with ardour blazing, says he never will give up
Taking draughts of Home Rule nectar till he's fairly drained the cup,

Then, by adding here a little

And subtracting there a tittle,

You arrive at the conclusion that the hostile A. and B.

In their attitude to Ireland fundamentally agree.

And lastly, when two gentlemen are parted very far,
You can make them be united by declaring that they are;
For there's nothing so attractive as the short and simple toil
Of commingling pints of vinegar with equal pints of oil,
Or of setting sturdy fellows

To apply themselves with bellows

To the task of making liquid scientifically rare

By adding to its volume and inflating it with air. "Tis."



THE HAUNTED MAN.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. "NO HOLIDAY FOR ME! TOO MANY FIGURES ABOUT!"

DECEPTIVE VIEWS.

(In the Paddock at Aintree.)



"SURELY THAT GREAT FAT MAN IS NOT GOING TO RIDE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. METHUEN has added a new joy to the *Sentimental Journey*. He has included it in his "Little Library," a series of books for the pocket (the one nearest the heart) designed to contain some of the famous works in English and other literatures, in the domains of fiction, poetry and *belles lettres*. Other samples of the beneficent work already published are two volumes that contain SUSAN FERRIER'S novel, *Marriage*, which most of us have heard of and all may now read. My Baronite notes and appreciates the subtle touch whereby STERNE'S work has preserved for it the appropriate appearance of age by reason of the type and the yellowing tone of the paper on which it is printed. Eighteenpence will buy any one of these masterpieces of English literature, never before so agreeably presented.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD has, among novelists, struck a fresh trail in *Lazarre* (GRANT RICHARDS). It tells the story of the last Dauphin of France, of whom all that sober history knows is that when the crash came he was removed to the Temple prison, according to some authorities died there, according to others was secretly spirited over to the United States. Miss CATHERWOOD adopts the latter version, and round

fact or fable weaves a story of rich human interest. Possibly here and there much writing makes the narrative a little obscure. On the whole the moving story is admirably told. In *Lazarre* she has created a figure which in spite of its squalid surroundings is, by reason of nobility of nature, king-like in its bearing. If it had been possible to the BOURBON to be as honest and generous-minded as the fugitive *Lazarre*, the history of France would have to be rewritten. The story is prettily set in a framework that vividly reproduces the scenes and manners of France in the early days of the Empire, and, even more elaborately, wild North America at the same epoch.

The Baron notes, for the sake of his holiday friends, a first-rate number of the *Cornhill Magazine* for April. Especially to be recommended for perusal, as being both amusing and instructive, are "A Londoner's Log Book," "Madame de Maintenon," and "A Few Conversationalists," whose witticisms seem so delightful in print. A "conversationalist," that is, some one who has the reputation for being a brilliant conversationalist (the epithet "goes without saying," as what host would invite you to meet a party of dull conversationalists, specially selected?),



"THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN."

is, as a rule, disappointing. He may not be in his usual "form"; or he may be served up at the banquet stuffed full of "chestnuts," or his wit may be mere rudeness and you yourself may be the object of it; or he may engross the entire conversation and not give you a chance of telling your one solitary "sparkler" which has been for many a year wont to set the table in a roar. Commend me to this number of the *Cornhill*, quoth

THE BARON DE B.-W.



A PING-PONG STUDY.

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE-BEE.

(By Our Own M. Maeterlinck.)

[Those luckless persons who have never read M. MAETERLINCK'S *Treasure of the Humble and Life of the Bee*, will probably fail to grasp the profound philosophic meanings underlying the following fragment. Admirers of these works of the Belgian master, on the other hand, will obtain extraordinary gratification from its perusal.]

It is not my intention to write another treatise on Bees. These little creatures are of many varieties. There is the Domestic or Hive Bee, concerning which I have already written something. There is the Banded Bee, the so-called Carder Bee and the Carpenter Bee. There is also a B in both.

It is of none of these that I shall speak, but only of the Humble-bee, the great hairy, noisy creature that we all of us know so well. The Humble-bee builds its nest under bushes or in tunnels underground, and does not dwell in hives. And here, on the very threshold of our enquiry, as it were, we are met with a profound question. Why does it not dwell in hives?

We cannot say. It works aloof in a great mysterious silence whose words escape us. Perhaps there is no speech so eloquent as silence. On the other hand, perhaps there is no silence so eloquent as speech. I do not know. But I have sometimes lain awake when no one was speaking and not been able to hear a word. Others may have had the same experience. Our ears are all attuned to the noise of this world. They cannot hear the great Silences. And yet the Silences are there all the same.

These things are a mystery. For many years I have observed the Humble-bee. It is, in fact, the Bee in my Bonnet. But I have never yet understood it. I have followed it to its dwelling and tried to learn its sorrow, but I have not found it. Can it be that there was no sorrow to find? Perhaps these are things of which we must ever be ignorant. Some of us are like men beating with their hands upon a great door that they may not open. Others are like men pressing with all their might upon a door, and when they open it there is nothing on the other side. Our

real life is not the life that we live. Will the day ever dawn when we shall be what we are?

It is questions like these that present themselves to us with such insistence. We stretch out our hands to them and they do not heed. We cry to them and the tears run down our cheeks, but they do not answer.

Our friends, perhaps, cannot understand why we are thus moved. A few of them will seek to comfort us. Some will ask the cause of our tears. But we dare not tell them. Or if we do they fall away from us and we are left alone with our grief. Thrice happy, indeed, if even the gift of solitude be not denied us. I have known some men who, having been observed to pursue these investigations, are *never permitted to be alone!* An attendant, unseen perhaps, yet within hearing, is ever at their side watching lest they do themselves a mischief.

But this leaves our original question still unanswered. Why do Humble-bees not live in hives? Those who have read my earlier work on the Bee will feel no surprise on learning that it is from the loftiest motives. There is in the honey of the Humble-bee something poisonous, something inimical to man. I have known many in whom it causes headache and dizziness. It follows, therefore, that the Humble-bee will not dwell in man's hives because her honey disagrees with him.

There are some who are dissatisfied with the form of this syllogism. To them the motives of the Humble-bee must remain obscure. But to us they will shine with surpassing radiance. Let us reflect on this beautiful trait in these little creatures. Do they act in obedience to instinct, or does instinct act in obedience to them? Does the cart draw the horse or *vice versa*? Is Invention the daughter of Necessity or only her niece? We cannot tell. Thought is like a bird hopping from place to place seeking food. But it is only occasionally that it lights on the worm of Truth.

I have said elsewhere that each one of us is controlled by his Star. Is it so with the Humble-bee? We are as yet at the beginning of our knowledge of such things. Man, even with the best astrological training, has a difficulty in recognising his Star. This is because the Stars are always altering their places. Or, perhaps we alter our places and they stay still? Is the Humble-bee more fortunate in this respect?

Over these things, too, there is a veil. Yet sometimes, when we have dined, perhaps, and in moments of exhilaration, the veil seems to lift and we see. Occasionally we even see double. Our brain whirls. We can scarce stand upright. We cry aloud for joy and pain, and have to be supported by our friends. Some of us even see snakes and a great black dog. Then all is dark and the doctor is sent for.

What are these visions that we see? Are we more real than they, or are they more real than we? Is it we who are the cause of them, or are they the cause of us? Do two and two make five, or do they only appear to do so?

It may be doubted by some whether it is worth while to keep bees at all if the pursuit gives rise to these harassing problems. To bee or not to bee—that is the question, as a great poet realised more than three centuries ago. Perhaps it was to prevent such investigations from being pressed too closely that bees were furnished with stings.

Filial Youth (hesitatingly, being fearful of breaking the parental heart). Well, Mother, I've volunteered. We're off to the Front next week.

Spartan Mother. How many shirts will you want, my boy?

THE BOER "GENERAL'S" LAY.

["A South African Colonist" writes to the P.M.G. of March 21, saying that a Boer maid-servant at Pretoria gave notice to her mistress in order that she might go to a Concentration Camp, alleging that she "did not see why she should work for a living when in such a camp she would be well looked after and have nothing to do but enjoy herself."]

Almachtig! no more work for me!

The *vrouw* must do without me!
I'll take Boer leave to-day—you see
I've got my wits about me!

Why should I scrub and slave and wear
The hated servant's *kapje*,
When all my *meisje*-friends take care
To go where they'll be happy?

JOHANNA reads the fashion-page,
BET plays her concertina,
While SANNIE'S going on the stage,
And sings duets with MINA.

They do not toil the whole day long,
Nay more, they've got a permit
To play a game that's called "Ping-pong"—
A long-veld want they term it!

The simple *Khakis* offer thus
Board and amusement gratis,
All through a mortal dread of us
(And pro-Boers too) they say 't is!

The Concentration Camp will give
A change I greatly needed,
Where like a lady I shall live
With all my wishes heeded!

The war, I hope, will last some while—
A year or more I'd stay for;
It will be *mooi* to live in style
That *rooineks* shall pay for!

If that Miss HOBHOUSE could but call,
The fun would be still richer!
This first of April, one and all,
What tales of woe we'd pitch her!

THE FALL OF EVE.

["All women are so busy writing mediocre books, painting mediocre pictures, and playing mediocre golf, that the race is just going to the dogs."—Miss Arabella Kensaly.]

O FOR the day when girls were girls—
Not rude athletic Vandals—
In crinolines, Jane Austen curls,
And sandals!

They did not to the golf-god bow,
Nor cultivate a passion
For holes and bunkers, as is now
The fashion;

They did not "scorch" in purple hordes,
Nor court untold disasters
On tandems perched behind their lords
And masters;

Nor struggle upwards, faint and weak,
With palpitating blouses,
A burden to themselves and eke
Their spouses.



IN A BAR, NEWMARKET.

Seedy Individual (to *Knowing One*). "D'YER WANT TO BUY A DIAMOND PIN CHEAP?"
Knowing One. "'ERE, GET OUT OF THIS! WHAT D'YOU TAKE ME FOR? A JUGGINS?"
S. I. "GIVE YER MY WORD IT'S WORTH SIXTY QUID IF IT'S WORTH A PENNY. AND YOU CAN 'AVE IT FOR A TENNER."
K. O. "LET'S 'AVE A LOOK AT IT. WHERE IS IT?"
S. I. "IN THAT OLD GENT'S TIE. WILL YER 'AVE IT?"

They did not paint mild daubs to vex
The souls of Claudes and Titians,
Nor fill their own chaste vestal ex-
hibitions

With "still-life studies"—pears and
plums,
And grapes, and endless posies
Of lilies, white chrysanthemums
And roses.

The socks they did not scorn to
darn,
Nor left undecked the bonnet
Because they needs must write a yarn
Or sonnet.

Within their sweet domestic pale
No culprits were descried who
Would write a mediocre tale—
As I do.

MR. PUNCH'S REPRINTS.

II.

From the "Pall Mall Gazette" of 1658.

ASTERISKS.

THE late Protector was one of the CROMWELLS of Huntingdon, a well-to-do family who derive their name, though not their blood, from my old friend THOMAS CROMWELL, WOLSEY's jackal. NOLL, as we used to call him, was the second son.

Strength of a kind he had, but more obstinacy. His voice was clear and powerful. He uttered the famous words, "Take away that bauble," like a bull.

CROMWELL has been likened to JULIUS CÆSAR, but unjustly. I knew CÆSAR well. The two men had nothing in common save ambition and a large nose.

SIMON DE MONTFORT, I think, resembled NOLL more closely, making allowance for SIMON's ineradicable aristocracy. As he said to me before Lewes, "Noblesse oblige."

CROMWELL had warts on his face.

He liked music.

His son RICHARD is an ass.

I decline to know him.

From the "Times" of 1602.

C'est magnifique—et c'est la guerre! In other words, "Todgers's can do it when it likes." Briefly, *Hamlet*, the new play produced last night at the Globe Theatre, is superb. SHAKESPEARE has done many things in his time but never anything more *séduisant* than this. *Autre temps, autres mœurs!* And the modern manner bids farewell to the noisy declamations of Mr. MARLOWE and his school. *Eheu fugaces! T'ambourlaine* is no more; *voilà* the new régime. In *Hamlet*, which was admirably staged by Mr. BURBAGE, we have what is known in the jargon of the day as a "problem play," the *leit-motif* of which may be sufficiently expressed in the old pathetic question, "Who killed Cock Robin?" . . .

(*cetera desunt.*)

From the "Athenæum" of 1776.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by EDWARD GIBBON, the first volume of which lies before us, is a pretentious effort to chronicle the events of the later years of the Latin hegemony. The author's style is voluminous and



GROSS IMPERTINENCE.

Bounder (presuming on short acquaintance). "I SAY, MISS, WHAT A STRONG BIKE YOU MUST REQUIRE TO CARRY YOU!"
Lady Bikist (indignantly). "WHY? I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW."
Bounder. "BECAUSE I SEE YOU ARE JUST ON FIFTEEN STONE. HA! HA!"

ornate, and is too much disfigured by antithetical trickery. We might approve of his conclusions were it not that he misspells the name of CORNELIUS UMBO in the second footnote on page 93, and on page 421 he credits SPLENDENTIUS MENDAX with forty-five treatises, whereas he wrote but forty-four. Such errors witness only too eloquently to the slovenliness and want of responsibility that so frequently mark the work of the literary men of the day, and prove that Mr. GIBBON'S case is no exception. Other volumes, we are informed, are to follow, but having detected the spurious character of the author so damningly, we can hardly be expected, in spite of the aristocratic encouragement lent by Lord SHEFFIELD to the undertaking, to profess any interest in the announcement.

From the "Sphere" of 1728.

A LITERARY LETTER.

A great fuss is being made about the brilliance and wit of *The Dunciad*, Mr. POPE'S new book, but I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a disgrace to letters. There are, of course, plenty of idle, satirical persons in London who, always pleased to see worthy things debased, will applaud Mr. POPE in his rude attacks on a number of highly-deserving authors; but this does not make *The Dunciad* a good book. In a world which prefers humour to bibliography it is time that someone spoke out, and I am proud to be the one. Mr. THEOBALD is an honoured friend of mine, with whom I lunch and exchange first editions and CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S hairpins; and I protest with all my power against the unscrupulous treatment accorded him by Mr. POPE. That the charge of log-rolling will therefore be brought against me matters nothing, for I have already said, and will say again, that without log-rolling life in London would not be bearable.

From "Home Chat" of 1000 B.C.

Aunt AGNES has been asked the question, "What to do with the cold mammoth?" by so many readers, that she can no longer postpone a reply.

She therefore writes as follows: "In a small and well-regulated family a mammoth can, by careful husbandry, be made to last several months. At first it can be broiled or roasted in the nearest crater, or in any convenient geyser. After all that is needed has been eaten of the hot meat, boiled or stewed, it should be allowed to cool slowly. It may then be potted for breakfast use; or it may be shredded for pemmican; or it may be petrified for corridor use in our restaurant cars. The bones are equally serviceable in the settlement of Tribal difficulties or at the hustings. Finally, remember that Mammovril defies influenza."

"THE GIRL FROM ---"

AFTER *The Girl from Maxim's* we are threatened with *The Girl from Jay's* (for mourning performances only, we suppose), which seems to suggest a period of commercial titles. A few hints may be serviceable to dramatists:

The Infant from Vickers Maxim's.
The Uncle from Attenborough's.
The Nephew from the Hôtel Cecil.
The Goose from Poole's.
The Swan from Edgar's.
The Blackie from Buszard's.
The Toreador from Liebig's.
The Pickle from Lazenby's.

To be in the fashion, the Haymarket play might be re-named *The Frocks from Paquin's*, and the Shaftesbury farce might enter on a new period as *Are you a Fortnum?*

AN ELEGY

ON THE LATE KING OF PATAGONIA.

["GUSTAVE LAVIARDE, otherwise known as ACHILLES I. King of Auracania and Patagonia, was sadly interfered with by the Government of Chili, so he retired to Europe and started an office for the sale of Auracanian and Patagonian Orders, his Lord Chamberlain being a publican in the quarter of Paris in which he lived."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

The generous man will not deny
 Few monarchs' paths in life were
 stonier
 Than that one which was trodden by
 ACHILLES, King of Patagonia.

When he was crowned his subjects
 cheered,
 The bells were rung in every steeple,
 From which it certainly appeared
 He was the Father of his People.

But envy of his peaceful sway
 And of his just administration
 Inflamed in a disastrous way
 The rulers of the Chilian nation.

They drove ACHILLES from his throne
 To Paris, where his days were ended,
 And all impartial men will own
 Their action cannot be defended.

A credible informant says
 This conduct on the part of Chili
 Was much discussed for several days
 Both in Pall Mall and Piccadilly.

It shocked the virtuous English breast
 From Clapham Common to Belgravia,
 And moved all classes to protest
 At such unprincipled behaviour.

For when the strong oppress the weak
 On either side of the Pacific,
 You hear the British conscience speak,
 And then its language is terrific!



CLEANING THE SLATE.

He. "YOU REALLY MUST GIVE ME A DANCE, MISS BROOKS—IN FACT TWO."

She. "I'M SO SORRY. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. MY CARD IS QUITE FULL."

He. "OH, DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT THAT. I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER."

So votes of sympathy were sent
 (As happened to Armenia lately),
 But, though exceedingly well meant,
 They didn't help ACHILLES greatly.

He therefore made the best of things
 In Paris, where he lived contented—
 Like many other exiled Kings—
 In an *apartement* that he rented.

Lulled by the siren city's hum,
 Far from his former kingdom's
 borders,
 He made a modest annual sum
 By selling Patagonian Orders.

The prices for the various ranks
 Suited alike the rich and thrifty;
 A knighthood fetched a hundred francs,
 And other decorations fifty.

New Peers he made of every class,
 Counts, Barons, Viscounts he created;
 His Order of the Golden Ass
 Was very much appreciated.

And so ACHILLES died in peace,
 Chastened by Fate but not dejected,
 His neighbours wept at his decease,
 For he was very much respected.

Grief-stricken thousands came to gaze
 Upon his corpse with lamentations,
 Their manly breasts were all ablaze
 With Patagonian decorations.

And many a king I have in mind
 Will wait a longish time until he's
 As much regretted by mankind
 As Patagonia's ACHILLES!

ST. J. H.



Flower-seller. "I'D PUT MY 'AT BACK A BIT, IF I WAS YOU, CAPTAIN."

Customer. "WHAT D'YE MEAN?"

Flower-seller. "WELL, IT MIGHT KEEP YER TIE DOWN."

HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

I.

MR. PUNCH is aware that quite a number of books on the art of public speaking are in existence, but, however varying their methods, one grave defect is common to them all. They advise the tyro to study carefully the speeches of DEMOSTHENES and CICERO, of BURKE and MACAULAY, with the implication that he should adopt them as his models. Now, in every way, this is shockingly bad advice. DEMOSTHENES and CICERO had a certain fluency, no doubt, but the world has made a great deal of progress since their days. And why trouble about BURKE or MACAULAY? Their styles are quite hopelessly out of date. No, the young speaker who wishes really to

succeed must copy the illustrious orators of his own age.

To come at once to a practical example. Professor PERRY HELION is lecturing on Astronomy at the local Athenæum. You are invited to take the chair, which means, of course, that you will have to propose a vote of thanks to the Professor at the conclusion of his lecture. How will you prepare for your task most effectually? By reading CICERO or BURKE? Of course not. For such an occasion you cannot do better than select the First Lord of the Treasury as your model. Therefore you will cross your legs peacefully and go to sleep during the lecture; at its close you will rise slowly, and, in a sad, sweet voice, will speak somewhat as follows:—

"The duty, ladies and gentlemen,

which, as I apprehend, it is incumbent upon me to perform, cannot be discharged without some brief allusion to the far-reaching possibilities suggested by Mr. —Mr. —" (*To a member of the audience:* "What is his name?—HELION? Ah, thanks")—"suggested by Mr. HELION's paper. Whether, indeed, an equitable ratio of the gold to the silver currency"—("Eh, what?" *to a member of the audience, as before*)—"is a question which, since my friend opposite tells me that Astronomy and not, as I momentarily fancied, Bi-metallism, is the subject immediately before us, I need not pause to discuss. As a humble student of philosophy, I appreciated to the full the lecturer's remarks upon the last transit of Venus—if it was Venus. And the undoubted fact that Venus itself is a satellite of Jupiter suggests some deeper thoughts which—but the lecturer assures me that I am mistaken. Venus, as I am now informed, is *not* a satellite of Jupiter. Ladies and gentlemen, I am a child in such matters. But the lecturer, whom we may regard in the light of a permanent official, will be able to supply all legitimate information, having regard, of course, to the importance of the interests at stake. My position, I confess, is one of some difficulty. The vote of thanks which it was my duty to submit would be regarded, as I supposed, in the light of a non-contentious motion. Though sensible of some disappointment, I feel bound to defer to your wishes, and therefore withdraw it unreservedly."

Such a speech as this will go far to win you fame, and people may say that you're a second BALFOUR.

Or they may say—other things.

A REVOLUTIONARY RUMOUR.

[A morning paper suggests that there are signs of a reaction against table-tennis.]

ALAS! and is it even so?

Since all things change, must ping-pong go?

Henceforward in what channels
Shall sportsmen turn their energy
Who "muddled oafs" disdain to be,
And shrink from foolish flannels?

What other pastimes shall incite
To emulation and delight

The circles that are tip-top?
Shall champions future glories win
With marble or with spilkin,
Or records beat at whip-top?

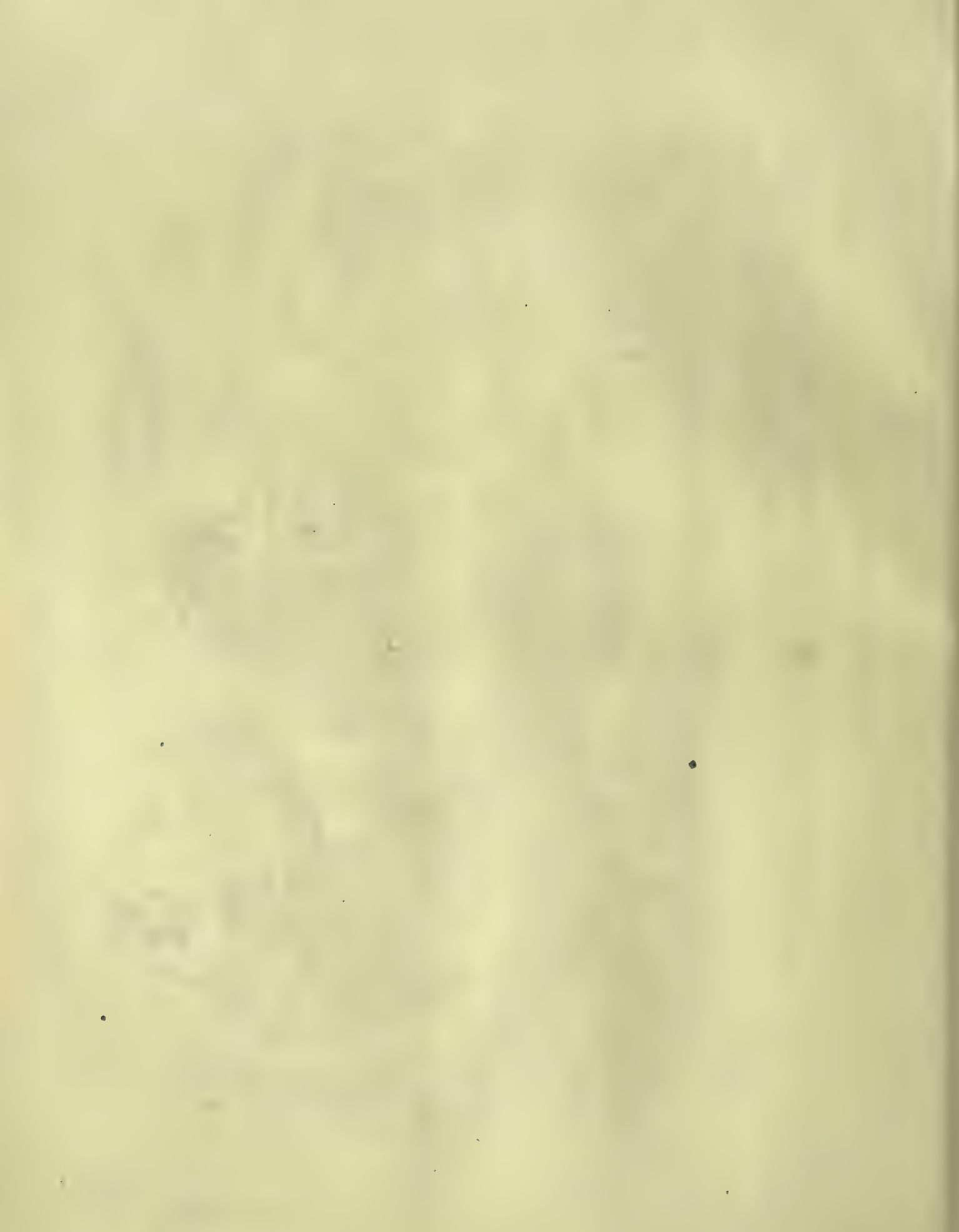
Perish the thought! such musings seem
The fancies of an idle dream;

Still in its grasp despotic
Shall ping-pong hold us, well content
Until some genius shall invent
A craze more idiotic.



A ROYAL HOLIDAY.

FATHER NEPTUNE (to His Majesty). "WHERE TO, SIR?"
KING EDWARD. "OH, A LITTLE CRUISE IN HOME WATERS."





A SPOILT STORY.

Brown (in the middle of tall shooting story). "HARDLY HAD I TAKEN AIM AT THE LION ON MY RIGHT, WHEN I HEARD A RUSTLE IN THE JUNGLE GRASS, AND PERCEIVED AN ENORMOUS TIGER APPROACHING ON MY LEFT. I NOW FOUND MYSELF ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA!"

Interested Little Boy. "OH, AND WHICH DID YOU SHOOT FIRST—THE LION, OR THE TIGER, OR THE DILEMMA?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 24th.—Long time since the Dook had such serene hour as passed this evening in seat over clock, long associated with pleasant presence of the KING while still PRINCE OF WALES. Condition made happier by reflection that it came by way of unanticipated reward for observance of duty. Education Bill brought in to-night. In ordinary course the measure would be introduced by the Dook's interesting colleague, the Vice-President of the Council. By accident, equally regretted on Treasury Bench and Council of Education, JOHN O' GORST is laid on his back in his home by the Backs at Cambridge.

In such circumstances PRINCE ARTHUR undertook to introduce the Bill: been sapping at it for a fortnight. Nothing he dislikes more than facts—unless it be figures. Education Bill bristles with both. On his feet to-night, with unaccustomed sheaf of notes before him,

he realised conception of the good man struggling with adversity. Things occasionally got mixed: secular work, primary teaching, voluntary schools, local rating, municipal control, two-penny rate, County Councils, School Board, Imperial grant, parental liberty, educational efficiency—these were the headlines of his notes. Occasionally got piteously astray. At one crisis discovered he was sending the parents to school, and advocating with generous eloquence the liberty of the children to say whether their studies should be limited to purely secondary education, or whether they (Father and Mother) should be drafted into voluntary schools benefited by the provision that these institutions shall receive rate aid strictly in proportion to the secular work accomplished.

Began his exposition with pathetic appeal to Members not to interrupt with questions. "Later in the evening," he said, looking at the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who instinctively assumed the expression and attitude of the sacrificial lamb, "my

hon. and learned friend will reply to any enquiries that may suggest themselves."

Had not got far before ROLLIT, forgetful or heedless of this appeal, rose to put a question. Roar of angry execration filled the Chamber. ROLLIT stood, his lips dumbly moving, perspiration beading his brow, threatening to course down his cheek and disarrange the symmetry of his semi-ducal waxed moustache. After a few moments' contest—it seemed a quarter of an hour—he dropped speechless into his seat.

PRINCE ARTHUR's kind heart touched; his instinctive courtesy shone with mellow light. At pains to help ROLLIT out of the pit into which he had wilfully fallen; insisted upon knowing what he would have said had he been permitted to speak. Nodded reassuringly at him; passed him a paper containing extracts from the Bill. Smiling in friendliest way, he said, "I know what my hon. friend was about to observe. He will find full explanation there."

Turned out he was entirely on the wrong track. ROLLIT sat with dazed

look studying the paper which had nothing to do with his point, whilst PRINCE ARTHUR, hopelessly at sea, staggering under sail like a ship that has struck a derelict in mid-ocean, drifted far astern to pick up thread of his interrupted discourse.

The little incident worth more than a triumph of lucid explanation. Who but PRINCE ARTHUR would thus have come to the assistance of another in difficulties directly due to disregard of a personal appeal?

The Dook, up in the Peers' Gallery, missed this pretty scene; sat wide awake till PRINCE ARTHUR completed his preliminary review of history of the question. Dully there fell on his ear the remark, "Now I ask the House to pass to the subject of higher education." The Dook's head dropped in attitude of devotion. So he sat attentive for a full hour. Disturbed by noise which at first he took to be SWIFT MACNEILL again addressing a meeting "within a few miles of Edinburgh." Opening his eyes he found PRINCE ARTHUR stretched in attitude of grateful relief on the Treasury Bench, whilst the House cheered plucky effort to explain the still obscure.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in and read a first time.

Wednesday afternoon.—Quiet time; Lobby nearly empty; most Members, including C.-B., gone off for Easter Holidays. Comptroller of His Majesty's Household, on duty in the Whips' seat by the door, seizes opportunity to look through two more volumes of *State Trials*, just brought out by DUCKWORTH, edited, as were the others, by H. L. STEPHEN, one of Her Majesty's Judges in the High Court of Calcutta. The present inheritor of the Viscounty of Valentia, descended to his branch of the family when the Annesley Altham and Mountmorris titles lapsed, heard in boyhood of the strange case of the Annesley heir. Has also studied it in *Peregrine Pickle* and as presented by CHARLES READE in *The Wandering Heir*. Mr. STEPHEN has gone back to records of the case tried before the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, opening the 11th November, 1743, running through a full fortnight. It proves afresh how stranger far than fiction is truth.

Among other tragedies, related chiefly in the language of witnesses who appeared before the tribunals, are that of the murder of THOMAS THYNNE, for which Count KONIGSMARCK was put on his trial; the story of Earl ESSEX and his rebellion, in which one "Sir WA. RAWLEY" appears; and the trial of Lord BYRON, "the wicked Lord," whose brother was grandfather of the poet. On the 26th of January, 1765, the wicked Lord and other gentlemen of County Nottingham

met, according to weekly custom, to dine at the Star and Garter Tavern in Pall Mall. A quarrel took place at the table. Lord BYRON beckoned out Mr. CHAWORTH. "The waiter showed them into a room on the floor below that in which they had dined, and left them there together with a poor little tallow candle, all they had for light except a dull fire." It was sufficient for Lord BYRON, after brief fight with his dinner companion, to shorten his sword and fatally stab him. *Eheu!* The good old days!

VALENTIA still breathlessly reading the story when the cry "Who goes home?" broke the stillness of the Lobby. The SPEAKER had left the chair and the Easter Holidays had begun.

Business done.—Adjourned till Monday week, 7th April.

FAMILIAR PHRASES ILLUSTRATED.



WILLIE SHAKSPEARE SAVING HIS BACON.

O SI SIC OMNES.

[The local authorities of the Rhine and Moselle districts have been ordered to prohibit all advertisements that would mar the scenery in their districts.]

THE epitome of travel
Is to worry, yawn and cavil
At the boredom of the journey all the day,

And in almost every region
There are pretty near a legion
Of devices for distraction on the way.

Tourists of a foreign nation
Have their "cars of observation"
To compel them from the shelter of their rugs,

But the happy, happy Briton
The expedient has hit on
Of enjoying an analysis of drugs.

For an advertising frolic
Shows the terrors of the colic
And its cure upon the summit of a hill,
Or conceals a lovely river
With a remedy for liver,
And the merits of a liniment or pill.

Now, I'd like to preach a sermon
On the methods of the German
As evinced upon the Rhine and the Moselle;

If advertisements were shifted
We should find that we were gifted
With a little bit of scenery as well.

Let the hideous and chronic
Panegyric on a tonic
Decorate the sweet security of streets,
Leaving Nature, quite unaided,
For the seedy and the jaded
In her solitude's unspeakable retreats.

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

(Anent Popularity as a Student.)

HAVING treated of two classes of the student tribe, I will now come to the average "good sort of chap" student. He does not particularly insist upon his connection with his adopted profession, but keeps in touch with his brethren. He joins the I.C.R.V., takes tickets for anything going on, and puts in an occasional but pleasant appearance in Hall and Common Room. He is liked by Bench, Bar, and the permanent officials. To quote a popular comic opera, "he does nothing in particular, but does it well"—on the whole the best model for a just-joined student who wants to be popular.

And now, to allow time for the process of digestion, I pause in my "hints for guidance." But I think it right to say that I have had great difficulty in dealing with the would-be purchasers of my robes. I have received tenders for them, ranging from one-and-fourpence—evidently despatched by a droll—to the higher figure of £11,867 4s. 3½d. The letter containing the last proposed purchase bore the Hanwell postmark and therefore is open to hostile criticism.

Until the question of the robes is decided, I prefer to keep my fee book out of the market. It is as good as new, and contains a single entry. I shall reserve, however, the right to remove the page with its inscription. It is interesting to me as a record of my maiden brief. It has rather a sentimental than a financial value. The debt recorded has, long since, been barred by the Statute of Limitations.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.



THE EFFECT OF THE VISIT OF MR. DAN LENO AND MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—No. 2.



Attentive Friend. "REGGIE, OLD BOY, I'VE JUST LOOKED IN TO ASK HOW YOU ARE, AND HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD NEWS FROM YOUR WIFE, EH? SHE IS ALL THE BETTER FOR HER STAY AT CANNES?"

Devoted Husband. "WELL, OLD FELLOW, I REALLY CAN'T TELL YOU, FOR SHE DOESN'T SAY MUCH IN HER LETTERS; BUT I PERSONALLY HAVE DERIVED GREAT BENEFIT FROM HER PROLONGED STAY IN THE SOUTH!"

THE VERY LATEST AT THE ZOO.

"Wild horses shouldn't drag me there," is a familiar form of expression. But "Wild horses *did* drag me there," that is, the announcement that "wild horses" had arrived and were on view at "the Zoo" was an attraction so powerful that, throwing up every other engagement, I determined, at all hazards, to hurry away to the Gardens and see these fiery untamed steeds. To prepare myself I read HADJI's account of the Amazons, I refreshed myself with Mazeppa, and regarded with admiration

that wonderful picture, of which I have a very inferior print, representing poor Mazeppa bound to the plunging Tartar—someone had caught a Tartar for him with a vengeance—and eyeing with an affectingly pleading expression, yet with something of the connoisseur-in-horses about it, the other wild buck-jumpers all very much startled and wilder than ever. Then I had a look at ROSA BONHEUR's horses "rightly struggling to be free," and by this time, having grasped the subject of "wild horses" generally, and my temperature being up to boiling heat, I

dashed off in the best cab obtainable (would that a wild horse, at a shilling a mile and something extra for the driver, had been in the shafts!), and at last drove up, in as fine style as the broken-down-come-up-will-ye-horse could show, to the gates of the Zoo. To find a keeper, to adjure him by all he held sacred to indicate the whereabouts of the wild horses, and to inquire sympathetically after their health, was the work of half a second. For him to reply took about a minute, and then, disregarding bears, vultures, leopards, tigers, lions and seals, I sped downwards through the tunnel and up again t'other side, avoided elephants, monkeys, cats, parrots, snakes and hippos, and at last came upon a muddy path with two planks laid along it for foot-passengers. Evidently along this path had been led, blindfolded of course, the plunging, kicking, snorting, biting, savage steeds! Now I should see them in all their native ferocity! Now I should gather some idea of what Mazeppa's feelings must have been on beholding the sort of snorting, rearing, Hanwellian steed on whose back he was to be cruelly bound with ropes and thongs.

Aha! the cage at last. A place strongly railed in—well, not so strongly as I should have expected—and—and . . . dear me! Let me look at the label. . . . Yes—no mistake about it. . . . "The Wild Horses." What a marvellously soothing effect must the civilised treatment they have received at the Zoo have had upon their savage natures! Wonderful! Here they are. . . . The wild horses! . . .

As my object is to send everybody who may be really interested in wild horses to view these latest arrivals, expecting to see them

"With flowing tail and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretched by pain . . ."
"The wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,"

I will not by any attempt at realistic description discount the agreeable surprise in store for them on beholding some seven or eight ragged-looking unkempt polo ponies considerably out of condition, their lack-lustre eyes taking no notice of spectators or of one another, but quietly and contentedly nibbling at such tufts of grass as they could, in a connoisseur-like way, select from the mud and mess in which they were moving.

So I left them and visited the amusing seals just at their dinner-hour, and afterwards was just in time to catch the performing penguin at supper.

"For O, for O, the Hobbyhorse is forgot!" I mean the horse that was once upon a time my hobby, *the* wild horse, ever associated with the bare-

backed steed to which *Mazeppa* was bound in Lord BYRON's poem and in the ancient equestrian melodrama at ASTLEY's, once the pride and glory of the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge Road! Of this wild horse "as he appears" I can only say that he is

"Slack and slow,
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low . . ."

And so forth. As to low, if the ex-wild horses that I saw stood more than four and a-half hands, then my two eyes deceived me. However, let everybody interested in wild horses lose no time in repairing to the Zoo to see these new arrivals. After a course of superior feeding, such as they will receive here, they may regain their original wildness, or at least may come to know the sort of thing that is expected of them.

PRE-CENTAUR.

POLITICS IN NURSERYLAND.

(By Mr. Punch's Fancy Reporter.)

At the monthly meeting of nursery imps held the other evening in the toy district of Kiddy-minster, the painful story of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog was discussed in all its bearings by the members.

She had no business (urged a prim-rose-coloured doll) to have neglected keeping an account of the impoverished condition of the cupboard. He blamed her severely for her want of forethought and preparation. Not being related to her in any way he could only speak as an outside critic of her domestic abilities, and these, he thought, sadly lacked efficiency. The cupboard ought to have been kept well stocked with metaphors. (Frantic cheers from three blind mice.) It was true metaphors required a certain amount of assimilation, yet, failing a bone, a metaphor would serve excellently as food for the dog—food for reflection at any rate. Personally, he held Mother Hubbard in the highest esteem, but as a domestic economist he considered her a fraud.

A small China terrier then rose to say that, while agreeing with the necessity of blaming Mother Hubbard, he thought the previous speaker had failed to go deep enough. There were two points he wished to raise: first, that such cheap and unwholesome food as metaphors be excluded from the pantry, and that bones alone be kept, as he believed strongly in acting *pro bono publico*. (Interruptions, someone calling out, "Sit down, pro-bone.") The second point was, he would advocate the policy of the open door. ("Hear, hear," from all the toy dogs.) This would give the dog freedom of access. (Shouts of "What



C. L. SPENCE

Lady (district visiting). "YOUR WIFE IS ALWAYS HARD AT WORK, AND YOU SEEM TO BE ALWAYS IDLING. DO YOU EVER DO ANYTHING TO SUPPORT YOUR HOUSE?"

Ruffian. "Yus. OI LEANS AGIN IT!"

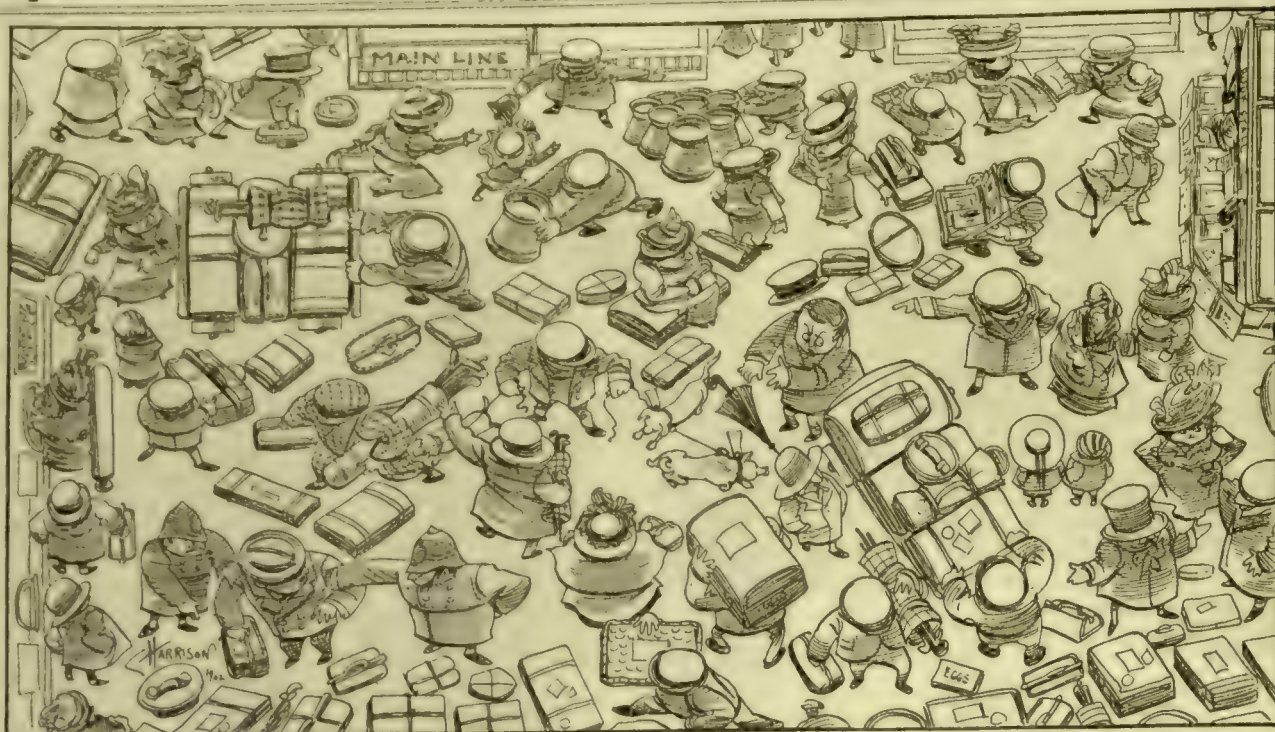
about one dog one bone?" and other discordant cries.)

A Welsh Rarebit (from the Doll's House kitchen) then strongly advocated an extension of the terrier's policy. Why only bones? Why not chops and steaks for the dogs? And why shouldn't Mother Hubbard allow her dog to eat at table with her as well as have a control in the domestic arrangements. Where were her family? No mention had been made of them. Possibly she had made away with them

and was now trying to starve the dog. They distrusted the name of Hubbard so much that they felt she could do no right.

Master Boy Blue was understood to say that the age of the lady was largely responsible for the sordidness of the episode. He would suggest that Master Hubbard (he believed such a one existed) should control domestic arrangements.

The meeting was still proceeding when our reporter fell asleep.



SKYLIGHT VIEWS.—A RAILWAY STATION.

A DETECTIVE DIARY.

(Scribbled on the blank pages of a Counsel's fee book.)

Monday.—Really an excellent idea. Things so quiet in chambers that "criminal investigation" seems promising. Chance later on of publication. *Sherlock Holmes* fictitious. My adventures absolutely real. Better than wearing a wig and gown daily, with nothing whatever else to do in the way of more active employment.

Tuesday.—Papers full of bank robbery. Must disguise myself. Blue spectacles. As well to keep my identity concealed. Never do for a member of the Bar to act as a detective. Visit the bank premises. Criminals have way of haunting the scenes of their crimes. Believe I have discovered the man. Red hair, brown coat and blue spectacles. Stealthily follow him. He disappears when I reach my rooms. Enough for to-day. Intend to continue my pursuit, if possible, to-morrow.

Wednesday.—Look out of the window and there is my man, in black wig, green



Mrs. Dorset (of "Dorset's Sugar and Butter Stores," Mile End Road). "WHY ON EARTH CAN'T WE GO TO A MORE DRESSY PLACE THAN THIS, 'ENERY? I'M SICK OF THIS DREARY 'OLE, YEAR AFTER YEAR. IT'S NOTHING BUT SAND AND WATER, SAND AND WATER!"

Mr. Dorset. "IF IT WASN'T FOR SAND AND WATER, YOU WOULDN'T GET NO 'OLERDAY!"

coat and blue spectacles. Shadow him. We go together to all parts of town. Camberwell, the Tower, Brixton and Shepherd's Bush. I lost sight of him on returning to my rooms.

Thursday.—Real good luck! As I look out of my window I recognise my bank-breaker. Yellow wig, white coat and blue spectacles. More shadowing. We visit Kensal Green, Chiswick, and Dalston. Lose sight of him on arriving at my rooms.

Friday.—A strange coincidence! He is again looking up at my window! This time disguised as a parson. Ecclesiastical get-up, and the invariable blue spectacles. Shadow him as before. Visit Brighton and Margate. On return to town he vanishes in his customary manner. Determine to seize him to-morrow.

Saturday.—Outside my rooms as usual. Rush up to him and arrest him. He arrests me, and as he has hand-cuffs he has slightly the better of it. Appears he is a detective himself! Am waiting patiently to be bailed out!

THE GREAT BUN COMBINE.

Sensational Offers.

ENGLAND v. AMERICA.

THE great Bun war has begun. The Anglo-Saxon Bun Combine (American capital and British labour) has taken up the challenge flung down by the Imperial Bun Combine (British capital and British labour). The Imperial Combine has presented every baker in the United Kingdom with a diamond ring. The Anglo-Saxon Combine has countered by offering a bonus of a small motor-car for each Anglo-Saxon bun sold.

EPISODES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Great interest is being taken at Ballykilbeg in the fierce contest now proceeding between the rival Combines for the trade of Mrs. BRIDGET MALONEY. Mrs. MALONEY has already received a grand piano, a herd of swine, two Regent Street costumes, and three sacks of potatoes, but is still wavering between the two Combines. She sells between two and three dozen buns a week, and at present divides her orders. At the time of wiring there is an unconfirmed report that in consideration of a life annuity of £300 Mrs. MALONEY has decided to give her adhesion to the Anglo-Saxon Combine. It is rumoured also that she has expressed her intention of retiring from the cares of the bakery business.

The Imperial Combine has offered to present six battle-ships to the Government conditionally on Imperial buns only being used at the House of Commons refreshment bars. To secure the same privilege the Anglo-Saxon Combine has offered either to pay off the National Debt or to bear the expense of cleaning Ludgate Hill Station. It is said in Parliamentary circles that if the Government accept the offer of the Imperial Combine, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE will move the adjournment of the House to call attention to the fact that the brother-in-law of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's butler is an Imperial baker. The right hon. gentleman's integrity will be made the object of hostile insinuations.

The great serial which the Anglo-Saxon Combine is said to have secured from Mr. HALL CAINE, *The Hot Cross Bun Maker, a Story of the Proletariat*, will be published in *Household Words* every Good Friday till further notice. It is understood that Miss MARIE CORELLI has in preparation a unique story, *The Chief Baker, a Romance of Two Buns*, for the Imperial Combine.

A rumour is in circulation to the effect that the Imperial Combine has secured for six months the entire advertising columns of the *Times*, the *Athenaeum*, the *Police Gazette*, and the *Quarterly Review*, and that the



He. "THE LAST TIME I PLAYED FOOTBALL, I REMEMBER MY FACE GOT SO KNOCKED ABOUT—WASN'T LIKE A FACE AT ALL IN FACT—I THOUGHT IT NEVER WOULD GET BETTER."
She. "AND DID IT? I MEAN—ER—OF COURSE I SEE IT DIDN'T—ER—ER—I MEAN—"

Anglo-Saxon Combine has retaliated by purchasing all available space in the *Daily News*, the *Newmarket Turf Marvel*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Licensed Victuallers' Herald*. No fewer than four-and-twenty advertising agents have secured country houses for the purposes of entertainment.

The Imperial Combine yesterday dispatched fourteen thousand telegrams to British Bakers. They all ran as follows: "England expects every man to take the Imperial bun." On the other hand, ten million Anglo-Saxon hens rise every morning to lay Anglo-Saxon eggs for the manufacture of Anglo-Saxon buns.

If the buns sold each day by the last-named Combine were placed side by side they would cover an acreage

equal to that of the County of Buckingham. If placed lengthways they would pave a road from London to Moscow. The Anglo-Saxon directors deny emphatically that they employ foreign labour. Every applicant for employment has to furnish his pedigree back to the Wars of the Roses in order to prove that there is no foreign blood in his veins. It is true that the head of the Combine was not born in England, but he is lineally descended from the Good Samaritan and his only object in life is to confer benefits upon English bakers.

Latest Telegram.—The statement that the rivalry of the two Combines is likely to confer any advantages on the general public is unfounded. At the time of wiring the price of the standard Penny Bun was still a shilling the dozen.

IN MEMORIAM.

Cecil John Rhodes.

BORN 1853. DIED MARCH 26, 1902.

Lo, while the dawn of every heart's desires,
Herald of Peace, comes up the sombre sky,
Paling the night's wide ring of smouldering fires—
He was ordained to die!

His work was Peace, though such should needs be wrought
Only of hideous War's informing breath;
And now another Peace than that he sought
Is his by grace of Death.

Judgment is stayed; so large he seems to loom
Upon the moment's too immediate sight;
The years that lie within the future's womb
Shall weigh his worth aright.

This much we know, that through the shifting scenes,
Triumph or ill-report, his end the same,
He strove to compass, by whatever means,
The patriot's single aim.

This much were granted by his dearest foe—
That hoarded wealth for him possessed no lure,
Who kept from lust of self and worldly show
His private honour pure.

His was the great heart hid in homely guise,
His the imaginative force that reads
The fate of nations clear as other eyes
Foretell to-morrow's needs.

He played with half a continent for stake,
Unmoved alike by present praise or scorn,
Scheming his sanguine projects for the sake
Of peoples yet unborn.

To stretch the bounds of Empire broader still,
To make at last two kindred peoples one—
Such was the labour which, for good or ill,
Dying he left undone.

Time may complete or mar the work he planned;
Himself, beyond the care of earthly fame—
The mountains guard him sleeping in the land
To which he gave his name. O. S.

BELLES LETTRES.

THIS week has been a very busy one, trying to find something to write about, which is so difficult, as one scarcely knows anyone she meets. But the south of Spain and Biarritz and the sea-side and the Riviera are emptying now, and people are rushing back to London. The holidays have been long, and so they have had a good rest, if only the sun had shone. I have heard of very few Easter parties. Lord and Lady NIBLICK had a large family one at Fozzlehurst, and so, I think, had Lord and Lady HIGHBORNE, but Lord and Lady INTHEWIM had no party, as Lady INTHEWIM has been advised to take the rest-cure. She has improved a very little lately, but I hear she is still no better than she ought to be, if she is to be well by the Coronation. Lady CHARITY ALAMODE, who helped to sell at the Distressed Industries Sale, has gone to Lord and Lady NEVERGIVENNY'S,

where she will remain till she comes back. Lady CHARITY worked very hard on Monday, as indeed everyone did, but it was not a very good sale, and such an ugly house, and one missed several faces one knew this year, though the Princess was so kind, and bought such a quantity of things, and stayed a good long time.

There were a good many big dinners last week, in spite of the measles. Lady HIGHBORNE, Lady SWANSDOWN and Mrs. CREVASSE all had them. Mrs. BENTON JORKINS had a very smart one, and a very good concert after; but most people wandered about between Lady HIGHBORNE'S, Mrs. RENTWITH'S and Lady CEEBURY'S, as they all lay close together. Lady HIGHBORNE looked so well in her well-known, but always becoming, red velvet. Mrs. CAMBERLEY, I heard, looked cold in pearls, but someone told me she was ill and did not go there at all. Several people brought their daughters, and there were a good many young men, which made some people stay late, as there was a band and a rumour that there might be dancing, but I think it turned out a false report. Lady MATCHEM, Mrs. QUIVERFUL and Lady JANE MARIGOLD were some of those who stayed, I hear; so was Lady ISAK DE WALTON, as well as Baroness KISSINGEN and the HOOLIGAN girls, who were all there. Lord PRIMBERY also gave a large man's dinner on Friday, but the party broke up rather earlier than was expected, and several of the married men went on to Grosvenor Place, where there was another man's party.

Mrs. O'DEAR'S cotillon on Wednesday was, I hear, charming, though it was just a little crowded with three rows of chairs round the room, and the greatest difficulty in getting in and out. Mrs. O'DEAR looked so handsome herself in a stomacher of amethysts with wisteria sprays. There were a good many girls but more married women. Lady THEO GRADY, Lady RUBY CONNE'S daughters and Lady HORSE-LEECH'S were there. Lady SERPENTINE and Mrs. LYTTEL SLAM, Baroness ROSENBOSCH and Mme. DE TROUVILLE were some of the married women. Mr. "PIP" ONLOOKER, who so seldom goes to balls, made his reappearance after his journey to Timbuctoo. Lady WESTBOURNE had a small boy and girl party before the ball, and they all walked on after. She was in black, I think, anyway she was in very good looks. Mrs. PATCHIT was looking so pretty, so was Mrs. KENSINGTON GORE (who is taking out a very handsome Miss VIEWLESS, a niece), as well as the five Miss DE WALTONS. I think that is all the gaiety of last week, except that I heard of several supper parties, and Lady AURORA NIGHTSBRIDGE has begun giving her Sunday suppers again.

There is much illness about and a great deal of the fashionable indigestion. Mr. GOODE TUCKIN has gone to Scotland to join Mrs. TUCKIN and her daughter, who both went to Strathpeffer last week after their large dinner-party, I hear. Someone said Lady HASBIN was going to Puffgate-next-the-Sea, when she was well enough to travel, which will, I hear, not be for some time. Puffgate has become a very favourite place for Society invalids and Sunday change of air: it is so healthy and bracing. Mr. and Mrs. CAVENDISH-BIRDSEY, Lord and Lady WESSEX, Mr. "WAT" MANNERS and Lady "MOTA" KERR, are just a few who are there, but I hear it is quite crowded.

The QUEEN, who has been driving a good deal lately, quite quietly, passed me only the other day at the Marble Arch. She is enjoying her Easter holiday immensely, I hear. I had such a very charming day at Brighton on Easter Monday, where the house the FIFES have taken was pointed out to me by such an intelligent working man. "Yes'm," he said, "that's the 'ouse, and I've the honour to drain it." I thought it so nice to come across that sort of loyalty in these days of cheap education and so-called Society journalism. I think this is all my news.—Yours ever,

VERA.



TWO OF A TRADE.

The Two Pirates (aside—together). "ONCE ON BOARD THE LUGGER, AND THE GUYEL IS MINE!"
Bird's-eyed Stearn. "UNHAND ME, VILLAINS! I WILL SELL MYSELF TO NEITHER OF YE!"



OUR LOCAL POINT-TO-POINT.

He (on the Cob). "HULLO, OLD CHAP! CUT A VOLUNTARY!"

He (on the ground). "VOLUNTARY, DO YOU CALL IT? ABOUT THE MOST INVOLUNTARY THING I EVER DID!"

MORE CONCENTRATION CAMPS
AND FOREIGN OPINION.

"At the present time many valuable species of big game in South Africa are threatened with total extinction. . . . It is proposed, in view of the necessity for immediate action, to establish regulations upon drastic lines for their preservation. It is suggested that camps should be formed."—*Laffan.*

"STORIES of British brutality in the new concentration camps continue to reach us. The unfortunate captives are reported to be denied every vestige of freedom. A wretched hippopotamus has been beaten with whips for several hours merely because he had leant against the fence of his kraal, made a hole in it, and walked out. The sufferer, who endured his torture patiently, was at length induced to go back, was fastened with chains to a tree, and left without medical attendance for many hours. . . ."—*Die Schamlose Zeitung.*

"The story of the young gorilla in the camp at Taalbosch is, unhappily, only too true. Being discovered in the officers' mess-tent playfully breaking up the fittings, he was overpowered by superior numbers after a gallant resistance, bound hand and foot and cast into an iron cage. We are glad

to say that in the struggle seventeen of the brutal British were put out of action. The animal refuses all food, fearing, with only too much reason, that his foes may resort to poison. . . ."—*Das Tagesschimpfwort.*

"One asks oneself, can these things be true? And yet they are on the best authority. The case of the lions at the Dummkopje camp goes from bad to worse. A brutal soldier, finding one of them engaged in eating another brutal soldier, discharged his rifle at the lion. Happily he missed his aim, and the captive was able to eat both brutal soldiers. Then a mob of fierce yeomen blazed at the poor victim in the middle of his dinner (what a refinement of cruelty!) until he breathed his last. It is high time that Europe. . . ."—*Le Menteur.*

"The new concentration camps are a disgrace to civilisation. A young koodoo, suspected of communicating with his friends on the veld, is now eking out a miserable existence on hay and water. The crocodile that ate the quartermaster-sergeant has been done to death without even the form of a trial. . . ."—*Le Scandale.*

BY DEPUTY.

AS SHAKESPEARE could not write his plays (If Mrs. GALLUP's not mistaken),

I think how wise in many ways
He was to have them done by BACON;
They might have mouldered on the shelf,

Mere minor dramas (and he knew it!)
If he had written them himself
Instead of letting BACON do it.

And if it's true, as BROWN and SMITH
In many learned tomes have stated,
That HOMER was an idle myth,
He ought to be congratulated;
Since, thus evading birth, he rose
For men to worship from a distance:
He might have penned inferior prose
Had he achieved a real existence.

To him and SHAKESPEARE some agree
In making very nice allusions,
But no one thinks of praising me,
For I composed my own effusions:
As others wrote their works divine,
And they immortal thus to-day are,
If someone else had written mine
I might have been as great as they
are!

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

No. III.—O TELEPHONE!

By S-d-n-y Gr-ndy.

[Some dramatic critics have declared that this is not an original play of the talented author's, but merely an adaptation from the French. On this point *Mr. Punch* offers no opinion.]

ACT I. SCENE—*The PARKINSONS' drawing-room at Lower Tooting. A French window at back, across which curtains are drawn, gives on to garden. On wall is a telephone. Time, evening. Mrs. PARKINSON is discovered in a wicker chair and a highly nervous state, listening intently. ARABELLA, her daughter, lounges in another wicker chair, absorbed in one of the cheaper magazines.*

Mrs. P. (looking apprehensively towards the window). I'm sure there's someone in the garden!

Arabella (without looking up from her reading). Lor! Ma, how you do fidget!

[A sound is heard of someone trying the window.]

Mrs. P. (starting up). He's trying to get in. I can hear him.

Ara. Nonsense, Ma. It's the wind.

Mrs. P. (fussily). Don't be absurd, ARABELLA. It was not in the least like the wind. Listen! [Strains her ears.]

Ara. (unmoved). All right. It's a burglar then. Have it your own way.

[There is a moment's pause. Then a faint tapping is heard on the pane.]

Mrs. P. (screams). Ah! There it is again. Hark, ARABELLA!

Ara. (looking up crossly). What is it, Ma? I wish you wouldn't bother so. How can I read if you will keep interrupting?

Mrs. P. You're very undutiful, BELLA. (Sobs.) And how you can sit there and read a silly tale when we may both be murdered at any minute I can't think!

Ara. (putting down magazine and preparing to rise). Shall I see who it is?

Mrs. P. (alarmed). Certainly not. I forbid you to move that curtain. Who knows what dreadful person may be behind it?

Ara. Very well, Ma. [Returns to her magazine.]

Mrs. P. (complainingly). If only your Papa were here!

Ara. (without looking up). You'd better send for him. He's only at the office.

Mrs. P. What would be the use of that? We might all be killed before a messenger could get to him.

Ara. (nonchalantly). Why not telephone?

Mrs. P. (jumping up). Telephone! The very thing. (Rings up violently.) And I do think, ARABELLA, you might have thought of that before. (To telephone.) Are you there? Put me on to 8345 Gerrard, please. . . . No! Not 18345. I said 8345. As quick as you can, please. (Sound of a pane of glass breaking. Mrs. P. drops receiver and squeals like a frightened rabbit.) ARABELLA! He's forcing his way in. Oh, we shall be murdered, I know we shall, etc., etc. (A ring is heard at telephone, Mrs. P. snatches up receiver again.) Saved! Saved! (To telephone.) JOHN, JOHN, come home at once!

(Curtain.)

ACT II. SCENE—*Mr. ROBINSON's study at Hampstead. R. is at telephone L. Mrs. R. is dozing comfortably on over the fire.*

R. (at telephone). Eh? . . . Yes. . . . All right. . . . No. . . . Very well. . . . Good-bye. . . . Yes. . . . Good-bye. . . . (Rings off and returns to seat by fire.) Dash that

telephone. I've a good mind to have it cut off altogether. That's the third time I've been rung up to-night. And always about nothing.

Mrs. R. But think how useful it is to me, JOHN! Why, it saves me all my shopping. I order everything through it!

R. Does that explain the mutton to-night?

Mrs. R. Well, perhaps it had been hung a little too long. I'll telephone to the butcher about it in the morning.

R. Much better go round and see him.

Mrs. R. Oh, no, JOHN! I can scold him just as well here. And it's far less trouble. [A ring is heard at telephone.]

R. (without moving from his chair). Confound! That's the fourth time!

Mrs. R. Hadn't you better see who it is, dear?

R. No. Let 'em ring. [Bell sounds again.]

Mrs. R. (putting fingers in her ears). Do go, dear. I can't bear the noise it makes. And it may be something important.

R. Not likely. (Rises leisurely and goes to instrument.) Well? Eh? . . . "JOHN, JOHN, come home at once!" What's all this? Who are you? . . . MARIA? (To Mrs. R.) Who the deuce is MARIA? (Turns to telephone again.) What? Someone breaking into your house? I can't help it. Better telephone to the police. . . . Eh? . . . No telephones at London police stations? So much the worse for the police. . . . What's that? They'll murder you in a minute? Very sorry, my dear madam, but I don't see what I can do. . . . Come at once? Where? Lower Tooting? Nonsense! Shouldn't think of such a thing. . . . I'm very unkind? Brutal to leave a wife to be murdered? Well, 'tisn't my wife. . . . Eh? What? . . . Certainly not. . . . No. I'm not your husband. . . . Oh, I see. . . . Wrong number? Will I kindly come all the same before they're all murdered. Of course not. Never heard such a request. Woman must be mad. Ring off!

[Hangs up receiver and returns to armchair. (Curtain.)]

NOTE.—For the purposes of unity Act III. is contemporaneous with Act II.

ACT III. SCENE—*As in Act I. Mrs. P. still at telephone in agonized attitude. ARABELLA still reading calmly.*

Mrs. P. (at telephone). What do you say? . . . (To ARABELLA.) Don't make that chair creak, ARABELLA. I can't hear. . . . (Turning to telephone again.) Who am I? I'm MARIA. Some one's breaking into the house. . . . What? You can't help it? Oh, JOHN, how can you talk like that! . . . Better telephone to the police? But you know the police stations have no telephones. (Noise of fumbling at window.) Help! Help! They'll murder me in a minute. . . . Very sorry, are you? What's the use of that? Come at once. At once! . . . Come where? To Lower Tooting of course. . . . You won't? Well, JOHN, you are unkind! . . . Eh? . . . Yes, I call it brutal to leave a wife to be murdered in this way. . . . Not your wife? (To ARABELLA.) ARABELLA, do you hear that? He says he isn't my wife!

Ara. Perhaps he isn't, Ma. They may have switched you on wrong at the Exchange. I know these telephones!

Mrs. P. Impossible! (Returning to instrument.) Eh? . . . What? . . . Not my husband? I see. . . . Wrong number. . . . But please come all the same before we're all killed. . . . You won't? . . . Ring off? Brute! (Flings down receiver and turns with shriek of fright to window which opens at this moment, admitting man.) Who's that? Why, it's you, JOHN. What a fright you did give me, coming in by the garden in that way.

[Falls into husband's arms. ARABELLA reads on unmoved. (Curtain.)]

HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

II.

As a second exercise in the art of oratory, you cannot do better than imitate the classic style of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. And, if you are really anxious to make progress, mind that you neglect no opportunity of practising your art. The difficulty of collecting an audience can easily be overcome if you use your chances properly. For example, let us suppose that you attend the annual meeting of your club. The accounts are passed and the routine business run through with almost indecent haste. At the end there is a slight pause. The Secretary catches your eye and nods. You know what he wants, and your natural inclination is merely to murmur "Beg to propose vote of thanks to the Chair." This would be quite wrong; it would be throwing away an excellent opportunity for making a speech. Instead, you will rise from your seat, advance to the Secretary's table—which you must thump emphatically at the end of every sentence—and begin as follows:—

"In the course of a somewhat protracted existence, Mr. Chairman, seldom or never have I approached a task in any measure analogous to that which at this moment lies before me with so strong, and, I may add, so overpowering a sense of indignation. (*At this point your audience will open their eyes.*) It may be that I am the victim of some error, it may be that the duty of listening to the absurdly farcical proceedings which have been enacted within the past few minutes has temporarily obscured the percipient faculties of a brain normally adequate for the due discharge of such activities as fortune or chance may assign to it. (*Take breath here.*) But, Sir, if this be not the case, if my intellectual powers are not even momentarily clouded, if I have rightly interpreted the inclination of the Secretary's head towards the vicinity of that seat which at a moment comparatively recent was occupied by myself—if this be so, Sir, I can only say that his proposal, thus tacitly made, is one of the most monstrous, most outrageous, and most humiliating (*thump the table hard as you utter each of these adjectives*) which has ever been submitted, in my recollection at least, to an assembly of gentlemen presumably sane and hypothetically intelligent. It is suggested—ay, and more than suggested—that the business of this meeting may now, with some fitness, be terminated. (*Here you may expect applause.*) It is even implied that after a formal and possibly undeserved expression of gratitude to you, Sir, for the manner in which you have presided over our



INDIRECT ORATION.

"OH, IF YOU PLEASE, MUM, THERE'S NO MEAT FOR DINNER. THE BUTCHER 'AS BEEN AND GONE AND NEVER COME THIS MORNING!"

so-called deliberations, we shall have discharged those duties which our club, our country, our empire (*three more thumps*) expect of us. That most unwarrantable supposition I repudiate utterly. What! while the state of domestic politics in China compels forebodings of the most gravely significant kind, while the site of the North Pole remains yet untrodden by human foot, while the retail price of latakia is advancing by leaps and bounds, are we, a representative assembly of responsible and educated citizens, to disperse before we have had an opportunity of expressing so much as the briefest opinion, severally and collectively, upon matters

so vast, so vital, so momentous? To this abominable conspiracy of silence I, Sir, at least, will be no party. Sir, the total revenue from the Chinese customs during the past ten years . . ."

(*You can complete the rest of the speech for yourself. Or, possibly, your audience will do it for you.*)

Mr. Punch's Political Limericks.

WHEN the sexton shall in a church-close bury

The brilliant, the versatile ROSEBURY,

We shall say: Never one

Of our statesmen has done

Such deeds as were not done by ROSEBURY.

THE XYLONITE LOVER.

[According to a writer in *Cassell's Magazine*, it is impossible to conceive a pastime more conducive to matrimony than Ping-pong. "The serve over the net; the watching of the ball as it careers along the carpet to some dark and distant corner, necessitating two pairs of hands to seek for it; the frequent and fatal use of the word 'love'; the offer and glad acceptance of lemonade when the encounter is over; all these lead but to one goal—the goal of matrimony."]

I.

It is not mine to serve with stately grace
The celluloid into my lady's face;
To win no game with skill to me is given,
I will not play at all unless I'm driven.
It is not mine,
It is not mine to send with easy grace
The light ball bounding,
The white ball bounding in my lady's face.

II.

Not mine in endless rallies to repel
The thousand artful strokes she knows so well;
Not mine my *suit* victoriously to press
(My valet does this when 'tis in a mess!)
Not mine with futile,
Not mine with frantic racquet to repel
The curly service,
The cunning service that I know too well

III.

But mine it is to scramble in her train,
The search in darkened corners to maintain,
And lemonade to fetch with deference,
And call the score, oft "love," with look intense;
The grateful liquid,
The blameless liquid fetch with reverence,
My pinging worship,
My pongful worship thus to evidence.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

On the Appian Way.

WE are with a guide, voluble after the fashion of guides all the world over, and capable of speaking many languages execrably. His English, no doubt, is typical of the rest. "Datt-e building dere," he says, "is de Barze of Caracalla."

"The *what*?" says my companion.

"De Barze of Caracalla—vere de ancient Romans bayze demselves in de water—same as ve go to Casino, zey take a barze, morning, afternoon, ven zey like."

"It must have been a large building," I venture, ineptly.

"In dem dere barze," he retorts, impressively, "sixteen honderd peoples all could chomp in de water same time!"

"Jolly good splash they must have made," says A.

The guide pays no attention, but continues:—

"Dem dere barze not de biggest. In de Barze of Diocletian four tousand peoples all could chomp in de water same time. In all de barze in Rome forrrty tousand could chomp in same time."

"I wonder," says A., "how they got 'em all together and started them jumping?"

"Vell, dey not all chomp togesser every day same peoples, but ven de barze all full den forrrty tousand chomp in same time."

At the Bosco Sacro.

"Now," remarks the guide, "I tell you fonnny story—make you laugh. Ven dem eight honderd robbers founded Rome dey live on a 'ill and dey haf no religion. Den come de King NUMA POMPILO: he say 'dey most haf religion,' so he can goffern dem better. Den 'e go to diss *bosco*, and ven he come back he tell dem robbers he haf seen de Naimp Egeea——"

"The Nymph Egeria," A. intervenes, with superiority. "Vell, I say de Naimp Egeea. He say he haf seen her, dat she haf appareted to him, and so dey get deir religion." A. laughs dubiously.

"Yes," concludes the guide, "dat iss a fonnny story."

By the Circus of Massenzio.

"Diss is de Circus of Massenzio. He build 'im ven his son ROMULUS die. No, diss is not de same ROMULUS who founded Rome, but anosser one, a leetle boy, de son of de Emperor MASSENZIO. He die ven he vos a leetle boy. In dem days it not permitted to make sacrifice of men, so dey build a race-course instead: it is de same ting, for some of de charioteers always get dem killed, and MASSENZIO tink dey go play wiz ROMULUS."

In the Catacombs.

"Ven de *martiri* condemned to dess and dey kill dem, dey safe some drops blood in a leetle bottle and dey put dem bottles in de valls. Dere iss a bit, you see. SAN SEBASTIANO 'e vos condemned to de arrows—dey shotted 'im—and afterward dey smash his head on a column. Dere is de column."

"What was that you were telling us about CARACALLA just now?"

"CARACALLA he no like 'is brozzer GETA—so he kill 'im. Den he make 'im a god and tell peoples to vorship him, and 'e say 'I did not like my brozzer ven he vos a man, but I like him very moch ven he is a god.' Dat is anosser fonnny story."

MR. PUNCH'S REPRINTS.

III.

From the "Queen," 500 B.C.

THE signs of the times point to woad still being the only wear for the coming season, and the West-end houses are stocking it freely. The fashionable hue will remain unchanged—a deep, rich, Ricketty azure; but if, by any sad and unforeseen chance, court mourning is found necessary, the STEPHENS' blue-black variety will be substituted. Muffs, gloves and stockings of the same material are *de rigueur*, and may be obtained of DICKINS, INDIGO JONES & Co. We may add that the above enterprising firm has engaged the Blue Alsatian Band, conducted by Mr. HENRY J. WOAD, to play during afternoon tea in the show rooms.

From "M. A. P." of 1780.

Among literary magnates of the day none is so deservedly popular as Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the lexicographer. Robust in figure, handsome of countenance, natty in attire, he is as well known in Fleet Street as Temple Bar itself.

I remember the first time I saw him, as he walked carelessly westwards from Bolt Court, touching the posts as he passed. I was then a raw Irish lad, new to London life, and I shall never forget the brilliant smile that he threw to me. Subsequently we became close friends in the Press Gallery. Dr. JOHNSON is a superb talker (though never to the point of wounding an adversary) and a ready wit. His manners are courtly yet winsome, especially at table, where he is a model for literary diners-out.

From "The British Weekly" of 1814.

RAMBLING REMARKS.

Various statements have been made in the usual uninstructed quarters concerning the authorship of *Waverley*, the successful novel just published by Messrs. ODDER AND THINNER, but they are, of course, wrong. Some say, for instance, that Mr. WALTER SCOTT, the poet, an Edinburgh legal light of some brilliance, is the writer of the book. I happen, however, to have better information, which I shall



Uncle George (who has been helping himself to a seat). "I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE TAKEN UP PAINT SO SUCCESSFULLY, MY BOY. AND, IF I WERE IN YOUR PLACE, I'D STICK TO IT FOR ALL I WAS WORTH!"

divulge at the proper time. All that I propose to say at present is that supporters of Mr. SCOTT are on the wrong tack. When the moment is ripe the author's agent, my good friend and colleague, Mr. A. PINKER WATT, will doubtless make the disclosure. I understand that the competition for the author's next work is very keen, and many American publishers—with a zeal for lucre which in others I cannot too cordially deprecate—are on their way across the Atlantic to secure the American rights, and my Christian friend, Major POND, is also coming in the hope of booking some lectures from the Great Unknown, as well as from the Duke of WELLINGTON and the Regent.

From the "Daily Mail" of 2002 A.D. (a preprint).

March 31.

We have good reason to believe that an ultimatum has been addressed to this Government by that of Monaco. War is always a serious, a terrible thing, but we unhesitatingly say that if the Ministry keep a bold front they will have the entire country at their back. What we have written we have written.

April 1.

The situation still remains acute, but we earnestly trust that the Government will think twice, nay ten times, before they plunge the country into a bloody war with so wealthy, so well-equipped, and so warlike a nation as that of Monaco. It is true that in numbers we have a slight superiority, but the Prince! has the fastest aerial automobile in the world, and the ferocity of his croupiers is notorious.

"OH, MARY, GO AND FETCH THE SUPPER BEER."

(A piece of corrected Kingsley.)

"OH, MARY, go and fetch the supper beer,
And fetch the supper beer,
And fetch the supper beer,
Across the Strand for me!"

The pirate buses came from far and near,
And all alone went she.

The beastly fog came down upon the Strand,
And o'er and o'er the Strand,
And round and round the Strand;
As far as eye could see,
The blinding fog came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

Oh, what can be the meaning of the crowd—
The eager peering crowd,
The roughly jostling crowd—
A broken jug to see?
Was never maiden yet that swore so loud,
Nor half so long as she.

For language such as this they ran her in,
To Bow Street ran her in,
To Bow Street ran her in,
And fourteen days did she.
Still cabmen see her fetch the supper beer,
Though not—no! not for me.



SCENE—Chancery Lane "Tube" Station.

First Lift Man. "A GOOD TIME COMIN' FOR ME, MATE. WHAT O, FOR A BIT OF A CHINGE!"

Second Lift Man. "WHAT'S UP THEN?"

First Lift Man (in impressive tones). "GOT SHIFTED TO THE BANK—BEGINNIN' MONDAY!"

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

(Anent Cramming and Crammers.)

THE old notion of "eating your dinners" to the degree of Utter Barrister is, or should be, exploded. Nowadays the Inns of Courts examiners carefully perform the responsibilities of their charge.

To the list of text-books furnished by the student's coach I would suggest the addition of the *Comic Blackstone*, should that admirable work of erudition have been overlooked. With the *Comic Blackstone* at his finger's end, a candi-

date for a pass is "safe as judges' chambers" if the examiners are blessed with a sense of humour. And if they are not blessed with a sense of humour, a pass in any case would be a difficulty.

There are coaches and coaches. Perhaps the best is he who makes the selection of "answers" on the suggestion of the recurrence of "colour" at Monte Carlo. For instance, "The Rule in *SHELLEY'S Case*" is a *pièce de résistance*—sometimes in more senses than one—in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn when the Bar Examination is "on." It comes up about four times out of every five papers. But the fifth exam.

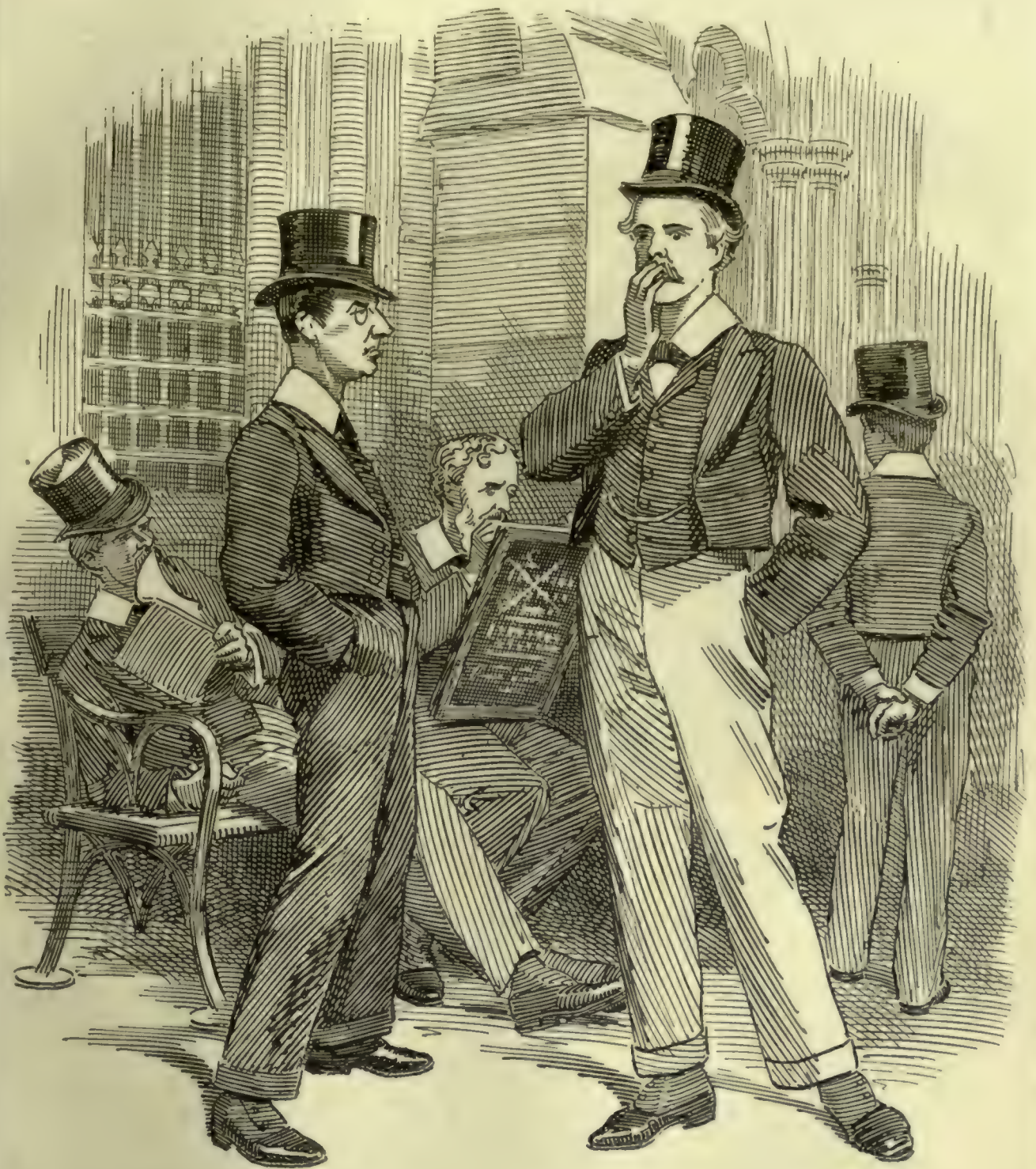
is zero as far as *SHELLEY* and his remarkable case are concerned. Then the coach who has learned his work in the neighbourhood of Monaco ignores *SHELLEY* when the time arrives for his case not to turn up. When I had to prepare for the Bar my tutor devoted most of his spare time to pricking the questions of past examinations, and I frankly admit that I owed my successful flooring of the papers to the assistance I received at his hands. I knew exactly before the event what it was essential for me to know, and what I might with confidence avoid. Looking back, I do not see that I suffered much by my partial acquisition of judicial knowledge. Within a month of my call, I had forgotten everything I had ever learned. And I think I may add that, if I had retained all that I had acquired, I should not have found any advantage in my practice: nay, more, I will go further. Everyone knows the amount of my practice. Had that practice been multiplied a hundred-fold, the practical result would have been the same.

Since I commenced these hints to beginners I have received several suggestions, some of considerable practical value. A Lord Justice of Appeal who does not give his name says that he thinks something can be done by hypnotism. "Would it not be possible," asks his Lordship, "for a candidate to be put under mesmeric influence, and then prompted by suggestion how to answer the queries put to him?" I am much obliged to his Lordship. The J. A. cautiously continues, "The only drawback I can imagine is the hypnotic prompter turning out not only an ass but a silly ass. Should the hypnotic prompter play a practical joke, the result might be disastrous. What would the examiner think and say were the hypnotised candidate to begin drinking the ink with relish as first-rate champagne, while smoking his pen under the impression he was enjoying a first-rate cigar?" I thank his Lordship for his valuable caution.

And now, having come to the limit of the valuable space allotted to me for my description of the Road to the Woolsack, let me say that I should be glad to coach any candidate for forensic honours. As my chambers are limited—I have the habitation of a window recess—I fear I should have to ask my pupil to look in through that window from the outside. In fine weather the prospect would be distinctly pleasant, and when it rained I should be only too pleased to grant my pupil (I do not venture to put the substantive in the plural) the usufruct of an umbrella.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.



BACK TO WORK.

ARTHUR B-L-F-R. (Captain of St. Stephen's School, to Masters CH-M-B-R-L-N, H-C-K-S-B-C-H, and BR-D-R-C-K). "I SAY, YOU CHAPS, BEASTLY SHORT HOLIDAY! WHEN'S THE NEXT?"

RUS IN URBE.

'Tis Spring-time! From the alley dark,
Where sunshine never enters, hark!
That hapless prisoner, the lark,
Pours forth his sweet wild carol;
A maddening thought within him stirs
Of hill-tops where the windmill whirs,
And breezy downs of golden furze
In April's brave apparel.

So, too, through windows dim and dun,
The prisoned clerk beholds the sun
That plays about in frolic fun
On inkpot, desk and ledger;
Feels the fresh warmth and longs to see
Green field, blue sky and budding tree,
And thinks that it were bliss to be
A ploughman or a hedger.

He hastens home at evening, bent
On garden joys, his shillings spent
On seeds and seedlings, well content
To follow father ADAM;
And thus, all office cares forgot,
With careful spade and water-pot,
He delves the small suburban plot
Of brick and bare macadam.

"Here, here," thinks he, "the Marshal
Niel

Her orange glory shall reveal;
A crimson Rambler here shall steal,
And here shall bloom tea-roses:
Upon this porch, now black with grime,
Shall sweetest honeysuckle climb
To mingle fragrance with the thyme
When evening softly closes."

But what does sweet returning Spring
The poor imprisoned songster bring?
A turf whereon to beat the wing
He may no longer fly on;
While he whose fancy sees a blaze
Of blossom after many days
Will smile if haply he can raise
A dingy dandelion.

"LA VILLE LUMIÈRE."

If the Parisians put up many more illuminated advertisements, cocoas and toothpowders, newspapers and music halls spelling out their names letter by letter all along the Boulevards—the Place de l'Opéra is so full of them that there is hardly any space left for another gleaming word—"La Ville Lumière" will become the flash-light city. It is already *La Ville Vacarme*. Add a few more trams with gongs, a few more automobiles with bells, a few more bicycles with horns, and the Parisian in the street, the *flâneur du Boulevard*, will be quite unable to hear himself speak. He will still hear the newspaper sellers, for no noise on earth, not even siren whistles, artillery, or thunder, could drown the yells of "*Paris Sport, La Presse, Le Soir*," which are absolutely *hors concours* as



OUR YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS.

Thoughtful Boy (contemplating infant sister, and dimly groping after the mystery of the origin of existence). "BUT, MUMMY, SHE MUST HAVE WASN'T BEFORE SHE WAS. DIDN'T SHE?"

ear-splitters. Poor London, still the hapless victim of filthy, foreign, organ-grinding vagabonds, has risen up against the paper-yeller, but the Yeller Press of Paris remains unconquered. The Parisian will have to imitate the gestures of Marseilles or Bordeaux when speech becomes impossible. Dazzled by night and deafened by day, the *flâneur* must gradually vanish.

The French have always tolerated, or enjoyed, a considerable amount of noise. Day by day, as the din in Paris grows louder, one can still better understand why ALPHONSE DAUDET remarked the almost rural quiet of Piccadilly Circus. By degrees the Parisian will grow deaf. What is the use of ears if they only help him to get run over by communicating to his brain the simultaneous blasts and bangs of innumerable mechanical vehicles rushing in all directions? What is the use of ears, if they only tell him that *Paris Sport*

vient de paraître? Perhaps with the aid of ear-trumpets or gramophones or megaphones he may still be able to hear a little music, something with plenty of brass and drums, played *fortissimo*. It needs Mr. WELLS to "anticipate" what else may be audible in the Paris of the future.

Even underground, in the *Métropolitain*, there is no quiet. As the train goes along everything makes a noise, the wheels, the doors, the windows, apparently also the rails and the tunnels themselves. The air is rather better than in the Central London Railway, but the clatter is appalling. There is an official in every carriage. One may sometimes see an old lady ask him a question—no doubt the name of the next station, for the stations are covered with advertisements and the names are modestly minute. The official, accustomed to use his eyes rather than his ears, understands what she wants. His

mouth opens wide and his lips move, but one hears nothing. Then the old lady's mouth opens and her lips move, again unheard. Then the official bends down and his mouth opens yet wider close to the old lady's ear, and the old lady evidently listens with all her might, and no doubt asks him to speak up, for her lips also move, but it is to no purpose, and she probably gets out at the wrong station after all.

The effort to speak above the noises of the street has invaded the calm and decorous precincts of the Théâtre Français itself. There is a new piece by LAVEDAN, *Le Marquis de Priola*, which is neither calm nor decorous. M. LE BARGY, in a *complet* of the most *chic* and a necktie absolutely immaculate, plays the hero, an aristocratic *Don Juan* of to-day. M. DESSONNES appears as his son, a young man. These two shout at each other, in a very elegant *appartement*, with such amazing loudness that their voices might even be heard plainly if they were in the street, and faintly if they were in the *Métropolitain*. It is needless to say that their acting is superb. It is only in the *Ville Vacarme* that they could forget the effect of such vociferation in any house supposed to be occupied by *les plus élégants mondains*, to quote the society paragraphs of the French newspapers. In a few minutes the servants of the Marquis would certainly rush in; the other *locataires*, convinced that fire had burst out or burglars burst in, would speedily follow, and even the police, from the street outside, would finally arrive to prevent an assassination. And it is only a dispute between two gentlemen, *très comme-il-faut*. M. COQUELIN *Cadet* assists with the full force of his lungs. Otherwise his part, of course admirably acted, seems entirely superfluous.

"AS ITHERS SEE US."

["He is a Scotchman and therefore fundamentally inept."—*The Tiger*.]

AN, baist nae mair the bard o' Ayr
That whiles was Scotland's glory,
An' dinna rave o' BRUCE the brave
An' Bannockburn sae gory;
But greet yer lane an' mak' yer maen
That ye are ca'd a Scotsman—
There's naught but scorn for him that's
born
'Twixt Tweed an' John-o'-Groat's,
man.

Nae poo'er hae we a joke tae sae—
Ye ken the auld, auld rumour;
We canna taste the flavour chaste
That marks the Cockney humour;
'Tis owre refined for oor dull mind,
Though greeted wi' guffaws, man,
By cultured wits that thrang the pits
O' Surrey music ha's, man.

Oor manners, tae!—my heart is wae

When I compare the races,
Contrastin' oor behaviour dour
Wi' English airs an' graces.
We Scots maun hide oor humbled pride
An' greet in sorrow dumb, man—
We canna baist the perfect taste
An' canny tact o' Brum, man.

An' oh! ye ken, as beesness men,
In dealin' wi' an order,
We aye maun find oorsels behind
Oor brithers owre the Border.
We vie in vain wi' English brain;
Hoo can we mak' a haul, man,
Until we start tae lairn the art
That's practised in the Mall, man?

SEMPER ALIQUID NOVI.

["The London season of 1902 is to be the motor-car season."—*Daily Papers*.]

A Page from Algy's Diary.

Sunday.—Church parade very full. Frightful congestion of motors round Achilles. Lady MAISIE looked ripping in brown leather strapped with buckskin. Like the new machine I picked up at TATTERSALL'S. Very easy paces.

Tuesday.—Poor old D'ARCY nearly had a beastly accident in the Row this morning. His motor got clean away with him and bolted right to the end before he could get a pull at it. Silly girl, actually riding a horse (dangerous things, horses), ran into him and got thrown. So stupid of her to come out like that, she might have killed D'ARCY.

Thursday.—Ordered a splendid coat at tailor's. Quite a new thing. Meant for going as fast as you please against the wind. Buttons up behind instead of in front; called the "Nathaniel," I believe. Splendid dodge, saves all draught. Went to the Duchess's Cotillon. Enormous success, especially the motor figure, when all rush round hissing and puffing. The presents were pins and brooches in shape of diamond motors.

Saturday.—Doctor just gone—fancy I'm in a bad way, but he hopes to save one of my legs and my right arm. Beastly motor blew up in Piccadilly this morning. Sent round to TATTERSALL'S to buy back some of my horses—in case I recover.

OLYMPIC CALM.

Probable Report of Questions and Answers in the House of Lords under the circumstances of Invasion.

Friday.—THE Viscount M. asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether the announcement in the daily papers that France and Russia had declared war against England was correct?

The Earl of W. asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether

it was true that a French force had landed that morning at Dover and was marching on London?

Replying to both, the noble Marquis said that he had nothing official on the subject, as something seemed to have happened to the Calais-Dover cable as well as to the telegraph wires between Dover and London. He had, however, taken steps to inform the Postmaster-General of the breakdown, and had no doubt that he would see that it was rectified in due course. (*Ministerial cheers*.) He regretted, however, that the noble Lords had not given him due notice of their questions. The subject then dropped.

Monday.—The Lord C. asked the Under-Secretary of State for War whether the rumours now current, that the French had advanced as far as Sydenham, where they had taken up an artillery position and were now shelling London, were correct?

The noble Marquis, the Prime Minister, replying for the Under-Secretary of State for War, admitted having heard certain reports. He, however, wished to draw attention to a matter more important to their Lordships, namely, the deplorable tendency, distinctly on the increase in their Lordships' House, to ask questions likely to lead to discussion at a late hour. It was now nearly dinner-time, 7.15 p.m., and—

At this point a French shell fell through the roof. The subject then dropped. Their Lordships immediately adjourned.

"THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING."

["Hitherto the War has stood in the way of the good time for authors and publishers that is always receding. Now it is the Coronation."—*Academy*.]

THERE'S a good time coming
For the weary Grub Street hack;
No more each post shall bring a host
Of contributions back;
But appetising offers
From all the leading firms,
"If you possess an old MS.,
Pray, kindly name your terms."

There's a good time coming,
When I no more shall gaze
On dusty drawers containing scores
Of novels, epics, plays;
But bound in full morocco
Upon my shelves, my books
Shall glint and shine in some divine
Edition de luxe.

There's a good time coming
If only one knew when!—
Last year they swore it was the War
That hit us writing men;
'Tis now the Coronation;
Next year there will be some
Event sublime. That coming time—
Ah! will it ever come?



THE JAPANESE METHOD OF SELF-DEFENCE.

(As practised by some Professors of the Art.)

"President Roosevelt's trainer, Mr. O'Darex, is teaching him Jujitsu, the Japanese method of self-defence. Jujitsu consists in bending the joints of the arms or legs of an adversary in the direction opposite to that intended by nature. A small man who understands the trick can snap the elbow-joints of a man twice his size."—*American Correspondence.*
 Fired by this example, Mr. Cui-man-ki-n, we understand, though abstaining from all other exercise, spends two hours daily with his trainer, Mr. D-L-L-N, in Jo-jitsu, the Birmingham method. A slim man who understands the trick can dislocate the hyphen of a Pro-Boer twice his circumference.
 Mr. B-L-F-Z has created considerable surprise by practising his peculiar method of contortionist gymnastice and telescopic dislocation (Balf-itsu) on the Treasury Bench.

EXTRACT FROM DIARY OF DOMESTICATED GENTLEMAN.

"History repeats itself." Groat truth this, freshly, but unintentionally impressed upon me this morning by brisk housemaid, who had clapped and dusted cherished old volume of *Observer* out of library window and down into garden below. Recovered it, broken-backed, but happily still legible, and under date of January 15, 1756, read as follows:—"I do not like having my house rendered useless to me under pretence of keeping it clean All the morning long I am entertained with the domestic concert of scrubbing the floors, scouring the irons, and beating the carpets; and I am constantly hunted from room to room, while one is to be dusted, another dry rubbed, another washed, and another run over with a dry mop. . . . My apartment is stowed with soap, brickdust, sand, scrubbing-brushes, hair-brooms, rag-mops and dishcloths."

Across gulf of century and a-half I clasp this gentleman to brotherly bosom. Like him, I have my existence darkened by domestic orgy of purification. Belike he was the greater sufferer, for in his case, apparently, no restrictions of season observed. Yet to poetic soul something peculiarly revolting in selection of spring for said orgy. Why desecrate it? Why, just when genial influences of nature are renewing a man's youth and causing his deep-down goodness and sweetness to well up and overflow upon the domestic hearth, sweep him summarily off it, or, worse still (in case, like me, he is at the time irremovable), keep him ignominiously hopping about upon it by pursuing broom?

Have pointed out error to dear ANNA a score of times; but am always met by assurance that *this year* operations so trifling compared with previous ones—in which painters or paperers more deeply involved—that I shall scarce be aware of disturbance. But spring-cleaning most insidious thing. The spotlessness of one chamber seems to convert every mote upon its neighbour into a beam: the new mat cries aloud for fresh chintzes, and the fresh chintz positively screams for whitewash on the ceiling.

First warning of approaching chaos is a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, upon my ANNA's brow. She is silent, distraught, loses interest in



Brown. "DON'T YOU THINK THAT MUSIC HAS CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST?"
Jones. "YES. THAT'S WHY I HAVE PUT A BRASS BAND ROUND PLUTO'S NECK!"

public affairs, or, what comes to the same thing, in the extracts I read her from the daily papers; goes about with measuring tape in hand, and applies it suddenly in odd places; opens a cupboard or a drawer and sighs deeply into it. This is speedily followed by strong smell of turpentine and vision of stout, elderly, uncivilised-looking woman crouched somewhere on floor, and resembling misshapen mushroom. Time has then come when difficult for self-respecting man to face world. Everyone, from wife to scullery-maid, casts cold glances at him and manifests unreasoning desire to shunt him somewhere. He eats the bread of bitterness, badly cooked and unpunctually served, and is expected to be grateful. Why, indeed, should he have food? He is not spring-cleaning! The cleaners are passionately enjoying themselves; but it is part of the game to affect martyrdom and wither up the real sufferer with scorn.

Entrenching myself in own apartments, listen all day long to enemy mining closer, not covertly, but with noisy, insolent bluster. He chatters and clatters just outside my walls, bumps and thumps and drags things about overhead. Worst of all, in every direction, hear female contingent occupied in what it is pleased to call "knocking in tacks." That is precisely what it is *not*; it is badgering them, mashing them, beheading them, felling

them horizontally, denting and damaging everything within a wide radius of them, but it is *not* "knocking them in." From time to time refugee articles of furniture come cowering into corners of my library from neighbouring fallen strongholds. Then the window-cleaner glowers down at me from scaling-ladder, and the sweep's black battering-ram is thrust in through door—and I surrender.

Have made many suggestions to ANNA for lessening misery, first and best being that spring-cleaning should be abandoned altogether. In return for this, receive look implying I have ceased to be a human being. Then proposed that cleaning should be done in a single day by turning on extra hands: pointed out that it would come to exactly the same thing if, instead of employing one or two charwomen for a fortnight, had in twelve or twenty-four (allowing for Sundays) for one day. Obvious this—mere question of

arithmetic! A. retorted (foolishly, I thought) that houses weren't "cleaned by arithmetic," and asked where she was to find twenty-four charwomen; said they didn't "grow like blackberries." ("But they *do* grow remarkably like mushrooms," I murmured.)

Asked, too, where the dozens of pails and brushes and step-ladders were to come from (as if she couldn't have hired them—pity women have so little resource), and wound up with the statement that I was "really too absurd." She repeated this remark—a favourite with her, when pressed in argument—upon my next suggesting, merely as a *pis-aller*, of course, that the cleaning should be done by night, the family taking doses of chloral and going to bed with cotton-wool in its ears; adding her wonder that men could "make so much fuss about a slight temporary inconvenience." Heavens!

Mr. Punch's Political Limericks.

WHEN the session begins, Mr. BALFOUR,
Your pals must be sorry their pal for:

No golf and no Souls,

No nothing but BOWLES,

Which is such a dull game, Mr. BALFOUR.

If the gifted and young Mr. CHURCHILL
Is to stay on his eminent perch, he'll

Shed some of the side

Which is hard to abide—

Yes—even in young Mr. CHURCHILL.



"OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS."

WHEN TOMMY (JONES) USED TO CALL GLADYS (BROWN) HIS LITTLE SWEETHEART, AND THE YOUNG LADY'S MAMMA TOOK MENTAL NOTE OF THE SAME FOR FUTURE USE.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS JONES MEETS MRS. BROWN, ACCIDENTALLY ACCOMPANIED BY A YOUNG LADY WHOM HE DOES NOT RECOGNISE.
Mrs. B. "DON'T YOU REMEMBER GLADYS, MR. JONES? YOU USED TO CALL HER YOUR LITTLE SWEETHEART!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities (The Scientific Press) is out for the current year. It is bulkier than ever, though its modest price remains stationary. The work is done with that thoroughness and mastery of detail that mark the literary achievements of Sir HENRY BURDETT. It not only tells all that it is useful to know about home hospitals and charities. It is a guide to American and Colonial Institutions. My Baronite highly recommends it to millionaires to take to bed with them and study through the otherwise dead unhappy night. They will get up in the morning with the pleased consciousness that they have obtained information enabling them, of their wealth, to bestow the greatest good among the most deserving number.

The Grand Duchess (HUTCHINSON) whom Miss FRANCES GERARD introduces to the English public is ANNA AMALIA, Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. Little is written of her in the big-type pages of history. But she will live for ever as the centre of the Lilliput Court of Weimar, illuminated by the presence of GOETHE, SCHILLER, WIELAND, KLOPSTOCK, LESSING and HERDER. Miss GERARD has had access to the Grand Ducal Library at Weimar, a privilege valuable in itself, but handicapped in this case by the fact that it has somewhat overweighted the biographer with dry, uninforming details. My Baronite finds the work a catalogue rather than a biography. Still, there are materials out of which the reader may evolve his own idea of the Duchess and her surroundings. The publishers present two handsome volumes, illustrated by two-score portraits and pictures, the former taken from private collections in the old German town.

A Vision of Beauty Mr. JOSEPH HATTON calls his novel just published by Messrs. HUTCHINSON. The title is pretty, but scarcely descriptive. Had my Baronite been invited to

name the book, he would have suggested *Gambling, Murder, and Sudden Death*. But, as has been said aforetime, What's in a name? The story is full of go and colour, rattling along at a pace that lands the reader on the last page before he knows where he is. In the main it deals with the seamy side of society, the picture being varied by glimpses of pleasant homes and good people in a quiet Cathedral town. *Lady Lynford's* midnight adventure is a little *risqué*. But it is a strong situation dramatically described. Not satisfied with this, calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old, Mr. HATTON takes one of his male villains across the Atlantic and has another bedroom scene where murder is meditated and robbery committed. From these hints it will appear that any in need of a lively book should look up *A Vision of Beauty*.

The Ulysses Souvenir contains ten excellent reproductions, per Hentschel-Colourtype process, of M. CHARLES BUCHEL's life-like portraits, all, like sardines, preserved in oil, of the principal actors and actresses "in character," as they are now appearing in the classic drama by Poet PHILLIPS at Her Majesty's. Everyone is there except Mrs. BROWN-POTTER, who, after taking a brief flutter round and about, has returned to the TREE. Perhaps there will be a second edition of this ornamental and instructive handbook, wherein studies in Brown Pottery will be delftly introduced by M. CHARLES BUCHEL. As an illustrated book, for there is much interesting letterpress contained herein, it has well deserved this special notice from the judicious

BARON DE B.-W.

A NEROIC MEASURE.—The *Westminster Gazette*, in a paragraph on Coronation bonfires, announces that "it is intended to light up at least 3,000 eminences." We understand that this statement has created considerable apprehension in the best pontifical circles at Rome.

MY FRIENDS.

THEY are really an odious set of people. I should have mentioned it before, but having a low opinion of humanity in general I was charitable enough to think that other people's friends were just as bad. Of late, however, I have been furnished with credible evidence that my belief was unfair, that other people have friends who are kindly, sympathetic and helpful, and that my friends stand alone in their canting censoriousness, their callous brutality. Therefore I have determined to expose them.

Don't imagine that I am going to talk the commonplace cynicism about friends. If I had merely ingratitude and that sort of thing to complain of I should not say a word. I don't expect gratitude. In fact, I daresay a coarse set of brutes like my friends would not understand how much they owe me, because I have no influence to exercise or money to give away, and the wretched state of my nerves prevents my going to see people in distress and that sort of thing. Still, I do what I can. There are friends in whose beastly dull houses I stay for months at a time. There are friends whose infernal bad dinners I eat twice a week through whole seasons. There are friends in whose confounded draughty opera-boxes I sit night after night. Hang it, I even go to their silly balls and noxious suppers. There is no end to the obligations that (so far as my means permit) I put them under. But, as I said, I don't expect gratitude. All I expect is a little decent show of common human feeling. Now listen to my experience.

Want and sickness are the occasions on which one's friends have their chance. It is then that one distinguishes the true from the false. Well, all mine are false—the whole boiling. Take want. I'm always in want in a way; I want a whole heap of things I can't get. But a little time ago I really was in a bad state; my income was insufficient even for the ordinary comforts of life; it was almost necessary I should get some sort of work. What course did my friends take? Stand aside and leave me to my leisure? If they had done that I should simply have smiled bitterly. But the creatures were not content with passivity. They attacked me. Any number of them went about getting me "jobs" and "berths" you wouldn't give to a dog. My idea was to be secretary to a Cabinet Minister, or write an occasional article for the *Times*, or something of that kind. My friends invited me to go to some dirty office for several hours every day, or to teach little beasts of boys history and geography, or—but

it is useless to relate their humiliating and malicious suggestions. I refused good-humouredly, and then they went about blackguarding me to one another and saying it was hopeless to help me. You see, what they desired was first to insult a man whose superiority they resented and then to get a little cheap credit by their pretended philanthropy. Swine!

Now take sickness. All this worry about getting work made me really ill, and I went to Bournemouth in search of health. I rather expected—so persistent was my trust—that my friends would send me hampers of fruit, champagne, cigars, and so forth. Not a bit of it: the few who took any notice of a kind of circular letter I sent round simply "envied me getting into fresh air" while they were seeing all the new plays and eating too much supper every night, great fat prosperous healthy brutes. But this was not the worst. I contracted a dangerous illness—mumps, in fact, a thing that never happened to anybody else, so far as I can hear, which was just my luck. When I was out of danger I wrote to every one of my friends I could think of and told them about it. At least (I said to myself) I may as well have the sympathy my illness will evoke. It will be some consolation to know that my friends feel for me. I allowed two days for my letters to arrive and the answers to

return, and on the second day when I was called I held out my hand impatiently. "No letters this morning, Sir." I sat up in bed with astonishment. But I reflected that of course there had been some accident in the local post office, so I waited for the ten o'clock post. No letters. No letters in the afternoon, a bill in the evening. . . . On the fifth day a friend sent me a heartless and ill-drawn caricature of myself with mumps. . . . On the ninth a friend wrote to say: "What funny things you think of!" On the thirteenth a friend wrote that he was seedy and wanted me to get him rooms at the hotel: he never mentioned my illness. . . . On the seventeenth a friend sent me an idiotic rhyme in which "mumps" rhymed to "what ho, she bumps!" . . . And that is all up to the time of my writing this.

There are friends for you! SWIFT was perfectly right when he said . . . But I'm sick of the subject.

EXTRACT from the minutes of the County Council of Tipperary:—Resolved unanimously "That this Council call on the Inspector-General of Police to withdraw any extra police force now stationed in and around Templemore . . . as we believe they are uncalled for and serve no useful purpose, except for provoking breaches of the peace."



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Landlady. "I HOPE YOU SLEPT WELL, SIR?"

New Boarder. "NO, I DIDN'T. I'VE BEEN TROUBLED WITH INSOMNIA."

Landlady. "LOOK HERE, YOUNG MAN. I'LL GIVE YOU A SOVEREIGN FOR EVERY ONE YOU FIND IN THAT BED!"



ON THE WRONG TACK.

Lord Stonebrook. "MISS PYLE, MAY I CALL YOU ANGELINA? IT'S SUCH A CHARMING NAME!"
 She. "IT IS. BUT IT'S MY SISTER'S, NOT MINE!"

[And so was the money.]

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

(Anent Clerks and Chambers.)

HAVING successfully reached the distinction of Bar Commons in Hall, the newly-robed counsel may search for chambers and a portion of a retainer. As a rule it may be assumed that, unless the recently-created advocate has ample private means, he will have to rest satisfied with his name painted ninth on the list on the outer door. But for the sake of illustration I will assume that he has ample private means and can live in his Inn at his ease.

My type, Mr. DUNUP-KORSTS (son of the celebrated colonial judge and grandson of the equally eminent solicitor whose surname he added to his patronymic) is untrammelled by considerations of economy and can command his chambers and his clerk. Say he proposes practising at the Chancery Bar and raising his voice in the Court of Appeal, then he should have his rooms in the best part of the Temple, or even on the sunshiny side of Lincoln's Inn. Probably he would be able to take over the belongings of his predecessor in the tenancy. It is not unlikely that he would find all he required, but in

going over the inventory he should make good the following possible omissions.

He should have two dozen yards of backs (the interiors are not absolutely essential) of law books, a bust of ELDON, and an assortment of BARTOLOZZI engravings of eighteenth century judges. The clerk to suit this set of chambers should be bald, clean shaven and smilingly silent. He should look like a blend of churchwarden, croupier and first-class "resting" provincial tragedian.

But say that Mr. DUNUP-KORSTS turns his back upon Equity and patronises Probate, Divorce and Admiralty. His chambers should overlook the Temple fountain, or the Temple gardens. The yards of book backs as before, but the bust of ELDON may be omitted, and although old prints of a couple of judges are advisable, they should be coupled with any number of forensic caricatures from the pages of *Vanity Fair*. Clerk smartly up-to-date, something between a stable help and a youngish member of the Carlton.

Say that Mr. DUNUP-KORSTS prefers work at the C.C.C. to labour in chambers, or the Bench, or the

take rooms anywhere within a hundred yards of Carey Street. He may indulge in any kind of furniture that pleases him. His legal portraits should be exclusively the work of "Spy," and his literature should be less of "Notes" than rose-tinted journalism. Syphons and a Tantalus spirit-stand may be *en évidence*. The clerk to suit these chambers should be a "professional first-nighter." He should know *Ruff's Guide* by heart and be able to "pick out the winners" of all the principal handicaps. In personal appearance he might pass for a pugilist of gentlemanly appearance belonging to some "junior" proprietary club at present innocent of an entrance fee.

I have had less hesitation in taking my friend Mr. DUNUP-KORSTS as a type, as that worthy gentleman has turned his back upon the Bar to make a second fortune (he inherited the first from his grandsire) on the Stock Exchange.

In my next contribution to the leading forensic journal I hope to bring my hints to a conclusion by showing the direct route to the Woolsack in one simple lesson.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

THE COMITY OF NATIONS.

(An Apologue à la Kryloff.)

THERE once lived on Earth — never mind when or where—

A Lion, a Boar, and a truculent Bear,
And a sort of Fin-Beaver, a peaceable beast
That never molested his neighbours the least.

It fell out, so they say,
That some of the Lion-cubs happened to stray,
And were worried and mauled by the Boar,

Who swore
He'd drive the Lion himself from his lair
And annex, of the land, the Monarch's own share.

But the Lion at length
Woke and put forth his strength,
And rescued each whelp who cried out for help,
Till the Boar, too, began, badly beaten, to yelp
And squeal for assistance
To friends at a distance,

The Cock, sev'ral Eagles and Jackdaws, and Bruin,
To save him from utter and imminent ruin.

At a distance his friends
Stayed, making amends
By scattering mud at the Lion and raising
A Pro-Boar din in a chorus amazing.

Their zeal
In this frantic appeal
Was caused by regret that *they* couldn't steal
The wealth that the Boar had grabbed from the soil
Through the Lion-cubs' toil!

Meanwhile
Brother Bear was at work in his usual style,
Devoting his labour
To hugging his neighbour
And squeezing his life out with leisurely care.
He said it was plain
There must not remain

A Beaver who couldn't behave like a Bear!

Although,
Years ago,
'Twas agreed that the orderly Beaver should dwell
Undisturbed in his home, he was thriving so well
That Bruin said, "No,

This invidious distinction of Nature must go!

Little Brother, I grasp
You with lingering clasp;
For your breath in my orthodox arms you may gasp;
But 'tis only my fun—

When the process is done,
There'll be nought left of *fin*s, and no need of escape—
Your corpse will be ursine in finish and shape!"

The Cock and the Eagles, the voluble Daws
Who vowed without pause

An unselfish and limitless love for the *Boar*,
What of *them*? Where were they? Were they, I implore,
As true in this case to Philanthropy's Cause?

Were *they* anti-Bears and pro-Beavers? Not much!
The Bear, in the first place, they dared not to touch,
And then, since the Beaver *had* nothing *they* wanted,

We may take it for granted
They spoke without sham
When they said, "For the Beaver we don't care a dam!"

Hence I fear 'tis the case that Friendship indeed
Often rises from Jealousy, Hatred, or Greed! A. A. S.

VACCINATION CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. PUNCH, Sir,—This ancient town of Poddleton-on-Slosh, of which I have the honour to be Alderman, although small, does not believe in vaccination, and, with good reason, seeing that it has had its own tragedies, though it shrinks from writing to the papers about the same. But, feeling that the honour of the town is at stake, I take up my pen to let you know that we, too, have suffered. There is a man now to be seen any time in the market-place who has lost two fingers of his left hand in a mowing machine, as an infant, soon after he had been vaccinated, which, if one puts two and two together, is a plain warning, and he will tell you the same himself. But the worst case and most far-reaching is that of GILES and MARY SCROGGINS, now in Poddleton Union, and can be seen by any respectable visitor, who were persuaded by Dr. GREEN—he's gone away now, but he was here then—to be vaccinated soon after they were married. They both had bad arms, and one day she hit him accidentally with a broom, and he hit her back, and then they both took to drink out of revenge, and what is the result? They are now separated and live miserably on different sides of the union. Hoping that these stories may be of some little use, I remain, Yours respectfully,

JOHN BLOSSBY, Alderman.

Our correspondent in Ouseley-on-the-Sludge reports that the medical feud in this district has reached an acute stage. The doctor appointed by the local authorities to operate gratis on the inhabitants, having been the victim of a lampoon attributed to a rival who operates privately for payment, has apparently retaliated by publishing in the *Ouseley Independent* the following testimonials alleged to have been received by the gentleman with the private practice from his grateful patients. We print these *in extenso*.

A Countess writes:—"Your vaccination has taken excellently on my husband's arm. I now sign all the cheques. I am so glad I persuaded him to be done."

A gentleman who has just come in for a legacy writes:—"I can never thank you enough for attending to my aunt. She died, however, in four hours. Nothing you did could have saved her. She left me £1,000.

"P.S.—I have two uncles I have recommended to be done by you."

One of SANDOW'S instructors writes:—"Your method increases the size of the arm almost as rapidly as ours."

A Stockbroker writes:—"I have recommended your method of vaccination to my numerous business acquaintances. It is splendid. It looks as if it was done with a revolver. Would you do my mother-in-law? You could not miss her."

A Backwoodsman writes:—"Dear Sir, you have taught me something! Yours truly, A CATTLE BRANDER."

An Artist's Model (for the Altogether) says:—"Since I was vaccinated by you a moddle as bin took of my arm for the Chamber of Orrers at Madam Tussors. I will take jolly good care that your name is mentioned!"

A Burglar (who does not wish his name or address published) writes:—"I must congratulate you on the splendid manner in which you have vaccinated the Police force in my neighbourhood. I have not done so well for years. I really think that, as the police come so much in contact with the poorer classes, they ought to be vaccinated monthly."

Telegram from H. M. Inspector of Explosives.

"Forward some of your lymph. We are making experiments in new explosives."



NOT WANTED!

Member of the School Board (to the President of the Council). "BUT UNDER THIS NEW EDUCATION BILL WHERE DO I COME IN?"
Duke of Devonshire. "AS FAR AS I REMEMBER, YOU DON'T. YOU GO OUT!"

Bernard Partridge.



THE KING'S CRUISE.

["On Tuesday last His Majesty landed at Mount St. Michael, the home of the ST. AUBYNs, whose head, Lord ST. LEVAN, went to meet the King in his family barge. His Majesty subsequently drove through Marazion and Penzance. By the way, it is an open secret that King EDWARD purposely designed this yachting cruise so as to find leisure for the task of drawing up a list of Coronation honours."—*Society News*.]

THE King sat on the rocky steep
That looks o'er sea-born Marazion,
Hard by that realm beneath the deep
Which ARTHUR once lived high and
dry on;*

Dimly he scanned the dancing bay,
Vaguely reviewed the vault of Heaven,
Or, in a listless, pensive way,
Addressed remarks to Lord ST. LEVAN.

What is it corrugates his brows,
And turns his wonted smile so chilly?
Why was he so *distract* at Cowes,
So absent-minded down in Scilly?
Why does he skirt the Duchy's marge
Blind to the bunting's gay vermilion,
Or look as though ST. AUBYN's barge
Had come to take him to Avilion?

What means it? Is he then the thrall
Of cares attached to kingly stations,
Ever immense and most of all
Upon the eve of Coronations?
Does he in some dark nightmare move,
A prey to incorporeal fancies,
Fearing the Abbey's pile will prove
Unequal to the circumstances?

I dare not probe the Monarch's mood,
Or trust to second-hand recitals;
But I am told he tends to brood
Over the task of giving titles;
If so, I let my pity loose
To think of him employed in rating
Merits so vast and so profuse
As to be almost suffocating!

Uneasy lies the head indeed
That has to solve these weighty ques-
tions,
And, might I serve my King at need,
Most gladly would I make sugges-
tions;

Ah! could I hope to point aright
The path his way may well be lost in,
I'd press the claims of BOWLES and
BEIT,

BANNERMAN, HARCOURT, CAINE and
AUSTIN!

O. S.

* The country of Lyonesse is identified by some as the region, at present submerged, between Land's End and Scilly.

PROSPECT OF HAPPINESS.—The Metro-
politan Traction Company and Messrs.
SPEYER & Co., of Boston, have agreed to
"electrify the District Railway." Good!
And then proceed to electrify the share-
holders with announcement of a ten per
cent. dividend! There'd be electricity
for you!



HARD LINES.

Vicar's Daughter. "AND SO YOU'RE CRYING BECAUSE YOUR BROTHER TOMMY'S GOT THE MEASLES!"

Maud Emily. "YES, MISS. TOMMY 'E 'AS ALL THE LUCK! LAST YEAR 'E 'AD SCARLET FEVER, AN' THREE LUVLY MONTHS IN THE 'OSPITAL, AN' NOW 'E'S GONE THERE FOR ANUVVER GOOD TIME, AN' I NEVER 'AS NUFFINK, NOT EVEN MUMPS!"

CORPORATION, CORONATION
AND INDIGNATION.

THE Borough of St. Pancras has appointed committees to consider the question of public dinners to the poor. It is to be hoped that the result will not be poor dinners to the public. To "the Chairman of the Public Health Committee" ought to be delegated the task of fixing the toasts to be proposed on this occasion. Councillor BERNARD SHAW wanted to "trot out" vegetarianism. Probably it was only his strong wish to get at the root of the matter, whatever it

was. Although a vegetarian, there is not much that is green in the eye of Mr. B. SHAW, who, taking exception to some remark about "investing the festivity with a pauper taint," asserted that there were "many poor pensioners of the public infinitely more respectable than many of the celebrated personages who would be in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation." What a prolonged burst of applause would not this sentiment, if properly and effectively given by some suffering hero in a melodrama, have evoked from a crowded Drury Lane audience! 'Twas grand! 'Twas noble! Pshaw! Let me wipe away a tear!

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CAPITOL.

Enthusiastic American Young Lady (rapturously, to her father). Oh, isn't he just too lovely! It's *The Dying Gladiator*, Pa. I guess I knew him right away from the photograph. You know, Pa, the gladiators fought in the arena before CÆSAR, and they all shouted "*Are, Cæsar Imperator! Merituri te salutant.*" We had a course on that in college from Professor PERKINS. BYRON wrote about him—no, not about Professor PERKINS, of course not; what made you think so?—about this statue—"I see before me the gladiator lie"—you know the rest, Pa, or if you don't, I guess you ought to. Well, this statue right here is *The Dying Gladiator*. (To the guide.) Now, don't you interrupt me. I know all you're going to say, and you're not paid to say more than I want you to say, anyhow. What? Not a gladiator? Who says so? Call it a *Gallo Morente*, do they—a dying Gaul? Now, isn't that too bad? I call it a dying gladiator, and I guess it's just going to be a dying gladiator all the time. Come along, Pa.

Middle-aged British Lady (to her daughter). Really, EMILY, I'm not sure we ought to have come here, and I've lost your father for the last ten minutes. He always seems to slip away from us. (Stopping before a statue of SILENUS.) Oh, oh! What a very coarse sort of person. Who can it be?

Daughter (referring to catalogue). SILENUS, mother.

M. B. L. (indignantly). SILENUS, indeed. One of those horrible Emperors, of course. What surprises me is that, if he had to disgrace himself by getting intoxicated, he should have had his statue taken at that precise moment. There's your father, EMILY. Let us join him at once and go away from this place.

IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

Tourists of all ages, sizes, sexes, and nationalities—Germans and Americans predominating—are twisting their heads upwards to inspect the ceiling. There is a flutter and rustle of "Baedekers" as of leaves in an autumn wind. The hoarse voices of many guides are explaining the beauties of MICHAEL ANGELO'S work in various languages to a subdued accompaniment of "Herrlich!" "Kolossal!" "Epatant!" "Magnificent!" &c., &c.

Guide (impressively). Zis is de great maestro's *Capolavoro*, his chief work. 'E paint it for de POPE.

American Lady (interrupting). What did you say was the name of this chapel?

Guide. De Sistine Chapel, Madam.

American Lady (with determination). Well, then, all I can say is they've changed it. This ain't the Sistine Chapel. The book says we must turn to the right, and we've turned to the left. [Exit to find the genuine Chapel.]

IN THE OFFICE OF MESSRS. COOK.

A weary Italian polyglot clerk behind the counter is attending to a voluble American lady, while a string of British and American tourists are waiting their turn for attention.

Voluble American Lady. Now, see here. I want to do the round trip to Naples. How much 'll that be? Now give me all the itineraries that everybody else has, for I'm bound to see everything there is to be seen. (Weary clerk produces tickets and itineraries, and makes calculations.) Mind, I want to know all the times of all the trains. Now, if I can't use this ticket to-morrow, can I use it some other day? And as to hotels, I want you to give me the name of a hotel where the cook understands how to boil asparagus. I want my asparagus cooked the way I have it at home. I want it skinned and the heads cut off, and boiled twenty minutes and then stood to drain. I told the waiter about it

yesterday, but I guess he don't understand English, for it came up to-day as bad as before. (Clerk vainly attempts to move her on.) Oh, and see here! If I do the Vesuvius trip on Monday morning, can I do the Pompeii trip on the same day, and how much will that save? Do it in dollars, please, for I can't calculate in this Eyetalian money. And see here— [Left in possession.]

A BIG "BEN."

(At Drury Lane Theatre.)

"BEN," in theatrical parlance, is the short for "benefit," and certainly for the managing director, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, and for the board of his co-directors, *Ben-Hur*, to judge from the rapt attention and the enthusiastic applause of the crowded house, ought to prove itself "Ben-Their" or "Their Ben" to a very considerable extent.

Had not this story, written many years ago by General LEW WALLACE, who, as a certain refrain has it, "has never done anything since," been so effectively dramatised by Mr. W. M. YOUNG, and had it not been placed on the stage with all the care here bestowed upon every scene and tableau by the present Druriolanean management, its chances of success might have been highly problematical.

The story skirts incidentally and with great circumspection certain scriptural ground, where, as a rule, dramatist and actor are considered trespassers. This scriptural interest in the play is not essential to the plot. Omit the *Magi's* vision of the Star in the East, represented in a beautiful and most effective tableau, a simple living picture without words; eliminate such portions of the dialogue as refer to contemporary events in Jerusalem; omit altogether the fourth act, since, in effect, the interest of the story, as a play, ceases with the great situation of the chariot race (admirably "staged," and cheered to the echo by the audience), and, cast as this play now is, we should still have a drama sufficiently interesting in itself, and with a sensational scene that alone would have attracted all London. It is absolutely true that there is on the Drury Lane stage just now enough horse power to draw the entire town!

The prelude, for which everyone should be seated by eight punctually, is a beautiful tableau. For the scenes by MESSRS. RYAN, BRUCE SMITH, R. and C. CANEY and MCCLERY, there can be nothing but praise; though I think special notice must be made of Mr. BRUCE SMITH'S effective treatment of "Tween decks of the Roman galley *Astræa*." The greatest credit is due to another "Ben," one "BEN TEAL" (quite a duck of a Ben, judging by the name) for his clever stage management, especially when dealing with crowds, of the play throughout.

Mr. ROBERT TABER, as *Ben-Hur*, alias "Judah the son of Ithamar" and Prince of Jerusalem (never heard of this title before, but that's my "inconceivable ignorance"), is admirable. Sometimes he reminds me of an early HERMANN VEZIN, and sometimes of a later GEORGE ALEXANDER; but, "for a' that and a' that," the man is ROBERT TABER "for a' that." Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE as *Ilderim* is an impressive Sheik ("I like his Sheik!") and Mr. BUCKLAW, as the Roman Tribune, with the rather Cockney sounding name of *Arrius*, is as gallant and ready-aye-ready a Roman admiral in command of the good galley *Astræa* as you'd ever ha' wish'd to meet off the Kentish Coast of Britain.

Messala, the wicked young Roman noble, finds an able representative in Mr. BASIL GILL, but it was some time before I detected his name in the programme, as it was frequently pronounced by his companions in the drama so as to sound like *Marsala*, and I was only too glad to find that no aspersion was meant to be cast upon the character of an excellent and wholesome wine which is still a favourite on the Continent. For this same *Messala*, posing as the friend



Artist (who has recommended model to a friend). "HAVE YOU BEEN TO SIT TO MR. JONES YET?"
 Model. "WELL, I'VE BEEN TO SEE HIM; BUT DIRECTLY I GOT INTO HIS STUDIO, 'WHY,' HE SAID, 'YOU'VE GOT A HEAD LIKE A BOTTICELLI.' I DON'T KNOW WHAT A BOTTICELLI IS, BUT I DIDN'T GO THERE TO BE CALLED NAMES, SO I COME AWAY!"

of the guileless Israelite, is a villain of the brightest—reddest dye; so, as DIBDIN sings:—

"Too sure from this cankerous elf
 The venom accomplished its end;
 Ben, all truth and honour himself,
 Suspected no fraud of his friend."

There is the story in four lines.

The most difficult and most trying part in the piece is that of "Simonides, steward to the house of Hur" who, having lost his legs after the first act, and being therefore incapable of obtaining any *locus standi* in the drama, has to play throughout the remainder of the piece in a chair, and thus has to be wheeled on and off the stage in every scene by a Roman bathchairman, or has to be carried about in a litter (with another litter-ary person, *Ilderim*, or Mr. CHARLES ALLAN, *Balthazar* the Egyptian, I forget which), conveying in every instance a dangerous suggestion to the public mind of the stuffed figure of Guy on the 5th of November, and, to readers of DICKENS, of that very objectionable character *Grandfather Smallweed*. But, despite all these drawbacks, Mr. J. E. DODSON comes out of it (never out of the chair except when called before the curtain, when he appears bringing his legs with him as his firm supporters) triumphantly. His is indeed a very remarkable performance.

Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER is a wickedly fascinating *Iras*, daughter of the excellent *Balthazar* (Mr. CHARLES ALLAN), one of the *Magi*, who, good pious widower, is much to blame for allowing his handsome daughter so much liberty. Miss

MAUD MILTON is dignified and pathetic as the mother of *Ben-Hur*, and Miss FLOSSIE WILKINSON plays with simple pathos the part of *Tirzah*, her daughter. Miss NORA KERIN is "sweet and twenty" as *Esther*, and Miss SITGREAVES makes the best use of her dramatic opportunities as *Amrah* the nurse.

The triumph of the drama is in its excellent rendering and in its admirable stage-management; and by the climax in the scene of the chariot race, which results in the union of the lovers and the overthrow of the villain (who is chucked out of his car), dramatic justice is satisfied.

In my humble opinion *Ben-Hur* would be as interesting, spectacularly and dramatically, were all scriptural allusions omitted; and doubtless, had the censor refused to license it as it stands, the expurgated edition would have been just as popular as this, and no one would have been "a penny the worse." These scriptural allusions and the two miracle-play tableaux are no more of the essence of this drama than would be speeches about the ancient Hebrew patriarchs if introduced into the dialogue of that classic work *Box and Cox*, wherein the *dramatis personae* might thereupon become *Ben Box* (a Hebrew journeyman at work at the Pyramids), *Cornelius Coxus* (a Roman Christian, a Journeyman pileumfactor) and *Berenice Bounceras* (an Egyptian *Custos Deversorii*). Personally, I do not think much would be gained by this metamorphosis, nor do I expect that Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS & Co. will try the experiment simply on my recommendation, even could I sign myself

Yours Ben-Hur-riedly,

"BEN JONSON."

THE BALLAD OF BO.

[In a recent book on ROMANESQUE the author speaks of "a person of the name of Bo." He was a "representative on mission," a member of the National Convention sent by the Committee of Public Safety to direct operations in the provinces threatened by the Allies.]

I.

WHEN armies gathered in a flock
Fair France's freedom to destroy,
Agog to burn the land of Oe
And to denude the land of Oie;
When danger darkened o'er Poitou,
And Metz was menaced by the foe,
Who was it saw the country through?—
A person of the name of Bo.

II.

The men whose votes he sought to win
(Words of one syllable they knew)
By figures monstrous brought him in
(The other men polled only two).
One rival might have stood his ground;
There was, I think, a Marquis d'O;
But he had fled ere France had found
Her person of the name of Bo.

III.

"Aux urnes," they cried, "où Bo se
bat!
C'est lui, O frères, qui fait l'appel!
Vive la République! Ca ira!
Fils de S. Louis, monte au ciel!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Il faut écraser le complot!
Envoyons donc à l'Assemblée
Le personnage au nom de Bo!"

IV.

The name was farcical, a quirk
To all appearance meaning nought,
Yet still his country minds the work
Her true two-lettered tribune wrought.
His birth was probably most vile,
His features coarse, his habits low,
Yet mother France has still a smile
For persons of the name of Bo.

ENVOY.

Prince, who adorned our Court when he
Flourished in that same long-ago,
Was yours the better part—to be
A person of the name of Beau?

A PLEASANT RUN.

"ARE you fond of running, Mr. SLOMAN?" said Miss RUSHFORTH to me the other day.

"Running?" I replied, "I never run. Why should I?"

"Oh!" she said, "we're going out with the beagles to-morrow. You might have liked to come too."

So after all I went.

It is perfectly true that I never run, except under compulsion to catch a train, and that hardly ever happens,



Mother. "YOU MUST PUT YOUR DOLLS AWAY TO-DAY. IT'S SUNDAY."

Little Girl. "OH, BUT, MOTHER, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. WE'RE PLAYING AT SUNDAY SCHOOL!"

because I am a neat, methodical old bachelor, and always leave myself plenty of time, which is a more advanced form of indolence than staying in bed half an hour longer and lacing up one's boots in the train when, and if, one has managed to scramble into it.

Of course I arrived at the station on this occasion in good time, and in neat clothes suitable for a country excursion. I perceived several shabby persons on the platform, and, just after the train started, saw the RUSHFORTH girls running through the barrier. They are usually dressed in the most charming manner, but they appeared that morning in dresses of strangely tasteless cut and far from new.

"A lovely morning, Mr. SLOMAN," they said, "we shall have a jolly day." So off we went to our destination, a village some miles away, and there all the shabby people I had noticed got out too.

"What's going on here," I asked my friends, "that brings all those people? They're so shabby, and yet they look respectable."

"Of course," said Miss RUSHFORTH, "they're going after the beagles, as we are."

I made no more remarks about clothes. It really was a glorious morning, and we had a nice stroll out to a farm. Directly we got there the dogs came out, and started over a field with a

pleasant-looking fellow in a green coat running just behind them, and uttering a series of extraordinary cries. All the bystanders began to run, and putting on my best train-catching pace, I kept up with the RUSHFORTH girls, who were among the first.

But it is more difficult to run over a ploughed field than a station platform, and I began to get out of breath.

"I say," I gasped, "how much longer are we going to run like this?"

"Why, we haven't begun yet," said Miss RUSHFORTH.

Then we scrambled over two fences and through a gap in a hedge. It seemed a fair-sized opening, but something caught my coat as I was in the middle, and when I tried to grasp the obstacle I merely caught hold of some thorns, and then my hat tumbled off, and when at last I emerged with a tremendous gash in my neat coat, and a mass of mud on my trim hat, I began to understand why they all came in such shabby garments.

By this time the dogs and the people were ever so far away, running like mad, and some of them howling, and I was about to make another effort when they turned and came towards me.

"That's the dodge," said Miss RUSHFORTH as they came up, "if you only stand still or sit on a gate, the hounds are very likely to go in a circle and come back to you. Isn't it a jolly run?"

I don't quite know what I said, but I hurried along and tore my sleeve on some horrible barbed wire on one fence, and when I imitated the others and rolled under the wire of another fence I left a large piece of my unfortunate coat behind me.

By this time we had arrived at a wide ditch full of water. When my turn came at last to cross, the plank, which had grown shaky, turned on its side and shot me into the water. It was not deep, but it was slimy. I crawled up the sticky bank with some difficulty and perceived far away the fast-vanishing figures of the hunt. It was impossible to catch them, and I didn't want to.

Somehow I got back to the village and was wiped at the inn. Then I shivered in the train, and when I got back to my own station I ran against CHOLMONDELEY JONES, as smart as ever. No doubt I looked a pitiable object, like a half-drowned tramp.

"Hullo, SLOMAN!" said he, "where on earth have you been? Run over, eh?"

"No," I said, trying to appear unconcerned, for I don't like CHOLMONDELEY JONES and his grand airs, "I've been out for a nice run with the beagles."

I have not been again. And now I quite understand why all people who run with beagles come in such shabby garments.

AN ENTHUSIAST'S SPRING SONG.

I WAIT the coming of the Spring,
I watch its glorious charms unfolding,
And revel in the joys they bring
Once more, for my beholding!

The first clear note the cuckoo calls,
The nightingale's first tuneful
trilling—

Upon my ear their accent falls,
To new-waked rapture thrilling.

The daffodilly's primal burst,
The violet's initial splendour,
To each, while each is still the first,
My homage I must render.

Thus, every Spring's new-kindled fire
Has to my noble passion pandered,
And brought fresh records to inspire
My letter to the *Standard*.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"I enclose the following item of political news from the *Westminster Gazette* of April 8th:—

'As to the new Liberal League, Mr. LAWSON WALTON said . . . "They need not be such official ticklers as to denounce this form of assistance. They should welcome it and wish it 'God-speed.'" (Applause.)'

"Can you tell me what is the function of an 'official tickler'? Does he flatter the head or stroke the tail of a Party? Or does he direct the peacock's feather (Mafeking) branch?"



"A GREAT OPPORTUNITY!"

A "CHARACTER" STUDY.

A NOVEL joy my pulses stirred,
The sun more brightly shone,
Upon the fateful morn I heard
Our servant, JANE, had gone.

With politics that maid of ours
Ne'er vexed her careless soul:
Not hers the secret of the Powers
For keeping China whole!

Her shocking treatment of the twins
I shall not soon forget;
Lo! the memento of her sins—
A broken bassinet!

She answered only side-door
calls,

Her manners were so blunt;
For none but polished "generals"
Can answer at the "front"!

Yet why recite the faults of her?
The hateful task I shun,
And since she has no "character"
I mean to give her one.

The plea of pity shall I spurn,
And send her forth forlorn?
Ah, no;—'tis some one else's
turn
To bear what I have borne!



A FAIR AVERAGE.

Visitor. "LADY EVELYN TELLS ME, DAN'L, THAT YOU HAVE HAD FOUR WIVES."

Dan'l (proudly). "ESS, ZUR, I 'AVE—AN' WHAT'S MORE, TWO OF 'EM WAS GOOD 'UNS!"

"LYNCH" LAW.

MR. ARTHUR LYNCH, the Nationalist representative of Galway City and former colonel of the Boer army, is suing the tenants on his West Clare property for arrears of rent. As "No Rent" now figures prominently in the Nationalist creed, Mr. Punch sought an interview with the gallant officer to enquire how he reconciled this discrepancy.

"Colonel" LYNCH, who is at present residing in France, showed himself quite willing to be interviewed.

"Is it meself ye're wishful to see, Sorr?" he began.

"Yes, LYNCH is me name, and a fine name intoirely."

"It's about those rents of yours," Mr. Punch explained.

"Is it me rints ye're inthrested in?" he replied.

"Begorra, it's me that am inthrested in them too. 'Twas this way. When I was holdin' high command in Misther KROOGER's army I had no need to bother with tinants an' such. Fwhat wud I be doin' wi' me bits o' rints an' all the time drawin' me pay fresh an' fresh ivery month? Tell me that now. An' so the scurry villains got into arrears."

"I see," said Mr. Punch, nodding.

"But afther I left His Honour's service, why the money began to rin low. So I wrote to me agint to send me some. Bedad, Sorr, sorra a guinea could he let me have!"

"Very inconvenient," Mr. Punch remarked sympathetically.

"So here was I with dhivil a coin about me, an' thim tinants o' mine down in West Clare fair wallowin' in gould that was mine by rights. Fwhat was I to do then, Sorr? I

vowed I'd have the law on the blayguardly spalpeens, an' I did."

"But I thought the Nationalist Party didn't approve of rent," Mr. Punch ventured to suggest.

"Fwhere will ye have got that notion from?" asked the gallant "colonel," with withering scorn.

"Doesn't Mr. O'BRIEN preach against the payment of rent?" Mr. Punch urged.

"Is it *payin'* rint, ye mane? Ye're right, Sorr. We don't approve of *payin'* rint. But *resaivin'* rint! That's another mather intoirely! I'm all against *payin'* rint to Sassenachs an' such. But to a pathriot like meself 'tis a tinant's *duty* to pay, and, begorra, I'll make him!"

"It's a delicate distinction," Mr. Punch suggested.

"Dhivil a bit, Sorr. I'm all for no rint meself so long as it's *other* people's tinants. But when it's me own 'tis not the same thing at all at all. 'Twould be a shameful thing if the man that had fought for KROOGER had to go without his rints because Misther DE FREYNE and other dhirty spalpeens couldn't get theirs. Ye see the difference, Sorr. 'Tis simple justice!"

"'Lynch' law, in fact?" Mr. Punch queried.

The ex-colonel of Boer irregulars laughed immoderately.

"Sure 'tis from Oirland ye must be yerself," he declared.

"Or ye'd niver have thought o' that."

After which compliment Mr. Punch bowed himself out.

NAVAL PROMOTION.—"Chaplain: Rev. M. LONGRIDGE, B.A., to *Glory*."—Daily Mail.



THE STRONG MAN.

PROFESSOR H-CK-S-B-CH (to the audience). "MR. BULL WILL NOW LIFT THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT OF NEARLY TWO HUNDRED MILLION POUNDS."

ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

At the termination of the special literary session at this Court, reports of which have appeared in *Punch*, a dramatic session was held. The magistrates on the bench were Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT, Mr. W. S. GILBERT, Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, and Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT. The following cases were disposed of:—

CHARLES WARNER, (004 Gerrard) was charged with installing and using a telephone with too much license, on the stage of Wyndham's Theatre.

Sir ROBERT HUNTER, who appeared on behalf of the Post Office, stated that Mr. WARNER's action was a distinct infringement of the settlement recently arrived at between the Government and the National Telephone Company, in that while an unlimited user he had paid neither the flat nor the toll rate. He understood, however, that the offence had been recently discontinued; and he would therefore be satisfied with a severe reprimand.

Sir HENRY FOWLER, who gave evidence on behalf of the National Telephone Company, deposed that the interests of that concern were seriously prejudiced by Mr. WARNER's action. Neurotic persons abstained from subscribing on the ground that if murder could be heard through a telephone, infection could be communicated. Besides, Mr. WARNER's method of using the telephone was highly improper. Telephone clerks had already begun to imitate his stentorian tones, and even his gestures, to the utter disorganisation of the exchanges and the fracture of several diaphragms. Many of the wires had corkscrewed under the stress.

At this stage of the proceedings a loud hissing was heard in Court, which the Bench threatened to have cleared, until it was explained by the Usher that it proceeded from the rapid transmission of the letter S from Signor MARCONI in mid-Atlantic, at a distance of 1,551 miles, on the hurricane deck of ss. *Campania*.

Order having been restored, Mr. WARNER was heard in his own defence. He indignantly denied that murder had been committed. The evidence was purely hearsay, and as for the danger of infection, his own Safe Cure rendered the entire company immune. In conclusion he solemnly warned the Bench that unless they took a humane and enlightened view of the case he would probably resort to *Drink* again. The Bench at once stopped the case, and Mr. WARNER left the Court before you could say *coupeau*.

The Chevalier BORINSKI, alias AUGUSTE VAN BIENE, a Polish magnate of romantic bearing and magnificent *chevelure*,



G. C. S. T. M. P.

She. "TELL YOUR MOTHER I'M SO SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN TO SEE HER LATELY; BUT THE DISTANCE IS SO GREAT AND THE WEATHER HAS BEEN SO BAD, I HAVEN'T DARED VENTURE."
He. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. DON'T MENTION IT. SHE'D BE VERY SORRY IF YOU HAD."

was prosecuted by the Royal Humane Society for overworking a melody which was suffering from long-standing and incurable fracture.

Dr. BLAMPKIN stated that although the melody was extremely catching BORINSKI had failed to notify the authorities. In consequence of this negligence it was estimated that from first to last between two and three million persons had been injuriously affected in the region of the tympanum.

The Chevalier BORINSKI said that he had always understood England to be

a free country, and, as he was the author of the melody, he did not see why he could not break it as he liked. The fact that you played the same piece on five consecutive nights did not show that it contained any consecutive fifths. To prove the accuracy of his statement he challenged the Bench to give it a hearing in Court.

The Magistrates hurriedly dismissed the summons, on the understanding that the melody should be given a few bars rest every night, and be taken to see a Doctor of Music.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons.

Monday, April 7.

And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

Second term opens to-day. Oh part of some of the boys the pace has not yet brought them to the hall door. Among those who tarry is C.-B. The blinds have for a full fortnight been drawn at 6, Grosvenor Place, in signal of week-ending. Since CAWMELL's disclosure in debate on New Procedure Rules, the neighbours ever look suspiciously upon the token. How do they know that C.-B., avowedly week-ending at Dover, is not, as he described the canny householder, lurking somewhere about the premises, avoiding either ASQUITH or HARCOURT, HENRY FOWLER or Cosmopolitan BRYCE?

Fact is, C.-B. is at Calais, storm bound. Put on his satchel and, in due time, turned his shining face schoolward; sight of the silver streak outside Calais sands gave him pause. Something painfully familiar about its unrest. The turbulent tossing for supremacy amongst the bigger waves, ending in impotent spreading out to nothingness, ploughing the level sands, recalls sad memories.

"Too like the Liberal Party for me," said C.-B., taking off his satchel and turning his still-shining face landward, "I'll wait till they've made up their little differences."

Pity his coming was delayed. Missed hearing HARWOOD, the Bowton boy, discoursing on Licensing Bill. Speech showed advantage of varied training. Member for Bolton, modestly conscious of oratorical gifts, hesitated between the Church, the Bar, and the paternal cotton mill. With three courses open to him, he, with Lancashire zeal, took them all. Began with the Church; passed Oxford and Cambridge exam., stopping at ordination. Served for three years as lay deacon in a Manchester church. Between the first and second lessons trained for the Bar; called at Lincoln's Inn. Thought of having a turn in the Navy; then there was the Army; mastered Soldier's Pocket Book; dreamed of NAPOLEON, WELLINGTON, and HOWARD VINCENT. Finally drifted back to the family cotton mill, and to-day manages its affairs.

Curious to trace in speech to-night diverse influence of unique career. Smoothed with the unction of the lay deacon, bristling with the points of the Chancery barrister, it was spun out to inordinate length as if it were drawn from a bale of cotton twist.

Business done.—Licensing Bill read a second time.

Tuesday night.—PRINCE ARTHUR, as everyone knows, is something over the average height. When he stands at the Table at periods of elation, and, after the fashion of the lamented General JACKSON, "thramples on the Saxon" opposite, his tall, straight, lithe figure conveys impression of commanding strength and vigour. Regarding him just now, whilst Big Ben tolls the quarter of an hour before midnight, he looks like a mentally worn-out, physically shrunken upper-form boy, who has been banged by the masters and bounced by the boys. Does not even presume to sit in the place of Leader; has drifted down nearer the end where Under Secretaries blush. Relapsed into old, long-abandoned attitude of sitting on his spine, with legs illimitably stretched out, head brought level with top of back of Treasury Bench. Over an almost fallow face broods cloud of vexation and utter weariness.

CHAPLIN pleases him not, nor TOMMY BOWLES either. As for DISRAELI the Youngest, a flash of anger momentarily lights his dulled eyes as he hears him scolding. PRINCE ARTHUR is not PEEL, nor is the Member for Altrincham BENJAMIN. Still there is a smack of old times, albeit travesty, in the middle-aged young DISRAELI rising from below the Gangway on the Ministerial side, flinging studied invective at the bowed head of the Leader of the House.

Trouble began at opening of sitting, when PRINCE ARTHUR described proposed changes in Question Procedure, which everyone acknowledges to be vast improvement on the first draft. It's the duty of the Opposition to oppose; not being able to say anything nasty about new proposal, gentlemen opposite, with one accord, abused PRINCE ARTHUR for his method of presenting it. REDMOND *ainé* blustered reproof after the manner of a retired wharfinger in his ancestral mansion in Bloomsbury Square blowing up his newly-acquired vassal, the footman. That a spectacle not without its consolation. PRINCE ARTHUR, of his extreme courtesy, accustomed to treat captain of Irish faction with a deference not always shown to blameless Leader of Opposition. This is the return for his chivalry, not the first time made in similar coin.

Cue taken up on Ministerial side. That the CAP'EN should hail him on the port beam and express disapproval of his steering, a matter too familiar to rouse emotion. Quite another thing when CHAPLIN, putting on air of chief mourner at demise of an esteemed Ministry, cries "Woe! Woe!" Last of all came CALDWELL also, at sight of whom PRINCE ARTHUR, throwing up his hands with

gesture of despair, capitulated, agreeing to postpone consideration of New Rule dealing with Questions.

That was at five in the afternoon. Now midnight draws on. The long interval filled with the noise of scolding voices addressed to the shrunken figure on the Treasury Bench.

Business done.—New Procedure Rules.

Thursday night.—After long endeavour the CAP'EN has shipped his crew; or, to use Parliamentary phrase, has formed his Party. In early days had some hopes of CHRISTOPHER TROUT. When on top of chagrin arising out of preference shown for Corporal HANBURY there came that snub in the matter of the Ball at Buckingham Palace, the plump fish seemed heading straight for the CAP'EN's net. Pulled up short on sniffing it; headed nor'-nor'-east; the CAP'EN's hopes blighted.

Disappointed about BARTLEY, the old salt angled for that other odd fish, JIMMY LOWTHER. Avocations in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, combined with engagements at Epsom, proved fatal to high hope. It is essential that the Party should always be on the spot. The CAP'EN, after all, is only human; must leave the House for dinner, or light refreshment. That's where the Party would come in, keeping a lookout till the old man came back. As things run, the CAP'EN's nearly always on deck. Not a dry eye in the Strangers' Gallery when on Tuesday night he bewailed the loss of his Wednesdays.

"Hon. Members," said he, severely regarding frivolous Mr. CRIPPS, "don't know what a comfort to me the short sitting of Wednesday is when I am fighting a financial Bill on the other four days of the week. Wednesday is bread to me. When you take it away and substitute Friday, you give me a stone."

Arrangements now made whereby intolerable burden will be lightened. CHAPLIN has taken the CAP'EN's shilling. He is the Party. Pretty to see the CAP'EN furtively eyeing him as he put him through his paces. Promising start. Success testified by bringing up FERGUSSON lamenting the falling away of an old and esteemed colleague. As for PRINCE ARTHUR, he's growing so used to abuse from his own side that the going over to the enemy of ex-President of Board of Agriculture not worth lamenting.

Business done.—Slow progress with Procedure Rules.

OUR PAMPERED PETS.

"WANTED, an Invalid Carriage (for horse or pony) to lie full length in."—*The Lancet*.



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

The Joys of a Gentleman Rider.

Owner (to G. R., who has accepted a chance mount). "HE'S A BIT OF A ROGUE, SO WE'VE FILLED HIM UP WITH WHISKY. NOW, I WANT YOU TO GET ON BEFORE THE EFFECT HAS HAD TIME TO WEAR OFF, DON'T YOU KNOW."

A PARADOX.

["DR. GARNETT . . . believes that the writers of to-day are paving the way for the approach of a grander and more brilliant literature than has hitherto been known."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

THE age Elizabethan,

The Periclean age
No more shall hold their place of old,
According to the sage;
The stars of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
And SOPHOCLES shall set
Before the blaze of suns whose rays
Have not arisen yet.

And even now their heralds
Are here—a dazzling train:
G-Y B-THEY, J-HN STR-NGE W-NT-R, SW-N,
C-R-LLI, K-PL-NG, C-NE.
Nor wildly has the prophet
His rash conclusion drawn:
Most dark doth lower the murky hour
When nearest is the dawn.

PUT TO THE TEST.

[" . . . since unintelligent reading of the newspapers and parrot-like repetition of their contents threaten to become a national vice."—*A Weekly Review*.]

CLEARLY we must be on our guard against this terrible danger. For the future, then, it is to be hoped that no one will ever glance at a newspaper unless he feels certain that he can read it "intelligently." As a help to self-examination upon this important point, he may attempt to answer the following brief examination paper.

1. Who or what is an Aros? Explain this fully, with a diagram, and give short biographies of (a) the Mad Mullah, (b) Mr. FLAVIN, M.P., (c) Big Ben, noting the influence of each upon the others.

2. Translate into English:—

(a) "STEVENSON further materialised with effect."

(b) "A well-marked anti-cyclone of considerable depth." What, in your opinion, are the markings of a well-bred anti-cyclone? And how should it be fed for exhibition purposes?

(c) "A slight weakness in gilt-edged securities." How would you treat this ailment?

(d) "Whose kick resulted in the aggrandisement of the score by the major point?"

(e) "A work of which the general get-up leaves nothing to be desired." How many times have you met this sentence in the last six months? Explain its bearing upon the BULLER controversy.

3. Translate (a) into (Parliamentary) Irish—

"Your remarks are not wholly consistent with strict accuracy"
(N.B.—The use of asterisks is



"LE ROI S'AMUSE."

IN A WEAK MOMENT CAPTAIN JONES VOLUNTEERS TO PLAY WITH THE BABY. THIS IS THE RESULT, AND THE WORST OF IT IS, ITS FATHER AND MOTHER THINK HE IS ENJOYING HIMSELF!

permissible in answering this question); and

(b) into (diplomatic) American, "Intervention is off, thank you."

4. Distinguish carefully between the following phrases—

(a) "We have reason to believe," "A persistent rumour asserts," and "We can state upon the very best authority." What sized type would you expect to find beneath each of these headings?

(b) "A regrettable lack of decision shown by the Leader of the House." "Balfour Bungles Badly." Deduce from these two sentences the respective prices of the journals in which they appear.

5. "Mrs. X. has returned to town for the season." Comment upon the inward beauty and significance of this phrase, and deduce from it—

(a) The result upon town of Mrs. X.'s return;

(b) The probable changes produced by a change of environment upon Mrs. X. Show that the charge for the insertion of this statement varies inversely with the amount of Mrs. X.'s income.

6. "An epoch-making book." State how many epochs have been created within the last three publishing seasons. (Fractional parts of a hundred need not be given.)

7. Give short lives of—

(a) The editorial staff of the *Daily Wire*;

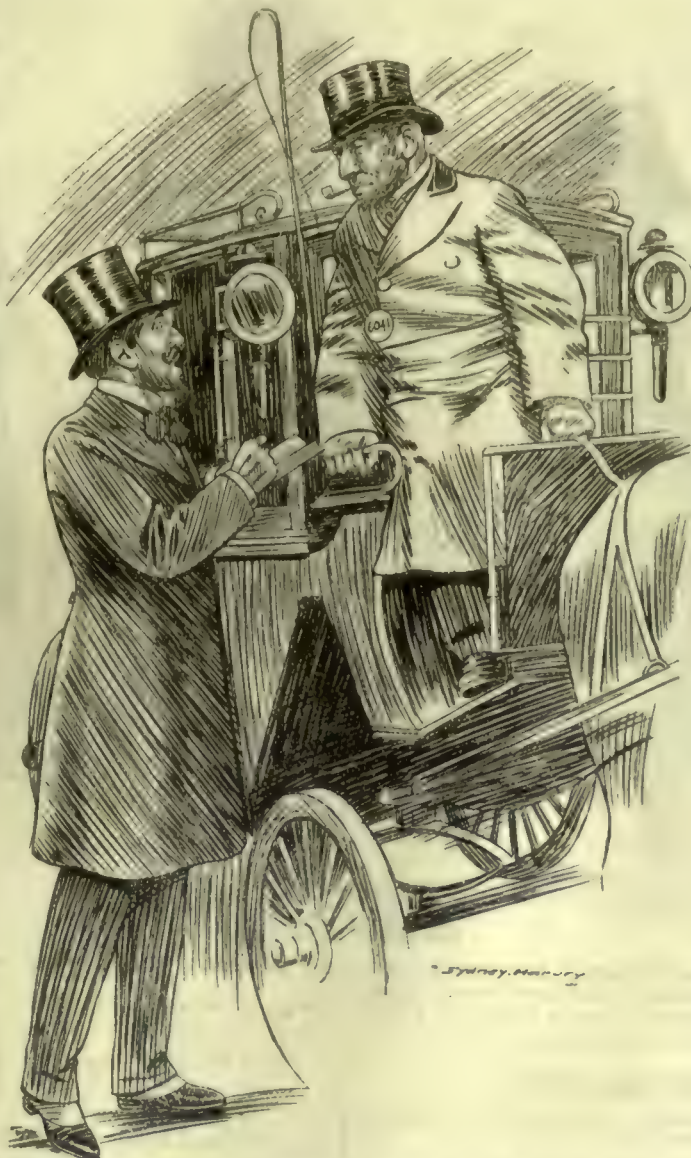
(b) "Indignant," "Sweet and Twenty," "Briton," and "A Mother of Ten," whose letters figure in this journal.

(N.B. The two parts of this question can be answered simultaneously.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Memories Grave and Gay (BLACKWOOD) are, happily, chiefly gay. Dr. KERR has the gift possessed by some of his maligned countrymen, notably Dean RAMSAY, of not only seeing a joke but of being able to convey its humour to others. Forty years engaged in school inspection in Scotland, he gleaned a rich harvest of good things. Among the multitude of stories he tells about the mistakes of children toiling with the pen at their daily task, my Baronite chiefly delights in one about the Protector. "OLIVER CROMWELL'S eyes were of a dark grey," writes a budding MACAULAY in a far-off school. "His nose was very large and of a deep red colour, but underneath it was a truly religious soul." There is a wide charity in the "but," a desire to make the best of things, a keen perception of a leading characteristic, which promise well for the boy's future. Dr. KERR does well to re-print a sketch, contributed thirty years ago to one of the magazines, of an old Aberdeen shoe-maker, one JAMES BEATTIE who, whilst he went on cobbling, taught the little children of the neighbourhood to spell and read. Beyond these lighter touches the book contains much interesting information relating to education in Scotland.

Most of Mr. G. K. MENZIES' *Provincial Sketches* (ALEXANDER GARDNER) have already appeared in *Punch*; but in their collected form they leave one with a fresh conviction of the author's versatility and ease of craftsmanship. My Nautical Retainer assures me that, for a poet of so obviously facile a pen, Mr. MENZIES is remarkably free from the faults of his kind—loose rhymes, halting rhythm, inversion of the natural order of words. Though his themes are attractively light, as they should be, he has had the rare good sense not to reproduce matter of a merely ephemeral interest. He is equally at home with University topics and the local concerns of Kinghorn, N.B. But while two or three others (notably Q. and Mr. GODLEY) have treated Oxford phases with an even happier touch, Mr. MENZIES stands alone as the laureate of Caledonian humour. As English Bard he is good; as Scottish Reviewer better still. How admirably he presents his Fifeshire hero contrasting the claims of "Lunnen" with those of the parish of his pride. Elsewhere he has paid a compliment to



Indignant Frenchman. "WHAT! YOU SAY FIVE SHILLIN' FROM THE MUSEUM BRITISH TO THE SQUARE RUSSELL; IT SAYS HERE ONE SHILLIN'!"
Confiding Cobby. "WHY, BLESS ME, SIR, IF THAT AIN'T LAST YEAR'S GUIDE YOU'VE GOT 'OLD OF!"
 [I. F. apologises profusely and pays.]

Cambridge by sometimes following his master, CALVERLEY, as all of his colour are tempted to do, a shade too closely. But as for his own University, I am not sure that Oxford (long suspected by its alumni, and now finally convicted by Mr. RHODES's will, of being the very navel of the universe) will be best flattered by having its affairs presented under the head of *Provincial Sketches*.

Lost Property (METHUEN) is a novel with a rare distinction. There is not in it a character with approach to gentility save a doctor, an eccentric philanthropist and her foolish husband. These are the only feeble folk in the book. For the rest the *dramatis personæ* are Londoners of the working class. Mr. PETT RIDGE knows them thoroughly and sympathetically. With a fidelity severer than CHARLES DICKENS's, because less exaggerated, he reveals their manner of thinking and chronicles their conversation. The plot does not come to much, though there is a clever turn in the clearing up of its mystery. After all, the men and women (not forgetting two babes in arms) are the thing, and they are all flesh and blood. Aunt Watson is perhaps the best-drawn picture in the gallery. Some of her frank sayings are illuminating. Whilst my Baronite gratefully acknowledges the absence of

the kind of people appropriately described by the odious word "genteel," he recognises a genuine lady in the nameless waif and stray round whose life the story turns.

The Baron notices with high approval the continuation of the handy volumes belonging to the Georgian Meredithian period (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.), and welcomes affectionately *One of our Conquerors*, Rhoda Fleming, *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, and that clever story with the cumbersome and absurdly sounding title of *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, reminding the Baron of the Ancient Ballad of *Lord Lovel* and *The Lady Nancy Bell*; at least, such is the view taken of it by the Merrie Meredithian Student clept the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"'TIS TRUE, 'TIS PITY."—The Highland Regiments were indignant at the probability of trousers being substituted for kilts. They said that the War Office authorities must be actuated by a philosophy which is simply "al-trew-istic."



UNDER COVER.

"SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, MRS. BAMSBY! AND HOW IS YOUR DEAR HUSBAND? WHERE IS THE COLONEL? I WAS ONLY SAYING THE OTHER DAY, 'I WONDER WHEN I SHALL SEE COLONEL BAMSBY!'"

Mrs. Colonel B. "YOU'LL SEE HIM NOW, MY DEAR, IF I JUST STEP ASIDE, OR YOU WALK ROUND ME."

THE ROSE AND THE BERRY.

[*"Lord ROSEBURY's is a double personality. He is now at his Neapolitan villa."*—*Daily Paper.*]

SAID the Rose to the Berry, "An ornament I,
Too handsome to use or consume;
Not a berry to stock a political pie,
But a rare and unmatchable bloom."

And the Berry replied, "Even beauty must pass!
Now I seek but the good of the State;
While you pose on the shelf in a specimen glass,
I load the Imperial plate."

Said the Rose to the Berry, "That's really not fair,
I am quite at my best on a shelf;
All exotics should live in a rarefied air,
And I know what I owe to myself."

But the Berry rejoined, in a tone of disdain,
"Such frivolity suits you but ill;
The country is calling, your duty lies plain,
So take up your work with a will!"

Said the Rose to the Berry, "A difference wide
In our natures I plainly discern;
But, since we're compelled in one house to reside,
I propose we play master in turn."

And the Berry replied, "I come fresh from the fray.

My party stands pleased, but perplexed;
I've made speech after speech, but they wish they
What I really intend to do next." [could say]

Said the Rose to the Berry, "I do not deny
That *your* duty is certainly done;
My own's a more flowery path, so I try
To live up to the South and the sun."

A POET IN THE POLICE COURT.

LAST Thursday a very much wandering poet ("of no fixed abode") one BEN SWAFFIELD (no relation to *Ben-Hur*) was "charged before Mr. CHAPMAN with being drunk and disorderly." He thus addressed his Worship in pleading guilty "to some extent":—

"Of the fact I put your worship in possession
That I am a poet by profession."

Mr. CHAPMAN (odd that this rhymester should have been had up before a "Chapman") addressed him in very plain prose. It is a pity that the worthy magistrate was not inspired to deliver his sentence in the poet's own coin, as thus:

I have not time to listen to your lays,
You'll pay ten shillings, or take seven days.

Thus would rhyme and reason have been magisterially united.

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

It is now my pleasing duty to conclude this series of contributions to the leading forensic journal. I promised to teach the student how to attain the dignity of the Lord High Chancellorship in a single lesson.

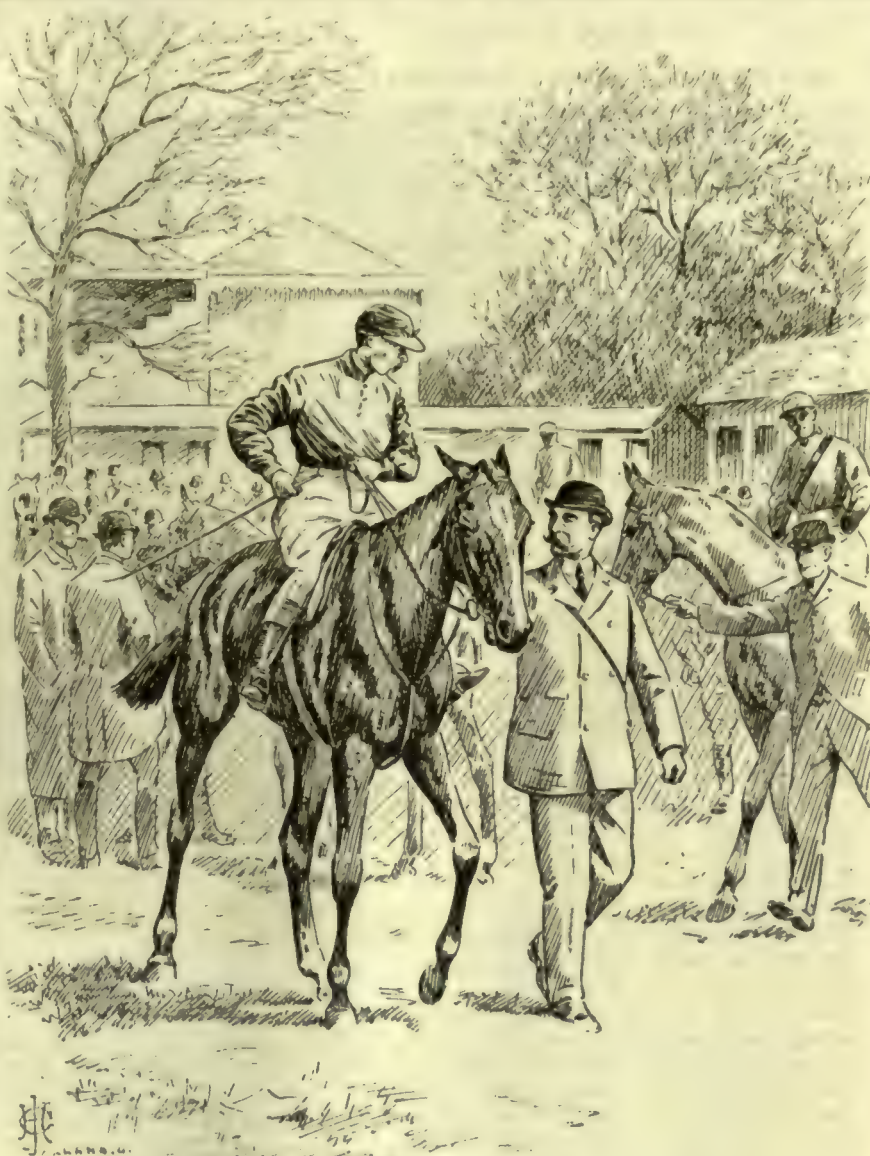
Of course it would be better if he commenced his career as the younger son of a Duke. But this is not absolutely essential to success. As a member of the Bar it may be taken for granted that he is a gentleman, or at least the heir to a millionaire. It is advisable that (after being well grounded in some excellent dame's school) he should enter one of the public schools of Royal foundation, preferably Eton or Winchester. If the younger son of a Duke, he may extend the list to Harrow, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Rugby, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Radley, St. Paul's and Felsted.

He should go either to Christchurch or Balliol, Oxford, or Trinity, Cambridge. If the younger son of a Duke, he might venture a term or two at Durham or Dublin. But this little excursion must not stand in his way so as to preclude a double-first or a Senior Wranglership.

When he leaves the University (if he is a graduate of the colleges to which I have referred, he will never call his *alma mater* "the Varsity") he may possibly find my poor suggestions serviceable in his selection of his Inn of Court and other matters connected therewith.

He will certainly join the Inns of Court Volunteers. When on outpost duty he will be careful not to betray the countersign to even the dearest and nearest of his colleagues, but will, if necessary, arrest him, and this, with further attention to his military duties, will secure for him the proud position of commanding officer. If he is the younger son of a Duke he can rest satisfied with the rank of a corporal.

It would be as well that my candidate for the Woolsack should take up literature and journalism. He should certainly edit two or three newspapers—a London daily must be one of them—and be a contributor on the reviewing list of some organ with a purpose. He should write or revise some ponderous volume on technical law. If he can make some subject absolutely his own so much the better. I deeply regret, personally, that I have never been able to secure a copyright in "*Briefless on Bankruptcy*." If the younger son of a Duke he can produce a play or two—his father or eldest brother can secure the theatre—and knock off a society novel. Of course, if he has ample hereditary means he must enter Parliament and, later on, the Cabinet. If the younger



A NICE PROSPECT.

Owner (to amateur, riding his first race). "NOW, LOOK HERE, OLD CHAP. THIS MARE ALWAYS BOLTS WHEN THE FLAG FALLS. BUT IF YOU CAN ONLY MANAGE TO KEEP HER ON THE COURSE, AND MAKE HER RISE AT THE JUMPS, YOU'LL ABOUT WIN!"

son of a Duke he may remain only an un-portfolioed Minister. But whatever he is, he must be a first-class debater. He will leave Parliament, after filling the posts of Solicitor-General and "Mr. Attorney," to take a high position on the Bench.

And now he comes to the most important part of his career. He must not lose touch of the great public. He must write constantly to the leading daily papers, preside over charity banquets and be in the stalls on every important "first night."

He must now, with the assistance of a daily paper of his own, form an important political party, and, in spite of his position on the Bench, shape the future of the British Empire.

Then, at the right moment, when Cabinets are tottering, he will give up the Lord Chief Justiceship to become Lord Chancellor. *Q.E.D.*

Another and simpler road is to omit the above and supply the deficiency by marrying the daughter of an influential solicitor.

And now, having come to the end of the valuable space accorded me, I conclude my hints with the promise that in the near future I may venture to supply notes on current cases of a forensic character. I shall do this to assist the student who knows too little rather than to aid the barrister who knows too much.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.

O WHAT A STORY!

(At Wyndham's Theatre "So the Story Ends.")

"QUITE a one-actor play, yet not too full o' me,"
Might say CHARLES WYNDHAM as *Sir Edward Välliämj*.
Dactyllic name, whereat rude youths might cry out,
"'Ere's the Right Hon'ble Neddy with his 'i'
out."

But *Välliämj*'s sharp enough to make excuse
That for an extra "i" he has no use.

Two are enough for him, he's young at fifty,
Has made a fortune, somehow, being thrifty;
He lives, *en garçon*, and good *Mrs. Clemson*,
Carrying tablets which she makes her "*mema*," on,
Acts as his housekeeper; Miss MEASOR plays her
So well, 'tis difficult to overpraise her.
His friend and neighbour is the *Earl of Farnham*
(A name pronounced as if it rhymed with BARNUM),
A country gentleman, an English type,
Who of good wine has cellar'd many a pipe.
As Mister ALFRED BISHOP plays the part,
His geniality wins every heart.

Sir Edward—is he bachelor or widower?

No. There's a wife. But how did he get rid o'
her?

He didn't. She's alive. Across the water
There's also (unbeknown to him) a daughter,
Who calls herself "*Miss Murray*," and this looks
As if she published,—oh, no—*she writes*, books.
She knows a lot, but, though so wise, is rather
Puzzled to know who was, and is, her father.
She, talking to *Sir Edward*, from her pocket
Produces a peculiar sort of locket
(You know what's coming now; the old, old, thing),
"Hall-strawberry-mark'd," a "locket"—and "a ring,"

Which, when *Sir Edward*, in great agitation,
Beholds, he grasps at once the situation,
Also the locket, and to *Lady Bab*
(Miss MARY MOORE) he hoarsely murmurs, "Cab!—
Brougham—coach—anything—I'm off to Paris
At once, to find out where *Miss Murray's 'Mar'* is!
Don't ask me why, it is in her behoof
And that of all concerned. I *must have proof!*"

Then gentle *Lady Barbara O'Hagan*
(To worship MARY MOORE one would turn pagan!)
Bids him "*adieu*" *pro tem*. Ends second act.
[The acting carries it, and that's the fact.]

Paris, Act III. Where, in police-bureau,
French as she's spoke the *Prefet's* men all know
And speak like natives, in the liveliest tones,
As in the latest play by ARTHUR JONES
Do his chief actors. Now then, who comes here?
Sir Edward first; then Mistress BERNARD BEERE,
As *Madame Sumont*, elegantly dressed,
Looking and acting at her very best,
Makes it as clear as day (this scene is good)
That *Eleanor, Miss Murray*, has the blood
Of our *Sir Edward* in her dainty veins,
Which, to explain, she, *Madame*, takes great pains,
So as to give him every facility
For calculating on the probability
Of her connected tale. (And yet the hearer
Would like the matter made a trifle clearer,
For, if she owns to having "done her worst,"
Mayn't she have been a wrong 'un from the first?)
Credat Sir Edward. He goes home again,
And *Madame* drowns her sorrows in the Seine.
Between Acts III. and IV. "one year elapses,"
And then, as every intellectual chap sees

Must be the case,—did I not 't would be dull o' me—
My *Lady Bab* becomes my *Lady Välliämj*.

The author should be grateful for the cast.
As for the dialogue, from first to last
There's not a witty, scarce a humorous, line;
The players give it point: the acting's fine.
But for that scene in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*
This piece could never . . . h'm!—*that* was immense!
So ends my story of the play. Let's mingle
And drink success all round. Yours,

"ALFRED JINGLE."

ANTICIPATIONS.

(With suitable apologies to Mr. H. G. Wells.)

An esteemed London daily paper has explained that it was necessary to continue the Association football match at Govan after the accident which cost twenty people their lives because "it would probably not have been safe to disappoint the crowd!" This extreme sensitiveness on the part of our athletic crowds to anything which interrupts their amusement may be expected to increase rather than diminish with time. Thus, in the year 1950 or so, the following paragraphs will probably figure in the sporting columns of our contemporary:—

At St. Andrews, in the monthly golf contest, Mr. McTAVISH unaccountably fozzled his drive on three successive occasions. A spectator was so disgusted at this exhibition of incompetence that he broke four of McTAVISH's ribs.

The County cricket match between Dorsetshire and Rutland at Oakham, yesterday, was the occasion of some grand scoring. An unusual incident occurred in the course of the afternoon. The Rutland captain was giving a fine display of batting, and as his side had secured a long lead he was considering the propriety of declaring his innings closed. It was, however, pointed out to him that it would be unsafe to disappoint the crowd which was evidently enjoying his hard hitting. He is, therefore, batting still.

In the lawn tennis tournament at Wimbledon on Tuesday, the amateur champion twisted his ankle early in the game and had to retire hurt. The public were thus cheated of what would have been an exciting struggle, and relieved their exasperation by hooting him as he limped to the pavilion.

In the great billiard match at the Olympian Hall yesterday a curious affair is reported. It was an all-in game, and one of the players had made thirty successive spot strokes. The spectators naturally grew weary of this tiresome method of play, and one of them struck the player violently behind as he was making his thirty-first stroke. This effectually prevented the continuance of such tedious tactics.

Great precautions are to be taken to secure the safety of the crews at this year's boat race. Last year, it may be remembered, the losing crew, who came in thirty lengths behind, were seized by the indignant crowd as they left their boat, and narrowly escaped drowning. This year the banks of the river at the winning-post will be guarded by cavalry, and a Maxim gun will be mounted at the "Ship" at Mortlake. It is hoped that the contest will be conducted without serious loss of life.

The final for the ping-pong championship at the Queen's Hall concluded yesterday amid scenes of great excitement. SMITH and BROWN, the unsuccessful pair, showed up very badly towards the end of the contest, and altogether gave such a poor display of the game that after it was over they had to be escorted from the building under police protection.



Bernard Partridge.

PEACE. "I WONDER IF THERE WILL BE A PLACE FOR ME AT THE CORONATION?"



CATCHWORDS FOR THE MILLION.

I.—"THE PEOPLE'S BREAD."

[In the following lines an attempt is made to reproduce the unreasoning but unshakable attitude of the rustic maid in WORDSWORTH'S *We are Seven*.]

A SIMPLE uninstructed clown

That hawks our daily tracts,
Content to pouch the casual brown—
What should he know of facts?

One such I saw, and stepped aside;
"What is your news?" I said;
"Speshul! 'The Budgit!'" he replied:
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!"

"But you prejudge events," said I;
"The staff of life may prove
Visibly unembarrassed by
Sir MICHAEL's latest move."

I found his manner somewhat bluff;
"Ere, tike the bill," he said;
"Read it yerself, it's pline enough—
'TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!'"

"You err, my friend; you have, in short,
No ground for righteous heat;
It is our duty to support
The cult of British wheat."

"And if our neighbours pay the score,
What cause to carp?" I said;
He simply answered as before,
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!"

Then I resumed: "But, were it so,—
Granted your point, what then?
Would you ignore, I want to know,
The common claims of men?"

"This war affects us, one and all,
By honour gained or lost;
Would you deny to great or small
A right to share the cost?"

"And, save you touch their staple food,
How reach the mass?" I said;
But he replied (I feared he would),
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!"

"Or, take what pays a fair return—
Our Navy; you will note
It should be every man's concern
To keep the thing afloat."

"Insured in this, we hold," said I,
"The seas as in a vice;
And, were it sunk, we scarce could buy
A loaf at any price!"

"How well the proverb, rightly read,
Answers our local case,
Where we are told to cast our bread
Upon the waters' face!"

"But men are blind, and by their kind
Into the ditch misled!"—
'Twas wisdom thrown away, for still
He muttered, "Read the bloomin' bill,
'TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!'" O.S.



First Workman. "WHY DON'T YER BUY YER OWN MATCHES, 'STEAD OF ALWAYS CADGIN' MINE?"

Second Workman. "YOU'RE UNCOMMON MEAN WITH YER MATCHES. I'LL JUST TAKE A FEW"—(helps himself to two-thirds)—"AND BE HINDERPENDENT OF YER!"

POSSIBLE DISEASES OF THE FUTURE.

PROBABLY a time is not far distant when fashionable crazes will be regarded as diseases pure and simple; when measures for their eradication will be undertaken as a matter of course by the various medical authorities. It will then be no unusual thing to read in the papers such items as the following:—

An epidemic of Ping-Pong has again laid hold upon London, and cases are continually being reported to the authorities. The recently discovered inocula-

tion against the disease is being more and more resorted to. The method, it may not be generally known, takes the form of keeping the patient upon the floor for hours together searching for celluloid balls. It is essential that, however much he may wish to rise, he be kept down; when he has succeeded after laborious effort in extracting a ball from under the piano, another ball should be inserted at the back of some large cabinet or beneath some heavy curtains. Should the above treatment be continued it will be found that a

nausea against Ping-pong in any form will begin to manifest itself in the patient, and in the course of a day or two he will be able to enter any drawing-room, however much it may reek with the disease, without becoming in the least degree infected.

An outbreak of Picture Postcard is seriously threatening the health of Southampton. The disease is at present rampant in Germany, and it is suggested that the contagion has been brought over in one of the many great Teuton liners calling at that port.

Later:—The ss. *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grossvaterliche*, of the Hamburg line, arrived in the Solent to-day and was observed flying the yellow flag. The Port Sanitary authorities at once went alongside, when it was discovered that several virulent cases of Picture Postcard were on board, the subjects crying loudly for these pasteboards in order to send them to their relatives. The vessel was immediately put into quarantine, and will so be kept for several days. In the meantime it will be thoroughly disinfected.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ANOTHER illusion gone! "I never knew a young gazelle but when I came to love it well it went and married a market gardener." My Baronite never knew a gazelle, young or old, remotely or intimately. The quotation is dragged in merely to assist in recording the fact that he has from youth cherished the idea that of all delectable territories the nearest approach to the Garden of Eden left to fallen man is Florida. Reading his *Blackwood* for the current month he finds an article in which the truth is told, and the Florida of fancy vanishes. "Failures in Florida" is the title of this narrative of the experiences of a settler. A keen sense of humour doubtless leads to some exaggeration. But underneath the story of everyday life is revealed the fact that Florida is a fraud. Apart from its information the article is worth studying for its literary charm. Not to spoil the pleasure of the full reading, only one passage shall be quoted. "The Florida frosts are tremendously severe. I have found a cup of tea poured out overnight frozen solid beside me in the morning." What this means in a country whose principal business it is to grow oranges, leaps to the eye. The number is full of good things. But this anonymous article, evidently written by a fresh hand, testifies to the singular and long-lived quality of *Maga* to attract new blood of precious quality to her venerable self.

In the graces of genial irony, writes my Nautical Retainer, Mr. G. S. STREET has scarcely a single living competitor; and his latest collection, *A Book of Stories* (CONSTABLE), admirably illustrates those gifts for which his delightful *Autobiography of a Boy* first won him notice. His style is fluent without effort, distinguished without affectation or pedantry. If his humour does not often compel to Olympian laughter, it is, on the other hand, never studied nor over-exquisite, nor strained for effect. He writes in the manner of a ready and accomplished talker. The range of his world is not a wide one, though he contrives cleverly to vary his types. But in his present book he seems to show a broader and more generous outlook on life than was found in an earlier volume—*Episodes*—which dealt almost exclusively with the seamier side of things. Within such limits as he still acknowledges, Mr. STREET's wit is like a rare wine that asks a nice and discerning palate. His vintages, unsuited to universal consumption, are small, but the cycle in which they recur is a cycle of Tokay. He is best in some of his shorter sketches, but where anything like a plot is required his work tends to become perfunctory; his ideas grow commonplace or else palpably impossible. He easily gets

tired, too, and goes in morbid fear, always unjustified, of boring his readers by prolixity. Either for this reason, or to save himself trouble, he likes better to portray his characters by cursive description and analysis than to let us form our judgment of them by their speech. Yet his dialogue, where it too seldom occurs, is almost always excellent in its nearness to nature. When his theme threatens to grow serious he is apt to shirk it, being a little self-conscious in the matter of sentiment, and fearful, like the typical Englishman he is, of inviting ridicule by emotional exposure. Accordingly, he sometimes keeps up a brave show of levity in defiance of the situation's demands. These however, are rather matters of temperament which do not affect the constant and abiding charm of his style.

MISS FRANCES POYNTER, though not a new novelist, is a fresh acquaintance of my Baronite's. If her earlier works are as good as *Michael Ferrier* (MACMILLAN), they are worth looking up. *Michael* himself, although a poet, is not peculiarly attractive, and there is something a little thin about the quality of *Miss Umfraville*. Having thus genially disposed of the hero and heroine, my Baronite has unqualified praise for *Miss Beaven*, one of those quiet, unselfish, untiring agencies who in difficult circumstances make homes happy. It is a skilful touch of unpremeditated art whereby Miss POYNTER, through this estimable but somewhat stolid medium, introduces *Colonel Umfraville*. He does not at any stage of the story bodily appear on the scene. He reveals himself in letters addressed to his daughter's companion and guide, a delightful flash of froth on the cup of other people's life. Another clever character-sketch is *Mr. Mills*, the prosaic, pragmatic M.P.

In *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (GEORGE NEWNES) Mr. CONAN DOYLE revives in modern fashion the touch of a vanished hand, the scratching of a pen that has long been still. Consciously or unconsciously, probably the latter, he produces for us effects analogous to those achieved by Mrs. RADCLIFFE. He wields the spell of her weird imagination, and, with the assistance of a modern detective, everything is in due time unravelled and the supernatural becomes the commonplace. As in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* the candle goes out at the critical moment. Trust *Sherlock Holmes* for carrying about with him a supply of matches that will strike on the box or anywhere else. The highest compliment my Baronite can pay the romancer is to admit that the chapter of explanation is the most disappointing in the book. The trail is so cleverly laid, incident so generously supplied, and the thing kept going at such breathless pace, that when the enchanted reader is, as necessarily he must be, dumped down on the common asphalted unsympathetic earth, a feeling of dissatisfaction steals o'er the mind. With my Baronite it takes the definite form of strongly objecting to the phosphorus. It is a cheap device unworthy the art of the creator of *Sherlock Holmes*. But that is a detail. The story is a masterpiece of ingenuity, its narration a model of graphic power.

Should any of the Baron's gentlemen-readers be anxious as to the up-to-date state of their acquaintance with the French language, let them borrow, emphatically borrow, *La Vedette*, a roman written by YVETTE GUILBERT, recently published; and let them also purchase (this they need not borrow) some quite modern *Dictionnaire d'Argot*, and even then the Baron doubts if all the phrases and expressions so graphically used by the free-and-easy authoress (and songstress) will be found therein. That the book so loaned will be punctually returned, long before the guileless English reader shall have got half-way through it, is (unless the owner informs you that he has "no further use for it") a "cert" on which a hundred to one will be laid by the prescient and sporting

BARON DE B.-W.

ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

II.

Mrs. LANGTRY and the whole company recently performing in *Mlle. Mars* at the Imperial Theatre, were prosecuted by the Society for the Protection of Immigrants for cruelty to the French language.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, dramatic critic of the *Times*, speaking as usual in broken English, said that the pronunciation of the performers at the *Théâtre Impérial* was more *assommant* than anything at which he had ever assisted.

Mr. H. G. WELLS said that he was familiar with *Mars*. There was no reason why good French should be expected from anyone connected with it, whether *Mademoiselle* or *Madame*. His own experience of Martian dialogue was a prolonged ululation.

M. PAUL CAMBON, French ambassador at the Court of St. James's, stated that he had attended a performance of *Mlle. Mars*. He was not aware that any French was spoken in the play.

Mrs. LANGTRY, in her defence, reminded the Bench that she was a native of Jersey, where they spoke a *patois*. She had, however, spared no expense in providing every member of her company with a copy of *Hugo's French Journal* and *Ollendorff's Dialogues*.

On Mrs. LANGTRY undertaking to desist from these courses, and to revive the company's native powers of attraction at Mr. GRUNDY'S Degenerating Station, the case was withdrawn.

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE was summoned by ULYSSES, a Greek islander, who claimed substantial damages for the injury to his reputation caused by the defendant's impersonation of him at Her Majesty's Theatre.

HERF EUGEN SANDOW, K.C., (lately chucker-out at Dumb-bell's bank), who appeared for the plaintiff, said that his client's name had become a household word for feats of strength and endurance. Judge then of his horror when, happening to look in at the Olympic pantomime at Her Majesty's, he found himself personated by a gentleman whose biceps was lamentably deficient and whose calf measurement could not exceed ten inches. He objected also to Mr. TREE'S habit of placing his hand on his hip. ULYSSES never did things like that. Nor did he speak his winged words in that tone of voice. He claimed one thousand talents damages.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, a brawny Scot of military bearing, said that he had tested the genuine bow of ULYSSES in the grounds of the Toxophilite Society. The bow used at Her Majesty's was a flexible imitation and might have been pulled by PENELOPE.

FRIEDRICH BOGENBRUSTER, a German



"A WOMAN IS THE AGE SHE LOOKS."

Visitor (kindly). "How old are you, dear?"

Little Girl (with great dignity). "I'M NOT OLD AT ALL. GRANNY'S OLD, BUT MOTHER'S YOUNG AND DADDY'S YOUNG, AND I'M VEEY YOUNG!"

waiter giving an address in Greek Street, and holding a certificate for veracity from Lord ROSEBURY, deposed that ULYSSES frequently dined at the restaurant where he was employed, and thought nothing of a hecatomb of kid. Cross-examined by Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C., he denied that by this phrase he imputed cannibalism to the plaintiff.

Mr. BIRRELL, in replying for the defendant, produced a menu of the last dinner of the Homer Khayyam Club, a gathering of devout Musclemen, at which Mr. TREE took the chair. His client not only partook of every dish, but made a long speech afterwards. Appearances were deceptive, and Mr.

TREE, though of willowy figure, was really a man of herculean strength. The weight and heat of the pillows required by him to fill the part of *Falstaff* were beyond the dreams of adiposity. He had also endured severe frosts with apparent equanimity. As for the plaintiff's scandalous depreciation of his client's physique, he had only to say that Baron LIEBIG had recently bestowed on him the Order of the Fatted Calf.

Judgment was given for the plaintiff, and Mr. TREE was ordered to take wrestling lessons with Professor CARKEEK, late of the Alhambra, the vanquisher of the Terrible Greek and the Vanishing Turk.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

IN THE HOTEL.

ROME is supposed to be inhabited by Romans. Desiring to do at Rome as the Romans do, I endeavour to discover Romans by whom example may be taken. Complete failure. Putting aside guides, who are cosmopolitan humbugs, and cabmen, who might be of any nationality, and artists' models, who are obviously got up for show, there is, so far as I can discover, no Roman in Rome. Two invading hordes, one German, the other American, have descended upon Rome and taken possession of it. Such natives as have not been slain are kept in rigorous confinement and are only allowed out for air in the dead of night. You can hear their chains clanking in the Corso, the Condotti and the Via Nazionale. In the daytime gutturals and nasals mingle mellifluously in every gallery, church, ruin and hotel throughout the eternal city. This, no doubt, a consequence of PRINCE HENRY'S visit to United States. Populations of Germany and America, having agreed to meet rather more and less than half way, have pitched upon Rome. In the hall of our hotel I see one stray Englishman, with his wife, amidst a seething crowd from the Fatherland and the Home of the Free. He is irreproachably dressed, clean, well set up and carefully groomed—a little oasis amidst the fat, untidy Teutons and the thin, anxious Americans domineered over by their daughters. American girls in Rome are cut exactly to one pattern—not a shade of variety in fifty of them. Not Dana Gibson girls at all. Hair puffed out over the forehead like the peak of a képi; short, determined features with mouths that snap tight; shirt blouses; dresses knocked out with a chisel—there you have them. They read extracts from *Baedeker* to Pa at lunch. Pa shows only a moderate interest: "Guess we've seen them things, SADIE," he remarks, "we don't want to read about 'em."

IN NAPLES.

Dirt, confusion, yells; officious, extortionate cab-drivers lashing undersized horses up steep hills; beggars; vendors of coloured post-cards; herds of goats everywhere; carts drawn by curiously assorted teams, many by an ox, a mule and a pony harnessed three abreast; nurses in gorgeous raiment, their heads decorated with huge ribbons streaming down to the ground, enormous brass combs with shining knobs in their back hair—such is one's first (and last) impression of life in Naples. "See Naples and die" is all very well as a proverb; but your death, if it takes place, will probably be the result, not of æsthetic joy, but of incessant clamour, never-ending trouble with cabmen, and the sight of poor suffering animals urged to tasks beyond their strength by brutal Neapolitans.

FROM NAPLES TO ANYWHERE.

Here is a concise guide to railway travelling in Italy. In order to secure places arrive at station at least two hours before advertised time of starting. The train then starts an hour late. On the way the axle of your carriage catches fire and you are shifted, bag and baggage, to a compartment already full. This generally happens again. The train then arrives at its destination two hours and a-half late, officials and passengers all congratulating one another on having arrived at all. You spend another hour or so in securing your luggage, and eventually get to your hotel, having spent about twelve hours over a journey which should have taken six at the outside.

AT VENICE.

Delightful silence and repose. No cabs, no cab-drivers, no suffering horses. Everything gay, cheerful and light-hearted. You may die in Naples, but Venice is the place to live in. In St. Mark's, while we are drinking in the

gorgeousness of the mosaics, a queer old figure, garbed sacerdotally, and rattling a money-box, approaches and enters into conversation. "I am *molto vecchio*," he says, "*molto vecchio*. I have eighty-six years; but, ha, ha! I am cheerful yet. That is your wife? Yes—and there are *bambini* at home? Oh! two, are there? Well done, well done! Here is a blessed medal of St. Mark for one of the *bambini*. Oh, thank you, Signor, thank you—the two *lire* will go to the poor, and now I go to pray for you and the Signora and the two *bambini*—ha, ha! They say I am like the Pope" (he strokes his wrinkled, merry old face), "but I am a boy to him. He has eight years more than I. Good-bye, Signor, I go to pray." Then we go out again to the pigeons and the glory of the Piazza.

THE OXFORD INNOCENTS.

"[. As the college authorities live secluded from the world, and so are like children as to commercial matters]"—*Mr. Rhodes's Will.*

PLACE—*Oriel Common Room.* TIME—*After Hall.*

First Fellow. *Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum*, but I think we can venture on half-a-dozen now. We can afford it.

Second Fellow. Yes. It is a great sum of money. We must lay it out to advantage. *Moderato*, however, *splendat usu*.

Third Fellow. Will the business-men pay it to us all at once?

First Fellow (doubtfully). I should think they will invest it first, but one never knows. Luckily it is their affair.

Beatus ille qui procul. . . .

Third Fellow. What is investing?

First Fellow (with humour). The principle of interest. You hand over your money and they give you an income.

Third Fellow. Who are they?

First Fellow (vaguely). The stocks and shares. I believe they are called *Consuls*, which is an odd classical survival, by the way.

Second Fellow (with approval). A good name. How much income will they give us, do you think?

First Fellow. I don't know exactly how interest stands now. After the time of SULLA legal interest was fixed at *centesima pars* per month, which would be twelve per cent. per year. I suppose we ought to get about that.

Third Fellow (disappointed). Then we shan't get a hundred thousand a year?

First Fellow. Hardly that, I'm afraid. But give me a piece of paper and a pencil, and I'll work it out.

[*Does large sums.*
ἔξοχον σοφισμάτων!]

Fourth Fellow. Wait a minute. Are you doing it in simple or compound interest?

First Fellow. Simple. I don't understand compound. I'm no hungry Greeklings.

Fourth Fellow. I believe in large sums like that it ought to be compound. But never mind; if you don't understand it, no one else does. After all, this is not Cambridge.

Second Fellow. Anyhow, the business-men will look to that. But it is interesting to know more or less how much we may expect. Have you finished that sum?

First Fellow. Yes. A hundred thousand pounds at twelve per cent. simple interest will bring us twelve thousand a year; if it ought to be compound interest I suppose it will be more, but I am not clear on that point.

Second Fellow. *Εἰγε πάλιν.* I am sure no Cambridge man could have got a more satisfactory result. *In nostris nummis versabimur*, as CICERO says. We shall be able to live within our income.

Third Fellow. I thought it would have been a hundred thousand.

Fourth Fellow (after reflection). Anyhow, it will be ample to enable us *continue dupes*, to maintain the dignity and comfort of the high table.

[*Exeunt omnes, exulting in good Latin.*]

FAMILIARITY.

["Sir HARRY JOHNSTON's long sojourn in the very heart of the Dark Continent has brought him to regard the area of his administration very much as a Borough Mayor would look upon Brixton or Camberwell. He has, in fact, found Equatorial Africa astonishingly humdrum; even a cannibal has no imaginative possibilities for the intrepid explorer."—*Evening Standard.*]

Time was I loved, in search of sport,
To paddle down some unknown river,
And when I heard the hippo snort
I felt a wild ecstatic quiver.
Now, wheresoe'er I wend my way,
I find Cook's tourists there before me,
While as for hippos, frankly, they
Just bore me.

Time was the very vaguest thought
Of cannibals a wild delight meant;
To see them at their orgies brought
A mad, delirious excitement.
Now, if I meet them, they begin
On coronations or the weather,
Or ask me, "Shall we have a gin
Together?"

Time was the tiger's angry roar,
Heard through the midnight jungle,
Thrilled me;
I sallied forth, intent on gore,—
The spirit of adventure filled me.
Now, if I come across his lair,
I thrill no longer—such is habit;
I simply shoot him like a hare
Or rabbit.

Time was the monarch of the beasts
Roved through the woods to prey and
ravage,
And make his sanguinary feasts
Upon the unprotected savage.
Now savages drink dry champagne,
From lions they no longer suffer,
Save when they meet to entertain
Some duffer.

THE TRADE CRAZE.

["The latest recruit to the army of gentlemen shopkeepers is a Lieut.-Colonel, D.S.O., who is opening a hairdresser's shop. The enterprising warrior's new venture is due to his discovery, during a recent visit to Canada, of an American-Indian recipe for curing incipient baldness, about which wonderful stories are related."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE following rumours, with others, have also reached us. We understand that they are sent, not as a guarantee of good faith, but for publication.

A well-known and popular K.C. will shortly enter the crowded ranks of trade. The legal luminary has just returned from a trip to the East, where he successfully defended a particularly gory potentate who was accused of



WHEN IN DOUBT—DON'T!

SCENE—Country Station.

Gent. "ARE THE SANDWICHES FRESH, MY BOY?"

Country Youth. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE, SIR. I'VE ONLY BEEN HERE A FORTNIGHT!"

breaking an old custom by killing seven wives instead of five (the number allowable), when the cook, in a moment of abstraction, used knife polish instead of baking powder. The potentate, having celebrated his acquittal by shooting a son-in-law, rewarded his defender by presenting him with a recipe for blacking which had been in the family for centuries. The K.C. intends to open boot-blackening rooms in Bond Street, and will personally decorate customers' boots from four till six the first Thursday in every month. Boot-blackening parties are expected to be quite a feature during the Coronation festivities.

The name of a distinguished Bishop

will shortly glitter on the fascia of a tailor's shop. His lordship is the fortunate patentee of a seamless and detachable frock-coat which by a simple arrangement of buttons and elastic can be transformed into an evening-dress garment, thus enabling the wearer to walk in the Park till seven, and then change behind a tree for dinner. His Lordship will attend daily for the first fortnight to give practical and personal demonstration of the properties of his patent.

N.B.—Most of the trees have already been booked for Coronation week, and even now there is quite a run on the flowering shrubs.



THE ETERNAL "HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE."

Misguided Racecourse Musician. "B—zz! B—zz! ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON!"

A PLEBISCITE.

Barchester College.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This is going to be a jolly exciting term, and no mistake. The day after we got back we were all called into Great School after second lesson, and the Head made a long speech. First, he read a lot out of Mr. RHODES's will, and it seemed pretty sensible. (I've quite decided upon my profession now. I'm going to be a Fellow of Oriel.) Mr. RHODES, we heard, liked to paint places red, and I do a little that way myself, especially at the end of term. Then the Head explained

that the Governors of the College mean to found a prize on Mr. RHODES's lines. They're going to give a fiver on speech day to "the most popular and amiable boy in the school," and every chap is to vote for the one he thinks ought to have the prize. Ripping idea, isn't it?

Of course everyone saw at once that there were only three or four in the running. GREGSON might have had a chance, only he hurt his thumb on Monday playing fives, and he won't be able to fight for a good while. TANCRED major is pretty useful with his fists, too, but I don't think he'll win. However, he's working hard for it, and I found him the other afternoon making

what he called "a preliminary canvass" in his own dormitory. He was persuading young JUBBINS to vote for him, because, though JUBBINS is only in Upper Middle Two, his influence with the rest of the Middle School is considerable. TANCRED had JUBBINS's head under his arm, and was shouting: "Am I amiable? Am I loving and kind to my juniors? Am I the most popular boy in the school? Say yes, you little beast, or I'll knock your ugly head off!" Of course TANCRED can get a few votes that way, but he won't be able to manage the upper forms. WARBURTON is another candidate. He asked me to be one of his committee, and I agreed. We hold secret meetings in his rooms, and there's unlimited cocoa and cake and mixed biscuits always going. Then another chap called HEDGES, who's frightfully clever, also asked me to be on his committee. He didn't know I was on WARBURTON's, and I couldn't tell him, being under a vow of secrecy. There's no cocoa or cake to be had out of HEDGES, but he's A1 at Latin verse, so he does all my elegiacs for me.

CHAMBERS, the head of cricket, is said to be standing, and if he happens to make a century or two this term he ought to have a chance. (HEDGES won't have a look in, though I don't tell him so. He does elegiacs for about a dozen fellows and "Jambi" for fifteen or sixteen more, but he'd have to help half the school with their work to win.) CHAMBERS hasn't asked me to be on his committee yet, but he enquired the other day in the pavilion whether I thought that he was popular. I replied that I hadn't made up my mind—it depended whether I was given my second eleven colours this term. So I hope to scoop them, as well as plenty of food and perhaps a prize for classics, out of this RHODES game.

The rum thing is—and it would have made poor old RHODES pretty sick if he'd known it—that the really best set in the school loathe the whole idea. Some of them have said that they'll kick any chap who votes for them, and they wouldn't touch a "popularity prize" with the end of a barge-pole.

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS JENKS.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

WHEN, holding COBDEN's creed outworn,
The Government with tenets lax
Comes down upon the nation's corn,
Free-traders wince at such attacks.

Outsiders—caring not a whit—
Impartiality maintain;
Yet such a tax, we all admit,
Goes certainly against the grain.



TRYING IT ON.

AUTOLYCUS H-CKS-B-CH. "THESE BRACELETS HAVE JUST COME IN AGAIN, MISS."

MISS FREE-TRADE. "DON'T THEY LOOK RATHER LIKE HANDCUFFS?"

AUTOLYCUS. "OH! NOT AT ALL, I ASSURE YOU; YOU WON'T KNOW YOU 'VE GOT 'EM ON."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 14.

—House crowded in every part; on floor, in side galleries, in Strangers' Gallery to topmost tier. It is Budget Night. Chancellor of the Exchequer's sum involves the biggest figures manipulated since history began. Moreover, with even intenser interest than the wonder what ST. MICHAEL will do with his millions, comes the old-time question, Is it peace? PRINCE ARTHUR, making careful reply, comes nearer answering "Yes" than on any previous occasion.

This gives ST. MICHAEL opportunity, deftly seized, of posing in that attitude of Spartan virtue which delights the looker-on, pleasing him with subtle consciousness of sharing possession of that virtue, somebody else being the victim of enforcement of its stern principle. If the war be nearly over, or if there be reasonable hope (this ST. MICHAEL admitted) that peace pourparlers at Pretoria will have happy issue, there will be immediate falling-off in war expenditure. C.-B., having this truism in mind, suggested Budget should be postponed till situation cleared up.

Here was ST. MICHAEL's opportunity; he seized it by the hair. Peace truly might be at hand. He went so far as to indicate belief that it was. But for a man of high principle, colleague in a Cabinet of heroic mould, trifling considerations of a few millions of (other people's) money not to be thought of. Accordingly, Budget for coming year based upon assumption that war will run its full course. If it doesn't, supposing the war flag furled next week or next month, the extra eighteen millions and a-half raised for additional war expenses won't be found inconveniently in the way.

"Lots to do with it," said ST. MICHAEL, waving his hand cheerily; "rebuild the farms we burnt down; re-stock 'em; set up in business again the brave burghers who have been fighting us for more than two years; settle up any outstanding accounts for Hungarian horses, cold pressed beef, and other little bills from gentlemen of German birth and an ancient faith who have been good enough to assist us on commercial lines. Why, bless you, your eighteen and a-half millions will go like winking, war or no war. In fact, I'm not sure that by-and-by I shan't come and ask you to authorise additional loan of ten or twelve millions on Treasury Bills or Exchequer Bonds. Meanwhile, all you've got to do is to stump up. Another penny in the £ on the Income Tax; a twopenny



THE (TAX-ON-) CORN-CRAKE.

(COL. H-W-ED V-NC-NT.)

stamp on the homely cheque; re-introduction of the good old principle of taxing corn. There you are."

At this last proposition a sound, with singular appropriateness suggesting the cry of a corncrake, startled House. It was only HOWARD VINCENT observing "Hear! hear!" His jubilation reasonable enough. A more curious study was the hilarious spirit in which the House faced the music, running up to the tune of one hundred and eighty-five and a half millions sterling. SARK's keen insight explained the phenomena.

"On these occasions," he said, "a man never thinks of himself. You noticed how the Irish Members cheered the additional penny on the Income Tax and the doubling of the stamp on cheques. They will be able to contemplate with equanimity the fresh burden cast upon gentlemen opposite, and upon the already pauperised coal-owners above the Gangway on their side. As for the re-imposition of the corn tax, even if the worst fears be realized and a farthing per loaf be added to the price of daily bread, though possibly embarrassing to the poor man, it won't hurt us. We can always eat toast. Then there is the delightful expedient of again suspending the Sinking Fund and adding to the National Debt. Finally there is the heroic attitude alluded to, presenting to the world in general, in particular to the Boer leaders in conference at Pretoria, the spectacle of a great nation that regards additional war expenditure of eighteen millions and a-half golden sovereigns

much as if they were an equal number of brass farthings."

By-and-by other views will be taken, and other things said. This the impression conveyed by close observation of crowded House on Budget Night.

Business done.—Budget introduced.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—"I forgot GOSCHEN," said RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at the most critical turn in his life. "I forgot Lord ROSEBURY," said the MARKISS, with hasty glance at the lonely, just now empty, furrow below Gangway.

House in mourning for the lost Leader of the Opposition. The MARKISS, chanting his requiem, observed, among other claims to distinction, that KIMBERLEY belonged wholly to the House of Lords.

"I cannot remember the case of any other Leader in this House," he added, "who had never been in the House of Commons."

A peculiar distinction about Lord ROSEBURY is that not only was he never in the House of Commons but that this accident of his birth and state is frequently made by him the subject of special lament. The MARKISS, thinking of his own early days, when from his place in the Commons he chiefly delighted in pouring contumely and scorn on DIZZY, all unconscious of the fate fortune had in store for him when, home from Berlin, he should walk arm-in-arm with his esteemed Leader, bringing peace with honour—meditating on this interesting episode in a great career he "forgot Lord ROSEBURY," and was gently reminded of his existence by

Earl SPENCER, who has no opportunity of forgetting it.

*Sing low, my lute, sing low, my lute,
We die and are forgotten.*

That inevitable. But good friends might as well wait till we are dead before they quite forget.

The incident not without its moral. It is especially true in public life that no man can serve two masters. Must either devote himself and all his energies to public affairs, or, definitively abandoning the race for the front, may frankly and wholly give himself up to the cultivation of his lonely furrow.

Business done.—In the Commons Budget resolutions carried through Committee. Good deal of grumbling. Usual large majorities.

Mansion House. Wednesday.—In early days House of Commons did not feel bound always to meet at Westminster. Occasionally sojourned at Oxford and elsewhere. To-night temporarily recurs to old habits. Foregather at Mansion House on hospitable invitation of LORD MAYOR to meet the SPEAKER. No difficulty about making a quorum. Every seat taken when LORD MAYOR's Chaplain read prayers (before meat). House made at once. SPEAKER to the fore; in attendance, Sergeant-at-Arms, Deputy Sergeant, Chaplain, and eke the Doorkeepers, dining in John-sonian fashion behind the screen.

Principal variation from ordinary procedure was that LORD MAYOR, not the SPEAKER, was in the chair, conducted thither by Mace and Sword Bearer. Situation added flavour to the turtle soup, age to the champagne. At Westminster the SPEAKER is lord of all he surveys from the Chair. Awaiting his nod Members feverishly con undelivered speeches. To-night it is the SPEAKER who must wait till called upon. No one knows what would happen suppose he, from long habit, rose and on his own initiative delivered a few remarks. Suppose the powdered, gorgeously-uniformed bodyguard of the LORD MAYOR would fall upon him, carry him forth and wall him up in Guildhall. Conscious of this impending penalty, the SPEAKER, repressing inclination to cry "Order, order," when, the waiter being in the room, he desired to have his glass re-filled, sat silent, subdued, till in due course he caught the LORD MAYOR's eye. When he rose a hearty prolonged cheer from crowded, not to say crammed, benches testified to personal popularity won in the fierce light that beats on the Speaker's Chair.

Mansion House difficult place to speak in for those accustomed to the perfect acoustical properties of House of Commons. Curious consequence followed. LORD MAYOR, proposing health of His Majesty's Ministers, coupled with the

name of COLONIAL SECRETARY, incidentally alluded to Jove. The word, winging its way under the too-lofty roof round the too-many pillars, lost half its letters, falling on the startled ear as "Jo." That friendly colloquialism well enough in smoking-room conversation; a little startling from lips of LORD MAYOR surrounded by the panoply of his state. Members disposed to shake their heads over supposed indiscretion.

"It's all right," said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "In this case Jove and JOE practically the same thing."

Business done.—Turtle, whitebait, baron of beef, the Widow Clicquot



WHAT MR. PICKWICK IS COMING TO.

"Will the right hon. gentleman, the Colonial Secretary, kindly oblige me by replying personally and in a loud and distinct voice to Question No. 34, and with the left elbow leaning lightly on the box. The head a little more to the right, please. Thank you."

impartially lavishing her charms upon honourable Members, married or single.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Earl PERCY sorry he spoke. Wanted to know what's to be done about Colonel LYNCH, whom at a by-election last year an intelligent and patriotic electorate preferred to HORACE PLUNKETT. Seems the gallant, but fugitive, Colonel is embarrassed by possession of houses and land in the neighbourhood of Galway. The Irish tenant, with native politeness, instinctively sets himself to relieve him.

"Sure, the Colonel," they say, "a rare Landleaguer, a friend of WILLIAM O'BRIEN, a colleague of JOHN DILLON's, wouldn't be so mane as to take a penny

of rint. He'd blush if we bothered him by offering it."

So they didn't; the Colonel not that sort of a man. All very well for PATRICK O'BRIEN, Mr. FLYNN and Mr. FLAVIN to denounce landlords who expect their rent to be paid. Themselves haven't any to draw. Colonel LYNCH has a little, and since his tenants, on the delicate but mistaken consideration hinted at, don't pay up, he sues them, just as if he were Lord LONDONDERRY, Lord ARDILAUN, or others of "the Orange gang" loudly denounced to-night by JOHN DILLON.

Earl PERCY wants to know whether Colonel LYNCH, lurking abroad under charge of high treason, will be prevented from using His Majesty's Courts for recovery of rents. Before ATTORNEY-GENERAL could reply up gat Irish Member and asked ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether he was aware that three of Lord PERCY's ancestors were hanged for high treason?

For point and appositeness that beats Bannagher.

Business done.—None. Irish Members, shouldering aside Budget appointed for discussion, appropriated sitting to abuse of Irish Executive and Colonel LYNCH's co-landlords.

THE CAREFUL CALEDONIAN'S LAMENT.

[The Budget imposes an extra penny upon cheques.]

YE banks and brains o' monied men,
How can my funds the Budget bear?
How can I sign my little cheques
Wi'out a bosom fu' o' care?
Ye 'll break me yet, ye little cheques,
That since I drew wi' sma' concern.
Twa pence! I couldna gie awa'
Sae fell a sum wi'out return.

Aft hae I paid some awfu' bill
Wi' paper I was blithe to sign;
Twa bawbees wasna muckle waste,
And cheques, ye ken, look braw an' fine.

Wi' lightsome heart I signed my name,
I signed it wi' a flourish free;
But noo nae mair I'll bank my cash,
A stockin's guid enough for me.

Who Names these Ships?

Two of the latest creations of the White Star Line have received the singularly ill-constructed names of *Athenic* and *Corinthic* (both sic). The following titles, formed on the same principle, have been suggested for fresh additions to the famie galaxy of the Milkic Way:—*Britic*, *Romic*, *Moroccic*, *Portuguic*, *Jerichic*, *Etonic*, *Rugbeic*, *Punchic*, and *Sea-sic*.



Boy (to young lady, who has been unfortunate enough to upset Colonel Bunker). "YOU'D BETTER RIDE ON BEFORE 'E GETS 'IS BREATH, MISS!"
 Young Lady. "WHY?"
 Boy. "I'VE 'EARN 'IM 'PLAY GOLF!!!"

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

["There is nothing in the world so desirable as a poetic life—if uninterrupted, without anxieties for the daily bread, sustained by noble thought and encouraged by great success."—Sir Walter Besant's "Autobiography."]

O GIVE me not the soldier's lot
With marches hot and dusty,
Nor let me, like a lawyer, rot
Mid parchments old and musty;
Nor bid me seek the City, where,
From morn till evening, anxious care
Still haggles over stock and share
In chambers foul and fusty.

But let me keep my study snug,
On downy couch reclining,
While Ponto slumbers on the rug,
And sweetly dreams of dining.
There let me bask before the fire
And watch the cloudlets leave my briar,
Like fragrant incense floating higher,
In circles intertwining.

And close within my easy reach
May poets, wits and sages
Be gathered on my shelves to teach
The wisdom of the ages;
Bid SHAKESPEARE sing, now grave, now
gay,
Or LOVELACE pipe his matchless lay,
Or let me while an hour away
O'er MILTON's classic pages.

And, seeing that true poets shrink
From all that's mean and sordid,
And shudder when compelled to think
Of being lodged and boarded,
A modest competence be mine—
A well-filled pipe, a butt of wine—
Some hundreds yearly, eight or nine,
In Consols safely hoarded.

And, since neglect is like a frost
That nips each young endeavour,
I'd have the world, in wonder lost,
Pronounce my volumes clever.
These modest gifts vouchsafe to me,
Ye Sacred Nine, and I will be
Your very humble devotee
Forever and forever.

"STEPHANISMOLOGY."

THE above novel and pretty term (according to the *Globe* of April 16) has been coined to express the science of Coronation-lore and all thereto pertaining. Those who wish to obtain the necessary diploma will be required to pass the following paper, or else stop at home.

1. State the cubic capacity of an average London flat and the maximum number of "shake-downs" each room will contain, mentioning the remotest degree of country-cousinship which can be held to constitute a claim on the flat-owner's hospitality for June 26 and 27.

2. Compare the various metropolitan



THE DOG KNEW HIM.

Farmer. "WHERE'S YOUR DOG, DONALD?"

Donald. "SOLD HIM IN THE MARKET TO-DAY."

Farmer (indignantly). "YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO SELL HIM; SUCH A GOOD, USEFUL DOG! SEE TO GETTING HIM BACK AT ONCE!"

Donald. "HOOT, MON, DINNA FASH YERSEL'. TA PEASTIE KNOWS ME VERRA WEL; I HAVE SOLD HIM MONY TIMES BEFORE!"

parks as sleeping-grounds, drawing as far as possible on your personal experience. What is the proper way to camp out on a bench?

3. Calculate, to the nearest sixpence, the price of the standard penny bun during the Coronation week; and estimate your chances of getting at any rate one square meal at the King's expense.

4. Assuming that all the seats to view the processions will be taken by Americans, which particular kerbstone would you recommend on this occasion? Have you reason to suppose there will be a "slump" in railings or a Trust in lamp-posts?

5. Quote statistics to show (i) how many scribes at the British Museum are compiling descriptions of the ceremony nine weeks beforehand; (ii) how many babies are going to be called "Coronatia" and similar names; and (iii) how many householders will display the Union

Jack and the Royal Standard respectively wrong side up and inside out.

6. Give an abstract and forecast of the Poet Laureate's Ode (no parodies permitted, but prose allowed). Show exactly where allusions to King ALFRED, the throstle, the saxifrage and Siena will occur.

7. Enumerate the various Indian Princes and potentates who propose to attend, and spell their names correctly if you can; explain, as plausibly as possible, the King of Tonga's absence, and draw a picture of the Earl-Marshal struggling with the List of Precedence.

8. Write a short essay from either the burglars' or the pickpockets' point of view on the advantages of a Coronation, and summarise the feelings of the City and Metropolitan police throughout the period in question.

9. Decide which is to be the national flower, as nobody else seems to be able to do so.

"THE 'GERMAN HOOD' ENTERTAINMENT."

CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD having chosen the Elizabethan period for the story of his opera at the Savoy Theatre—a story which only by extreme courtesy could be possibly dignified by being described as a "plot"—has apparently done his utmost to bring his dialogue "back to date" and to flavour it as strongly as possible with sixteenth-century "English as she was spoke" in the time of ELIZABETH.

Aye, marry, and hath not Master BASIL HOOD, "captain" by your leave, my masters, deftly done his self-appointed task? Hath he not caught the very trick of WILL SHAKSPEARE'S quips, cranks, and quiddities? Doth he not speak of a doctor as "a leech," and of a larkie young woman as a "wild wench"? Doth he not show us the "humours" of *Pistol*, and the stolid drollery of the clownish grave-digger? Go to! Hath he not glibly his "marry," his "nay," his "thees and thous," his "ayes," all right, and a brave song concerning the Yeomen of England? By my halidom, and marry come up, this same captain's book is full of quaint Elizabethan conceits, and among the quaintest is a kind of twentieth-century topical song sung by *Master Wilkins*, a player who turns his back on Her Gracious Majesty, which is "an insult to her very face," as our Waggish-William-Shakspearian librettist would express it.

Evidently Captain HOOD, who may be credited with having studied the subject for the purposes of this libretto, does not hold the humour of these Elizabethan players, nor the wit either of Sir WALTER RALEIGH or of the Earl of ESSEX, in very high esteem. But let me turn from this fascinating subject to the musical opportunities in the opera, of which, it must be acknowledged, there be many, various and as neatly introduced as, according to old operatic tradition, was the song of "*My Cottage near a Wood*" by the tenor who led up to it by exclaiming, "See! a table! and made of wood!! Ah! that (*pathetically*) reminds me of my 'cottage near a wood,' when he forthwith unburdened himself of his ballad. Yet have not these "opportunities" inspired the composer to any extraordinary effort, as his work remains, from first to last, at a light and pleasing level. It is, however, especially good when he is called upon to enliven the proceedings with the tripping measure of a rustic dance. Indeed, the dances are all sprightly and gain encores, though the significance of an encore is considerably discounted by the present practice at the Savoy, which



SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY, APRIL 23.

"SOUL OF THE AGE,
THE APPLAUSE, DELIGHT, THE WONDER OF OUR STAGE."

"THOU ART ALIVE STILL, WHILE THY BOOK DOETH LIVE,
AND WE HAVE WITS TO READ AND PRAISE TO GIVE!"

encourages the taking of an encore on the very slightest provocation.

The "number" that struck me as the most taking is the quartette, *without a dance* (!) in the second act, which ought to become a great favourite with such sweet singers as are called in to assist aldermanic digestions at a big City dinner. *A propos* of aldermen, the principal comic character, taken by Mr. PASSMORE, is entitled *Walter Wilkins*, "which," as *Sairey Gamp* might say, "a-droppin' of the 's,' I drinks to Sir *Walter Wilkin*, ex-Lord Mayor, in all love and tenderness." Mr. PASSMORE, hard-working and correct-singing comedian, does his very best through-

"'Tis not in PASSMORE to command success,
But he'll do more, Trombonius, he'll deserve it!"

And deserve it he most certainly does; for, though the presence of *Walter Wilkins* is not absolutely essential, yet without him where would the drollery be? Where would the drily humorous Shakspearian and Elizabethan clowning spirit come in? And, indeed, without him the opera would scarcely occupy the regulation two hours.

Everybody in it is as good as everybody else, and what more perfect commendation can be bestowed on the *tout ensemble*? To Mr. LYTON as *Essex*, Mr. EVETT as the imperturbable and unimpassioned lover, *Raleigh*, Mr. KINGHORN as "another player," and to the giants,



A WEIGHTY REASON.

Rab. "THEY'RE TELLIN' ME THAT TAM STIRDY'S TURNED OOT A GREAT POET SINCE HE GAED TAE LONDON."

Allan. "POET! HOO COULD TAM STIRDY BE A POET? MAN, HE WAS AT THE SCHULE WI' ME!"

Messrs. TORRENCE and CROMPTON, who are as *Gog* and *Magog* among the foresters, all praise is due. There is a party of Shakspearian clowns, a butcher, a baker, a tinker, a tailor, played by Messrs. PINDER, BODDY, LEWIS and ROUS, who are own brothers to *Quince* the bellows mender and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* in the amateur theatrical company of which *Bottom* was the "leading man."

All the ladies of the Savoy are pretty, just as "no one," according to Mr. Cyrus Bantam, was "fat or old in Ba-ath," and all sweet singers; Miss AGNES FRASER, fascinating as *Bessie* (oh, the humorous originality of calling her *Bessie*, so as to create some cause of jealousy 'twixt *Queen Bess* and her!); Miss POUNDS, charming as "*Jill-All-Along*" (so Elizabethan too!); and Miss KEDDIE, an ideal "May Queen." Who better than Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM could represent the Maiden Monarch? She is the Last of the Savoyards, and, had she only been limited to posing at the back of the stage on the barge, with the full glare of the glorious lime-light on her gorgeous costume and brilliant wig, she would ever have remained in my memory as does the figure of Mrs. SELBY (playing the same character, assuming the same pose, and arriving in the same manner, only she came by penny steamboat) in the once famous burlesque of *Kenilworth*, in the "good old Elizabethan" days of the little Strand Theatre.

The principal dancer, Miss WINIFRED HART DYKE, is one of the most graceful, most spirited and inspiring of *danseuses* I have seen for a long time, and richly did she deserve the thoroughly hearty encore.

Altogether, a pleasant, sparkling entertainment, beautifully put on the stage, both as to the costumes and Mr. HARFORD'S scenery, especially the second act "set" of

Windsor Forest. It is a "show" which, in this time of rather risky plays or too frisky adaptations, may be honestly recommended to the "nobility, gentry and clergy" of *Merrie England*, married and single, and to their wives, families, and guileless children, as a piece no less singularly void of offence in dialogue than innocent of plot; though which, such as it is, sufficiently serves the purpose of the gallant Captain under the command of Savoy Commander-in-Chief, WILLIAM GREET. "PRIVATE BOX."

"AND OH! THE OLD ENGLISH ROAST BEEF!"

["There is a widespread suspicion that the American monopolists are about to seize the control of the beef supply of this country."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

OVERBORNE by the weight of Columbia's packers, Old England long since disappointed her backers, And lowered her colours, in sign of defeat, At the contest of ARMOUR—the Cannae of meat. But no longer content with the feats of their canners, The Yankees advance their victorious banners, Till at last they are able to utter the boast That they mean to be ruling Britannia's roast.

AN ARTISTIC POLICEMAN TAKING UP A SUBJECT.—Policeman A. T. JONES, of Leeds, "from information received" (by the *Daily Telegraph* last Friday), has been informed that "his painting, entitled 'Summer,' representing a moorland scene with sheep," has been retained by the Royal Academy authorities. Here's a lucky combination! A Constable and a Moreland!



"THE DEVOUT LOVERS."

"... WORSHIP HER IN DISTANT REVERENCE."



Mrs. Bellairs (to visitor). "SO SORRY, MY DEAR, I CAN'T ASK YOU TO STAY, BUT I HAVE PROMISED TO TAKE EVY FOR A DRIVE THIS AFTERNOON."

Visitor (pleasantly). "MY DEAR, I'M JUST OFF. I KNOW IT DOESN'T DO TO KEEP THE HORSES STANDING ABOUT."

Evvy (small and irrepressible). "OH, MUMMY DEAR, I DO HOPE THE BUS WON'T BE CROWDED!"

CATCHWORDS FOR THE MILLION.

II.—"THE EQUAL RIGHTS OF MAN."

[In the following lines a further attempt is made to reproduce the unreasoning but unshakable attitude of the rustic maid in WORDSWORTH'S *We are Seven*.]

AN artless, dull, mechanic fool,
By Union catchwords caught—
Why should he want a better school
Of economic thought?

It was a gracious morn of Spring,
The hour was half-past six,
Some men were on a scaffolding
Engaged in laying bricks.

My fancies, soaring with the lark,
Recurred to common soil,
I felt I could not but remark
The dignity of Toil.

Anon I set this thought aside,
Observing one that cast
Reproaches on his mate and cried,
"Ere, stow it! not so fast!"

"Good friend," I said, in wonder lost,
"I am concerned to know
What is the cause why you accost
Yon earnest workman so?"

"If to be idle were a sin,
I naturally ask
Why you should want to check him in
The middle of his task?"

"Guv'nor," he said, "you take my
word,
It's time 'e 'ad a rest;
It ain't no manners in a bird
To queer his neighbour's nest.

"If 'e don't mend 'e 'll 'ave to quit;
I know 'is nawsty tricks;
'E works too rapid; 'e 's a bit
Too 'andy with 'is bricks!"

"Take it from me, that's why I'm put
To check 'is little plan,
An' stop 'im tramplin' under foot
THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN!"

"If in the act of laying bricks
He tastes a human joy,
Would you propose," I said, "to fix
A term to that employ?"

"Read what the Union bosses say!"
That guileless swain replied;
"They lets us lay so much a day,
And not a brick beside.

"'E'd like to knock the stiffuns out,
By layin' all he can;
I tell him straight, 'Ere, 'ow about
THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN?"

"Your case," I cried, "betrays a flaw;
The souls of men are free;
You seem to overlook the law
Of manhood's liberty.

"On Competition's eager head
You place a tyrant's ban."
"That's 'ow our motto runs," he
said—
"THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN!"

"But you ignore," I answer made,
"You place upon the shelf
The promise of celestial aid
To him that helps himself.

"Each should improve what hours he
may
Within his mortal span."
Vain words! he still would have his
way;—

"That's what the Union bosses say—
'THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN!'"

O. S.

AN ADIEU.

LITTLE boy blue with no cap to your head,
Whom these three centuries Londoners knew,
London's farewell to you now has been said—
Little boy blue!

Fancy would wistfully pass in review
All your old schoolfellows, Londoners bred—
LAMB, HUNT, and COLERIDGE, once children like you.

London goes on with monotonous tread
Over its pavements of gloomiest hue,
Looking yet dingier since you have fled—
Little boy blue.

"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS!"

(At the Criterion Theatre.)

"I'm a 'young girl from the country,'
But you can't get over me!"—*Old Song.*

AT the commencement of last week, clever Miss ANNIE HUGHES and capital company transferred themselves in two pieces (though the company is not broken up) from the Prince of Wales's to the Criterion, where the success already achieved will, I should be inclined to say, be not only continued but considerably increased.

A Bit of Old Chelsea is, I believe, by this time as established a favourite with the public as is Miss ANNIE HUGHES herself, whose rendering of "*Saucers*," a street flower-girl, has won for Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER's little one-act piece such a genuine success as is not very often achieved by curtain-raisers of even greater pretensions.

Miss HUGHES is ably seconded by Mr. MALCOLM DUNN as *Jack Hillier*, the good-natured, rather unprincipled artist, and Mr. HUBERT WALDRON, as the lark and not too sober art student, his fellow-lodger, *Phil McDonnell*. This piece, preceding Mr. ARTHUR LAW's farcical comedy, entitled *A Country Mouse*, is admirably placed, as it brings into strong contrast the two very different parts played by Miss HUGHES on the same evening; the one being the sketch of a certain type of the uneducated, outspoken, and honest London gutter-girl, about nineteen years old, and the other the finished impersonation of a sufficiently well-educated, dissembling and sharp young lady, of about the same age as the aforesaid gutter-girl, and who, bred in a provincial town, on arriving as a stranger in London, knows her way about as thoroughly as the most experienced, most desperate flirt, or the wildest aspirant for the honours of the Divorce Court. *Angela Muir*, as the "country girl" is named, is an English specimen of *Mademoiselle Sainte Nitouche*, so well known on the French stage.

The last act of the piece, with its doors and cupboards, where all the parties in difficulties have, in the ordinary course of business, to conceal themselves, certainly suggests reminiscences of a number of other farces, past and present, to whose success the rabbit-warren of ingeniously-contrived exits and entrances was as absolutely essential as is the screen to the classic situation in *The School for Scandal*. Admitted that after two such well-conceived and excellently written acts as are the first two of *A Country Mouse*, there was a certain very evident risk in placing all these comedy characters in absurdly farcical situations, yet Mr. LAW has come out of the self-imposed difficulty with flying colours. The first two acts are comedy, the third is farce. That he has been exceptionally fortunate in his cast he himself would be the very first to admit. Miss ANNIE HUGHES, as the sly little hypocritical "girl from the country," is simply perfection.

After the cleverly written and capably acted scene in the second act between demure *Angela* and the dashing *Lady*

Sylvia (Miss GRANVILLE), when "*Sancta Simplicitas*" is left the victor on the field, the sly drollery of *Angela's* utterance, as she leans on her croquet-mallet and purrs out, just so audibly as to be particularly confidential, the words, "How she gave herself away!" is inimitable; it is true comedy. Needless to say that this "curtain" brings down the house, and that all who have taken part in the act share in the thoroughly well-deserved honours of several hearty recalls.

There is not a single (or married) really moral person in the piece, with the exception of *Jephcot* the old butler, a character played with great tact by Mr. FREDERICK VOLPE, as even the long-suffering husband, Mr. *John Bowlby*, M.P. (forcibly played by Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE), has brought his fate on his own head by his *mariage de convenance* with the Duke's daughter; and he himself, when alone with "the Mouse," gives certain indications, artistically conveyed by the actor to the audience, of being inclined to take rather more than either a fatherly or even elder-brotherly interest in the wicked little flirt, who, of course, when married, will command a superior hand in trumps to that held by *Becky Sharp*, and play them far better.

The naughty old *Duke of St. Kitts*, an utterly unprincipled old "rake," is most amusingly played by Mr. C. W. SOMERSET, while Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD gives us one of his perfect portraits of a society masher, *Lord Robert Wyckham*, who in a Shakspearian cast would be described as "a foolish lord," and who, like a certain character in a German comedy (the resemblance is the merest chance), never makes love to any but a married woman, but is trapped into marriage by *Violet Aynsley* (played in her most fascinating manner by Miss VANE FEATHERSTON), a young lady only one degree less immoral than any of the other characters in the play, on account of her being, presumably, a spinster.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, as the *Hon. Archibald Vyse*, whose immorality is intensified by his quiet gentlemanly demeanour, gives us a type of modern man of the world as new to the stage as it is absolutely true to its model in society. The *Hon. Archie* is not worse than the others; in fact, as he really means marriage when he falls in (what he considers) love with the "Country Mouse," and as he, for the moment, seriously intends reformation, he is so far better than that ancient *roué*, the *Duke of St. Kitts*, who only offers his hand to *Angela* when that hand has been forced by the "Mouse's" latest and most artful escapade. *Archie Vyse* is the victim, and at the finish he is left in precisely the same position with regard to his *liaison* with *Lady Bowlby* as he was at the beginning of the story. There is something pathetic in Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER's attitude, as he turns away from *Lady Bowlby* and that entanglement, and regards the future gay young Duchess of St. Kitts in the arms of his victorious rival, the old Duke, for whom he already begins to feel a certain affection engendered of supremest pity.

So the curtain descends, and the audience are not only as satisfied as were the immortal twin brethren, *Box and Cox*, but they are enthusiastic in their demonstrations of delight. There's good omen in the name of "LAW," for certainly the author himself, with Mr. FRANK CURZON, whose "season" it is, and Miss ANNIE HUGHES & Co., will find in the run of this piece how highly remunerative is the combination of "the Law and the Profits." At least, such is the opinion of

A TOWN MOUSE.

PROFESSIONAL AND PECULIAR.—Two brothers in the journalistic line, not quite the first line, invariably combined their talents in making up paragraphs for newspapers. They were known as "*Par' nobile fratrum*." When subsequently their dealings were regarded with some little suspicion, the quotation was altered to "*Par nobilely fratrum*."



A MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.

THE LATEST AMERICAN DO(D)GE WEDS THE ATLANTIC WITH A 'RING.'



Farmer (in cart). "HI, STOP! STOP, YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU SEE MY HORSE IS RUNNING AWAY?"
 Driver of Motor-car (hired by the hour). "YES, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO SAY 'STOP' BUT I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW THE BLOOMING THING WORKS!"

THE LAY OF THE LINERS.

[Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is the syndicate manager of the new Atlantic shipping trust, which includes several of the great British steamship lines. American interests are to control the combination. Mr. ROCKEFELLER and the other "Standard Oil" magnates are underwriting the capital.]

Ye mariners of England,
 Give up your native seas!
 Your flag has braved too many years
 The battle and the breeze.
 The glorious Standard Oil Combine
 And MORGAN run the show,
 And they'll sweep clean the deep
 Where the stormy winds do blow—
 Where the liners whistle loud and
 long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.
 Columbia heeds no landmarks;
 No Powers their own can keep;
 She marches in with flag a-wave,
 And buys the country cheap.
 The fortunes of her millionaires
 To sums colossal grow,
 But they roar still for more
 While the stormy winds do blow—
 While the liners whistle loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

And PIERPONT now is planning
 His next terrific boom,

And Britons troubled nights will pass
 Till they learn their latest doom.
 Meanwhile, ye ocean greyhounds,
 The dividends shall flow
 To the bank of the Yank
 While the stormy winds do blow—
 While the liners whistle loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

OUR "APPALLING DANGER!"

(A Breakfast-table Dialogue.)

Mr. Blewphunque (reading medical paper). Good heavens! MARIA, you don't know what an awful risk we're running in London!

Mrs. B. No! what? You frighten me! Are we going to fall through into those tubes? Is anybody going to dynamite us?

Mr. B. No—far worse than that! In fact, I hardly dare to tell you!

Mrs. B. Be—be brave, HENRY! We are insured against falling brickbats and runaway steam-rollers and frostbite and everything else, aren't we?

Mr. B. Yes, my love; but I didn't foresee this! Here's the *Lancet* says there is an appalling danger in having our letters laid on the breakfast-table, for somebody has licked the fold of the envelope and the gum side of the stamp,

and there may have been microbes on his tongue. Or the postman's hands may not be bacteriologically clean, and he has perhaps let the letters drop in the microbic dust and mud in the streets. . . .

Mrs. B. What are we to do? And you've just opened one. How wickedly careless of you! Burn it at once, and that one, too—it looks like a bill!

Mr. B. My dear, we must leave London. The place is not safe, with twelve posts a day. The wonder is that we have managed to live so long. However, we mustn't stay an hour later!

Mrs. B. Where shall we go to escape this horrible post? Get *Bradshaw*, quick, HENRY, on your life!

Mr. B. No, *Bradshaw* is bacteriologically unsafe—it was bought off a railway stall; think of all the excursionists that have passed in front of it. . . .

Mrs. B. Then we must go by boat, as the trains aren't safe.

Mr. B. I have it! We'll go to St. Kilda. There's no post there at all for eight months in the year. That will be the place where we can give our nerves a rest from the *Lancet*, too! I could not stand many more such shocks. Let us go and get disinfected at once!

[*Exeunt into voluntary quarantine.*]

BACK AGAIN!

It's back again and home again to hear the thrushes sing,
To feel upon my face once more the breathing of the Spring—
The fresh and gentle English breeze that stirs a wild desire
And makes the step as light as air and sets the heart afire.

It's back again and home again! and never have I seen
The hedgerows starting into life with brighter bursts of
green;

A dead and joyless sight they were when April had begun,
But now they seem to sing with life beneath the kindly sun.

"Make haste, ye trees," the blackbird calls, "your shining
white to don;

The cherry-tree is ready robed, her bridal dress is on;"
And out the modest blossoms peep, then flash into the light,
And every blazing fruit-tree bears its coronal of white.

Let others praise their foreign skies and all the claims
advance

Of sun-steeped fields in Italy and vine-clad slopes in France;
And let them sing the land of Spain and all that makes it
fair—

One dewy patch of English lawn is worth a province there.

One velvet patch of English lawn, and on it running free
The little fair-haired short-frocked maid who's all the world
to me.

Her hair outshines Italian suns, and all the flowers that
grace

The meads of France must fail to match the roses in her
face.

So it's back again and home again! and when the evening
comes

We sit and hear the clash of swords, the rolling of the
drums—

(It's all a story old as old), and, lo, the trumpets call,
And twenty thousand mail-clad men come spurring through
the hall.

And maidens to the book-shelf bound (it serves in place of
tree)

Await the young, the gallant knight who rides to set them
free;

And giants in the corners lurk—beware! my dear, beware!—
And little flitting fairy shapes play sentry on the stair.

"Goodnight, God bless you, Daddy," and so it's off to bed,
And soon upon the pillow shines the curly little head,
Ye tricky fairies, kind and gay, wing hither swift your
flight,

Oh, keep your watch about her cot and guard her through
the night!

R. C. L.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"PEOPLE who met BLACK in casual acquaintanceship were puzzled when they recalled the author of *Madcap Violet* as he appeared to them—shy, silent, reserved, intensely matter-of-fact, only moved to animation as it seemed by the talk of salmon fishers or connoisseurs of cigars, or perhaps, if the moment were propitious, of art critics. They wondered how such a man could have written such a book. They did not understand that the writer was the real BLACK, the other only the commonplace mask behind which the true man was hidden." Here we have the keynote of Sir WEMYSS REID's story of the life of *William Black, Novelist* (CASSELL). The biographer has not been overcome with wealth of material. After all, BLACK led an uneventful life, apparently not illumined by

distinctive correspondence, contributed whether by himself or others. Sir WEMYSS forthwith puts his finger on the meaning and mystery of his real life. At heart a Highlander, within a limited circle of family and friends occasionally boisterous in his fun, he appeared in some dining-rooms and in any drawing-room a reserved, uncommunicative Lowlander, appropriately born in Glasgow. My Baronite knew WILLIAM BLACK in the outer world of office and social life, and in his den overlooking the Thames at the bottom of Buckingham Street, a house in which CHARLES DICKENS once lived, rooms in which *David Copperfield* visited his friend *Steerforth*. With that knowledge he recognises in the work of Sir WEMYSS a true picture, tenderly drawn, of a great man of letters, one who, under a cold exterior, awkwardly hid a warm heart and a mind sunlit with delicate fancy.

Of Sir HENRY THOMPSON's invaluable work on *Food and Feeding*, which has passed through so many editions, the Baron, as representing innumerable students who have vastly benefited by Sir HENRY's labour of love for his fellow creatures, has had on more than one occasion to speak in terms of the very strongest commendation. It remains a standard work, nay the standard work for the guidance of all who, loving life, would see good days, and experience likewise tranquil nights with refreshing slumbers. In that work it was taken for granted that its thoughtful readers would carefully consider the hygienic question of bodily exercise, and thus it happened that, though the necessity for exercise was insisted upon, yet to it allusion was made only incidentally. Then Sir HENRY wrote as the experienced instructor of dinner-givers, dinner-eaters, and diner-outers; now he gives us the benefit of his new experiences as Pro-motor of the Motors, that is, in his present work, the author considers the practical use and value of the motor-car as contributing to the health and happiness of mankind in general, more particularly of that section of it possessed of sufficient wealth to look upon the cost and keep of a motor-car and motor-carman as permissible luxuries. Sir HENRY does not at once reject a novelty simply because it is "new-fangled." He tests an invention, hears pros and cons, puts the matter to the proof, and then gives to the world the result, favourable or not, of his personal experience. By doing this he hopes that the happiness of the majority will be increased. It is never too late to experimentalise if there be a fair chance of the end justifying the means. And so, in the spirit of the eminent ancient philosopher who at eighty began learning to play the fiddle, Sir HENRY writes:—

"I had passed my eightieth year before I gained my first experience of a motor-car drive, and trust, although a late beginner, I may yet live a year or two longer to enjoy the same pleasure and profit as I have already derived from the practice."

"*Ad multos annos!*" quoth the Baron, quaffing to Sir HENRY. Then he gives us a history of motoring from 1824 up to the present day. He lures us with charming descriptions of the pleasantest trips to be taken by the Londoner to whom dinner-time is an object. *On revient toujours à nos premiers amours*. Be it observed, too, that Sir HENRY is a public benefactor, not only by giving "skeleton routes" (this sounds like bone-shaking, but it isn't), which, if followed, will take all motor-carists out of town, from London to Manchester, Worthing, Ramsgate, Hastings, St. Leonards and Folkestone, to Doncaster, Wolverhampton, and as far north as Edinburgh, but, in no single instance, does he even so much as suggest the idea of their coming back again! London is the starting-point, all the other places are bournes whence no motor-carist returns. Ah! *motor-caro mio!* are there not a few whom some of us would speed on their way with a hearty "*bon voyage*"? Sir HENRY gives his followers a line of route, gives them, in fact, as much line as is good for them, leaving the most crowded thoroughfares to be occupied by buses, cabs,

equestrians, pedestrians, and private carriages. Let the "scorchers" (may donkey-engines dance on their great-grandmothers' graves!) take the routes indicated to the motor-carists, and "never come back no more, boys!" Sir HENRY's recipe for cooking the goose of a too officious policeman is excellent: the sauce, to which the magistrate is to be treated, is appetising. Altogether, this is a work most useful to practical motor-carists. It is to be regretted that it was not illustrated by some motor-car-icaturist; but, despite this, to all whom Providence has blessed with a sense of humour it is delightful reading. It is published by FREDERICK WARNE & Co. (London and New York), and is modestly entitled, *The Motor Car; An Elementary Handbook on its Use and Management*, by Sir Henry Thompson, Bart., F.R.C.S., M.B., &c.

For a King's Counsel Mr. BODKIN shows himself in *Shillelagh and Shamrock* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) reprehensively sympathetic with lawlessness. My Baronite is unfamiliar with the learned gentleman's daily career at the Irish Bar, but he imagines he does not habitually hold a brief for the Crown. This leaves him a freer hand to deal with the characters of his lively stories, the point in nearly all cases turning upon a breach of the law, in which a broth of a boy, occasionally assisted by a pretty colleen, gets the better of the landlord, the constabulary, or "the removable." Mr. BODKIN has tapped again the hogshead (about the size of the island) of Irish fun, first sampled for the Saxon by LOVER and LEVER. It proves to be as fresh and as stimulating as ever. The K.C. is not only fortunate in inventing (or discovering) his stories. He tells them admirably.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

[An exhibition of black-and-white drawings by Mr. Punch's leading artists will be opened at the Woodbury Gallery, 37, New Bond Street, on May 5th. The whole of the proceeds derived from the charge for admission will be given to the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.]

GENTLES, who have never guessed
How the Wonders of the Age
Look before you see them dressed
Out in print on *Punch's* page,
Ranged in one convenient place
You shall see your favourite brands
In their native pristine grace,
As they left the Masters' hands.

Woodbury Gallery, 5th of May;
Note the scene and opening date;
Also note that what you pay
(Quite a trifle) at the gate
Goes to soothe the children's lot,
Goes to help them bear their pain,
In the Home where *Punch's* cot
Takes and makes them well again.



C. L. STANLEY -

She (to Raphael Greene, who paints gems for the R.A. that are never accepted). "I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE HUNG THIS YEAR. I'M SURE YOU DESERVE TO BE!"

A CELTIC PRESERVE.

You tell me that the poet's fame
We Saxons cannot hope to capture;
For Celts alone you coolly claim
A "corner" in poetic rapture;
They roam through dazzling realms of gold
In prosperous quest of fairy glamour;
And while they speak out "loud and bold"
The duller Saxon can but stammer.

'Tis yours to prove the Muses ought
In an un-Celtic land to lack sons;
That SHELLEY, KEATS and BROWNING
wrought
In vain, for they, alas! were
Saxons;

To prove that poets only dwell
Among the favoured Celtic nations—
(Though SHAKESPEARE managed pretty well,
Despite his racial limitations!)
But he was Celtic by descent,
And all his song was atavistic;
How else—so runs your argument—
Could he have left us half a distich?
Such special pleading leaves me mute,
I have no further breath to wrangle;
So have your way;—the Celt's "acute,"
The Saxon but an "obtuse" Angle!

The Pace that Kills

HAVE a care how you speed!
Take the motorist's case:—
On his tomb you can read,
"Requiescat in pace."

LOOKING FORWARD.

["In the election of a student to a scholarship regard shall be had to (i.) his literary and scholastic attainments; (ii.) his fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football, and the like; (iii.) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness and fellowship, and (iv.) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates."—*Mr. Rhodes's Will.*]

SCENE—Oxford: The Schools. The "Responsions" List has just been published.

Chorus of Colonial Scholars.

PLOUGHED again! Unhappy mortals,
How misfortune on us falls!
Every time we cross these portals
We are ploughed again in Smalls.

Once and twice and thrice and four times
Yearly do we seek these halls.
Deary me! How many more times
Are we doomed to fail in Smalls?

Enter Proctor.

Proc. What is that air of melancholy dole
That breathes despairing sorrow's very soul,
So that my stern proctorial heart acknowledges
The pathos of it? Sirs, your name and colleges!

Cho. All colonial scholars we,
Hasting over land and sea
From the Empire's ends to be
Alma Mater's scholars;
From the khaki veld we come,
From Canadian winters some,
From the isles of cane and rum,
From the land of dollars.

We are here to taste the store—
Culture, wisdom, wit and lore—
Garnered from the days of yore
In these classic halls, Sir;
But our pilgrimage is vain,
Though we toil with weary brain,
We are always ploughed again
When we sit for Smalls, Sir.

Proc. Strange is the tale you tell, upon my conscience!
Scholars, and yet you cannot pass Responsions?
Tell me, you stalwart giant with the torso
Of Hercules,—you Samson, only more so,
How came you here?

First Colonial Scholar. I only had to strip:
My muscles won for me my scholarship.
'Tis my delight from morn to night
To spar and fence, to box and fight,
I'm a Rugger blue, and it's quite, quite true
That the Cantabs flee when I come in view.
So I scored full marks for height and girth,
And cent. per cent. my arm was worth,
And none could vie with this matchless thigh,
For I am the strongest man on earth.

Proc. I quite believe it. Muscles so divine
I never saw. Now you, Sirs—what's your line?

Second Col. Sch.

A WASHINGTON I, with a soul too high
To condescend to the whitest lie;
A hero near to the future peer
Who said, "Pray, Grandmamma, what is fear?"
So I scored full marks for courage and truth,
Good nature, kindliness, friendship, ruth;
I was easily best in the purity test,
For I am a model of manly youth.

Third Col. Sch.

When I was at school I was doubtless a fool
At learning a verb or a grammar rule,
But although not bred with a bookish head,
Wherever I went, I always led.
So I scored the maximum marks, of course,
In leading instinct; without recourse
To sordid cram, I cleared the exam.,
For I am a tower of moral force.

Proc. Extraordinary! This is some wild dream,
Some horrid nightmare! You, the Empire's cream,
Come here to fail in *Euclid* I. and II.,
Cæsar and *Xenophon*?

First Col. Sch. Alas, too true.

Proc. I have listened with emotion
To the painful case you state,
For I never had a notion
Oxford was so out of date;
Never dreamt that we neglected
All that ought to be respected.

But, ye noble martyrs, weep not,
Neither let the tear down fall;
I am roused and I shall sleep not
Till we change the statutes all.
Lo! a mist before my eyes is!
Oxford of the future rises.

You shall seek no more the crammer,
Grinding up, to please the dons,
Odds and ends of Latin grammar
Or the *asinorum pons*.
Cæsar shall no longer hurt you;
You shall pass in manly virtue.

'Twixt the goals and at the wicket
Ye shall live athletic lives,
Taking double firsts in cricket,
Football, rowing, golf and fives;
Winning fellowships in coxing,
Chairs and tutorships in boxing.

When for manliness the Craven
Is awarded; when my eyes
See the muscular and brave 'un
Carry off the Ireland prize,
Then at length shall Oxford Greats men
Really be Imperial statesmen.

THE HAPPY DESPATCHCOCK.

To write a good despatch, the Duke of WELLINGTON once remarked, is a harder thing than to gain a victory.

The following examples will be of service to generals in their next campaign. In composing them, we have been careful to imitate the polished English, the lucid style, and the distinguished courtesy of the best recent models.

1. *General A. (in command) to General B.*—"There seems approximate reason for supposing that a certain force of the enemy, composed of, according to reports of native runners, whose stories are not trustworthy, five hundred, or, it may be, fifteen thousand men, are, or have been at a time comparatively recent, in the neighbourhood of one of the hills on your right rear flank. I propose to consider the situation thus outlined for the next few days, and in the event of your coinciding with the view here indicated you will remain in your present position by 2.33 this afternoon, while proceeding to develop a frontal attack by rear subsections, enfilading the entire force opposed to you within thirty miles, detaching the whole of your main force

from its outposts for this purpose. But should you think otherwise you will act differently. Be good enough therefore to abandon your baggage, and to carry out the precise instructions here given without a moment's delay."

2. General B. to General A. (by heliogram, the operator being under the influence of sunstroke).—"Instructions carried to credit account no discount for cash am just moving await orders no reinforcements wanted all is lost."

3. General A. to General B.—"Message ambiguous. In continuance of former despatch, delay movement until guns have come, if there are any guns. Consult Colonel C. as to this. Why have you not moved?"

4. General B. to Colonel C.—"Have you any news of guns? Position very grave. In my opinion caution essential, and two cavalry squadrons should be sent somewhere, or, if not, elsewhere. Supposing double entrenched force surprises advance body, can you throw out wings of Army Service Corps to immediate rear of position which other troops would pass on right towards north-west? Reply at once to the chief."

5. General B. to General A.—"Seventeen unarmed infantry despatched to seize enemy's position. Colonel C. suggests this, and I concur. Fear retreat necessary. Advise at once on this."

6. Fragment of General A.'s despatch to War Office.—"...one of the most magnificent achievements in the annals of the British Army, terminating in a regrettable incident which led to our retreat. But we have lost no more than a thousand men, and our success was notable indeed. (P.S.—Not necessarily for publication.) Of all the incompetent and imbecile bunglers, General B. and Colonel C. are the worst. I can never employ either of them again."

From General B.'s ditto.—"A fine chance absolutely wasted by Colonel C.'s idiotic misunderstanding of plain instructions."

Colonel C. will doubtless send home a few remarks on the strategy of Generals A. and B., but the War Office will probably think that the publication of these "would serve no useful purpose."

BY THE RIVER DOTTY.

[There was no true angler and thorough sportsman who was not a little "gone."—The Vice-President of the Piscatorial Society]

As I wandered by the side of that good trout-stream, the Dotty, I came upon a gentleman sitting on the bank with his rod beside him, looking worried.

"You are in trouble?" I asked.



THE HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE SEASON.

The Joys of a Gentleman Rider.

Voice from the Crowd. "NOW, THEN, GUV'NOR, TAKE CARE YOU DON'T GET SUNBURN'T!"

"Yes," he said, "I can't fasten myself on."

"Fasten yourself on!" I repeated in surprise.

"Onto the cast," he explained; "and there's a splendid trout feeding under that willow. It is a nuisance."

"Why should you want to fasten yourself on?" I asked. "Wouldn't a fly be better?"

"I am a fly," he announced, "a red spinner. I am very good for catching trout." A new idea struck him. "Will you fasten me on?"

"All right," I said, "where shall I fasten you?"

"By my bootlace, please," he answered.

So I tied the cast securely to his bootlace.

He thanked me profusely; and then a new problem arose.

"Oh, bother," he said, "I can't throw myself."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I should flick myself off," he said

regretfully. Then his face brightened. "You throw me," he suggested.

"I never did such a thing in my life," I assured him. "Why not swim out to the trout? I'll hold the rod."

"Swim!" he exclaimed in horror, "I am a dry fly."

"I don't know what to suggest, then," I said.

Fortunately at this moment a tall figure appeared in the distance coming towards us.

"Ah, that's all right," said my companion, "he'll throw me."

"Will he?" I replied in some mystification.

"Yes," he continued, "he thinks he's a flyrod. He isn't really, you know, but that doesn't matter, he will be only too glad to throw me."

At this point I thought it wise to depart lest someone should arrive who imagined himself to be a gaff, so I wished him "good-day," and hurried off in the opposite direction.



Our Spring Poet (seeking a little inspiration from Nature). "MARK THE GLOW IN THE SKY! THE DARK SOMBRE HUE OF THE FIELDS! AND THERE THE SOWER SLOWLY WALKING, WALKING, SCATTERING THE GOOD SEEDS UPON THE BOSOM OF MOTHER EARTH! IT'S GRAND! IT'S MAGNIFICENT!" (A whiff of air is blown to him from the fields.) "HEGH!—UGH!—ACH! IT'S NOT SEEDS—IT'S GUANO! BUT IT'S FINE—UGH!—ALL THE SAME!"

[Beats a hasty retreat.]

"CORONETS TO ORDER."

To a shop in Piccadilly enter Poppa, Momma, and the Only Daughter.

Poppa. Say, that sign in your store window, "Coronets to order." Think we'd like some fixed up, now, before the rush. Guess you can put the tape round right here?

Shopman (puzzled, but remembering the West End tradesman's tradition of courtesy). Well—er—yes, that is to say—what rank—my—my lord?

[Gobbles the last word in case the customer chances to be a duke who has spent three months in California.]

Poppa. Ra-ank? *(Whispers to Momma.)* Waal, what ra-anks d'ye stock?

Shopman. Well—*(thinks for a second and then risks disgrace)*—Sir, we supply, of course, to all grades of the nobility. Dukes, Marquises, Viscounts, and—

Poppa (turning quickly). Duke! Duke,

that's it, that'll fit me. Say, Momma, what've you chosen? Better have a Countess. You'd look real el'gant in a Countess coronet.

Momma. What'll it figure at, JAKE?

Poppa. Oh, scat to the figure! We're going to see the thing through now we're out, anyway. Now, AURELIA, slide out your fancy.

Only Daughter (immensely interested). Oh, Pop, a Marchioness for me, I guess.

Poppa (benevolently). Now we're fixed. One Duke, one Marchioness, and one Countess. Say, Mister, just see if our heads'll fit.

[Whips off his hat and motions to the women to unfix theirs.]

Shopman (with great deference). Certainly, Sir. Might I enquire if you have secured your tickets for the ceremony in the Abbey? I understand there will be a great demand and—

Poppa (confidently). Tickets? Oh,

don't you worry about them. We'll get right there. Now, just you fix us up these coronets, and I'll do the paying. Now, Momma and AURELIA—

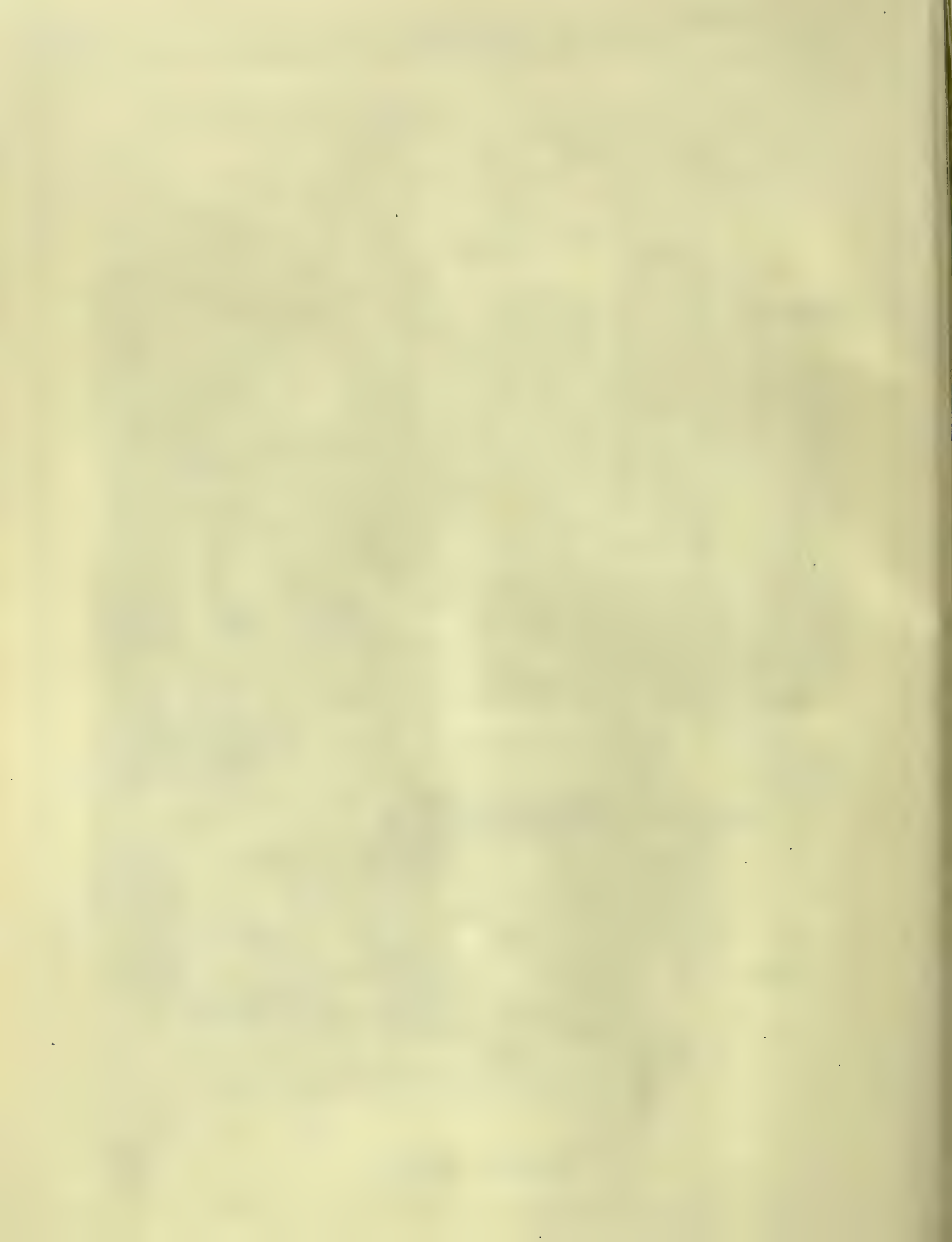
Shopman. Of course, if you wish it, Sir, but if I might be allowed to suggest—

Poppa (rising, and speaking with a splutter). See here, young man, am I out to buy coronets or your notions? Tell you what, send me up two of each,—JAKE P. HUNTINGTON *(gives card of address)*—and if they ain't on time you'll hear from me. And don't you worry about no measurement. I'll just take what you've got. And if we can't wear the darned things here, we'll wear 'em at home. And say, young man, express them crowns to me to-night, and I'll pay spot cash on delivery. Good afternoon!

[Collects Momma and AURELIA, and exits with democratic dignity.]



WHICH WINS?



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, April 21.—“The right hon. gentleman,” said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, leaning persuasively across the Table, gazing on stricken figure of ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS (including

Pip whilst yet a boy, inmate of the home of his sister Mrs. Gargery. Pip relates how Mr. Pumblechook would “drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) where I was quiet in a corner, and, putting me before the fire as if I were going to be cooked, would begin by saying, ‘Now, Mum, here is this

ing to dreary drip of deprecation, unvaried by word of approval. For a while, taking a blotting-pad on his knees, he made believe to be engaged in private correspondence. A poor pretence, designed to hide a seared heart. A flush of hope mantled his brow when FABER got up to make maiden speech. Mr. ALFRED PICKWICK DAVIES, who had rather a ruffled time with Chairman of Ways and Means, loudly cheered. Somehow got it into his head that FABER was the man who wrote the hymns; not sure whether it was Hymns Ancient or Modern; certainly one of the twain. Delusion strengthened by FABER producing what looked like a pocket hymn-book, but was in fact the notes for his maiden speech.

Mr. PICKWICK moved uneasily in his seat, furtively cocking his coat-tail. If the Chairman had been in more amicable mood he would like to have risen, and, turning friendly countenance on the newcomer, remarked, “Will the hon. Member for the Andover Division of Hants kindly oblige by giving us at this stage, the Budget being completed, a verse from ‘Now the labourer’s task is o’er,’ and will he kindly pronounce the words distinctly?”

But the Chairman was in hopeless mood. In spite of Mr. PICKWICK’S winning way, he had declined to let him discuss the salary of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; had refused to hear him on military expenditure; and, when he



SW-FT M-CN-LL GIVING H-CKS B-CH A “BIT OF HIS MIND.”

an extra penny on cheques), “will by this time perceive he has not introduced a popular Budget.”

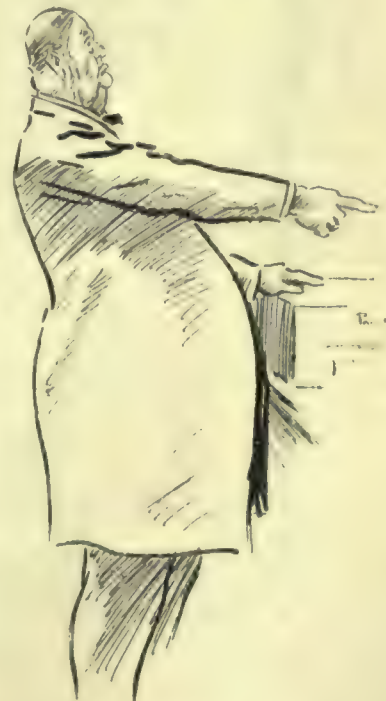
Personal relations between these eminent statesmen is peculiar and pleasant. Political opponents, successors to each other at the Treasury, one going in when the other is turned out, they ever retain a mutual, admiring regard. The SQUIRE, ten years senior in age, though ST. MICHAEL is in Parliamentary position four years older, inclined to treat his right hon. friend after the manner of an elder brother suspicious that his junior is disposed to stay out a little late at nights, to smoke stronger things than bits of cane, unduly to indulge in habit, publicly confessed, of taking more shandy-gaff than is desirable for one of his years.

The MEMBER FOR SARK, whose fancies are acute, often far-fetched, discovers in the SQUIRE’S bearing towards ST. MICHAEL reminiscence of *Uncle Pumblechook’s* moral attitude towards

boy! Here is this boy which you brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be for ever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, Mum, with respectations to this boy.’ And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way.”

Of course nothing of this kind takes place, though possibly there is in the SQUIRE’S attitude towards ST. MICHAEL suspicion of desire to assert that he really *did* do something in the direction of what may be described as “bringing him up by hand” to the distinguished position he now occupies among financiers. ST. MICHAEL strengthens the illusion by losing no opportunity of paying homage to the master hand that devised the Death Duties. Only to-night he declares that source of revenue to be the sheet anchor of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

The SQUIRE quite right about unpopularity of Budget. Through seven hours ST. MICHAEL sat listen-



“A Constitutional Party.”

proposed to discuss the COLONIAL SECRETARY with son AUSTEN, recalled him to the proposal before the House, which was the addition of a penny to the income-tax.

Mr. PICKWICK accordingly kept his seat whilst BECKETT FABER, in brief, simply-phrased, weighty speech, discovered to the pleased House a new Member who knows what he is talking about, and sits down as soon as he has delivered his message. It brought no comfort to ST. MICHAEL, for this practical Yorkshire banker riddled the proposal to double the stamp on cheques.

Business done.—ST. MICHAEL has a bad night with his Budget.

Tuesday night.—One of SARK'S aphorisms affirms that there are two things of which most men know nothing, and of which they talk much. One is pictures, the other wine. ST. MICHAEL, his back up with continuous bullying about his Budget, put the case in plainer, not to say more brutal, fashion. Arguing that, after all, protection is not unknown in Free Trade England, cited case of heavy tax levied on foreign wine without countervailing duties imposed on home productions.

House laughed loudly at this assumption of existence of a British vintage. ST. MICHAEL tartly retorted that, with the exception of experts, there is not a man in House who could distinguish between foreign and British wines. Saving clause about experts relieved remark from charge of downright rudeness. Every man, instinctively assuming himself to be the expert, looked with pity on his neighbour, about whom he felt ST. MICHAEL was probably right.

The reference conjures up pleasing prospect illuminating advertisement columns of our newspapers. "Encourage Home Industries"—"The British Flag and British Wine"—"Try our Hicks Hock"—"Beach Burgundy"; Highly Recommended by the Faculty—"Duc de Michael Champagne (Carte Noire) Bottled while you Wait."

Business done.—Budget Bill brought in.

Thursday evening.—CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES varied his achievements by adding new word to parliamentary language. Now established that you may, without reproof from Chair, allude to congeries of hon. Members as "dry bones." Whence it follows that you may call an individual Member a dry bone.

Came about in accidental way important precedents are frequently created. In debate on CARTWRIGHT case revolt broke forth below gangway on Ministerial side. CARTWRIGHT was editor of obscure Cape paper; enlivened its pages with publication of charge against KITCHENER of

issuing secret instructions that no quarter should be given to the Boers. CARTWRIGHT tried in Civil Court for libel; sentenced to year's imprisonment; having done his time, wanted to return to England, hoping to find professional engagement on the staff of some sympathetic home journal. Natural to suppose that authorities at Cape Town would presently call the watch together and thank heaven they were rid of Mr. CARTWRIGHT. On the contrary, did one of those fatally stupid things occasionally accomplished by overworked men. Refused permission, straightway transforming an obscure scribbler into a public martyr.

JOHN MORLEY to-night moves adjourn-



Rt. Hon. J. L-wth-r listening to W-nat-n Ch-rch-ll.

ment in order to discuss matter as one of urgent public importance. Riven ranks of Opposition joyously close up. Greater part of sitting wasted. This bad enough; worse followed when schism manifested in docile Ministerial ranks. The faithful can stand big blunders involving loss of a million or so of public money, whether in connection with live horses or dead meat. But these pettifogging blunders, especially when they come in conflict with elementary Constitutional Law, too much for the most loyal-minded.

ARTHUR ELLIOT led off in a weighty speech, creditable to himself by its courage, honourable to the House by its lofty tone, rising high above the wrangle of party faction. A wholesome whiff of ancient Whig way of looking at things. In ominous succession came WINSTON CHURCHILL, fizzling with the fury of an outraged constitutionalist; PEMBERTON of Sunderland, hitherto unknown to parliamentary fame; the travelled MALCOLM,

with some sentences prettily turned at expense of esteemed pastors and masters; IVOR GUEST, by no means Welcome to PRINCE ARTHUR; and SEELY shouting "Charge" at the top of his voice, which is taller than himself, riding straight at Treasury Bench.

These are the dry bones whose stirring soothed the savage breast of the CAP'EN with thought that, after all, he has not lived in vain.

Business done.—What was practically a Vote of Censure on Government negatived by majority of 77 in House of 441 Members. PRINCE ARTHUR makes retort courteous by threatening autumn session.

Friday night.—Odd how little ordinary course of things in House of Commons is understood of the people.

Reading *In the Fog* (HEINEMANN). Three capital stories of the *Sherlock Holmes* order which, in the matters of construction and of human interest, need not fear comparison with the work of that master of the craft. Won't spoil sport by hinting at their purport, advising the gentle reader to look them up for himself. Parliamentary people will find amusement as well as instruction in murder and robbery. Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's knowledge of House of Commons procedure is rather peculiar than extensive. His stories are told by a small company gathered at the Beefsteak Club. Thither, after the accustomed manner of statesman actively engaged in the House of Commons, comes for supper Sir ANDREW. If not actually the Leader of the House, he is a Cabinet Minister of high rank in charge of the Navy Increase Bill. One of the company is anxious to prevent the Bill passing. "If Sir ANDREW speaks for it, so great is his influence and so large his following, it will go through." The thing to do is to keep Sir ANDREW away from the House. He is a slave to the spell of what Mr. DAVIS calls "detective novels." Accordingly the conspirators fire off their blood-curdling stories, and keep the statesman entranced till a messenger brings the news that the House is up.

But it is the conspirators who are sold, not the statesman. The "plant" being triumphantly acknowledged, Sir ANDREW blandly explains that the Navy Bill was brought up for third reading at eight o'clock. He had spoken in its favour for three hours, and his only reason for wishing to return to the House was to sup on the Terrace "with my old friend Admiral SIMONS, for my work at the House was completed five hours ago, when the Navy Increase Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority."

The idea of a Cabinet Minister



A GOLF TOURNAMENT IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

rising at eight o'clock to talk on any Bill is odd, since at that hour, being full dinner time, the benches are empty. No one, man or Minister, would speak for three hours on the third reading of a Bill, debate being thrashed out on earlier stages. Sir ANDREW'S speech would bring the sitting up to eleven o'clock. Five hours added make four in the morning, a little late for thinking of going out to supper. Now, the House of Commons, save in exceptional circumstances not here alleged, adjourns at midnight. Never, even in a fog, did such thing happen as supping on the Terrace, with Admiral SIMONS or anybody else. Mr. DAVIS has evidently dragged in the Admiral with sly suggestion that this part of his story is told to the Marines.

Business done.—At work on Procedure Rules.

A BALLAD OF THE CONGO.

[The Aborigines Protection Society has recently addressed an Appeal to the British Government on the subject of the cruelties inflicted upon natives in the Congo Free State. These enormities are usually committed in order to stimulate native activity in bringing in ivory and rubber, but they have also taken place in the course of various "punitive expeditions." The exploits of such people as ex-Major LOTHARIEN (who killed STOKES) and Colonel DHANIS (whose native levies not only defeated his enemies but ate them afterwards) rob these stories of any surface improbability.]

In the Congo State

If the life is pretty beastly
The rewards are great.

You've abundant occupation
While you teach their proper station
To the coloured population
Of the Congo State.

In the Congo State

Your passion for adventure
You can simply sate!

There are elephants to shoot,
And native tribes to boot,
And there's interesting loot
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State

You may not amass a fortune,
But at any rate

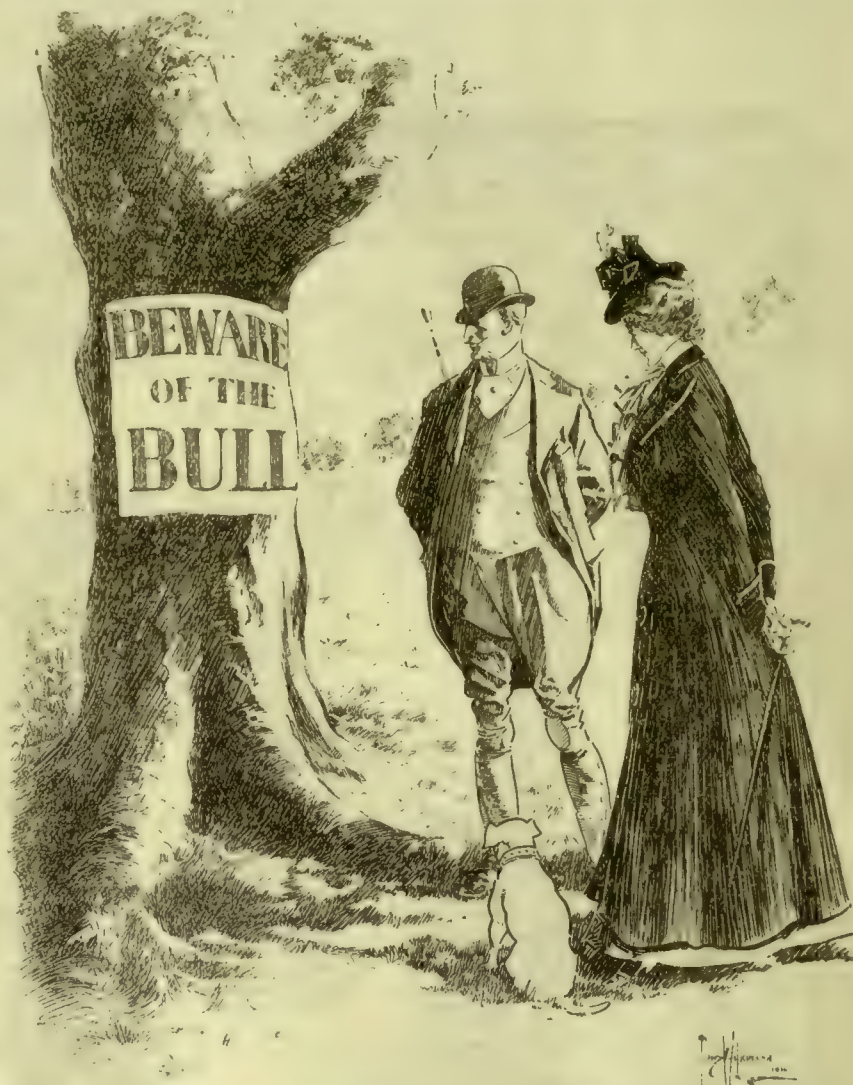
You can make a decent sum
Buying ivory and gum.
The current coin is Rum
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State,

If you want to fill your pockets
At a rapid rate,
You must flog the native lubber
Till you make him fairly blubber,
Then he'll bring you lots of rubber
In the Congo State!

Of the Congo State

There are several shocking stories



Squire (showing lady guest round estate). 'YES, I HAD THAT PUT UP IN LARGE TYPE, SO THAT "HE WHO RUNS MAY READ!"'

Lady. "OR, RATHER, HE WHO READS MAY RUN, I SUPPOSE?"

Which I won't relate.

For the Belgian mode of dealing
With the negro (hear him squealing!)
Is, to say the least, unfeeling,
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State

The native you object to
Can't avoid his fate;
You immediately attack him,
If he runs away you track him,
And when he's caught you whack
him,
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State

If there should be a black man
Whom you really hate,
You merely pull a trigger
And over goes the nigger.
That's administrative vigour
In the Congo State!

In the Congo State

The accommodating negro
And his dusky mate,
If you know the way to treat him,
Will fight your foe and beat him,
And subsequently eat him,
In the Congo State.

From the Congo State

The egregious Baron DHANIS
Has returned of late.
But the methods of the Colonel
Were rather too infernal
To be printed in this journal,
I regret to state.

MORE NEPOTISM.—Not content with the repeated charges brought against him under this head, the LORD CHANCELLOR has now actually presented his daughter, in marriage, to a GIFFARD.

ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

III.

ROSABACCA, described as the off-leader in the winning chariot at *Ben-Hur*, and therefore the principal actor, was, at the instigation of the Jockey Club, charged with boring at Drury Lane.

Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, on behalf of the Jockey Club, said he had visited Drury Lane. Certainly the horse bored. Cross-examined, he admitted that everyone else in the play did so too.

Mr. ARTHUR COVENTRY supported the last witness. Never in his experience had he seen a more flagrant case of boring.

M. CHIFNEY, of the Calmady Stables, denied that the horse bored. Cross-examined, he allowed that his judgment was perhaps impaired by the hectic and sensational environment in which he had lived at Brockhurst.

General LEW WALLACE, the author of the book from which the play *Ben-Hur* had been adapted, stated that it was never his intention that a horse should be looked upon as the principal character. He could not, however, be held responsible for the vagaries of playgoers' taste. When the book left his hands, many years ago, it was a religious romance. On cross-examination, he confessed that the principle of "cutting the cackle and coming to the 'osses" was a good one. A play had better go to the 'osses than the dogs. (*Applause in Court.*)

MESSRS. KLAU and BEN-HURLANGER, who present the play, and who were sworn together, speaking in strong nasal unison, denied that the horse bored, but if he did it was because he was a pro-bore and couldn't help it.

At this point the jury stampeded from the loose box, and on their return the foreman stated that they could not agree, six being yea and six neigh. ROSABACCA was therefore hurried back to Drury Lane in time for the *matinée*, without a stain on his character.

Miss LOFTUS was charged with unwarrantably expanding her Christian name from Cissy to CECILIA, and thus playing the part of *Margaret* in *Faust* at the Lyceum under a misleading *alias*.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, on behalf of the prosecution, stated that St. Cecilia had invented the organ, but to the best of his belief had nothing to do with the stage. He admitted in cross-examination that she was alleged to have been thrown into a boiling bath.

Miss LETTY LIND stated that if she were to appear as Miss LETTIA LIND she would not be answerable for the consequences.

BEN-HUR, an imposing Oriental from Drury Lane, contended that under no



ALTRUISM.

Maud (newly married). "YOU LOOK VERY MELANCHOLY, GEORGE; ARE YOU SORRY YOU MARRIED ME?"

George. "NO DEAR—OF COURSE NOT. I WAS ONLY THINKING OF ALL THE NICE GIRLS I CAN'T MARRY."

Maud. "OH, GEORGE, HOW HORRID OF YOU! I THOUGHT YOU CARED FOR NOBODY BUT ME!"

George. "NO MORE I DO. I WASN'T THINKING OF MYSELF, BUT OF THE DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THEM."

circumstances was a public character justified in tampering with his name. Imagine the disastrous effect if the Secretary for the Colonies were to describe himself as Mr. JOSEPHUS CHAMBERLAIN, or if he himself were to appear as BENJAMIN HUR!

The prisoner, who conducted her own defence, stated that, in resigning the labours, she might say the Sisyphean labours (*sensation*), of the variety stage for legitimate drama, she had been influenced by the warning extensively circulated in connection with the Tobacco War—"Beware of imitations." It was true that the version of *Faust*

she intended to appear in was WILLS's, not OGDEN's.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN and Mademoiselle YVETTE GUILBERT having expressed their cordial approval of Miss LOFTUS's withdrawal from the satirical walks of the music-halls, the magistrates condoned her offence, but stated that, in the interests of the gaiety of the nation, they hoped that Miss CECILIA LOFTUS would occasionally imitate the admirable Cissy.

GEORGE ALEXANDER, 44, lessee of the St. James's Theatre, was summoned on the instigation of the Hon. BARING RAYNE, of Hurlingham, for defrauding him of half-a-guinea. It seems that



FINIS CORONAT OPUS!

FANCY PING-PONG SKETCH—THE "SMASH" OR KNOCK-OUT STROKE.

the prosecutor visited the St. James's Theatre, partly on the recommendation of Mr. Punch, to see what he believed to be a sporting drama under the title of *Polo and Frank Chester*. On discovering his unhappy mistake he demanded the return of his money, and, this being refused, he had caused the present action to be brought.

Various experts were called by the prosecution to prove that the play *Paola and Francesca* might be better worth half-a-guinea.

Mr. CLYDE FLITCH, of Dunmow, the author of *Sapho*, who gave his evidence in American, said that he might not be as great as BACON, but he would have treated the subject very differently. What it wanted was some first-class transatlantic adaptation.

Captain BASIL HOOD, author of *Merrie Germanie*, said that the real need was a good patter song for the tyrant of Rimini (which had been rhymed before, and might be rhymed again, to niminy piminy). Also more comic relief and a dance or so.

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS, whose glossy raven mane streamed down his shoulders, stated that the title was bad. What did English people care about *Paola and Francesca*? "On the Rimini Razzle-Dazzle," would do better, or "The Italian Warehouse Lights."

MESSRS. KLAU AND BEN-HURLANGER, of Drury Lane, said that in their opinion there was in the play a distinct vacancy for horseflesh. A chariot race between *Paola* and his brother might just turn the scale.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES said that the chief objection to his mind was the absence of a good part of the EDMUND

PAYNE type. The actors were all too tall and too serious. Also he agreed with Mr. SIMS on the question of the

title, preferring something of the "All on account of Francesca" style.

Mr. JOHN LANE, publisher, called for the defence, said that *Paola and Francesca* could not be better. He produced a pamphlet ornamented by a portrait of the author to prove the statement.

The Bench decided to postpone sentence until they had seen the play, and Mr. ALEXANDER, supported by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, left the court trembling.

HOW TO INSURE DRAMATIC SUCCESS.—The Coronation Service, says the *St. James's Gazette*, "has been cut down to an hour and a-half, while the sermon will be limited to a brief five minutes." We fancy that not a few will "werry much applaud" what His Most Gracious Majesty "has done," and will, with our "immortal WILLIAMS," exclaim, "For this relief much thanks!" No "waits"; the interest sustained from first to last, and the principal actors in the magnificent spectacle on the stage the whole time! Bravo! "Sermon limited to five minutes!" *Pauca verba!* The preacher will only have to quote "Bid me discourse," watch in hand, and say no more about it. *Vive le Roi!*



THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

Owner (to Old John, who has returned to the stables minus the dog-cart). "CONFOUND IT! NOW I'LL BET A GUINEA YOU'VE BEEN THROWING HER DOWN AND SMASHING HER KNEES!" Old John. "THEN I HAIN'T. IT'S JUST HER WHAT'S BEEN A-TROWIN' DOWN ME AND THE CART, AND SMASHIN' O' ME!"

LINES TO A CERTAIN ORIENTAL LATELY AMONG US.

I wish you'd go! I spend my time
 In vainly trying to avoid you.
 Have I committed any crime,
 Or done some action that annoyed you?
 You came an uninvited guest,
 You stopped in spite of my com-
 plaining.
 I should be thankful for a rest,
 Yet you insist upon remaining.

Let none in future talk to me
 About politeness Oriental!
 Your manners ought, of course, to be
 Obsequious and mild and gentle.
 You ought, again, from what I've heard,
 To take life lazily and limply.
 You don't. It's utterly absurd.
 The whole thing is a fiction simply.

Your clamouring in every place
 I hear with indignation bristling,
 About the house you roar and race,
 And wake me up at night by whistling.
 I'll take my oath you never dreamed
 Of asking anyone's permission
 Before you did the thing which seemed
 To suit your selfish disposition.

You've no respect for any man;
 At your brutality I tremble.
 The Cockney, *genus* Hooligan,
 Is what you most on earth resemble.
 I am of those that love you least,
 You sheer unmitigated pest, you!
 O wind that blows from out the East,
 To speak quite plainly, I detest you.

A MAY MASKE.

MAY I be permitted to propose a
 revival of the ancient maske in honour
 of the Coronation? According to
 precedent there should be a proces-
 sion starting from Holborn, and reach-
 ing its destination in St. James's.
 Then there should be carnival and
 "sports of a gentler character" *en*
route. Say the procession (which might
 include cars representing, emblematic-
 ally—with the genial assistance of the
 Examiners, the Taxing-Masters, and
 the forensic members of the United
 Club—Legal Education, the Integrity of
 the Lower Branch of the Profession, and
 the Apotheosis of the Bar) entered the
 Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice and
 waited for an entertainment. Then
 would come the opportunity for those
 pleasant "diversions" that gave so
 much delight to our forefathers. I
 think I may make a few pertinent
 suggestions.

As a prelude, could not the Lord
 Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice
 (clad in full armour) shiver lances in
 honour of Justitia, the fair lady of the
 Tournament? The Hall of Justice is



ERRATIC.

Pedestrian (anxious for his safety). "NOW, WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING TO HIT THE BALL!"
Worried Beginner. "ONLY WISH TO GOODNESS I KNEW MYSELF!"

quite large enough to be the appro-
 priate scene of an interesting forensic
 display of mediæval horsemanship.
 Then—as a concession to modern
 creations—there might be a Morisco (or
 Morris dance) of Metropolitan Police
 Magistrates. The Lords Justices of
 Appeal might follow with the Pavan,
 wearing swords under their robes for
 the nonce, to give due effect (by the
 uplifting of the rapier ends) to the
 "strutting figure" of that quaintly
 amusing measure.

Then, before the procession resumed
 its pilgrimage a concluding tableau
 should be arranged symbolical of the
 fusion of Law with Equity and the
 triumph of Justice tempered by Costs.
 And now I have performed what I be-
 lieve to be a duty.

I shall myself be pleased to take a
 humble part in the pageant, but I feel
 I am scarcely worthy to fill a rôle that
 a learned and too partial friend has
 suggested to me. I must yield to
 others the right to appear as the miss-
 ing link between the Lord Chief Justice
 and the Lord Chancellor.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.

"CURLING TEAM FOR CANADA."—
 Seeing this heading recently in the
Times, I write to you, *Mr. Punch*, who
 know most things, to inquire if all our
 leading, or, as one may put it, our head
 perruquiers are going 'to Canada?
 Will all be Englishmen? and will a
 knowledge of "Foreign Tongs" be an
 essential qualification? A REAL CLIFFER.

THE GREAT DRURY LANE SUCCESS.—
 After its present run, which, as seems
 probable, will continue till Pantomime
 time, *Ben Hur* will, it is not yet officially
 announced, be succeeded by an Italian
 melodramatic play entitled *Ben T'rovato*,
 and then by *Ben Nevis*, a Scotch Mystery
 Play. The receipts have gone up by
 leaps. *Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS's* motto is
 now "In for a Benny, in for a Bound!"
 It will be long ere we hear of any Knell
 of Old Drury in the neighbourhood of
 Covent Garden.

NEW ROYAL RULE (*suggested to the*
Jockey Club in this Grand Coronational
Meeting Year).—All bets about *Sceptre*
 (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas)
 for Derby, Oaks, and Grand Prix, must
 be made in crowns and sovereigns.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST; OR, "CASTE" RECAST.

Omnia vincit amor. TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste*, being true to human nature, is as alive to-day as it was when first produced at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, then far better known to all playgoers as SIDNEY BANCROFT and MARIE WILTON; the latter having at that time but recently renounced the vanities and varieties of old Strand-Theatre Burlesques for the higher walks of domestic comedy, of which this play, full of light and shade, was one of ROBERTSON'S happiest efforts.

The talent of the actress who is to make a real success as *Polly Eccles* must be of the nature of that craftily qualified sparkling mixture which was the distinguishing characteristic of MARIE WILTON. A professional knowledge of burlesque is essential to the part, as witness *Polly's* "recitation" and "imitation" in the last act; also a professional knowledge of ballet action, of pantomime and burlesque, and a very strong appreciation of what was ridiculous in old melodrama, are equally essential to the effective rendering of the *Polly Eccles* "as she is wrote." All this Miss MARIE (name of best omen to the character) TEMPEST possesses, and it would be no easy task to find an actress better suited to the part.

Putting aside the dramatic contrasts so ably maintained throughout, the real absorbing interest of the story lies entirely with *Polly's* elder sister, *Esther Eccles*, and never could this character have been more tenderly, more sweetly, more touchingly, nor, where passion is essential, more forcibly played than, as it is now, by Miss WINIFRED EMERY. As the young lieutenant (TOM ROBERTSON, like the *Grande Duchesse*, "doted on the military"), MR. ALLAN AYNWORTH gives us an excellent portrait of a youthful "officer and gentleman," frank, impulsive, generous, and not overburdened with brains; while MR. BRANDON THOMAS makes his impression by subtly conveying to the audience not only that he is not by any means such a fool as he looks, but that the upper-crust glazing is, after all, very thin, and that beneath are the instincts of a true gentleman, just as underlying *Sam Gerridge's* cockney exterior of the London artisan in his Sunday clothes, is the honest impulse that stamps him temporarily, and in the best sense, as one of Nature's true Nobility. Of this last-named character MR. GEORGE GIDDENS makes the most: though I doubt whether, when at tea with his betrothed *Polly*, even had they been by themselves and without "company," *Sam* would have ever been so unnecessarily, so—permit me—so beastly vulgar, as to bite a hunk off the loaf from which he is cutting buttered slices for his sweetheart and the "swell" visitor.

Curious to note how ROBERTSON, having "taken in" THACKERAY "through the pores," has in this play given us a sort of *Sam Huxter* in his *Sam Gerridge*, and a variant of the *Captain Costigan* type in *Old Eccles*; the outline of the *Marquise* can be traced to *Madame de Florac* in *The Newcomes*, *Polly* to *Fanny Bolton* who afterwards became *Mrs. Sam Huxter*, and I am not certain if even *Captain Hawtree* is not simply *Major Dobbin*, out of *Vanity Fair*, Robertsonised.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S *Old Eccles* is a study in the grim humour of sodden habitual drunkenness. At first, when he is moderately sober, his *Eccles* is immensely funny,—you are amused and you pity him; so also, when he sings, makes speeches, drinks imaginary toasts, denounces the aristocratic baby, you cannot choose but laugh. When, however, he comes fresh, very fresh, from the public-house "round the corner," reeking of strong whisky and rankest shag tobacco (its nauseous odour seems to pervade the entire house, so realistic is CYRIL

MAUDE'S interpretation of this final phase of *Old Eccles*), how relieved are the audience to see him, after tumbling and fumbling round the table, sink into a chair by the fireplace and "then be heard no more!" You know his fate, it has been crudely and unfeelingly (in the presence of his own daughters) predicted by *Major Hawtree*; *Old Eccles* is to go to the Land of Spirits, the cheapest possible spirits; that is, he is to take Jersey as the last stage of his journey to the bank of the Styx.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD, as the *Marquise de St. Maur*, a lady "with a history," full to overflowing of family records from the pages of *Froissart* (judiciously abbreviated), gives the final touch that completes an exceptionally perfect *Caste*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READING MR. JOHN MURRAY'S catalogue of forthcoming works, my Baronite noted with pleasurable anticipation promise of a biography of Sir WILLIAM WHITE. His portly figure, his smiling countenance, his manner almost boisterous in its friendliness, were familiar during his frequent visits to London. His influence on the foreign Courts to which he was accredited, notably Constantinople, was matter of history. With such material at hand, MR. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has succeeded in producing a curiously muddled narrative. Periods, personages, and countries are so mixed up that the belated reader, like the man hymned in minstrelsy, "dunno where he are." Many of the letters, in addition to being otherwise pointless, are given without date. MR. EDWARDS himself gets so mixed up, probably after reading his proofs, that twice, on pp. 122 and 263, he tells in full detail and almost the same language, how it was LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE who, fifty years before MR. GLADSTONE, used, in the same connection, the phrase about turning the Turks out of Europe "bag and baggage." The book gives no idea of the remarkable personality of the man who, up to his thirty-fourth year, was chiefly engaged in farming, at that epoch entered the Warsaw consulate in a subordinate capacity, and, unaided save by merit, rose to be British Minister at Constantinople. The divagations into the history of the last forty years in Poland, Servia, and Turkey are equally forlorn.

NICHOLAS HOLBROOK (SMITH, ELDER) achieves a distinct triumph. The average novel reader, an upright, kind-hearted creature, instinctively desires to see the villain of a story defeated and the good man get all, including the heroine. By skilful art and clever management OLIVE BIRRELL succeeds in reconciling my Baronite (representative of the average reader) to an arrangement whereby the virtuous and noble-minded is put aside, and good fortune attends the disreputable party. It seemed at the outset that *Dulcie* was sure to marry *Nicholas* and live happily ever after. Miss BIRRELL, skirting the commonplace, in the end avoids it, with the conclusion hinted at. *Dulcie* is a charming girl, *Nicholas Holbrook* a fine character carefully drawn. The story of *Mrs. Holbrook* is but an episode apart from the main narrative. But it is not the least attractive chapter of a wholesome, brightly-written book.

An unfortunate somebody having asked the Baron to read and mention *Ludus Amoris* in his long and firmly established Booking Office, he set himself to what he very soon discovered was likely to prove a formidable task. Gallantly he rode along, pencil in rest, but at the fifth obstacle, that is, "chapter," he gave it up, exclaiming, "The force of reading can no further go. Hand it over to any 'Skipper' who, with or without 'his boy,' may be languishing for want of exercise, and commend to him most heartily
THE BUSY BARON DE B.-W."



OUR OPENING DAY T.R.A.

Manager P-ynt-r. 'WALK UP, WALK UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! POSITIVELY NOW COMMENCING! ALL THE OLD AND NEW FAVOURITES! SOMETHING TO SUIT ALL TASTES! ONLY ONE PRICE! THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXHIBITION NOW ON VIEW! WALK UP!!'



THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

(A Foreboding of Dr. Leyds.)

WHAT is this strange, unearthly fear
That weighs me down like lead?
Why do I wake and rudely shake
In my well-appointed bed,
And feel a horrible bogey form
Come gibbering round my head?

Like to a sleepless sentinel
It keeps its nightly post,
Of all known things that go on wings
Abhorred by me the most;
It is the so-called Angel, Peace!
She is that horrid ghost.

In vain I rise and look towards
The unresponsive stars,
Or don my hose and so compose
A column of pungent pars
Alleging that I have lately had
A message sent from Mars.

I try the pulse of Europe's heart
And like it less and less;
And when I count the gross amount
I've squandered on the Press
I often feel that I have missed
Unqualified success.

Even my trusty *Little Blue*
Begins to harbour doubt;
Already faint suspicions taint
That azure Brussels sprout;
It hints that my supreme advice
Is being done without!

And when I answer, "*Entre nous*,
You find me cornered tight;
I have no news of BURGER's views,
He cannot wire or write;"
"Just so," the editor replies,
"But would he, if he might?"

Ah! what a change since round my path
A steady limelight shone!
I cannot say I like the way
That things are going on;
A little more and I shall find
My occupation gone.

Not that I dread a straitened purse
When I resign my quest;
No menial toil shall ever soil
These hands that kings have pressed;
I have prepared for rainy days
A nicely-feathered nest.

Only I fear that, though I've done
All a civilian could,
My fighting friends may fancy my ends
Were not the common good;
Such is the risk that patriots face
Of being misunderstood!

Therefore I think I must regard
My public days as done;
And I who cast a shade so vast
Beneath the open sun
Had better retire *incognito*
To a hermitage for one.



Facetious Countryman. "LOIKE YER 'AIR COMBED, MISS?"

So that if STEIN should take a trip
To Europe some fine day,
And closely press for my address,
Having accounts to pay,
For only guidance he may get
The answer, "Gone away!" O. S.

WANTED!

A "Contractor" for the Aristocracy.

THE Duchesses are, it is said, to be allowed eighteen inches of sitting accommodation during the Coronation service, while sixteen inches are considered sufficient for ladies of inferior degree. Hath not a Marchioness robes—with voluminous folds as well? Have not the Countesses ample proportions, taking them all round, as their more exalted sisters? Is not a Viscountess gifted with elbows and funny-bones? Is even a Baroness to play the common or hermetic sardine? All these ladies,

we fear, are fated to be taught, by painful experience, the meaning of the third-class expression "to sit tight." And when the dramatic moment arrives for the donning of the coronets, will the manœuvre be executed by alternate numbers, or in sections, or by platoon firing, or how? At such close quarters there would be a danger of putting your own insignia on your neighbour's head. There would seem to be a need here for a literal contractor, a Procrustean professor who will reduce any given peeress, however portly, to Coronation dimensions, a temporary BANTER in fact—but no, we must not banter longer with such a serious subject. But if latitude is to depend on social precedence, according to the Earl Marshal's scale, it is to be feared that the lady-commoner in the street-crowd will have rather less than no breathing space at all.

LAUS REMIGII.

THE Springtime, what a mercy 'tis to both our Universities:
They realise the curse it is to read for Trip or Greats.
They both forget their ologies, lay down their load of
knowledge.

And, lo, the giddy colleges divide themselves by Eights.

The Proctor takes it vernally, and, though he fines nocturnally,

Grows kindlier diurnally, and acts like me or you.

If men will get their hands away and swing, he understands
a way

Of putting airs and bands away and cheering on his crew.

Your Don may sometimes sham an ursine manner (like
examiners),

He may declare "I am *iners*, and find my fellows bores";
But *now* each college resident, Dean, Master, Provost,
President,

By every word he says identifies himself with oars.

The wrangler hasn't got an use for tangent or hypotenuse:

He doesn't deem it rotten news to hear about the rows;

And gentlemen, whose bliss a row of sentences from Cicero
Is found in, wouldn't miss a row for reams of Latin prose.

Now coaches—on their star equestrian mounts they're heard
afar—request

Their pupils not to mar a quest for bumps by playing
pranks.

And mites who do not fear a natatorial risk can steer an
eight,

And try to find how near an eight can travel to the banks.

* * * * *

So here's the praise of boats in May, of many-coloured coats
in May,

Of One my mem'ry notes in maiden meditation free,—

But, since she left me high and dry, her charms I now defy
and rhy—

—me a stave or two to try and dry the tears she weeps
for me. "Tis."

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SCENE.—*The Master's lodgings at University College, Oxford.*
The Master is sitting at his table, writing diligently.
To him enter the Dean of Oriel. TIME.—A few days ago.

The Master (rising). Ah! Mr. Dean, good morning. I
ventured to ask you to call upon me. The matter is rather
important.

Mr. Dean (who has the air of being nervously on the defensive). And what—er—is the matter?

The M. It's about this bequest of Mr. RHODES's.

Mr. D. (edging towards door). If it is merely to offer your
congratulations—

The M. (sternly). It is *not*. Pray be seated. (*Poor Mr. Dean meekly takes a chair, on the edge of which he poises himself uncomfortably.*) You are aware, perhaps, that the funds of University College are not—er—in as flourishing a condition as they were? Our High Table is sadly in need of contributions. Agricultural depression—

Mr. D. No doubt.

The M. I have come to the conclusion, therefore, that Oriel might see the fitness of handing over to this college some portion, at least, of their large and unexpected bequest. If Mr. RHODES had only had the misfortune to dine here!

Mr. D. Really, I can see no grounds for such a conclusion.

The M. Indeed! Perhaps you are not aware, Mr. Dean,

that but for the action of University Mr. RHODES would never have gone to Oriel at all?

Mr. D. I have heard a rumour—

The M. Yes. We refused to take him here—on the ground that he did not intend reading for honours. (*Regretfully.*) It was a sad mistake.

Mr. D. But you made it. (*With honest pride.*) We were wiser.

The M. Oh, come, I've heard that you were pretty idiotic about him yourselves. Didn't you at one time suggest to him that he had better migrate to New Inn Hall?

Mr. D. Yes. Because he was hardly sufficiently regular in his attendance at my lectures. (*Ingenuously.*) It's dreadful to think he might actually have gone! Fortunately he declined.

The M. (triumphantly). Then I don't see that you were much wiser than we were! If you'd had *your* way the money would have gone to New Inn Hall.

Mr. D. (meekly). We acted for the best.

The M. So did *we*. But we haven't made anything out of it. Whereas you've made £100,000.

Mr. D. (wiping the perspiration from his brow). What an escape we had! But how were we to know?

The M. That's just it, how were *we* to know? However, I've made up my mind to take steps to prevent the possibility of such a thing ever happening to us again.

Mr. D. How are you going to manage that?

The M. (with honest pride). I've drawn up a set of college rules, to be added to those at present in force, which will, I think, meet the difficulty.

Mr. D. May I hear them?

The M. Certainly. They are only just completed. (*Takes up paper from table and adjusts glasses to read.*) Rule 34—I have numbered them so as to follow on after the present regulations—

RULE 34. No millionaire, or son of a millionaire, or near relative of a millionaire who has a reasonable expectation of succeeding to the whole or major part of his fortune, will be expected to read for honours.

RULE 35. All gentlemen connected with the diamond industry or with a large interest in gold mines who desire to matriculate at University will be excused entrance examination.

RULE 36. All junior members of the College who intend to accumulate, or who are likely to inherit, great wealth, are requested to communicate with the Dean, who will see that existing regulations as to attending lectures are relaxed in their favour.

(*Looking up.*) Rule 36, you see, is especially adapted to meet your case.

Mr. D. Yes, I see. I think I should like to make a note of that, if you'll allow me. [*Does so.*]

The M. There is one more:—

RULE 37. It would greatly facilitate the work of administration if undergraduates who purpose leaving substantial bequests to the College would signify the same to the Master in writing as early as possible in their academical career.

I call that a wise provision. Statesmanlike, eh?

Mr. D. (maliciously). It comes a little late, perhaps?

The M. (bursting into tears). That's the worst of it. We are a most unfortunate College. SHELLEY we rusticated. And we wouldn't take CECIL RHODES. It's really tragic.

Mr. D. (kindly). There, there! Don't take it to heart! I tell you what I'll do. When the bequest is paid and "comfort and dignity" reigns at the Oriel High Table—we're going to get a stunning cook!—I'll ask you to dine! [*Exit.*]

CLASSIC INVITATION TO A SUPPER PARTY.—"Quis supperabit?"



Guilderstein (of the City, who has been inspecting the property with a view to purchase). "NICE LOT OF HEADS! SHOT ON THE ESTATE, I SUPPOSE?"

FAUST AND FOREMOST.

BACK again to the Lyceum, where, as by this time everyone knows, Sir HENRY IRVING, on "enjoying his own again," received the heartiest and most enthusiastic welcome. "The spirit that denies" was compelled to assert that this "first night" was one of the biggest evenings in the history of the Lyceum. Miss ELLEN TERRY was heard of, but not seen—she was, as it were, "in the air"—and on this occasion "The Invisible Lady" shared in the acclamations with which her devoted subjects received the managerial "few words" after the fall of the curtain. Had not ELLEN TERRY given her benison to "The New Girl," i.e. Miss Cissy (now, so please you, "CECILIA") LOFTUS, who, appearing for the first time as *Marguerite*, evidently felt so oppressed by her responsibility that her nervousness was from the first only too apparent? Gradually, only very gradually, it wore off, and where strong emotion had to be portrayed, she rose to the occasion, giving those who were watching her with interested curiosity a glimpse of future possibilities within reach of CECILIA, the young actress who steps upon the Lyceum boards after bidding a long farewell to "Cissy of 'the Halls.'"

Is it too late in the day to say a word on "Wills's Mixture," that is, his version of *Faust*? Might not the Witches' Kitchen and the fourth act be entirely omitted with great advantage to everyone concerned? GOUNOD's opera is far more dramatic than this play; and, indeed, were the construction of the old KEAN-AND-BOUCICAULT drama more closely followed, would not the acting produce an effect far greater than it does at present, as the attention of the audience could be focussed on the central figure, instead of being distracted, as it now is, both from the acting and from the story by the interpolation of meaning-

less mummery? It is in the poem; true,—leave it there. Sir HENRY's marvellous *Mephisto* needs no other setting than the scenes that tell the old, old story, as plain as words and deeds can make it to all alike both gentle and simple.

MOTORING.

(By a Shareholder.)

YEARS ago I bought some shares in a motor company. It was so long ago that I hardly remember when it was. I only know that it was at a time when nobody in this country ever looked at a motor-car, except to laugh at it and hardly anyone had even the chance of doing that, for no motors were to be seen. Now you may be run over by one anywhere you like.

The company was promoted by a—stay, I will make use of an opprobrious epithet which is not actionable—by a company promoter, who has long since disappeared from the scene. It is possible that he was a knave; it is certain that I was a fool—neither a man of business nor a Fellow of Oriel, but a mere ordinary duffer. Yet it is remarkable what interest those shares have afforded me during all these years. Not, I hasten to add, interest in the form of dividends, for nothing of the sort has ever made its appearance, but interest in the way of meditations on methods of business, and on the complete futility of human expectations.

If the company had been an absolute failure, I really believe it might have succeeded after a time. Instead of that it went about the United Kingdom winning medals of gold and silver, of brass and putty also, for all I know, and certificates and diplomas and marks, until my head swam in the effort to remember its achievements. And every

time it won anything the price of the shares fell accordingly. A certificate or a diploma sent them down a shilling, an ordinary medal depressed them to the extent of half-a-crown, and as for the gold medal, it was such a staggering blow that the unhappy company collapsed altogether. It had to be wound up and reconstructed, and of course the shareholders had to pay a call, as a mere matter of politeness, to enquire after its health, before it was strong enough to go in for any more competitions.

As I am not a man of business I do not pretend to understand the causes of all this; I merely record the facts. The last fact which I have to record is that the shares had reached the modest price of eighteenpence just before the Motor Exhibition was opened at the Agricultural Hall. I trembled, lest some well-deserved prize should bring down the shares to sixpence, and when I read that a car belonging to the company had gained a certain number of marks in a race, which would infallibly cause them to fall to a shilling, I felt that no margin was left for any medal whatever.

That I might know the worst, I resolved to visit the Exhibition. A cab for such a prodigious distance being quite beyond the means of a motor company's shareholder, I travelled to the City for twopence, and thence northwards by the South London Electric Railway, which sounds rather contradictory, and emerged in a sea of mud at a station called "Angel." I must confess to a deplorable ignorance of many parts of London. It might have been Archangel for all I knew, though I hardly seemed to have been shot through a tube quite so far north as that, and the crowd of people and tramcars and omnibuses all struggling together in the pouring rain convinced me that the sea of mud was not the White Sea at all events.

I had understood that the Agricultural Hall was almost next to this station. It was not. After wading an enormous distance through the mud and the crowds, and dodging the tramcars and the omnibuses, and asking every second person if I was going in the right direction, I at last reached the Exhibition, and entered by a passage full of all sorts of things quite unconnected with motor-cars. But directly I stepped into the great hall I perceived a brave show of my unhappy company's conveyances. I saw at once that it could never escape the fatal medal, and that inevitable ruin was before it. Without troubling to look at anything else I turned and fled.

I was not mistaken, for I have just received the usual notice of a meeting to reconstruct the company. If anyone likes to buy my shares—£1 shares, fully paid, no calls in arrear, over-and-over-and-over-again-fully-paid—I shall be delighted to let him have them all at a penny apiece.

A. NINCOMBE POOFE.

AN EX-AUSTIN' TASK.

(Some questions, for Literary Students, on the Laureate's new poem, entitled "A Tale of True Love.")

1. "It had beheld kings and proud empires vanish,
Male sceptres shattered, princedoms pass away,
Norman, Plantagenet, Lombard, Swabian, Spanish,
Rise, rule, then totter and topple from their sway."

State what happened to the female sceptres. Scan the last line, and draw a Spanish in the act of toppling.

2. "And nigh these oaken-timbered barn and stable,
Lowlier, withal of countenance akin,
Cluster, for in times olden, meek and proud
Being nearer much than now, their kinship was avowed."

Translate this passage into English, explaining why the times were meek and proud; also, who was nearer what, and if not, how otherwise.

3. State the brand and vintage referred to in the following phrase:

"A sudden living figure rose before her,
Modern, withal with air of ancient port."

Contrast with it the description of autumn as a "sober mezzo-tinter."

4. Parse, and comment upon the beauty of the lines:

"Will you, I round it willingly can guide you,
Unless—and, told, shall fully understand—
Wander you rather would with none beside you."

5. Describe *Sir Alured's* fortunes in the South African war. What is a "steel-shod sentry?" His name is mentioned in "terse despatches;" show from this that he was not among the force which relieved Ladysmith. *Egeria* reads "of some fresh deed of daring That decorates his breast and crowns his brow." How do you suppose that the latter process was effected?

6. (a) "What is there that endures? Go ask of Greece or Rome." Contrast this line with the rather similar utterance of a forgotten bardlet called JOHN KEATS. (b) The Laureate opines that "this true simple tale" will "soothe some sufferer's lot When noisier notes are husht, and newer ones forgot." State what grounds (if any) you can discover for this belief. Are the "noisier and newer notes" addressed to the Islanders?

7. "The course of true love never did run smooth." Does the rhythm of *A Tale of True Love* falsify this statement?

VERY MUSICALLY CATCHING; OR, TWO AT ONE HALL.

THE amateur of music, keeping his weather-eye open to all advertisements of concerts, should be careful not to miss the next occasion when Miss MARGUERITE MACINTYRE and Mr. GREGORY HAST may unite in giving a concert whereat the amateur aforesaid will Hast-en to assist. Then will he hear two of our sweetest singers duetting and soloing in French, German, and our native English. We should have liked "two of Scotch and one Irish," but perhaps these will be given when Mr. L. G. SHARPE "manages" another of these delightful "vocal recitals." A good two hours' entertainment—nay, a very good two hours' entertainment—which would be less instrumentally melodious than it is, were it not for the piano accompaniment by Mrs. GREGORY HAST, and by a BIRD that gives us his best notes when striking only on the instrument. "MARGUERITE! she's a daisy!" as Mr. CHEVALIER's coster sings, and when thou Hast heard HAST thou 'lt be Hastonished. This way to St. James's Hall to listen to these two brilliant musical stars! "*Sic hitur ad Hastra!*"

HOW I WAS TAKEN.

IN *Household Words*, which is now the CAINE family organ, Mr. HALL CAINE has an article entitled "How I was taken for a tramp." We understand that the following sequels may be expected:—

"How I was taken for a ramp." By Lord SUFFIELD.
"How I was taken for a Gamp." By Mrs. HARRIS.
"How I was taken for a poet." By Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN.
"How I was BACON for Mr. HALL CAINE." By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
"How I was taken aback by *Household Words*." By CHARLES DICKENS.

Dr. JAMESON'S NEW ELIXIR.—Magnate of Rhodesia.

AN UNEXPECTED RIDE.

Tuesday.—Dined with SPILLER last night, and discussed our coming Point-to-Point race with him. He seemed to think it rather heroic to ride in one. I smiled indulgently and assured him it was merely like fast hunting run. "Well, you try it," said SPILLER, rather nettled; "I did once, and found it rather nervous work." Smiled again. SPILLER poor horseman. I mean compared to—well, say me, for instance. I tried to shame him into riding by saying, "If I only had your chestnut mare, SPILLER, I'd soon show them the way along!" "Then I'll enter her, and you shall ride!" he said. Enthusiastic creature, SPILLER. Of course I was awfully glad—at least, I fancy so. Now that I come to think of it, that chestnut mare has awfully bad shoulders, and also pulls pretty hard. Wonder if she's quite safe at her fences?

Saturday.—Nasty chilly wind for the Point-to-Point. Hate riding across country in chilly wind. Have just walked the course, and must say I think small consideration has been shown for the lives of horses and riders. Never saw such enormous fences—and that mare is, as I thought, not at all certain at her fences. Rode her one or two gallops, and didn't like the way she carried me at all. Told SPILLER so, but he only grinned. Begin to dislike that man. My hat most uncomfortable—presses on forehead and makes head ache. New "pink," too, rather tight about armholes, and I can not get left heel properly down into top-boot.

Luncheon to the farmers in marquee before racing begins. Absurd arrangement, this. One can't eat anything before. I mean one's appetite so much better after race than before. Two whiskies and sodas. Saddling bell rings, and ten minutes later am mounted. That fool SPILLER says, "I suppose you mean to come right along with her?" Well, of course I couldn't come right along *without* her. Hate people who say silly things—especially at moments like these, when one doesn't feel at all well, and that sort of thing, don't you know. Never knew a saddle so hard and slippery before. Groom had stirrup leathers all wrong, too. Had both taken up a hole, then left leather another hole, but had to let it down two holes directly after. Then did same with other one. Beastly saddle: didn't seem to give you any grip, don't you know. At last groom says, "You'll be late, Sir, if you don't get down to the post now," and I had to go, still feeling most unhap—uncomfortable, I mean.

There were thirteen of us altogether—beastly unlucky number, thirteen—and when starter said "Go," I tried



Philanthropic Old Lady (to little boy caressing dog). "THAT IS RIGHT, LITTLE BOY, ALWAYS BE KIND TO ANIMALS."
Little Boy. "YES, 'M. I'LL HAVE THIS TIN CAN TIED TO HIS TAIL SOON'S I'VE GOT HIM QUIET."

to pull my mare back. Hate riding over fences just in front of others—seems such bad form. But my brute jumped into her bridle with a squeak, and a hoist of the hindquarters which sent my beastly hard hat over my eyes, and then put her head down and rushed away in front of the whole field. How she got over first fence without any assistance from me, I don't know. My hat was blindfolding my eyes until, oh landing at far side, I pushed it back again. On we went, down stiffish slope to the brook, and, mare having no shoulders, I was jerked farther and farther out of that wretched, hard, slippery saddle, until, when she took off at the water, I was sitting right on her withers. Well, naturally no man could expect to do any good in that position, so as she rose at the brook I simply dismounted, and, losing my footing as I stepped on the grass, I slipped and fell at full length face downwards, my

head hanging over the water—and my hat fell in.

Mare went the whole course, and came in first—but there was some silly objection about her not carrying the right weight, and the second horse took the cup. I walked back to the luncheon tent, and, as I was entering, met SPILLER. The fellow actually asked me—right before a dozen ladies, too—"What made you fall off?" *Fall off!* Really, some men are so ignorant that one can't argue with them. I passed on, without replying, and to-morrow, when I meet him in the City, I shall cut him dead.

Enthusiastic Irishman (on the coming Cork Exhibition). "Annyway, I tell ye all, th' people of Cork deserve th' greatest credit for th' way they put their hands in their pockets and took th' bull by th' horns."



Butcher. "WELL, MY LITTLE DEAR, AN' WHAT DO YOU WANT!"

Little Dear. "'TAIN'T WOT *HI* WANTS! *HI* WANTS A DIMIND DOG COLLAR, AN' A BRO'M, AN' A PERMININT PARGE TO THE MUSIC 'ALL, AN' A SEAT AT THE CORINASHUN. BUT IT AIN'T WOT *HI* WANTS, IT'S WOT *MUVVER* WANTS, AN' *SHE* WANTS 'AUF A POUND OFF THE SCRAGGY END OF A NECK O' MUTTON, ON THE NOD TILL MONDAY!"

OUR CRICKET PUZZLES.

PERSONS interested, although so early in the season, in cricket analyses, are asked to analyse the following sentence from the official letter addressed to the Lancashire Club by Mr. A. C. MACLAREN. "Having returned from Australia feeling stronger than I have done for years, having practically banished all rheumatism, owing to a cure that I have been undergoing for the last four months, coupled with the fact that Mrs. MACLAREN has also benefited, I am perfectly willing still to do my best to play for Lancashire, always provided the Lancashire people wish to see me again,

although it is quite impossible for me to accept the post which has been offered to me, which is considerably more remunerative than the last one, owing to the necessity of my being free to return home at any time when my presence is required there." Mr. MACLAREN already holds the record for the biggest score in first-class cricket. He now adds to his laurels the credit of the longest sentence in the literature of the game.

AN ADAPTATION.

Nil admirari all the art I know;
To keep girls happy is to make 'em sew.

THE LIONS' LAMENT.

["So far as smart society is concerned, authors are lions no longer. Roar they never so loudly, not a soul shudders. Authors have themselves to blame. Their first mistake was committed in accepting Society's invitations and attending functions in short hair and conventional attire. Their second consisted in talking the epigram to death; but the fatal error was the illustrated interview. Familiarity breeds contempt—even for lions. Authors now entertain each other; and, banished from Mayfair, are glad to prowl in Maida Vale."—*Sydney Bulletin*.]

The mansions of the mighty,
Within whose guarded door
Sat golden Aphrodite
Delighting in our roar;
The gates that leapt asunder
Before our royal thunder
Which filled her halls with wonder,
Now welcome us no more.

What fatal condescension
Possessed us to declare
For collars of convention
And ties that sane men wear?
What fiend so falsely played us,
What lunacy betrayed us,
Delilah-like, and made us
Cut off our Samson hair?

Why was our conversation
One long, unceasing flow,
A dazzling coruscation
Of epigram and *not*?
Tired grow the eyes that follow
The swiftly-wheeling swallow:
Not always does Apollo
Extend his straining bow.

Why did we weakly suffer
Within our private den
The journalistic duffer,
With camera and pen,
To tell, with illustrations,
The habits, recreations,
Meals, family relations
Of literary men?

Ah me, if we had only
Refused to tell our tale,
And lived aloof and lonely
Within our sacred pale,
We should not willy-nilly
Have fled gay Piccadilly
To prowl about in silly
Suburban Maida Vale.

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.—We read in the "London Correspondence" of the *Manchester Guardian* of the 29th ult. that Dr. VILLIERS STANFORD was "called out" no fewer than sixteen times at the performance of his opera at Leipzig on the evening of the 25th ult.

QUIS CUSTODIET IPSOS CUSTODES?

SCHOLASTIC.—Required, for Preparatory School, clergyman to help manage and visit parents.—*Church Times*.



BULL BAITINGS.

KEEPER HOOKS BELL. "COME ON, TUPPENNY! WE'D BEST GET OUT OF THIS!"

[Exit "Tuppenny" quickly.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 28.
—What a wag it is! and no one ever suspected him of the quality. That is the worst of man. Next to woman he is the most misleading creature that walks the earth. On Budget nights ST. MICHAEL has been known to indulge in little pleasantries; that a manner common to Chancellors of the Exchequer. There is really nothing funny about being taxed, especially if imposts are augmented. But in course of years it has come to be established that at a certain stage of the Budget speech, usually immediately before disclosing his secret of the financial year, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER shall make at least one little joke.

Some of us old enough to remember how BOB LOWE had his jest, though it almost lost the Government their estate. *Ex luce lucellum* was irresistible. LOWE could no more pass it by than the confirmed dram-drinker can forego his morning potion. So he invented the match tax in order that he might put this tag on the box.

ST. MICHAEL'S joke takes a more fearsome form. Nothing jocular in the inception. To double the stamp on the cheque isn't funny; it's simply stupid. One of those temporary aberrations which, as in the historic case of the match tax, in their time visit Chancellors of the Exchequer. For the sake of half a million, a mere nothing among

his fabulous figures, ST. MICHAEL vexes an important business and a multitude of men. Taken aback by the roar of



Congratulations in the Lobby.
(Lord Ch-r-l-s B-r-s-f-r-d.)

execration that greets his proposal, he says, "Very well, I have an amended scheme that will meet objections on all sides."

To-night he discloses it. Having drawn a cheque, say for £1 19s. 10d., you must use a twopenny stamp. But, when the cheque is cashed and cancelled, you pop out "to the nearest Post Office"—observe the consideration that insists on your going to the very nearest—show the cheque to the Postmaster, and incontinently, across the counter, he hands you a penny.

Here is added a new and subtle charm to payment of small accounts. In writing a cheque for any amount under two pounds the human frame will be diffused with a sense of pleased expectancy. Mr. Micawber died too early. Still, one can imagine the satisfaction with which he would have written a cheque, say for thirty shillings, feeling that when it came back from his bankers he would step out "to the nearest post office" and receive a penny in cash.

When we come to think of it, here is a new, easy, certain way of making a living. A man in fairly good health could draw sufficient small cheques in a day to yield an aggregate of pennies that would at least pay his cab fares and his dinner at the club. Put it at the moderate computation of one hundred. There's eight and fourpence at once!

House roared with laughter when ST. MICHAEL, with conscious air of a man who has discovered a good thing, described his plan. On closer scrutiny

there will be found more in it than meets the eye.

Business done.—ST. MICHAEL takes the House into his confidence about the stamp duty on cheques. The House laughs. ST. MICHAEL stares. Can't think what they see funny in the proposal. CHARLIE BERESFORD, back after two years' cruise in the Mediterranean, reports himself to SPEAKER. "Come aboard, Sir," he says, tugging at his tawny forelock. Afterwards holds sort of levee in Lobby.

Tuesday evening.—'Tis well that in happier days HARRY CHAPLIN accidentally acquired the habit of permitting a voluminous pocket-handkerchief to hang loosely from a roomy outside breast pocket. When, erstwhile, he stood at the table expressing the views of Her late Majesty's Government on agriculture, local government, or the shortcomings of gentlemen on the Front Bench opposite, the flowing cambric bestowed upon him a negligé air that happily toned the stately dignity of his bearing. Now the appanage is put to practical uses. It serves to mop the tears that well to honest eyes at contemplation of the goings on of PRINCE ARTHUR, beginning at a certain date in the year 1900, since steadily deepening in enormity.

Introduction of New Procedure Rules has brought out all the innate iniquity that lurks under the still fair, almost ingenuous, countenance of a former colleague and leader. When CHAPLIN rises to lament new departure from path of virtue, so profound is his emotion, so broken his voice, so depressed his attitude, that only by concentrated pained attention anxious House can catch his words. Occasionally there is a pause; the right hand slowly reaches forth for the pocket-handkerchief; slowly hauls out what in cubic measurement suggests the mainsail of a yacht. As the anguished face



The Right Hon. H-ary Ch-pl-n.



Cork.
J. F. X. O'Brien.

is hidden in its folds a sympathetic sniff passes along the benches.

"CHAPLIN, weeping for his old colleagues, will not be comforted," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, vainly endeavouring to control a quavering voice.

This fine; finer still when, manfully mastering emotion, he uplifts a Jove-like countenance and proclaims things. "Sir," said he just now, waving the pocket-handkerchief as in far-off days his kinsman, GEOFFREY DE CHAPLIN, Sieur of Blankney, flaunted the white flag of the Crusader in the face of the Moslem guarding the walls of Ascalon, "I cannot permit myself, through personal regard for any of my friends, to be a traitor to the best interests of this House."

PRINCE ARTHUR affected to smile. A poor pretence; a withered flower of feigned merriment fading on pallid lips.

Business done.—Sat up all night with Procedure Rules.

Thursday night.—Bold WILLIAM ALLAN, his beard fluttering in the breeze, rushed for'ard just now and nailed Union Jack to the mast. If the incident had been foreseen it would have been worth while to have arranged seats for a few foreigners in Strangers' Gallery. We don't regard American Minister as a foreigner. Still, special reason just now why it would have been happy accident had Mr. CHOATE been in his not infrequent place in diplomatic gallery. A shrewd, keen-sighted man, he would have been able to pick up a notion for communication to Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, or anyone else it may concern in the United States.

All about the Shipping Deal. JAMES WOODHOUSE, Kt., began it, moving adjournment in order to discuss matter as one of urgent public importance. Put case admirably in brief business-like



"A tie, I think?"
Hon. B-bby Sp-no-r.

speech. CAP'EN TOMMY promptly hove alongside, and ran up his jibboom in signal of accord. Incidentally—quite accidentally—spar gave BROTHER GERALD a nasty knock. In reply to question put earlier, GERALD declared he, as President of Board of Trade, "had no official information" about the great Deal.

"What's the use of a Minister of State," cried the CAP'EN, looking scornfully down on back of head of BROTHER GERALD seated on Treasury Bench, "who, in matters of this importance, divides himself into official and non-official capacities?"

Debate spread in spite of PRINCE ARTHUR's fervent entreaty. Quaint contribution from McIVER. Didn't quite catch its purport; largely biographical in its character; something about a Deal in wheat he and another man (since dead) engineered; bought it at Chicago secretly in dead of night; the other man (now no more) fixed up the railway people; McIVER (happily still with us) re-painted a Cunarder so that her own captain wouldn't know her; bribed the dock authorities at New York to load her with grain in a fog; she made a record voyage to Liverpool.

Here, unhappily, the narrative broke off. Another incident in his interesting career flashed across McIVER's active mind. Something to do with Free Trade; unanswered the question of what became of the grain—whether

the Deal proved profitable, or whether on opening the hatches the hold was found to be empty—the other man (deceased) having played McIVER false. Like the story of Cabuscan bold, McIVER's tale remains half-told.

Was certainly designed, like much else spoken, to convey impression that the country's going to the dogs. BOBBY SPENCER, momentarily emerging from his collar, regretted he had been brought up as an agricultural labourer. Had he, when a boy, sailed before the mast, or even behind it, he might now have saved his country.

In these depressing circumstances the appearance on deck of burly WILLIAM ALLAN, refreshing as the wind blowing in from the sea on a sultry day. "A storm in a tea-cup," he derisively described the debate. "American millionaires going to buy up our ships? Let 'em. We'll build more. Run us off the seas? Been trying it on for fifty years. Let 'em go on trying. Lower the Union Jack? It can never be lowered."

WILLIAM concluded by singing verse of "Rule Britannia." Motion for adjournment immediately withdrawn.

Business done.—In the Lords misunderstanding on the subject of Divorce arose between LORD CHANCELLOR and Earl RUSSELL.

ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

IV.

COLONEL BORDERVERRY was charged with shooting at the London Hippodrome with intent to murder one RICHARD WAGNER.

Evidence was given that the prisoner fired repeatedly at a piano with a Winchester rifle, thereby eliciting sounds alleged to correspond painfully to an air from *Lohengrin*. It was held that the Colonel had received no provocation and that the piano was doing its best.

Mr. WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS, Wagnerian expert, deposed that he had visited the Hippodrome in quest of innocent amusement and as a change from the rigours of Queen's Hall. He, to observe the prisoner this soul-destroying and un-called-for outrage make, utterly horrified was.

Herr SIEGFRIED WAGNER stated that he was not at the Hippodrome on the night in question. He was at Bayreuth, but every shot was painfully audible at Wahnfried, and distressed the family greatly.

For the defence it was held that the Colonel, having exhausted all other targets, was entitled to fire at a piano. Pianos, it was pointed out, had served on mobile columns in South Africa.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, pianist, said that he thought the Colonel's marksmanship admirable. The force and precision



W-ll-m All-n.



AT THE R.A.

First Painter. "I'VE JUST BEEN SHOWING MY AUNT ROUND. MOST AMUSING. INVARIABLY PICKS OUT THE WRONG PICTURES TO ADMIRE AND DENOUNCES THE GOOD ONES!"
Second Painter. "DID SHE SAY ANYTHING ABOUT MINE?"
First Painter. "OH, SHE LIKED YOURS!"

with which he hit the notes reminded him of his own piano-fortitude. The Colonel's was a good way in which to play much of WAGNER.

The Bench, after a brief consultation, ordered Colonel BORDERVERRY in future to substitute airs from *Der Freischütz* for those on which he at present operated.

JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON, actor, of the Lyric Theatre, was charged with denationalisation in the third degree.

Mr. J. C. PARKINSON, who described himself as a confirmed first-nighter, said that the prisoner had long been known as a patriotic English actor of Shakspearian and other home-grown parts. He had witnessed his new play, *Mice and Men*, and it grieved him to say it was undoubtedly of American origin.

Miss MAXINE ELLIOTT said that she was a true-born American and the wife of Mr. NAT GOODWIN. It was a fact that the prisoner had recently married her sister, Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT. (*Applause in Court.*)

JOHN TOMPKINS, in the employ of Messrs. DARING, the decorators, said that he had superintended the embellishment of the prisoner's residence. His walls were papered with a stars-and-stripes design. (*Sensation.*)

JOHN WALTER BRIGGS, Secretary of the Beefsteak Club, said that the prisoner was as good a Beefsteak as any other member until his recent interest in American affairs. Since then he had sent in his resignation and joined the Clam Chowders.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, grammarian and public vaccinator, deposed that it was in his play, *The Devil's Disciple*, that the prisoner first assumed an American character. (*Cries of "Shame."*)

This closed the case for the prosecution.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, ring-master and corner-man, called for the defence, denied that he had purchased the prisoner.

HENRY ARTHUR-JONES, wearing a brand-new hyphen, testified to the prisoner's sterling Saxon qualities. Otherwise he would never have been asked to play in the witness's epoch-making drama, *Michael and His Lost Angel*.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who said that he played golf regularly and irregularly with the prisoner, deposed to the entirely British character of his expletives on fooling a drive.

Other witnesses having spoken to the pleasant character of *Mice and Men*, and to Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON's habit of humming "*Rule Britannia!*" the Bench were about to pass sentence, when, happening to catch sight of Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT in the well of the Court, they at once acquitted the prisoner.

The verdict was received with cheers.



EA CORONATION CELEBRATIONS IN THE PROVINCES.

Squire. "SEEMS TO ME THAT, FOR THE RIVER-SIDE, IT WOULD BE CAPITAL TO GET A GOOD SUPPLY OF FLAMBEAUX."

Farmer Nobs. "AS A LOYAL SUBJECT, SQUIRE, I OBJECTS. I DOAN'T SEE THE NECESSITY O' HAVIN' FOREIGN BIRDS. IF WE WANT 'EM AT ALL, LET 'EM BE BRITISH, SAYS I!"

WILSON BARRETT, sacred delineator, was charged with deserting the metropolis at the time of the American invasion, and diverting the attention of the Boer delegates by starring in South Africa at the present juncture. It was asserted that Generals DE WET, DELAREY, and BOTHA had abused the facilities granted them by the British to visit the commandoes still in the field by hurrying off to Cape Town to attend *The Sign of the Southern Cross*, and could not be induced to resume negotiations as long as the run lasted.

Mr. R. S. HICHENS, K.C., who appeared for Mr. WILSON BARRETT (his late collaborator) admitted that the facts were as stated, but contended that, so far from the negotiations being imperilled, they were more likely to be brought to a satisfactory conclusion by Mr. WILSON BARRETT's impressive impersonation of *Lemuel*. He understood that General DE WET shed floods of tears every night, and had presented Mr. BARRETT with a barrel of biltong; while ex-President STEYN had to be removed from the stage-door by force.

Mr. KLAU, the celebrated American

impresario, declared that the conquest of London by his stupendous production *Ben-Hur*, had been rendered infinitely easier by the absence of Mr. WILSON BARRETT, who was alone capable of effective competition in the domain of sacred spectacular drama.

Mr. BOLOSSY KIRALFY gave evidence to the same purport. He considered Mr. WILSON BARRETT to be the most bolossal actor in the world.

The Bench, after a short consultation, decided that Mr. WILSON BARRETT should give an undertaking to frame his programme with a special view to breaking down the Boer resistance. They suggested that he should introduce the earthquake scene from *Claudian* into *The Sign of the Cross*, and recite Dr. WAITS's hymns between the acts of *The Silver King*.

THE following request, sent to a firm of brewers, has been forwarded to Mr. *Punch*. "Dear Sirs, I want a disused beer-barrel to use as a kennel for a spaniel of about 18 galls. capacity, or rather over." *Spectator*, please copy.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

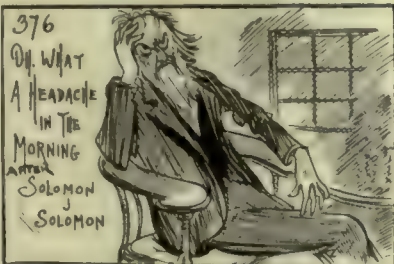
LAST Saturday was The Academy Banquet, when His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, as chief guest of the Academicians, succeeded to the seat of honour gracefully placed at his disposal by His Majesty, who has for so long a time and always so happily occupied it. That the toast of "The King" was received with the greatest enthusiasm "*cela va sans dire*," and the reception of the Prince, who is already a practised speaker, was of the very heartiest. So, now to see the works contributed by our Masters of Arts.



First and Foremost (131), State Portrait of His Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH, painted by command and by LUKE FILDEN, R.A. It is a "living picture." *Vive le Roi!*

149. By Sir EDWARD J. POYNTER, President R.A. "*Storm Nymphs*." Young ladies who find bathing on this Cornish coast very delightful. But, after all, not quite so convenient as Scarborough or Margate.

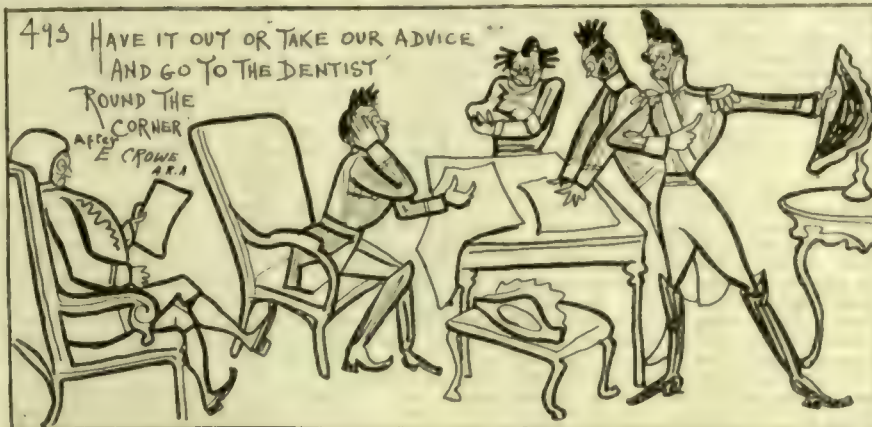
28. "*Our Valentine*" (VAL PRINSEP, R.A.). Girl, thumb-twiddling, meditating perhaps on lover in S. Africa; in trance, Val?



10. By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. Portrait *In Camera*, or *A Brief Moment*. Barrister in full forensic costume privately rehearsing his speech for the defendant.

14. Also by W. Q. O., R.A. *A Strong Temptation*; or, *C'en est que le premier pas qui coûte*. Elderly gentleman looking cautiously round as though asking, "Soft! Am I observed? If nobody's looking, I will open this jewel-case."

13. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A., shows a knight, "in shining armour clad," saying to a *fair equestrienne*, "See here! the only thing I've forgotten is my gauntlets." "We'll stop at the next glover's," she whispers. He listens to her *rights*.



37. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. "*The Lady of Lions*," on tour with performing tigers and other highly trained animals. WOMBWELL's travelling menagerie out for an airing.

54. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A. "*A Lively Measure*." The muzzy-looking trio of musicians look like "three in a bar."

75. "*Twopence Coloured*." Striking portrait of H. BEEBROHM TREE as "*Herod*," painted by CHARLES A. BUCHEL, who, wishing to be distinguished in a certain branch of Art, paints a tree. Yet, "a Good Tree needs no Buchel."

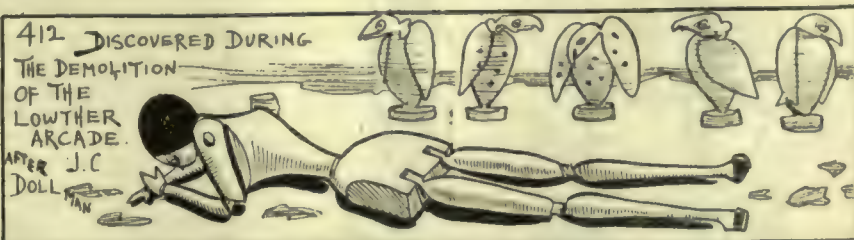
89. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A. "*The Orange Girls*." Three boo'ful ladies under an orange tree. The fruit is ripe now, but it may be of "orange blossoms" to come that they are thinking. Most perfect orangement.

108. Mr. HENRY WOODS, R.A., here represents a delightfully sunny scene entitled "*A Venetian Water-seller*." This is, probably, to be followed by "*A Venetian Wine-cellar*," with "Wine from the Woods."



112. G. A. STOREY, A. Not a bad Storey; 275 is a queer Storey, but 442 is quite another Storey, in fact, a capital Storey. And, after all, what is better than "the old old Storey?" ADOLPHUS STOREY should illustrate "Dolly" Dialogues."

126. "*Hera in the House of Hephaistos*." Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A. The "lass of Richmond" as a listening Hera. But this Hera will hear a lot of good of herself.



139. "*Haughty Culture in the Hupper Sukkles.*" Handsome lady on satin golden-framed sofa; gold embroidery on dress, general idea of having invested in, what is called on 'Change, "gilt-edged securities," suggested by uncommonly FRANK DICKSEE, R.A. So she looks proudly round and says,

"Here will I sit!"
"Let Kings come bow to me!"

143. W. W. OULESS, R.A., gives us a strong portrait of "*Blackwell*" looking "*Crosse*."

147. Winner of a chariot race over a water-course. FRANK O. SALISBURY.

190. By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. The picture represents a dinner-table at dessert time. The Dinner-giving Bore is the host, misnamed "entertainer." His amusing stories have caused the precipitate flight of five out of his six guests, whose chairs are empty; but the sixth, overcome by his host's last amusing anecdote, has fallen fast asleep, prone on the table. The host is known appropriately as "*The Borgia*," with the accent on the "*Bor*."

196. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. "*Drove of Cattle at Chertsey.*" In what county? Probably Oxon. *Vide* Cattlelogue.

200. MARCUS STONE, R.A., might well have named his prettily fancied picture "Rather a waste of time," as it represents a fair maiden with her ear close to a tree, patiently but anxiously waiting for its bark.

201. His only one, but such a one! The Marble Balls! The Strewn Roses! The Outer Hall, the Inner Hall, the Innermost Hall! Hallmarked by HALL-MA TADEMA, R.A. Perfect!

212. *A Trying Moment.* Mr. ALEXANDER as the Prisoner of Zenda, in new satin "unmentionables." But query, does the artist, Mr. ROBERT BROUGH, mean them to be sat-in?

226. *Supercilious Portrait, loquitur,* "I am a

swell! Ya-as! rather!" (*To rude spectator.*) "Who are you? Don't know yar!" This is probably what it is saying, as of course it is a "speaking likeness," by LUKE FILDES, R.A.

229. *The Three Dianas; or, The Huntresses.* "The Misses HUNTER," so the catalogue has it; but who misses HUNTER, or FISHER, or any one else, in the presence of these three witches so marvellously painted by our Colour-SERGEANT, R.A.? We wish the best of sport to these three Hunters, and no insurmountable "obstacles!"

269. Another Hunter! Marvellous portrait of *Phil May* as hunting man in pink. J. J. SHANNON, A. *pinart.* As a picture, the pink of perfection. Why so sad? Is it because—in spite of having had his hair cut—he hasn't got a hunting crop?

378. *The Simper-thetic Lady and the Funny Dog.* ARTHUR HACKER, A. Hacker-demical study.

385. A violoncellist passing false notes; taken by A. LEICESTER BURROWS, and hung by the Academy.

413. "*On the Free List!*" FRANCIS BARRAUD gives us a good portrait of Admiral KEPPEL, with a lot of "orders."

429. *William Forbes*, by STANHOPE FORBES, A. Will Forbes buy Forbes, eh? Has done so, probably. Both gifted persons, and ready to act on "the give and take" principle.

447. LANCE CALKIN's portrait of *Sir John Tenniel* doing nothing and taken red-handed in the deed. Otherwise it might be entitled "*A Good Knight's Rest.*"

470. "*Snap-shots*," or Watching the Invaders. By H. VON HERKOMER, R.A.

686. Intended by ARTHUR S. COPE, A., with horse by J. CHARLTON, for *W. Baird, Esq.*, but it ought to have been Equestrian portrait of CHARLES WYNDHAM in a new part as a hunting man making "a cast."

760. JOHN M. SWAN, A. Telling picture of a late or early gentleman who about 3 A.M. finds that

though he has kept his head he has lost his hat, and "confound it, where's my latch-key?"

777. HENRY S. TUCK, A., exhibits a portrait of *Alfred de Pass, Esq.* Name seems to indicate some distinguished member of the "Free List" persuasion. Adieu, ALFRED DE PASS. *Pa-sons!*

STATUARY.

1604. THOMAS BROCK, R.A., shows a soldier at the front scowling angrily across the hall at the ghostly statue of Mr. GLADSTONE by same sculptor.

1611 and 1612. Two busts of His Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. One, by WALTER MERRETT, in white marble, t'other, by SYDNEY MARCH, in black. White King and Black King. Probably some chess problem intended. By different sculptors, but both Merrett-orious.

Outside.

"*Jeunesse Dorée*," or equestrian golden statue of Black Prince (by BROCK, R.A.) protesting against being compelled to remain in the courtyard when so many other works of art, not by any means so well mounted, are admitted within the walls. Claim not allowed.

A COOKED ACCOUNT.

[At the Cambridge Police court, it appeared that Caius College was defrauded by its butcher to the extent of £8,000 or £9,000.]

A cook of the College of Caius
Paid the butcher extortionate faius;
And so much deceit
They suffered in meit
They'd better have dined upon chiaus.



FLOUTED.

To his rage and despair, Mr. Orlont receives the following:—"THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY REGRET THEY CANNOT HANG MR. ORLONT'S PICTURES, AND REQUEST THAT THEY MAY BE REMOVED AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE."



REVENGED.

But the spirit of revenge inspires him, and the "*Weekly Wirepuller*" shortly contains the following:—"CAN ANYTHING EXCEED THE IGNORANCE, THE INDOLENCE, THE IMPUDENCE, DISPLAYED IN THE SO-CALLED WORKS OF ART OF OUR ROYAL ACADEMICIANS?" &c., &c.

BEGINNING YOUNG.

["Is it too much to hope that in the re-arrangement of elementary education opportunity will be found for grounding the children in the chief political and economic movements of the day, thus fitting them to play their parts as useful citizens." *Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—Puddleton Village School.

TIME—Say two years hence. An old-fashioned Inspector is holding the annual examination.

The Inspector. Now, children, we will proceed to some questions in simple arithmetic. If one bricklayer can lay fifty bricks in an hour, and another forty bricks in an hour, how many bricks will the two, working together, lay in eight hours?

First Child. That entirely depends, Sir, upon whether they are Union men or blacklegs.

Inspector. Dear me, I never thought of that. Perhaps you're right. But what do you know about Trade Unions?

The Whole Class (in breathless unison). A-trades-union-is-an-organisation-or-association-of-working-men-employed-in-one-particular-trade-to-guard-their-rights-against-the-tyranny-of-capital-on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other-to-main-

Inspector (hurriedly). Thank you—yes, very nice indeed. But let us return to our arithmetic. If six children bought six oranges at a penny each, at what price would they have to sell them again to make a shilling profit? (*A general titter runs round the class.*) Eh, what are you laughing at?

Second Child. Only at the notion, Sir, of any of us being content with so miserable a profit under the circumstances you describe. The six of us, Sir, would immediately form an Orange Trust, and the price of oranges would be advanced promptly to sixpence apiece.

Inspector (somewhat taken aback). Er—yes, quite so. But putting such matters aside for the moment, would you be good enough to tell me what would be the cost of papering a room twelve feet long, eight feet high, and—

Third Child. Excuse me, Sir, but we cannot consider such a room. If you will look at the report of the Commission on overcrowding, you will see that the minimum of cubic feet of air—

Inspector. Well, well, we will pass on to geography. Kindly mention the principal exports of Great Britain to Africa.

Chorus of Children. Union Jacks, patriotic songs, and equitable systems of government formulated by a sane Imperialism!

Inspector (faintly). And the capital of Sweden?

Fourth Child. The most important town, Sir, is Gothenburg, where origi-



Old Gent. "WHY ARE YOU HITTING THE BOY? WHAT HAS HE BEEN DOING?"
Big Boy. "NOTHINK. BUT 'E WON'T BE LONG O' DOIN' SOMETHINK."

nated a system of controlling the drink-traffic which—

Inspector. Thank you, thank you, I will not trouble you further. (*Struck by a sudden idea.*) Can you tell me how many pounds make a hundred-weight? (*Dead silence.*) Or the name of the sea between England and France? (*Same result.*) Oh, they don't teach you this sort of thing nowadays, don't they? Well, then, tell me what is nine times seven?

Fifth Child (solemnly). We are compelled, Sir, to ask for notice of that question!
[Scene closes.]

NOWADAYS there are lady journalists and lady-doctors, but, we believe, only one "feminine" on the list of English barristers, who, when in Court, is usually rather rudely pointed out to an inquiring stranger with the curt formula, "That's SHEE."

A CHANGE COMES OVER, &C.—"Ping-Pong," though essentially an indoor game, is now played out.

NEW TITLE FOR SIR MICHAEL.—Chancellor of the Extra-penny-chequer.

CATCHWORDS FOR THE MILLION.

III.—"SMART SOCIETY."

[The writer of these verses has had his attention directed to the following exquisite passage culled from a new Anglo-American paper known as *The Smart Set*. Its author, after asserting that "temperament" is the only effective qualification for entrance into "smart" society, proceeds:—"Given the temperament, and, in an atmosphere of orris, you will discover . . . heiresses of the first water, the deliciousness of ruedelapaixian confections, the aroma of Manhattan mingling with the accents of Mayfair."]

When in some pious album I review
The myriad changes wrought in Woman's clothing,
The antic shapes that, once considered new,
Now but invite to pity or to loathing;

When I permit my memory to revert
To days that knew the chignon or the bustle,
The bellying shoulder-puff, the clinging skirt,
The flounce of satin guaranteed to rustle;—

A pure compassion takes me by the heart,
For those that so far lacked imagination
As to suppose these fleeting forms of art
Merited photographic conservation.

Little the wearers fancied, in their pride,
When thus they stereotyped their cherished trousseau,
That they would prove the antiquarian's guide,
And serve as supplement to Madame TUSSAUD.

Strange, when its doom is ever in our eyes,
With what sublime imperishable passion
Some of us still aspire to crystallise
The freaks and foibles of the moment's fashion.

Yet he was surely bolder than the rest,
Or knew the innocence of alien readers,
Who fixed on "smartness" as the final test
By which to recognise our social leaders.

But why should he adopt so stale a brand?
Why give his journal such a crusted title?
Was it that in his own more strenuous land
This jargon still remains profoundly vital?

Not so with us! We take these catchwords on,
Slang of the West, or costers' native phrases,
Use them a year, and then the charm is gone
Into the limbo of forgotten crazes.

Or else, like maggots breeding in the sun,
Contagion spreads until the villas catch it
Down in those wilds of far West Kensington
Which once were known as Staines, or even Datchet.

Some London germs may linger here and there;
In restaurants they largely tend to batten—
Chambers of orris, where the heavy air
Reels to the rich "aroma of Manhattan."

But where they only talk the Mayfair brogue,
And never buy a notice in the papers,
Let's hope that "smartness," if it had a vogue,
Has gone the way of crinolines and vapours.

O. S.

"A HAPPINESS THAT OFTEN MADNESS HITS ON."

Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 2.

"Ping-pong is to be introduced into the imbecile wards of the Leeds Union Workhouse."—*Yorkshire Post*.

NEWS FROM SAN DOMINGO!—"Señor VASQUEZ, Vice-President, has become President on the presidency having been resigned by JIMENEZ." By Jiminy!

NOT A PRECEDENT.

WELCOME again to London is the little stranger CHARLES HAWTREY, who might sing with Bountiful BERTIE, "Everybody is so awfully good to me." And indeed so pleased is the theatre-going public at his return to the London stage, that they would rather not admit the fact, staring them unpleasantly in the face, that their favourite has shown inexplicably faulty judgment in selecting such a piece for himself and company as is this farcical melodrama, in three acts, by Mr. FRANK STAYTON, entitled *The President*. What imp of mischief beguiled the judicious CHARLES into producing this inconsequential, ill-constructed, plotless muddle of a piece, which is neither melodrama, nor farce, nor comic-opera, nor even very much of an "entertainment?"

However, as Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, observed in the course of one of his most brilliant speeches, "The man who never makes a mistake never makes anything," so it may be that the next piece chosen by Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY will be too brilliant for words, and that the author of *The President*, when giving himself another chance, will be thoroughly original instead of going back to *Sir Charles Coldstream* in *Used Up* for his leading character of *Brooke Trench* (played by CHARLES HAWTREY) and to ANTHONY HOPE's *Prisoner of Zenda* for the design of making a careless Englishman become the temporary chief of the State; and finally to *La Grande Duchesse* for the types of that memorable trio of comic conspirators.

The dialogue, although lightened by occasional flashes of humour, would not be worth much, were it not for Mr. HAWTREY's method of giving temporary value to nothing in particular, and for the excellent acting and individualisation given to the characters by Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN (admirably made up), Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, most amusing as the Minister of Public Works, and Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR equally good as Minister of War; while to the last-named pair as burlesque dancers, the greatest praise is due for their mirth-provoking antics which emphasise and determine the hearty encores accorded to every verse of Mr. HAWTREY's humorously rendered topical comic song.

MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS as *Gwendolen*, and MISS VERA McCORD as *Manuela*, make something out of nothing, and all the ladies and gentlemen do their very best to show by the gay abandon of their terpsichorean efforts that, 'if it's a dance you want,' their dramatic talent is not confined to any one 'walk' of the drama. Every one of them might sing with SHELLEY, "A spirit is in my feet." So "*Exeunt omnes* dancing," these brave, devoted "bearers of the burden."

A CASE ON APPEAL.

A FUND is being raised to assist Miss M. HATTON and Mrs. FRANCES J. MOORE, the daughters of the late eminent composer, J. L. HATTON. It would be sufficient for Mr. *Punch* to draw the attention of his readers to this genuinely deserving case, but when he recalls to their memories HATTON's exquisite setting of HERRICK's "*To Anthea, who may command him anything*," he is sure that, without "requisition" being made, all will send whatever they can, no matter how small the subscription, to this fund, addressing their inclosure to Messrs. CHAPPELL, the music publishers, 50, New Bond Street, whose receipt will be discharge in full.

A GENTLE HINT.—"Had you any idea of a Knighthood?" asked counsel in court of Mr. DIXON, who replied, naïvely enough, "I should be very pleased to have one." Wonder whether Authority will act on this "*Ipse Dixon*."



C. E. Brock
1902

Visitor. "NOTHING COULD BE PLAINER."

Mother (exhibiting first-born). "DONT YOU SEE A RESEMBLANCE? LOOK AT OUR FACES SIDE BY SIDE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 5.
—HALDANE, K.C., with far-reaching flashEducation.
Sir J-hn G-ret.

possible only to genius, throws in a sentence a flood of light on Parliamentary debate. Under new Rules House got to work promptly at three o'clock on second reading of Education Bill. BRYCE moved rejection in speech that reinstates a Parliamentary reputation somewhat speckled in these querulous times. JOHN O'GORST, Time-honoured Educationalist, defended Government measure. By comparison quite a tame performance. Conscious of PRINCE ARTHUR watchful on his right, apprehensive of his chief dropping in for a much-needed nap in the Peers' Gallery, JOHN holds himself in on the curb. But though his speech does not sparkle with inconvenient epigram, nor does he in its course flout constituted authority, it commanded attention by its mastery of educational intricacies, its lucid arrangement, its cogent reasoning.

Encyclopædic DLKE follows. House discovers he is as intimately acquainted with the working of national education as he is with the administration of the Army and the Navy. The silver accents of RICHARD JEBB rise and fall with musical cadence. Late Public Orator of his University, intimate with HOMER and SOPHOCLES, the learned Professor from the first took to House of Commons debate as a duck takes to water. Speaks without a note, fluently but with point, adds grace to debate, strength to the cause he espouses. Then enter HALDANE, K.C.,

and in his judicial manner sums up the case. On the whole disposed to give the prisoner benefit of the doubt. Began to address jury at quarter to seven: commanded close attention of full House till a quarter past.

"And now, Sir," he said, turning to the SPEAKER, "if I may, I should like to say something about the Bill itself."

There, disclosed in sixteen words, you have secret of the length of Parliamentary debate. Only a Chancery barrister, born in Scotland, nourished in the Göttingen University, Gray Scholar and Ferguson Scholar of Philosophy in four Scottish Universities, has the simplicity of mind, the ingenuous nature to blurt it forth. On the second reading of important Ministerial measure a Member talks for twenty-five minutes, and then proposes to approach discussion of Bill before the House.

"Pooh!" says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "it's only you young things that admire a slip like that. Long before you sat for Barks there was a member of the House, VINCENT SCULLY by name, who one Wednesday afternoon moved the rejection of a Bill, to him obnoxious. In those days House met at noon on Wednesdays; debate automatically closed at a quarter to six. SCULLY rose at one o'clock, and with interval of the SPEAKER retiring for his chop, spoke till the shadows lengthened in the Spring afternoon. At seventeen minutes to six, he brought out of his breast pocket a mass of manuscript and said, 'And now, Mr. SPEAKER, after these few preliminary observations, I turn to consider the provisions of the Bill.' In another two minutes he had talked it out."

Business done.—Under new Rules House debates Education Bill.

Tuesday Night.—LORD HUGH CECIL illumined debate with one of those speeches that make his intervention memorable. On the whole it reached his highest mark, always loftily pitched. He is the oddest mixture known to Parliament of the fanatic and the English gentleman, the inquisitor, ready to burn

or be burned for the sake of the Church, and the timid, gentle-minded scholar who would apologise to a fly before



Lord H-gh C-c-l.

briskly brushing it off his cheek. Watching this slim, angular, ill-at-ease young man, wringing his hands as if they were the necks of the unorthodox, one in the twentieth century realises something of the personality and the possibilities of the instruments who worked the will of Pope GREGORY IX. and INNOCENT III.

Cousin HUGH's oratory is in the House of Commons a thing apart. Not less than his illustrious father has he the heaven-born gift of phrasing mordant sentences. The right word (and there is only one) is selected for every clause, and every word in its place. His speech, as usual, carefully prepared. There fluttered across it whiffs of sacramental oil burning in midnight consecrated lamp. These were the portions delivered in a voice that recalled the intonation of the curate in spotless white robe reading his treasured sermon to a congregation of old ladies and young virgins, the former asleep, the latter with their lamps trimmed. The end, a long, somewhat muddled peroration, entirely sermonic, delivered in appropriate tone and manner.

Pretty to see MATHER fumbling in his pocket for half-a-crown under impression that collection would naturally follow. As he later told the House, he



Joe.

habitually subscribes to the funds of all churches, whatsoever may be their denomination.

These elaborate passages, recited with assistance of the cruelly suffering manuscript, mangled in nervous hands, were the only poor things in a brilliant speech. The best point was flashed forth in response to interruption. Replying to the demand for popular representation on denominational boards of school management, he objected on the ground that it might lead to controversy as to what is or is not consistent with the teaching of the Church of England.

"Oh! oh!" crowed his Nonconformist brethren opposite.

"Such a thing is possible elsewhere," said Cousin HUGH, assuming an air of angelic innocence. "Imagine the confusion that would arise in the Liberal Party supposing its principles were set forth by a Board of Management composed of right hon. gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench."

A hit, a palpable hit.

Apart from the intellectual pleasure of listening to this speech, the crowded House paid silent tribute to the lofty moral tone that pervaded it.

"What a missionary he would make!" ASQUITH said admiringly.

"Yes," replied the MEMBER FOR SARK, to whom the observation was addressed. "But very early in his career he would be served cold on the sideboard. He could not resist, upon occasion, tempta-

tion to introduce a stinging remark that would cause the Nonconformist section of his flock temporarily, but fatally, to relapse into primitive state of frenzied savagery, yielding to regrettable impulse of abnormal appetite."

Business done.—Education Bill still debated.

Thursday night.—House always prepared to rise to occasion. Two historic modern instances. One befell on a night in March in the Session of 1889, when Mr. G., then Leader of Opposition, gave signal to Liberal Party to rise to their feet and hail PARNELL's return to his place on evening of day news flashed through London that PIGOTT had fled. The other happened just now, when, SPEAKER entering to take Chair at evening sitting, the serried ranks of Unionists, captained by PRINCE ARTHUR, leaped to their feet to greet him with ringing cheer.

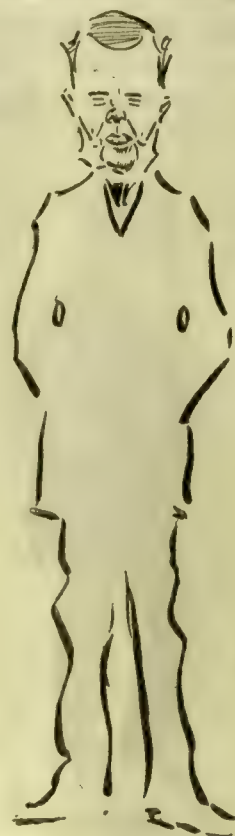
Cherchez la femme is a remark made at Bullong and other fashionable French resorts when anything happens out of the common way. "Look out for the Irish Member," say *nous autres*, when unwonted incident stirs House of Commons. He is at the bottom of to-night's business, even as he was in the dramatic scene of thirteen years ago. When, six weeks ago, JOHN DILLON interrupted speech by DON JOSÉ with the remark that a certain ally of British forces in South Africa was a traitor, DON JOSÉ purred back the remark, "The hon. gentleman is a judge of traitors."

This one of the things which, as our dear DU MAURIER used to say, might have been put differently. But what would you? DON JOSÉ is not exactly a saint, nor as yet of the cherubim. He had been offensively interrupted, and, after his fashion, being smitten on the left cheek, he went for his assailant's right. DILLON, unfeignedly shocked at anything approaching discourteous or disorderly language, straightway retorted that the Colonial Secretary was "a damned liar." There was a scene, and DILLON, to the envy of his compatriots, had his Easter holidays accelerated and extended, going home to enjoy them crowned by halo of martyrdom.

To-night incident recurred to by way of motion made by Irish Members. With what intent does gentle reader in far-off Labuan suppose? To give JOHN DILLON opportunity of apologising for beating record in matter of disorderly language? Not a bit of it, my Labuan brother, innocent of Irish ways. The whole party mustered, and gravely submitted Vote of Censure on the SPEAKER!

And there are people who say the present generation of Irish Members has no sense of humour!

Business done.—Vote of Confidence



An Impression.
H. J. W.-ls-n.

in SPEAKER passed by majority of 335 in House of 461 Members.

Friday, 12.15 A.M.—Figures on division on second reading of Education Bill just announced. For, 402; Against, 165. This rattling majority made possible by Irish Nationalist Members joining hands with what the other week they denounced as a coercion Government. Ten hours earlier, in pathetic passage of a speech worthy of debate that has maintained old renown of House of Commons for force and eloquence, LLOYD-GEORGE turned to Irish Members and reminded them of a few facts. The Liberal Party were fighting a hopeless battle for a cause they held dear. Their crippled state was directly due to the fact that, sixteen years ago, abandoning other things nearer and dearer to them, they espoused the national cry of Ireland. And now, in a day of fresh distress, Irish hands are reached forth to clasp those of the ancient foe.

Might as well have talked to Macgillycuddy's Reeks. Sentiment all very well. Subvention from the rates better. The old constitutional, high Protestant Party propose under Education Bill to subsidise Catholic Schools, and the Irish Members, brushing past their Radical allies below the Gangway, went out to vote with JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg.

Business done.—Education Bill read second time.



Photography.
Sir J. B. St-ne.

THE ROUND OF THE COURTS.



In fulfilment of my promise to the Editor of the leading forensic journal, I beg to supply a few notes that may be found useful to our future ELTONS and coming HALSBURYS. I will, for the moment, confine my attention to that transformation scene, the Robing Room of Carey Street or the Strand. Those who enter the precincts sacred to wigs, bands and gowns, put off the hat and necktie of civil life to assume the lawn, horsehair, and silk of those who practise at the Bar. And with their wigs, our learned friends banish recollection of golf and play *premieres* in favour of case law. The ex-student of six months' standing may take many a valuable hint by lingering a little over his robing. Do not let him be too impatient to tie the strings of his bands or to settle his wig on his forehead in such a fashion as to suggest dignity rather than impudence. For obvious reasons I can only suggest to him the observation of types.

I suppose there can be no possible harm in referring (distantly) to that eminent K.C. who has had the pick of the forensic prizes for the last ten years and has made no selection. Were he to stand strictly on his rights I believe he would robe in another part of the building, within "lift" distance of the Masters in Chancery, who a few years since were known only as "chief clerks." While he is removing his iron-grey coat for his smart lawn-cuffed under-garment he has a word for everyone. He gives Counsel's opinion (gratis) on the weather to the attendant, and remembers a youngster who figured in a "consent brief" for someone the day before yesterday.

"You hadn't much to do, my dear fellow, but you did it very well. I shall expect to be referring to you next term when you are seated behind me coaching me up in the facts of an only partly-digested brief."

Then he will turn to a distinguished colleague within the Bar and suggest some new "side light" anent the domestic life of one of the earlier of our Norman kings. Then, when another of his rivals and learned friends commences to speak about golf, he will hurry away, saying that his clients will suffer if he once begins to discuss tees and bunkers.

On leaving the room he will be met by managing clerks, deferentially solicitous to pour into his ear the latest details of his engagements on the day's cause list. Good advocate, good fellow. A friend in need to all who have been called, whether they be judges elect or ex-students of a week's wig-wearing.

As the hands of the clock near 10.30, the two attendants become busier and busier. Advocate after advocate appears to cast the outer man. The remarks become fewer and fewer. Those who are early on the list cannot wait to discuss even professional topics, much less events of the non-forensic world.

I propose entering the K. B. D., the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty, and the Chancery side.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court.

MIXED MARCONIGRAMS.

EXPERTS are divided in opinion as to whether the Marconi system is perfectly safe from the risk of the currents being intercepted, or mixed. Before the system is perfected there will be many mistakes, and to a cheery operator there would be less enjoyable tasks than sitting at the receipt of Marconi-

grams when there is a thunderstorm in full working order and the currents have got twisted.

We append an example of the style known as "mixed doubles":

Mrs. JONES is to understand that her husband is arranging to dine away from home, and SIMPKINS that he is desired to execute a large order in vegetables. This is how they receive respectively their intimations:

Jones, Roseleaf Villa. Can't get home till late dining with two wagon loads of turnips to-morrow,
Simpkins, Greengrocer, High Street. City friends grown on your own estate same price as last will be with you tenthirty.

The consequences are:—

(1) A wife fearing the arrival of a moony husband, gibbering, and with straw in his hair.

(2) A greengrocer sitting up all night, wondering whether the wholesale man at Covent Garden had been drinking.

Here is another example of mixed doubles:

Miss Ethel Winston, Ivy Lane. Have two stalls Her Majesty's Theatre so delighted if you can come meet me at the Criterion bar seven-thirty JACK.

Rutherford, Park House. Smoking concert to-night. Governor takes chair meet me ladies' waiting-room Charing Cross fondest love wear your pink dress PERKINS.

The consequences are:—

(1) An angered maiden sending back an engagement ring and a van-load of eloquent letters.

(2) A report at the Club that PERKINS has had trouble, and cannot some of you fellows persuade him to see a specialist.

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

IV.—THE JUNGLE BLOKE.

By R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.

[When paragraphs have appeared in the newspapers from time to time stating that this talented author was engaged upon a play founded upon his *Jungle Book*, sceptical persons shook their heads. When it was further announced that the play would be found to contain a "strong love interest," still more doubt was expressed. Both announcements, however, were true, as the following moving drama, which *Mr. Punch* has secured for his National Theatre, will show.]

SCENE—Verandah of the GRIGSBYS' bungalow at Fudgepore, looking out upon large compound, behind which stretches the jungle. GRIGSBY, a fat, rubicund man, and his daughter ETHEL, a pretty girl of two-and-twenty, are sitting limply in long chairs, panting under the heat of an Indian afternoon.

Ethel (pleadingly). But, Papa, I'm sure you'd like MOWGLI, if you only knew him. You're prejudiced.

Grigsby. Prejudiced! A common bobacheewallah like that!

E. Not common, father!

G. Oh, well, it's not a rarity I appreciate. Why the fellow was suckled by a she-wolf.

E. So was ROMULUS!

G. That doesn't make it more respectable. Anyhow, he's on terms of revolting familiarity with half the wild beasts in the neighbourhood, and I'm not going to have him for a son-in-law.

E. (indignantly). He has a beautiful classic profile, and looks like a Greek god!

G. That's what I object to. He doesn't wear enough clothes.

E. (reflectively). I suppose his wardrobe is rather against him.

G. I should think it was. No, ETHEL, it won't do. You must see that yourself. (Suspiciously.) You've not encouraged the fellow, I hope?

E. (hastily). Of course not!

G. I'm glad to hear it. (*Rises yawning.*) Well, I must go in and write some letters if they're to catch this mail.

[*Exit into bungalow. ETHEL watches him go. When he is out of sight she goes to edge of bungalow and whistles cautiously. MOWGLI immediately appears, picturesquely draped in a bath towel, among the neighbouring trees.*]

Mowgli. Has he gone in? What did he say?

E. (*despondently*). It's no use. He will never consent.

M. We must be married without his consent, then.

E. I couldn't do that. It would not be right. Besides, where could we live?

M. (*enthusiastically*). In the jungle, of course—the beautiful moist jungle!

E. (*shivers*). I shouldn't like that! It would not be healthy.

M. Oh, yes, it would. At least you'd get used to it. You'd get fever of course occasionally. But you do that now. And I think you might put up with a little thing like that for my sake!

E. But it would be awfully lonely. I shouldn't know anyone in the jungle.

M. (*complacently*). I'd introduce you. There's BULOO, the brown bear. You'd like him! And the wolves, and KAA, the big python.

E. Ugh!

M. I beg your pardon?

E. I didn't say anything.

M. Oh, I thought you did. And then there's BAGHEERA, the black panther, and there are the cobras. (*Confidently.*) You'd have lots of friends!

E. (*faintly*). Do you think so?

M. I'm sure of it. Look here, let me speak to your father?

E. It would be no good.

M. (*persuasively*). Let me try, anyhow?

E. He would never consent. Indeed, I am not sure whether it would be right for him to consent. You see, your set isn't the same as ours, is it?

M. (*contemptuously*). I don't think that matters.

E. Oh, yes, it does. Papa wouldn't like your friends at all. I'm sure he wouldn't. He doesn't even like you. Of course if he did it would be different. We could live here in the bungalow, and in the hot weather we would go to Simla and dance at Government House. That's what I should like!

M. (*hurt*). You don't care for me.

E. I do—I do. I care for you awfully—but Papa doesn't.

M. (*threateningly*). I'll make him!

E. (*shocked*). MOWGLI! What do you mean? (*A heavy step is heard.*) Hush! here is Papa! Hide, MOWGLI, hide!

[*Enter GRIGSBY from bungalow. MOWGLI does not budge.*]

Grigsby (*curtly*). Hullo! what are you doing here?

M. (*coming to the point at once*). I wish to marry your daughter.

G. Indeed!

M. Yes. I love her and she loves me; so if you will kindly give your consent—

G. (*interrupting him haughtily*). And pray who are you?

M. I thought you knew. My name is MOWGLI. I live in the jungle. I was brought up by—

G. I am aware of the details of your deplorable history, Sir.

M. That's right; it saves a lot of explanations. And now about your daughter—

G. Sir!

M. Do you consent to our marriage?

G. Certainly not! I decline to listen to such a proposition.

M. (*confidently*). But you will.

G. (*sharply*). Nonsense! From a person clothed as you are the suggestion is preposterous.

M. (*threateningly*). You will. Persons who do not do as I wish have a rather uncomfortable time. There's a black panther and half-a-dozen wolves, not to speak of a python of large proportions, waiting in your compound. If you don't say "Yes" at once they'll eat you! Do you consent?

G. (*blustering*). No, Sir!—not if you bring up your entire ménagerie!

M. Very well, so much the worse for you. (*Gives a peculiar cry. Panther, Wolves, etc., appear trotting up the drive, a huge Python corkscrewing along in the rear.*) Hi, BULOO! Hi, BAGHEERA! At him!

E. (*screams*). MOWGLI! Stop! Stop!

[*A scene of picturesque confusion ensues. GRIGSBY is pursued round and round the stage, shouting for his gun.*]

A servant brings gun, but drops it immediately on seeing what is happening, and is himself pursued like his master. Ultimately master and servant make a bolt indoors through verandah, followed by beasts. From the house sounds of broken furniture, mingled with oaths, are heard.

M. (*triumphantly*). Now I think there will be no further obstacle to our marriage!

E. (*bursting into tears*). Oh, no! No! We can never be married now—never!

M. (*astonished*). My dear ETHEL, why not? Your father will give his consent. He will, I assure you. BAGHEERA will make a man consent to anything!

E. (*sobbing*). It's not that. It's not that.

M. (*puzzled*). What is it then?

E. You don't understand. How can I possibly marry a man who has treated my father in that way? Think of the humiliation!—and the danger! Why at any moment that horrid python may begin cracking his bones in the spare bedroom!

M. Is that all? I can easily call them off.

[*Repeats his jungle cry. Wolves, Python and Panther emerge from house, the last carrying GRIGSBY in his mouth. He deposits him at MOWGLI's feet, and the beasts return to jungle.*]

E. (*terrified*). Oh, he's killed!

M. Not a bit. He's quite uninjured. (*Helps him to rise.*) Now will you marry me?

E. (*crossly*). I can't—I can't—I tell you! After the way you've treated Papa it wouldn't be decent!

M. Why? He's all right.

[*Sets that limp gentleman in chair, where he calls feebly for brandy.*]

E. But the indignity! I shall never be able to forget it—nor will Papa. Really, MOWGLI, you might have been more considerate.

M. Considerate!

E. Yes, it might have killed him.

M. (*sulkily*). It didn't, anyhow.

E. No, but it made him look ridiculous. That's nearly as bad. All is over between us.

M. (*savagely*). Look here, ETHEL, I'm not going to be treated in this way with impunity. I give you two half-an-hour to clear out of this blessed bungalow. Then I'm going to let the jungle into it! Good-bye!

[*Exit with dignity. The stage is darkened for half a minute, indicating the lapse of half-an-hour. When it is light again, enter a mixed assortment of Elephants, Tigers, Bears, etc., under the direction of MOWGLI, who completely wreck the GRIGSBY bungalow, to the huge delight of the gallery.*]

Curtain.

ARTISTS AT BOW STREET.

I.

On the completion of the hearing of the cases against various actors, recently reported in *Mr. Punch's* columns, the Bench was re-organised to hear certain artistic cases, the magistrates being Lord ROTHSCHILD, Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Mr. SPIELMANN, Mr. HUMPHRY WARD, and the Editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*.

The Hon. JOHN COLLIER was prosecuted by the Medical Officer of Health for Piccadilly for failing to notify an infectious case which had occurred in Room 5, Burlington House.

Dr. TIBBLES, the eminent bacteriologist, who appeared on behalf of the Local Government Board, stated that as the result of careful examination he was obliged to admit that, while the gentleman in the corner was taking all reasonable precautions, he was quite unable to state whether the patient was suffering from stage fright, cholera, or plague. In any case Mr. COLLIER's action was most reprehensible.

Constable EDWARD T. JONES, No. 347 of the R.A. Division, who had been specially drafted from Downland to cope with the situation, stated that he had been stationed in plain clothes in Room 5 since the opening of the Exhibition, to note the effect of the picture on the visitors. He had more than once been obliged to obtain a split Condor and soda from the refreshment room for nervous ladies.

For the defence Dr. P. M. BERRY-BERRY, the celebrated authority on tropical diseases, stated that the canvas had been so carefully sterilised as to be entirely aseptic; indeed the most susceptible subject might gaze at it for hours on end with perfect impunity. He understood that the average daily number of persons vaccinated in the Piccadilly district had doubled since the opening of the Exhibition, and he attributed this result entirely to the moral effect of Mr. COLLIER's impressive picture. Cross-examined, he admitted that it was difficult accurately to diagnose the case, but he had reason to believe that it was a case of acute *Colliera morbus*.

The Bench ordered Mr. COLLIER to surround the picture with a cordon and to supply restoratives gratuitously to all visitors to Room 5.

Mr. LUCIEN DAVIS was charged with exacerbating a prevailing epidemic by his picture of *Ping-pong* (No. 1317).

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, who appeared for the prosecution, said that nothing had given him such pain during his recent holiday at the Cape as the thought that his fellow-countrymen were at the same time mitigating the rigours of the winter by the pursuit of



SCENE—A remote district in the Wolds.

Driver of Motor-car (who has just pulled up in response to urgent summons from countrywoman). "WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT IS IT?"
Countrywoman. "HI, MAN, LOOK! YOU'VE BEEN AN' LEFT YER 'OSS ON THE 'ILL!"

the frivolous pastime which bore a name he could not bring himself to pronounce. He would place the folly of these Celluloid Cretins before even that of the Flannelled Fool or the Muddled Oaf.

Mr. J. DARLING, the Australian Captain, stated that in his opinion Ping-pong was not so much a game as a disease.

Archdeacon SINCLAIR deposed that the rage for this pastime had interfered with the popularity of his two books, *Unto ye, O Young Men*, and *Unto ye, O Young Women*. The readers for whom they were intended, at the time they ought to have been studying them, were negotiating the "Aquarium Smash."

Dr. ROBSON ROOSE stated that many

valuable hours that ought to be given by doctors to serious patients were now occupied in treating "Ping-pong heel."

There was no defence.

The Bench ordered Mr. LUCIEN DAVIS at once to prepare a picture of the Absent-Minded Beggar by way of antidote.

MR. PUNCH begs to offer hearty congratulations to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN on his restoration to health, and hopes that he will put a generous construction on the following bulletin, which recently appeared in the *Standard*:—

"Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's condition last evening was stated to be very satisfactory. He is not yet well enough to leave his house."



OUR CHILDREN.

Nurse. "YOU DREADFUL CHILDREN! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

Young Hopeful. "OH, NURSIE, WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO DROWN THOSE DEAR LITTLE DUCKS, BUT THEY WILL COME TO THE TOP!"

HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS.

I.—THE LAST BUS.

It is, I think, the last bus. We have had to fight our way on to it—it is full inside—and we have at last found haven on the back seat of the off side. It is Saturday night. We feel conspicuous—guiltily sober—among our fellow-passengers. An inebriated cavalryman on our left stretches over to inform us that unless he is in Edinburgh to-night he is a deserter. A man in a greasy cap on the seat in front of ours wakes up, asks my brother for a match, and promptly goes to sleep again.

The bus starts. After a time the

knot of revellers on the front seats cease their musical assertions about the Navy and drop off into Bacchic slumbers. My brother closes his eyes, and I, gazing across the Green Park, meditate on DORIS. At Hyde Park Corner I awake to the fact that an altercation has for some time been proceeding between the occupants of the back seat on our left. One of them—the one nearer to us—is an aggressive-looking man in a very large bowler.

"Two bob," he says, "is what you bet me, and a gentleman'd 'and it over."

The other, a youngish man with a moustache like a toothbrush, has, as far

as I can infer, been denying either the terms, or the fact of the bet.

"That'll do. I've 'ad enough of it," he replies.

"Two bob," repeats the man in the bowler, "and a gentleman'd 'and it over."

The younger man is silent.

"But then, of course," adds the man in the bowler, "that's wot you ain't." The young man adopts a policy of silent indifference, and gazes at St. George's Hospital. The bus moves on.

"Two bob I bet with yer that this was the last bus," resumes the man in the bowler.

The young man says nothing.

"Bettin' a gentleman two bob," continues the other.

The young man still gazes at the street.

"Swellin' abaht bettin' gentlemen two bobs," repeats his companion. "I don't want yer bloomin' two bob," he adds. "When I bets two bobs I bets 'em with gentlemen."

There is a pause. The man in the bowler lights a clay pipe, and looks round the sleeping bus for support. I avoid his eye. He takes a new tack.

"What I say," he observes, "is . . . you, I say—dead or alive."

The young man produces a cigarette, and lights it self-consciously.

"Dead or alive," repeats his companion, with unction.

The young man is still silent, but bestows much care on his cigarette. The man in the bowler, having discovered this effective epigram, harps on it until Sloane Street. Here a man next to the cavalryman in front of them gets down.

"Dead or alive," remarks the man in the bowler, mechanically.

The young man gets up and, pushing past his aggressor, seats himself next to the cavalryman. The man in the bowler snorts, and turns to my brother and myself.

"Goin' abaht bettin' two bob," he sneers, with a jerk of his head towards the seat in front. "Wot I say is . . . him, I say—dead or alive."

There is still no response, and the bus starts again. The man in the bowler begins to snigger to himself in a superior way.

"Huh! Dead or alive," he remarks at intervals. "That's wot I say."

I observe that the back of the young man's neck is becoming each minute more rubicund. Suddenly he rises to his feet and slews round on his aggressor.

"Look 'ere," he cries, "if you say another word to me I'll give yer one in the jore. Understand? Just say another word to me!"

The young man sits down again.



ALMOST SETTLED.

The man in the bowler is silent for some time. Then he begins to smile scornfully.

"Dead or alive," he murmurs.

This producing no result, he repeats it in a louder tone. The young man does not move. The man in the bowler resumes his discourse with a few adjectival additions. Kensington Gardens stretch calm and peaceful on our right.

Suddenly the young man leaps to his feet

Thud! The man in the bowler has got it fairly in the "jore." Together they fall upon the now slumbering cavalryman, who wakes, a mass of smothered blasphemy. He throws them off and, rising, joins the conflict. Locked together, the three sway from side to side. The driver glances round, then drives stolidly on with hunched shoulders. Then the conductor appears, and, stopping the bus, by some unerring instinct extricates the still bowlered man from the trio, and persuades him somehow to descend the steps.

The bell rings, and the bus moves on again. The cavalryman helps the young man to find his hat, and peace is once again restored.

After a time the young man begins to rummage under the seats. The cavalryman has again gone to sleep. The man in the greasy cap in front of us, who had awakened during the conflict but has been hitherto silent, rises to his feet.

"Wodd-ye-er-want?" he observes.

"Can't find my umbereller," says the young man.

"Wodd - yer - want - yer - umbereller-for?" asks Greasy Cap.

The young man does not answer, but continues his search.

"You be content with wot yer've got, ole man," says Greasy Cap. "Yer've got yer rat; wodd-ye-er-want-ye-er-umbereller-for?"

"What's it got to do with you?" snarls the young man.

"You be content with wot yer've got, ole man," replies Greasy Cap, jocosely.

"Wodd-ye-er-want-ye-er-umbereller for?" and gives the young man a sounding slap on the back. The young man turns on him cantankerously, when suddenly a familiar voice is heard from the top of the steps.

"Nar then! Dead or alive, I say!"

In an instant the combat has recommenced, with the addition, this time, of Greasy Cap. The cavalryman wakes, and swells the battle. Once more the driver glances round, and then drives on with stolid shoulders. Again the conductor appears, stops the bus, extricates the man in the bowler from the mêlée, and gets him down the steps. This time he is not spared, for the bell rings, and we see him swaying



A HEAD FOR BUSINESS.

Mamma. "I MEANT TO GIVE YOU A THREEPENNY BIT THIS MORNING, BOBBY, BUT IN MY HURRY I THINK I GAVE YOU SIXPENCE, SO——"

Bobby. "YES, MUMMY, BUT I HAVEN'T SPENT IT ALL YET. SO WILL YOU GIVE IT ME TO-MORROW?"

Mamma. "GIVE YOU WHAT, DEAR?"

Bobby. "THE THREEPENNY BIT YOU MEANT TO GIVE ME TO-DAY!"

from side to side in the middle of the road.

"Dead or alive, I say!" he shouts up at us.

The young man, the cavalryman, and Greasy Cap seat themselves again. The young man, by a lucky chance, has discovered his umbrella; the cavalryman and Greasy Cap go to sleep again. Far in the distance we still hear a faint cry.

"Dead or alive, I say!"

And then the swaying figure melts back into the night.

"There was an old man of Liskeard."

THOSE who recall the above nonsense rhyme will find a striking analogy to the case of that hirsute veteran in the following extract from the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*: "The wondrous temerity of the feathered tribe is sometimes curiously displayed. Last week a blackbird built its nest *under the eye of the gardener* . . . in one of the greenhouses at," etc.

THE RAG-DOLL.

THE Rag-doll here and the Rag-doll there! take care of the Rag-doll, do!

She's a dollopy, dumpy, dowdy doll with a grin on her face for two.

She's a dollopy doll with two stuffed legs—but she's only got one stuffed arm—

But, oh! take care of the Rag-doll, do, and see that she takes no harm.

Her face is as flat as a girdle-cake, the tint of her cheeks is pink;

Her eyes have a fixed and glassy stare that would make a policeman blink.

Her nose is a blob and her teeth are paint, and I'm sorry I can't say more

For the looks of the doll who takes her ease all day on the nursery floor.

But you can't judge dolls by their looks, you know: this doll has a wondrous way

Of being a Fairy Prince by night, while she's only a doll by day:

A Fairy Prince with his tossing curls and a smile that is bright and bold,

And a trusty sword and a waving plume on a helmet of shining gold.

And forth on his milk-white steed he rides, a gay and a gallant sight—

He was only a feminine doll by day; he's a regular Prince by night.

He fights and he curvets all night long at the head of his troop of men,

And, lo, at the break of dawn he's back, a dowdy old doll again.

On the following night it is presto, change! and, lo, she is off to steer

On a ship of her own to the Southern Seas, for now she's a buccaneer.

There hasn't been seen a Pirate King that ever had half his scars,

Or caverns so full of round doubloons and jewels and golden bars.

And nobody chops and lops like him, or sneers with such curling lips

At the shivering, shrinking, cringing crews, and the captains of merchant ships.

And he laughs, ha! ha! when the storm winds blow, and he never gives way to fear,

This scar-seamed King of the Caribbees who is only a Rag-doll here.

A Beauty asleep, a Gnome, a Queen, a Knight of the Golden Spur—

Old Raggy she takes them all in turns: they're one and the same to her.

She has mounted in haste her chanfroned horse, and her sword she has girded on,

And has thundered away on a new Crusade to the towers of Ascalon.

She has thundered away with the Christian host a Saracen town to win,

But, oh, when the night is half-way through she's fighting as SALADIN.

She's a wonderful changeable doll, in short, as ever a mortal knew;

So I say, take care of the old Rag-doll, take care of the Rag-doll, do!

R. C. L.

SÆVA INDIGNATIO.

SIR,—I have a "General Rate Demand Note" staring me in the face. This General commands one of His Majesty's Borough Regiments, in which the privates are the rate-payers. What with various rates, always going the pace, and with taxes on everything—and on one's patience included—ground rents that are ground out of you, and house rents that leave you in rags and tatters, to say nothing of subscriptions, garden rates, and a hundred other ways of mulcting the hard-working man of his earnings, and depriving him of the butter wherewith to make palatable his daily crust, life in this district or borough is not worth living—whatever it may be in other parts of the metropolis. This imperious Demand Note asserts its power, insists on taking your money, but (the impudence of it!) apologises!! Explains parenthetically that besides "Purposes" ("Purposes," indeed! This sounds like the "good resolutions" wherewith a certain below-the-basement place is proverbially paved) there is "Expenditure over which the Borough Council have no control." Then the Borough Council (in the plural, observe) ought to be ashamed of themselves, for this uncontrolled expenditure amounts to over seventy-one thousand pounds! The items are stated, and the last item is in a vague way put down as "Other expenses!" And these "other expenses" come to over eleven thousand pounds!! All very well to "put it down" on paper: but why don't we, Friends, Londoners, Englishmen, rise up in our millions and "put it down" altogether?

Then, mark you, the sum total is entered as "Expenditure of Borough Council," over which, as the previous note has already informed the reader, it has "no control!" These be our Guardians! *Quis custodiet custodes?* Their ways, like the roads, need mending: that is, when one knows what are their ways which seem to baffle discovery.

Yours indignantly,

A WRITHING, WRATHFUL, OVER-RATED VICTIM.

"THE HOUR AND THE MAN."—A person having been seen by a detective to take certain articles from a counter in a shop, conceal them and then leave, was brought before a magistrate. "This happened," testified a witness for the prosecution, "before one o'clock." Several friends of the accused stated on oath that "they had known the defendant for many years," and they were prepared to swear that "he never took anything before lunch." By lunch they meant luncheon-time, say one o'clock. "What he might take after lunch," observed the magistrate, "cannot evidently affect the present question," and so dismissed the case.

"LORD KINGSALE," observed our interesting and versatile friend Mr. "ASTERISKS" (this sounds better than alluding to him as Mr. "THREE STARS") in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is one of the two noblemen who enjoy the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the Sovereign." But does he "enjoy" it? Of course such a privilege would be useful at any out-of-door royal function that may take place during the rain. "The other performer with the hat," adds Mr. "ASTERISKS," "is Lord FORESTER." So both these noblemen at Coronation functions will "go round with the hat."

LATEST FROM CHINA.—"The leader of the rising," wrote the *Times* correspondent, "is a military mandarin, who killed his family before embarking on his present enterprise, to prevent them from being punished in the event of his failure." How thoughtful of him! how kind! how considerate! This is indeed "providing for his family!"



IRISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

OPERATIC NOTES.



THURSDAY, May 8. Opening night of the Opera. House crowded, awaiting the arrival of KING and QUEEN; and when His Gracious Majesty and Her Graceful Majesty appeared in the Royal Box the entire audience enthusiastically "rose to the occasion," and listened, upstanding, while the splendid orchestra, under the command of the gallant Maréchal MANCINELLI, bâton in hand, bravely attacked the National Anthem. Scene brilliant. An exceptional first night for singers and sitters. Resettlement of everybody, generally happy and expectant. The hearty applause that had already welcomed Marshal MANCINELLI was repeated on his dismounting and allowing Lieutenant LOHSE to take command of Wagnerian forces. Motto of the evening for Signor MANCINELLI and Herr LOHSE, "One down, t'other come on." So when T'other had come on accordingly, the first notes of the Introduction to *Lohengrin* (formal introduction necessary, as *Lohengrin*, Herr PENNARINI, is a stranger to most of us) were given, and, tempo 8.25 P.M., the operatic season of 1902 had commenced.

Mme. NORDICA, vastly improved in every respect, played and sang *Elsa* charmingly. It was all in German, and whether this fact caused any difficulty with the vocal chords of the Dukes, Duchesses, Nobility and Gentry of *King Heinrich der Vogler's Court*, or whether these representatives of titled personages were panic-stricken by the proximity of real Sovereignty criticising their proceedings from the vantage ground of the Royal Box, certain it is that the Chorus of Princes, Dukes, Duchesses, Nobility and Gentry, all "went wrong" (what a Court!), and were once in such imminent peril of being hopelessly lost, that how they ever were personally conducted back again into the straight paths of harmonious virtue was a mystery to all who "heard with ears," and who had winced at the idea of any note of discord being possible on so exceptional an occasion. However, let us forgive and forget, and hope that the Princes, Dukes, Duchesses, Lords, Ladies, Nobility and Gentry, grateful to T'other Guv'nor for extricating them from their difficulties, will in future remember what is due to their position in operatic society, and—not do it again.

The part of *Ortrud* was better sung than acted by Miss KIRKBY LUNN, who with further practice will, from a good instructor, lunn to do better. The game goes on; *Telramund* the villain, powerfully rendered, vocally and dramatically, by Herr, or rather *Our*, VAN ROOY, having played the knave to the King (i.e. *Heinrich der Vogler*, not a very strong monarch as represented by Herr BLASS), His Majesty calls for trumps. Out come four, "all a blowing;" distinguished members of the "Horners' Company."

These four little "Jack Horners" go in for a considerable "blow-out" on every possible occasion throughout the opera. What more could those do who bear the style and title of "Horner?" They go to the four "corners" just as descendant Horners, according to the tradition of the ancestral "*Petit Jean*," would do. Then the audience awaits the new tenor, Herr PENNARINI (sort of German-Italian name, a little puzzling), who is *The Lohengrin*! He arrives! Nay, but—our eyes deceive us—surely this is Signor HERBERT CAMPBELL from Drury Lane and "the Halls" of dazzling light! Herr BERTO CAMPOBELLO without Signor DANIELO LENO! Great excitement in house, a whisper going about that DANIELO LENO is coming. But in what character? as there is no part for him, unless he be now before us cunningly disguised as *Heernfer*, the Herald. But it is Herr MUHLMANN who represents the Herald's Office in this opera, so DANIELO is out of it, and we awake to the fact that after all we must put up

with our disappointment and accept Herr PENNARINI, not at his own valuation as "a tenner," but take him, say, as "a fiver," and, as it is a question of notes, this is so far a fairly equivalent rate of exchange. *Lohengrin* seems to have caught a little cold "way down upon the Swanny River," and not to be quite at home among the distinguished persons in whose company he finds himself.

No need to go through the opera: it is a matter of common knowledge, though I doubt whether one in fifty could offhand narrate to an honest inquirer the plain unvarnished plot.

Second night, Friday, May 9.—*Monsieur Romeo et Made-moiselle Juliette* in French and Five Acts. The KING and QUEEN again graciously present. His Majesty looking in best of health and spirits, setting floral fashion with beautiful "button-hole," while the QUEEN, "simply sweet and sweetly simple," evidently intended her magnificent bouquet of pink roses as a defiance to the most unseasonable weather, and a promise of May's improvement. *Juliette* (SUZANNE ADAMS) sang beautifully, but lacking dramatic power; *Romeo* (SALEZA) excellent, singing and acting; *Friar Plain-song* (PLANÇON) as usual good. Mlle. HELIAN as *Stephano*, the page, admirable. And Dame GERTRUDE BAUERMEISTER is still *par excellence* "la bonne."

Quite forgot to say that interior of house is re-papered everywhere (hardly necessary this, seeing the subscription is larger than ever, and all boxes and stalls taken, so, professionals excepted, no "paper" required), and that there are new electric lights for old gas-burners. Moreover, Mr. Punch's Operatic Representative is a prophet to be trusted, for, years ago, he said that "the enormous chandelier," under which nervous people in stalls used to sit tremblingly, "would one day come down." It has come down! Disappeared altogether. Tired of Opera, it has gone to "pieces." MR. P.'S OP. REP.

INVALID COOKERY.

[Mr. H. G. WELLS "anticipates" that with improved utensils and the substitution of clean electricity for dirty fires, cookery will become a light and pleasing recreation for invalid ladies.]

GENTLE ladies, sore afflicted with distressing nerves and faints,

Ye who languish in the anguish of an invalid's complaints, Who recline upon your sofas, and are equally oppressed With your jelly and C-R-LLI, which it beats you to digest, Come and take to lighter labours, and your stupid books exchange

For the cruet, soups and suet, and the gridiron and the range.

When the days are never-ending and the night is never sped,

When you're sitting, knitting, knitting till you wish that you were dead,

When your appetite has vanished and you're pallid as a ghost,

When you sicken at your chicken and you blench before your toast,

You will leave your bed of sickness with alacrity to cook Little dinners for beginners from the latest cookery book.

You need only turn a handle, and the soup is boiling hot, Appetising odours rising from the hospitable pot;

Turn another, and the salmon in its mayonnaise lies fair, Press the button, and the mutton with the currant jelly's there;

Press again, and sweets and *entrées* will at once appear in sight,

And you'll fall to, on them all too, with a first-class appetite.

"THE NEW 'GAL.'"



In order to preserve articles of furniture, I believe—not speaking as an expert—it is deemed wise to "Japan" them. If this be so, then perhaps it may be on this principle that the curators of the New Gallery have determined to keep it in an admirable state of preservation by the process of "Japanning;" the Central Hall and Balcony being devoted to an exhibition of Japanese art. But as we look to "Our New Gal" for specimens of English art, pictorial, we will tear ourselves away from the curios and give our undivided attention to the pictures.

From No. 3 to No. 15 the pictures are painted in tempera. "O tempera! O mores!"

In every instance "refer to drawer." Our selection would be J. D. BATTEN (3) "Dan"—not "Leno"—but "Danaë" and WALTER CRANF'S "Raising the Wind"—in the tree (7).

73. ADRIAN STOKES. Blood Orange-Tree Farm in the Land of Burns.

86. *Lamia*. "C. F. M. Cleverly" painted. Give a painter a good name (such as "Cleverly") and hang him!

127. A-sea piece taken "in the rough." Mr. BERNARD F. GRIBBLE calls it "A Good Day for a Trip." Tell that to the Marines!

131. *The Hare a parent and several little hares in a Harvest Field*. No catching these hares and getting them by ear. CHARLES WHYMPER.

143. JAMES ORROCK. Old lock: shut up: no quay.

156. Should say that this was a police subject, "*Girl between two 'Coppers'*," but C. E. HALLÉ says he meant it for "A Water Carrier, *Pieve di Cadore*."

161. By ROBERT BROUGH, "*She who will be obeyed*," Little white-haired girl insists on reading a book, with nothing in it except blank pages, to her little brother, who with basket full of good things and a hoop, is anxiously expected by 162, another little girl, a babe in a wood up above, who wonders why the others don't "come out to play." It is by A. DAMPIER MAY, and of course the other children are wisely kept at home, as they'd all catch frightful colds in this treacherous month, for no one, without having experience of the present miserable weather, could possibly imagine A. DAMPIER MAY!

204. The catalogue says this is J. Staats Forbes, Esq., by GEORGE HENRY. Well, by George, without the 'Henry,' we have some difficulty in believing that the catalogue states a fact. It may be intended for him, but *Hamlet's* observation when comparing his living stepfather with his recently deceased parent, might here be appropriately quoted. And, in spite of "comparisons being odorous," we cannot help

recalling that Vonderful Von of VON HERKOMER's, some years ago, of Mr. James Staats Forbes.

208. "*Lawrence Koe*" Limited. By GEORGE SPENCER WATSON, who represents the artist Koe-sily and comfortably seated at home. He is in his very best Sunday suit, doing nothing and evidently waiting for someone to come and help him.

Here intervenes an apparently unnumbered one, the centre of a group 119, 120, 121, 122. Scene—an orchard; young man and young girl, say, Master Namby and Miss Pamby, a pretty pair, getting on together very appley. Only half

lengths, which is very wise and prudent on the artist's part, as in such cases there is no knowing to what lengths such a couple might go.

218. Hon. JOHN COLLIER shows how a lady keeps away the flies with a peacock's feather fan, while at

219, Another lady is portrayed by CÉSARE FORMILI as feeding peacocks, and evidently saying, "Poor dears! very great nuisance for you to

be so near to a peacock's feather fancier." Or CÉSARE, being well up in English literature, may subtly mean to indicate that this lady is a student and admirer of "PEACOCK'S tales." About as good a thing as FORMILI has painted latterly.

222. *Haymakers*, represented by M. AUSTEN BROWN as leaning against a stack; this attitude being intended to convey the idea that they are "putting their backs into their work."

229. TO LET.—A QUIET DAMP RIVERSIDE FARM, known in the neighbourhood as Catchcold Cottage.—For particulars apply to J. ALFONSO TOFT.

237. Don't pass by EDWARD W. WAITE! Waite a bit. A quiet nook. Just the place in which to spend a Bank Holiday far from the gadding crowd.

240. *Ionian Dancing Girl*. Most modest ballerina, as she doesn't show her legs. A "*knee plus ultra*" picture, by J. W. GODWARD. "And," says she, with a sad smile, "I should be the sweetest creature in the world, if my arms were only a pair!"

251. *The Bored Children, the Black Poodle, and another little dog!* The Black Poodle looks as well as ever he did in that Royal Academical portrait of Mr. Wertheimer (was it two years ago or more?) by our distinguished Colour SARGENT, R.A., who now adds a little toy dog which he has placed in the arms of small girl. Her sister is lounging on a sofa, and the young brother, spread out in front, is evidently awfully bored at having to waste his valuable



time. SARGENT, R.A., tells this story of weariness admirably. Clearly Master WERTHEIMER is thinking to himself how much he would prefer to join ARTHUR J. BLACK's very light-headed boys (250), who are bathing in the "Sunlit Surf," and probably using a certain s...p. Query, advertisement picture?

252. *The Grassy Harvest of the River Fields.* By ALFRED PARSONS, A.R.A. Would that all other Parsons preached as well as this from so very simple a text!

262. "She who knows how to keep her place." S. MELTON FISHER has caught the idea exactly. The lady in costume is rehearsing, and as she holds her book in her hand she says, "I don't want a prompter, as when I forget my lines I refer to the book, in which I have kept my place."

264. By ARTHUR RYLE. "He cometh not," she said, "and yet here I am waiting in *The Haven under the Hill*. But, Havens above! how Ryle'd I'm getting!"

Farewell, "New Gal!" Those interested in *traits* of Japanese character will find much to admire. For us the Pictures suffice.

WHEN PEGASUS JIBS.

["Pegasus was a jibbing horse, and it was most depressing to have to flog an irresponsible or weary brain."—*Viscount Goschen at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund.*]

WHEN Pegasus jibs, all in vain
The poet may sharpen his nibs;
'Tis useless to cudgel the brain
When Pegasus jibs.

You search through your *Horace* (in cribs)—

You gather but chaff from his grain;
The powder grows damp in your squibs.

All blandishments he will disdain,
He heeds not your whip on his ribs;
You only can give him the rein
When Pegasus jibs!

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

As frequently happens in such works, the most interesting portion of the *Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant* (HUTCHINSON) belongs to his earlier and struggling days. Mr. SQUIRE SPRIGG mentions in a prefatory note that the work was left without that careful minute revision BESANT was accustomed to bestow on his literary work. That accounts for the fragmentary character of the story during the later, busier, and more prominent portion of his life. Up to 1880 the record is full enough, and shows no lack of the revising hand. It is the tale of an honest, strenuous life, one simple record being the fact that through the uninterrupted space of eighteen years BESANT turned out a novel every twelve-month. It would be too much to say he maintained the high level of public interest reached at a bound when, with *Ready Money Mortiboy*, his collaboration with RICE commenced. Possibly light and fancy faded with advancing years and accumulated toil. The workmanship was always good. BESANT's account of his school and college days, and of his strange sojourn in the Mauritius, are as interesting as any episodes in his novels. During his time at Cambridge my Baronite catches glimpses of two old *confrères*. BESANT bears testimony that in the fifties "the profession of letters was regarded with pity and contempt." TOM TAYLOR, sometime Fellow of Trinity, rising to be editor of *Punch*, was, he says, always spoken of by his old friend the tutor of Christ's as "poor TOM TAYLOR." One day CALVERLEY

invited BESANT to his room after Hall. "I've got a young Frenchman," he said, "he's clever. Come and be amused." The young Frenchman turned out to be our dear "Kickey," on a flying visit to Cambridge. DU MAURIER proved the life and soul of the party, and "no one went to chapel that evening."

The interest in *Jane Eyre* is deathless. Novelists may come and novelists go; CHARLOTTE BRONTË endures for ever. The book which reaches my Baronite is the first volume of a new edition issued by HODDER AND STOUGHTON. Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL contributes an introduction which, though brief, coming after a multitude of more ambitious essays, shows that all has not been said about the frail-bodied, plain-featured governess. He quotes a striking guess at the identity of the writer of *Jane Eyre*, dated November, 1848, whilst the secret was still kept. "It was written by a woman," the Rev. CHARLES MERIVALE, afterwards Dean of Ely, affirms, "because the men's faces are described so intensely; by a young woman and not a very refined one, from a certain want of acquired delicacy; by a governess, for the governess scenes are the most natural and easily written." Mr. MERIVALE goes astray in guessing that *Rochester* was modelled on THACKERAY. But the rest is wonderfully close. THE BARON DE B.-W.



"O THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING!"

[A record of May, from 6th to 10th, when there was snow, rain, hail, thunderstorms, and quite a Variety Show of wintry weather!]

THE BALL-ROOM LIBRARY.

"BALLMUTTER" writes to the *Westminster Gazette* of May 7 to advocate the formation of a "Mothers' Union for Reading in Ball-rooms." It would have a desirable outcome, she suggests, in the issue of a series of dainty volumes for the consolation of those members of the community known in Germany as "Ball-mothers," that is, those ladies whose social and family duties entail on them the obligation of sitting for several hours on several days in the week in a ball-room between the hours of eleven

P.M. and four A.M. The little volumes should be laid ready on the seats, like programmes, so that each mother who has the privilege of being present should, on finding a seat, also find something to make the hours she passes on it less tedious than they are apt to be at present. This is a praiseworthy cause which calls loudly for assistance. Mr. *Punch* has therefore drawn up a list of Best Ball-room Books as follows:—THOMSON's *City of Dreadful Night*; YOUNG's *Night Thoughts*; SWINBURNE's *Songs before Sunrise*; HARDY's *Far from the Madding Crowd*; READE's *It is Never too late to Mend*; DUMAS PÈRE's *Twenty Years After*; HUGO's *Les Misérables*; BURKE's *Thoughts on Present Discontent*; MINCHIN's *Equilibrium of Coplanar Forces*; SALMON's *Higher Plane Curves*; CLERK MAXWELL's *Matter and Motion*; WHITWORTH's *Choice and Chance*; OUIDA's *Held in Bondage*; MRS. HUNGERFORD's *In Durance Vile*; ROLLESTON's *Forms of Animal Life*; MUIR's *Wanderings of Atoms*; RUSKIN's *Unto this Last*; and, lastly, *A Thousand and One Nights*.

The perusal of these light and entertaining works should serve to mitigate "BALLMUTTER's" trouble, and keep her alert and up to the mark during the coming season. We trust the London "Ball-daughters" will also co-operate in such an excellent scheme to combat undue drowsiness and a premature desire to get back home. Enterprising publishers, please take note!

TROP DE ZÈLE.

[At Cambridge, Mr. E. G. BROWNE, University Lecturer in Persian, has recently been elected to the Professorship of Arabic. In addition to these languages, "Mr. BROWNE," says the *Cambridge Review*, "has acquired an extensive knowledge of Turkish. This last circumstance seems, oddly enough, to have been urged as a positive disqualification by at least one eminent member of the Senate, when it was proposed to make Mr. BROWNE a University Lecturer."]

It is clear that at least one eminent member of the Cambridge Senate is prepared to grapple with the educational problem. A time will no doubt come when the matter of disqualifications will be treated as seriously as it deserves, and when a board of inquisitors will be appointed to look into it. Then we may expect something like this:—

SCENE:—The Board Room. PERSONÆ:

Three Inquisitors seated at a long table covered with green baize and furnished with ink-pots, pens, and paper. The Inquisitors have the eagle eye and stern brow proper to Heads of Houses.

Enter Mr. A., candidate for the Latin Chair.

First Inquisitor (blandly). Good morning, Mr. A., please sit down. Your qualifications have, of course, been fully considered elsewhere. It is for us only to ask you a few minor questions. You are, I think, acquainted with Greek?

Mr. A. (modestly). I have learnt a little.

Second Inquisitor (suspiciously). You have not edited any of the Greek Classics?

Mr. A. (hastily). Oh dear no. I only knew just enough to scrape through my Tripos, and I hope by now I have forgotten that.

First Inquisitor. Perhaps, then, we may overlook the Greek. (His colleagues nod in acquiescence.) You do not by any chance read or speak Italian?

Second Inquisitor. Or Spanish?

Third Inquisitor. Or German?

Mr. A. (answering all three). Not a word, I assure you—wittingly at least.

Second Inquisitor. You have not dabbled in Hebrew, of course?

Mr. A. Of course not; I am not a theologian.

[The Board converses privately in low tones for a minute or two, and then the Third Inquisitor says, suddenly, "Quelle heure est-il, s'il vous plaît?" The Machiavellian device succeeds, and, quite taken off his guard, Mr. A. consults his watch.

The Inquisitors (together). Ah! [They shake their heads gravely and inform Mr. A. that he may go. He goes.

First Inquisitor. He won't do. It would be fatal—that knowledge of French.

[They agree.



"GOOD-BYE, DOLLY, I MUST LEAVE YOU!"

Enter Mr. X. the other candidate.

Third Inquisitor (guilefully). Bitte nehmen Sie Platz, Herr X.

Mr. X. (somewhat taken aback). I beg your pardon. I don't understand French.

[The Inquisitors murmur approval, and then ask him the usual questions about all the languages they can think of. Mr. X. denies everything stoutly.

First Inquisitor. Then we may take it, Mr. X., that, with the exception of Latin, you are completely uninformed?

[Mr. X. assures him warmly that it is so.

Third Inquisitor. In fact you know nothing but Latin?

Mr. X. (after a little consideration). Well, in point of fact, now I come to think of it, I don't know Latin either. I may honestly say that I know nothing at all.

The Inquisitors again murmur approval, and consult together for a while.

First Inquisitor (speaking finally). Well, Mr. X., we may venture to congratulate you, I think. Apart from the Latin difficulty, which may be easily surmounted, you appear to have no disqualifications whatever, and we shall be able to report accordingly.



IN THE FASHION.

Mr. Punch. "IMITATION, MY DEAR, IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY."

THE DIRGE OF THE PENNY DERELICT.

[Mr. AUSTIN DOE, managing director of the Thames Steamboat Company, defends its present state of coma on the ground that "the advent of a Council" (the L.C.C.) "pledged to the municipalisation of everything, gave birth to a stream of detraction of the existing service which has never ceased to flow" (meaning the detraction) "to the great prejudice of all honest efforts for its improvement" (meaning the service).]

Flow on, great highway, past the spot
Which marks the fate of ties that sever,
For ships may pass, or they may not,
But I am rooted here for ever.

Once fleet as Dian when she pinked
With flying spear the fluttered roe-doe,
My gift of speed is now extinct,
My Manager become a Doedoe.

Time was when up and down thy tide,
This side and that, a devious ranger,
I have evoked the City's pride,
The hopeless envy of the stranger.

Far from the traffic I would ply
Between thy panoramic marges
In placid silence tempered by
The oaths that emanate from barges.

Pure whiffs of ozone off the main,
Blown up thy course as through a tunnel,
Would blend with fine carbonic rain
Emitted by my ardent funnel.

On systems choked with London grime
I used the force of Nature's physick,
Taking my friends from time to time
As far as Hammersmith or Chiswick.

All that is gone with yesteryear!
A course of contumely and rancour
Has made me lock my paddle-gear,
And permanently lie at anchor.

Stagnation holds my palsied wheel;
Inertia reigns from stem to rudder,
Save when the limpets on my keel
Cause an involuntary shudder.

As I survey the horizon's verge
From an imaginary masthead,
I am compelled to sing the dirge
Of prospects practically blasted.

No more shall I conduct apace
Upon their element (the water)
The scions of a sailor race,
The Norseman's son, the Viking's daughter.

No more about my foaming wake
The guzzling gull shall wheel and frisk it,
Screaming with glee to swoop and take
The damaged bun or sodden biscuit.

I had a hope, but that is dust,
(Hey, as the phrase is, nonny! nonny!)
That MORGAN might induce his Trust
To plant me on the river Suwanhee.

Many have marvelled why his gold
Was not employed in that direction;
One cannot guess: perhaps the old
"Old folks at home" raised some objection.

Well, well! flow onward all the time,
Flow on, I say, majestic river;
While I, as in the hallowed rhyme,
Stick fast for ever and for iver.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

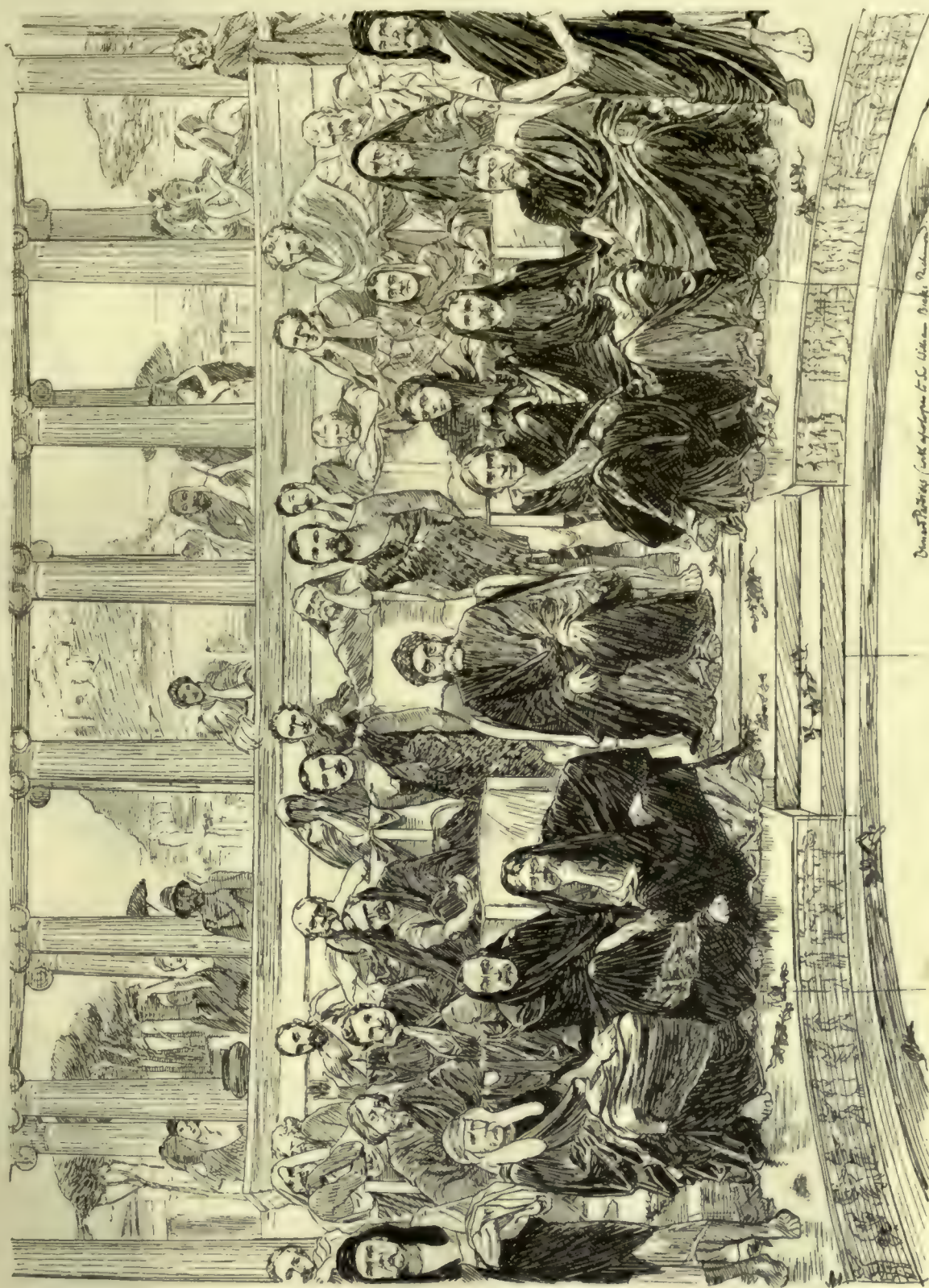
THE pleasure of reading *Recollections of Dublin Castle and of Dublin Society* (CHATTO & WINDUS) is marred by their almost spiteful tone. "A Native's" memories of Dublin fifty years ago and later exhibit that scornful dislike of his own race peculiar to the Irish. It found its fullest, certainly its widest known illustration, in the deliberations in Committee Room No. 15, following on the fall of PARNELL. "A Native" almost audibly grinds his teeth when he writes about his countrymen and countrywomen in Dublin "reverencing, to all but prostration," the Lord Lieutenant and his Court. He describes with vivid force the struggle to touch the hem of the garment even of members of the Viceroy's suite. As he himself occasionally succeeded in obtaining invitations to join the Court circle, there is no reason to be angry with others equally fortunate, or scornful of those who, after infinite endeavour, failed. My Baronite, who (it is mentioned with bated breath) has more than once in modern times been a guest at the Viceregal Lodge, saw nothing of this cringing and fawning. Rather the reverse, there being apparently deliberate design on the part of the citizens of Dublin to boycott the representative of the Sovereign. But things are beheld from different points of view. "A Native's" *Recollections* are valuable as giving a peep at Dublin Castle and Dublin society as far back as the time of the seventh Earl of CARLISLE, Lord Lieutenant in 1855-8.

If you cannot go to the Academy the next best thing is to get the Academy to come to you, which in effect it does when the fact of its existence is vividly brought home to you in *The Royal Academy Supplement to the Magazine of Art* (CASSELL & Co.), of which useful and ornamental work the first four numbers will be out during this month, one of them having already appeared. In this is included, delicately printed in colours, the charming picture by ALFRED EAST, A.R.A., entitled *The Valley of the Lambourne*, "a really valley-able reproduction," says one of the Baron's junior assistants, who is at once reprimanded severely by

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT AT THE ALHAMBRA.

THE weather has been exceptionally trying. Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, to be quite up to date, has produced his March in May. May, so far—that is, up to the 14th [the date of this note]—has not been a success, but this "Coronation March," by ALEXANDER the Great, is. So "sound the trumpets, beat the drums," and all in to begin! As in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, "Kettle began it," so here, the Kettle-drums, arranged on the stage, with trumpets to blow off the steam, commence the Coronation March, breathing of battle and conquest. The subsequent *suave* movements in Sir ALEC's composition subtly indicate the conferences of the delegates and the proposals of peace. During this the trumpets cease from blowing. This March is, presumably, to be played in the Abbey on Coronation Day, when the effect will be far more striking than now, as the drums and trumpets, for which the available space in the Alhambra Orchestra was insufficient, had to be ranged in a line on the stage above. Even at this disadvantage the March was fairly effective, and Sir ALEC bowed his acknowledgments to a much gratified audience. If, before it be heard in the Abbey, Peace, which is now only in the air, should become the leading motive, then how grand will be the effect produced by the perfect harmony of the finale! The warlike drumming will cease; and gentle "wind" and diplomatic "strings" will, *grazioso*, lead up to the grand triumphal *fortissimo* of Jubilant Peace!



Demosthenes (with supporters) to the Athenian People. (Richmond)

A COUNCIL AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(After the "Richmond Gem" in the Birmingham City Art Gallery.)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 12,
—Long time since Opposition looked so

as TRILBY used to say, accepted it.
Exit Little Tuppenny.

Bury Election crowns rare access of
joy on Opposition benches. A seat won
by reversal of substantial majority;



SIR W-LL-M H-RC-RT.

"COULD YOU ON THIS FAIR MOUNTAIN LEAVE TO FEED,
AND BATTEN ON THIS MOOR?" *Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 4.*

united, or were actually so jubilant. Two reasons: *Item*, result of Bury Election: *Item*, withdrawal of Cheque Tax. Last week my revered Master had a picture representing St. MICHAEL as a keeper, with BULL more or less patiently bearing the baiting of those sad dogs, Income Tax and Corn Tax, irate beyond control at the pecking and shrill barking of the Twopenny Stamp on cheques.

"Come on, Tuppenny! We'd best get out of this."

The hint appeared on Wednesday. To-day, amid hearty cheering from both sides, St. MICHAEL announces that he has, more or less humbly, "altogether,"

only regret that, by chance, rebuff is delivered to disadvantage of a good fellow. "He is an old friend of mine," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, dropping a tear over discomfiture of HARRY LAWSON. Many others on both sides of House can say the same. We remember him in an older Parliament, a Member of the right sort. A hard worker, a man of the world and of business, alert, clear-headed, lucid, and not too frequent in speech. However, as MARK LOCKWOOD says, "HARRY LAWSON may be Bury-ed, but his motto is *Resurgam*."

In circumstances SQUIRE OF MALWOOD in fine fettle. With large quartern loaf in one hand, in the other a loaf

miraculously shrunken by operation of Corn Tax of shilling a hundredweight, he flashed forth long series of epigrams, effectively finishing by chucking loaves at head of St. MICHAEL by way of peroration.

Business done.—Second reading of Budget Bill.

Friday night.—The Millennium is coming—on a motor-car. JOHN SCOTT MONTAGU, M.P.—for loving-kindness known among his friends as JOHN *tout court*—says so, and ALFRED HARMSWORTH backs him up. Indeed, the latter, ahead of the century as is his constitutional habit, rather suggests it has actually arrived. Certainly, for a motorist, personal possession of a minimum of eight cars indicates the Millennium state. ALFRED HARMSWORTH seems to have an indefinite number.

Whilst House winding up affairs before Whitsun holidays, been reading last volume of *The Badminton Library* (LONGMANS). In the chapter on the choice of a motor A. H. writes, "I am running at present four cars of French construction, two of American, two of English, and some others which are practically English. Three are driven by petrol, three by steam, and two by electricity."

Persons About to Motor will find the volume indispensable. Those whom Providence has already blessed with a motor-car will 'discover in it many wrinkles. Arrangement of contributions admirable. Our dear JOHN leads the way with a chapter on the utility of motors; a practical paper, excellently written, making us all wonder how we could have lived so long without the



J-hn A-rd.



R-dm-nd.

motor-car. Then comes ALFRED HARMSWORTH with his modest experiences. The most comfortable motor-car he knows is one of his eight, "modelled on the lines of the travelling carriages of our grandfathers." Our grandfathers would sit up in their graves if they caught a vision of this vehicle, "with room for an engineer and valet in front, and four passengers disposed inside," with accessories of a hamper and other trifles. It was in this luxurious equipage that JOHN and A. H. lately journeyed from Paris to Monte Carlo, passing at top speed on their way the ghosts of generations of other light-hearted young Englishmen making the grand tour in quite other circumstances, a journey for them long since ended in the tomb.

Sir DAVID SALOMONS describes his motor stable in his country house near Tunbridge Wells. It reads more like particulars of a Royal Palace. Then there is a chapter by Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the Friend of Man, who lives and dines an octave higher than anyone else in Wimpole Street. He deals with motor-cars in connection with health, on which he reports almost ecstatically. Incidentally he suggests a



"Speaks for itself."

pretty picture. He admits one disadvantage of motoring in absence of exercise for the muscles of the leg. "I have," he adds, "found it may be to some extent overcome by alighting at the end of a drive of twenty miles and running smartly for about two hundred or three hundred yards."

Here is suggestion for a picture from Sir HENRY's own facile brush. The gay Octogenarian doing a three hundred yards spin along the hard highway; behind him Time, hampered by his scythe, hopelessly racing.

Business done.—Adjourned for Whitsun recess.

JEEMS, M.P.

[M. PROSPER MANIN pleaded in his election address that he desired to represent the domestic servants of his country.—*Westminster Gazette*.]

PARLOURMAIDS, rouse ye! and up, O ye nurses!

Scullery drudges and cooks, make a stand!

No longer content with your impotent curses,

Rise, rise on your tyrants! the hour is at hand!

Butler and page-boy, groom, footman and valet,

How long will ye cravens and menials be?

Ye minions, be men! Round your champion rally—

Up! Poll in your thousands! Elect me M.P.

Cooks that curse the kitchen fire,

Cooks that in the smoke perspire,

Will ye sell your souls for hire?

Strike for liberty!

Housemaids, feel ye not a twinge

While to tyrants base ye cringe,

Reft of followers and fringe?

Up and follow me!

Nursemaids, doomed the pram to drag

O'er the mud and burning flag,

While your weary footsteps lag,

Down with tyranny!

Butlers, toiling o'er your plate,

Slaving early, slaving late,

Will ye bow to such a fate?

Rise! Be men! Be free!

Footmen, waiting in the halls

Till your lord and master calls,

Will ye live for ever thralls?

Vote for JEEMS, M.P.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

II.—AN AFTERNOON WITH ANTIQUITY.

OUR predominant sensation is one of acute contrast as out of an atmosphere of Bank Holiday New Oxford Street and the Twopenny Tube we suddenly walk into the precincts of the past. To-day

the interior presents a curious aspect: children swarm everywhere, playing touch or sucking oranges among the relics of antiquity; one small boy is being cautioned by an official as we enter for endeavouring to use a mouth-organ in the Sculpture Galleries. One party of youngsters is in the charge of an elder sister, with her hair up and a short skirt.

"Now, ANNIE, be've yerself now an' don't touch the things; they don't want you a-fingerin' of 'em. ELBERT, leave the articles alone—I wonder what all the stone lides and gentlemen would think of yer now if they was to wike up. Be've now."

"Wot's this?" remarks a wit in yellow boots before the Canephora. "Ca-ry-a-tid. Well, she can carry a tidy lot on 'er onion, eh, FLO?" and moves on to describe the Apollo Citharæus as a "corf drop."

We make our way into the Egyptian Galleries.

"These ancient Egyptians," states a lady with a lorgnette before a statue of SEKHET, "must have been people of a very inferior mind. Now whoever dreamt of a woman with a lion's head—let alone wanting to reproduce it."

"They must have been insane," rejoins the other; and unable conscientiously to show more leniency than this to the ancient Egyptians, they pass on to patronise tolerantly the Athenian Cavalry.

Here is gathered a small rustic group.

"Well, I'm very sorry," says a healthy-looking girl, "but I can't see any prettiness about it."

"Ah, well," explains a large swain in sky-blue trousers, "you must remember it is very old, you know, and chipped about an' all that. P'raps it was better when it was new."

The party seems on the whole only too glad to have found this excuse for it, and wanders good-naturedly off.

We turn into the Assyrian Galleries. The bas-reliefs depicting the lion-hunts of Assur-bani-pal seem in strange contrast to the parquet floor beneath, where the elder sister is reproving ELBERT for sliding. A young lady with a husband in attendance has for some time been gazing thoughtfully across the gallery.

"Yes, FRED," she remarks eventually, "I think I shall have the drawing-room done like that for the 25th. I saw some stuff at SHOOLBRED'S . . ."

We catch a fragment of conversation from two pretty girls who have just come in.

" . . . So he said, 'Mayn't I even see you as far as Gower Street Station?'—Oh, ETHEL, what a lovely place for a dance!"

"Rather gloomy, isn't it?" returns the other, "with all those ugly things

about. The floor would be all right if they could put up some fans and flags and art muslin, and so on, to make it look a bit bright."

Retracing our steps, we follow the direction of an attendant towards the Mummy Room, painfully conscious as we pass of a cast of RAMESES II. gazing through a pair of glass doors at the coffee urns of the Refreshment Room. Going up the steps we meet the lorgnette ladies coming away.

"They were not a nice people," one of them is saying. "What horrid minds! I feel sure they must have been dirty in their habits."

The Mummy Room seems to be the centre of attraction in the building. A very marked interest is displayed in the cakes of camphor—which all alike greet enthusiastically as soap—in the glass cases. These in fact seem almost to rival the mummies themselves in point of the attention bestowed upon them.

"Eight 'undred an' fifty years B.C.!" exclaims a horsey man with a friend in a seedy frock-coat. "Lord, 'Arry, that's 'orrible old, that is, an' no mistake!"

"If yer believe it," rejoins his friend. "'Ow der we know it's true? We've only got their word fer it. They're not goin' ter get me ter take it in. Bodies in 'em? Don't you believe it, my boy. They get 'em up very real, I grant yer."

By far the largest crowd has gathered round the facsimile sandstone grave where the unwrapped mummy of the Neolithic period is calling forth a variety of comments.

"Look at the pore feller . . ."

"'Ow would yer like to be like that, DICKIE?"

"Was 'e ever alive, Farver?"

"There's 'air!" (This from Yellow Boots.)

"He looks as if he'd been struggling," remarks a young woman with a feather.

"P'raps 'e was buried alive, GERT," hazards her young man.

"They wouldn't a done that, would they?" gasps GERT.

"Lor bless yer, yes," returns the young man, with the consciousness of erudition. "Crool times they was! Roast yer or somethin' as soon as look at yer."

We pause on our way out again to listen to an unwashed Egyptologist, who is expounding to a small respectful group at the top of the staircase.

"Only 'igh-class people it was—kings, an' 'eads of 'ouses, an' big pots gen'rally—fellers like CIOIL RHODES yer know. Oh, you 'ad to be some class ter be buried that way, yer know. Wot was the pots and pans for in the grave there? Why, funeral offrins fer pore people. The frens an' relations went ter the cemet'ry, an' each sorter stood

by an' threw one in. Yer'll notice, the rich people 'ad paintins on the cases. That's it reely. If yer was rich yer 'ad paintins, if yer was pore yer 'ad pots. Civilised? oh, no, not like *we* are. They were 'eathen, yer know. Their religion was the same as the incient Greek religion. Oldest religion in the world, thet was. Sime as they've got now in modern Russia."

It is five o'clock. Not without regret we leave the charms of popular Egyptology, and, descending the stairs, make our way out of the building and towards the street. Again we are overwhelmed by the forcible contrast. So, evidently, is the young lady with the husband who is in front of us.

"You know, FRED," she remarks, "a little of that sort of thing goes a very long way. One thing, though—it does make you appreciate being out in the civilised world again."

And with a sigh of relief she turns into Great Russell Street.

A FATAL GIFT.

[*"M. DE MONTÉPIN, who made a huge fortune by writing serial stories of mystery and crime for the French newspapers, once told an interviewer: 'I was the first to grasp the fact that the novel of the future must be the sort of novel that the grisette would spread out on the workahop table and read while she was eating her pennyworth of fried potatoes.'—Westminster Gazette.*]

WHEN others sought with subtle pen
And labour to portray
The humours that their fellow-men
In daily life display;

When character in every part
They diligently sought,
And even tried to make their art
Provocative of thought;

When every polished sentence bore
The labour of the file,
And authors did not quite ignore
Their grammar and their style;

Then saw I easily enough
How all my brethren erred:
Take nature for your model? Stuff!
Make readers think? Absurd!



Irish Maid. "DO YOU WANT A GOOD BEATING, MASTER JIMMY, OR DO YOU NOT? BECAUSE, IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF THIS MINUTE—YOU'LL GET BOTH!"

A task more simple shall be mine.
Sensation shall be spread
On every page, and every line
With murder shall be red,

Till on my tales of curdling crime
Shall every poor grisette
Spend all her little leisure time,
And in their charm forget

The golden chips that used to be
The joy of dinner-hours,
What time my penny dreadful she
More greedily devours.

Nor shall her fondness be abused:
That she may still digest,
Although her fancy be amused,
I'll keep her brain at rest.



A TOWER OF STRENGTH.

THE NEW HERO-WORSHIP.

(In the manner of Lear on himself.)

["I lately called upon Dr. ISEN . . . He was sitting in his drawing-room, reading his *Little Eyolf*, when I entered. . . . His hair and whiskers are white as snow. . . . His colour is healthy, and his dark-blue eyes are as beautiful as ever. . . . The left one seems to be larger than the other, and when he looks at you, you feel as if he is searching your soul through and through. . . . At one time the elegantly-attired old gentleman was to be seen as regularly as the clock in the little reading-room of the Grand Hotel, where, seated in an armchair that bore his name, and which was reserved for the grand old poet, he read the local and the foreign newspapers."—*Christiania Correspondent of the Daily Chronicle.*]

How pleasant to know Doctor ISEN
who writes such agreeable plays!
How pleasant to read them (in cribs)
And Chronicle duly his ways.

His hair and his whiskers are white;
His eyes are unequal in size;
(The smaller of them is the right)
But they're perfectly lovely blue eyes.

His manners are simple and mild;
He's the most unassuming of hosts;
His Ducks are inclined to be Wild,
He's a rooted believer in Ghosts.

He lives in a House full of Dolls;
He wears the most elegant suits;
And a bevy of musical trolls
Are chartered to polish his boots.

He sits in a sumptuous chair
Called "Isen," the living day long;
He searches your soul with his stare,
But he doesn't excel at ping-pong.

He dines off a shrimp or a snipe,
His only hotel is the Grand;
Doctor RANK is the name of his pipe,
His favourite monkey is BRAND.

A WORD FROM CAMBRIDGE.

(Extracted from the Letter of a Don on the Cam to a Don on the Isis.)

"As to the manner in which you are all talking and prophesying in regard to the bequests of the late Mr. RHODES, it seems to me insane. Even the unemotional *Times* gives way to hysterics and talks about Oxford becoming (in consequence of these bequests) the University of the Empire—whatever that may mean. You think we envy you. Make your minds easy. We watch your exultation with amusement—that's all. Let me ask you a question. In what way do you think the addition of two or three hundred young gentlemen from the Colonies, from the United States, and from Germany, is going to affect the traditions and the atmosphere of Oxford? You know enough, or ought to, about a University to know that there is no human aggregation so serene, so stable, so little subject to the ordinary shocks that distract the greater world as a University. Oxford (you may allow a Cambridge man to say this much in admiration) has held on her way through the ages, preserving her culture, her fashion of thought, her influence, while around her, Empires and kingdoms have tottered and fallen, wars have been fought out, and men of large minds, who kept their fingers on the pulse of the markets, have piled up their millions. Is it to be supposed that the young barbarians—I mean no offence—from Woolloo-Moolloo, or the wild and untutored children of the bounding prairie, or the pipe-sucking, beer-nurtured products of the Fatherland, even if they come in their hundreds—which I venture

to doubt—are going to transform your hoary old home of lost causes into the semblance of their own ideals, supposing them to have any? The idea is preposterous: These youngsters will have their £300 a year, having been selected for manliness and truthfulness and popularity. They'll find their level amongst your own young men. If they are really decent fellows they'll do well enough; if they're prigs they'll meet the fate of prigs—but in any case they'll influence Oxford no more than ROGER or THOMAS or RICHARD or JOHN, the sons of ordinary British parents, who go year by year to one of your distinguished Colleges and pass through the usual University course. Oxford will still remain Oxford, and that at any rate we may be thankful for. Occasionally there'll be paragraphs in the papers reminding one of those stock headings, 'Assault by a Magistrate,' and 'Strange Conduct of a Barrister.' We shall learn that 'A Rhodes Scholar screws up a Dean,' or the world will be asked to wonder at 'A Rhodes Scholar in the Police Court,' or to note how 'A Rhodes Scholar pleads Infancy.' But, beyond that, I doubt if Oxford life will be very different owing to the presence of Mr. RHODES's beneficiaries.

"And, as to ourselves at Cambridge, why, I fancy we shall be able to rub along quite comfortably, thank you. If I may use a commercial expression, we've got our own line of Australians and Canadians and Americans, and even of Afrikaners, and I think we shall be able to continue business at the old shop in the old style without any of the new-fangled additions that Mr. RHODES has conferred upon Oxford. I'll wager that when fifty years are past we shall still be able to meet you on the river, at cricket, at football, nay, even at chess and billiards, on the same terms of average equality. And in after life we shall still manage to compete. Farewell."

NOVELTIES IN CLUBS.

["The Ladies' Army and Navy Club is now an established fact."]

Daily Paper.]

The Ladies' "Athenæum."—This club, it is confidently expected, will be opened when any members can be obtained. Candidates need have no literary qualifications, but must have written at least one successful novel—preferably under a male *nom de plume*. They must also have revealed this fact, in strict confidence, to an interviewer.

The Ladies' "Conservative."—The object with which this club is to be formed is immaterial. It will offer, however, as special attractions, an extensive cigarette-room, a fencing saloon, and a Ping-Pong gallery. Dances will be given once a week while Parliament is sitting.

The Ladies' "Travellers."—Any lady who can prove that she has travelled from Bond Street to the Marble Arch by the "tuppenny-tube" will be considered eligible for election to this club. Original members need only produce a punched omnibus ticket.

The Ladies' "Turf Club."—This club has been formed for the purpose of meeting the requirements of those ladies who may find the sporting element, which "Bridge" has introduced into other clubs, objectionable. Candidates must vouch that they have lunched on the box-seat of a drag or at least worn a "covert-coat."

The Ladies' "Bachelors."—The formation of this club has been abandoned owing to the overwhelming number of applications that have been received from mistaken applicants.



IN THE ROW.

Ungrateful Pupil (to Riding-Master). "Now, WHAT ARE ALL YOUR FINE LESSONS WORTH?"

O FORTUNATOS AGRICOLAS.

(In view of the proposed substitution of a motor service for omnibuses.)

I WAS always rather timid, and in infancy I cried
When nurse or mother left me for a moment in the dark,
When they took me out, securely in my p'rambulator tied,
I was frightened of the preacher's perorations in the
Park.

When to indiscretion's period I ultimately grew,
And studied with attention the philosophy of suits,
I often rode in hansom cabs (it was the thing to do),
But my heart was seldom absent from the region of my
boots.

When my razor—toy no longer—had become a daily dread
That reminded me of onomatopœic SISYPHUS,
I adjusted my convictions, while I earned my daily bread,
And I left the rapid hansom for the economic 'bus;

Which I found extremely frugal and inevitably sure,
And I heaped immortal praises on the shade of SHILLIBEER
While I travelled over London, feeling totally secure,
Having lost my salad dressings, my extravagance and
fear.

Now I tremble to discover the authorities are bent
On preventing things remaining just precisely where they
are,
And I dread the substitution for my previous content
Of the nerve-destroying terrors of a motor-driven car.

I abhor the very notion of the terrifying bangs
That will mar the solemn silence of St. James's Street in
May,
When a cogwheel or a button in its wild gyration hangs,
Or the petrol is exhausted and the motor stands at bay.

Or the moments when conductors crawl distracted under-
neath

To fiddle with arrangements which they fail to under-
stand,

While I make my preparations (having nerved myself for
death)

To be blown by an explosion from Victoria to the Strand.

Oh, the motor omnibus
Is the very thing for us,
For it brings an expectation
Of the instant decimation

Of a crowded population with the minimum of fuss.

CRYPTIC UTTERANCE.

A WITNESS in a recent case observed that his attention had been drawn to a certain Company as "one out of which he could make some money." This oracular advice the witness evidently failed to understand, as the Company in question "into which" he went was an occasion of considerable loss to him. But if he had only rightly appreciated the advice, viz. that it was a Company "out of which he could make some money," he might have stayed out of it and gone into something else, and won, or might have been contented with his comfortable *status in quo*.



First Village Dame. "DID I BRING YOU BACK THAT BASKET YOU LENT ME LAST WEEK?"

Second Dame (emphatically). "NO, INDEED, YOU DID NOT."

First Dame. "THAT'S A PITY, FOR I JUST CAME ROUND TO BORROW IT AGAIN!"

WHITMONDAY THOUGHTS.

ALAS that, while St. Lubbock calls
His devotees to sport and play,
And while the British workman falls
(In bulk) to keeping holy day,
Some cannot shirk
Their weight of work,
Nor dare their inward calls obey.
For while the glad excursionist—
With joy so great it borders pain—
Is seeking—cheerful optimist—
A day's diversion in a train,
It must be hard
On driver, guard,
And station staff to stand the strain.

And ye who watch the feats of FRY
While Flannelled Folly capers round,
Or to the famed enclosure hie
Where DARLING and his men are found,
Remember those
Whose labour goes
That your enjoyment may abound.
And ye who idly scan this page
With lightsome heart and heavy
purse,
Let kindly thoughts your minds engage
For one whose destiny is worse,
Who writes to-day,
While others play,
Some simple unassuming verse.

"WE ARE THE PEOPLE."

[The first number of a review, bearing the title *The Oxford Point of View*, has recently been published under the direction of certain undergraduate members of the University of Oxford. Its chief object is to reflect the attitude of 'those that are coming after' towards literature and art, politics and religion, sport and the drama.]

I WANDERED down the cloistered High
At midnight. Solitary I.

No footfall on the flagstones rang,

No reveller belated sang,

No proctor in the shadows prowled,

No nimble-footed bull-dog growled.

Around me, lapped in silence deep,

Lay moonlit colleges asleep.

I paused beneath St. Mary's spire

To mark her gilded vane afire

With fairy-like illumination.

And while I watched, the first vibra-
tion—

The herald of the organ's peal—

Deep in my heart I seemed to feel.

I listened. Slowly swelled the note.

Sweet harmony began to float

In tuneful cadences, and stole

Melodious upon my soul;

And as it mounted high and higher

A silver-voiced angelic choir

Their music raised 'mid arches
groined,

And with the trembling organ joined:

Where shines the light?

Where never cometh night

Blinding the sight

And leaving nothing clear?

Where doth the ray

Of knowledge shine alway,

Making night day?—

You ask where shines it?—Here!

Here, where Cherwell meets the
Isis,

In this fortune-favoured spot,

Ruled by proctors, dons and Vices,

Ignorance intrudeth not;

In the grounds of every college

Flourisheth the tree of knowledge.

Ours it is to eat the apple

Growing on that sacred tree,

And in college, hall and chapel,

Learn the *omne scibile*;

Ours, and ours alone, to kindle
Culture's torch, nor let it dwindle.

'Tis true benighted mortals say

More 'Varsities there are

Than *Alma Mater*, old and grey,

Beside the willowy Cher.

Cam crawls along her classic "Backs,"

And Liffey, Clyde and Dee,

Learned and academic wax

Or ere they reach the sea.

Yet with the tongue, the oar, the
pen,

The learned sock, the art of WREN,

We only are the coming men—

We are posterity!



IN THE CLOUDS.

FIRST AÉRONAUT. "THAT 'LL MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON THE COUNTRY, I THINK."

SECOND AÉRONAUT. "I WONDER IF IT WILL STRIKE THE MAN IN THE STREET?"

THIRD AÉRONAUT. "WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING MUCH HIGHER ALL THE SAME."

FOURTH AÉRONAUT. "PERHAPS WE'VE LET OFF TOO MUCH GAS!"





AT THE HYDRO.

Lady Di. "BUT, IF YOU'RE SUCH A MARTYR TO GOUT, WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE NEW HYGEIA POWDERS THAT ARE SO EXTENSIVELY ADVERTISED! THEY DID MY HUSBAND A WORLD OF GOOD."

Decayed Millionaire. "AH!—BUT I AM THEIR WRETCHED PROPRIETOR!"

ARTISTS AT BOW STREET.

II.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R.A., 45, appeared in the dock to answer two charges, which were taken in the following order:—

Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS stated that he had been instructed by the Treasury to proceed against Mr. SARGENT for according preferential treatment to Scandinavian scenery by exhibiting a Norwegian landscape in the New Gallery, to the neglect of the British Isles and the prejudice of the tourist industry. Mr. SARGENT, he continued, was understood to be a portrait painter, and his incursion into the domain of landscape might fairly be construed as an act of trespass. On that point, however, he did not propose to insist. The present charge was that of depreciating the scenery of the United Kingdom as a national asset by the advertisement of Norway as a holiday resort.

The Hon. HORACE PLUNKETT, President of the Irish Tourist Association, stated

that a Hibernian landscape by Mr. SARGENT, if treated with his accustomed *bravura*—

Sir THOMAS LIPTON (from the Bench). What is *bravura*?

Mr. PLUNKETT said that he understood *bravura* to be a musical term, but the critics were unanimous in applying it to the style of Mr. SARGENT, possibly because his second name was SINGER. Resuming, he declared that a Hibernian landscape by Mr. SARGENT would have added at least 10,000 to the number of visitors to Ireland this summer, or, to put it in another way, would have increased the earnings of Irish Railway Companies, hotel-keepers, and car-drivers by £150,000. This diversion of English capital into foreign channels was most unpatriotic, and there was grave suspicion that the services of Mr. SARGENT had been secured by a Scandinavian Salmon Fishery Syndicate.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL corroborated the previous witness. He was, he added, a strenuous advocate for separation, but

in this particular he had no desire to "cut the painter."

Mr. SARGENT, who conducted his own defence, indignantly protested that his action in the matter was entirely disinterested.

Mr. OLAF TRYGGVASON, the Secretary of the Viking Club, deposed that no pressure had been put upon Mr. SARGENT.

Dr. ISEN, whose evidence was taken on commission, stated that he had never heard of Mr. SARGENT.

Dr. NANSEN stated that Mr. SARGENT had resolutely refused his invitation to accompany him on his voyage in the *Fram*.

Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER deposed that all his efforts to get an exclusive option on Mr. SARGENT's work for his new Standard Oil Painters' Trust had been unavailing.

The Bench found Mr. SARGENT guilty, but congratulated the Norwegians on his racial preference. They sentenced him to be hanged as before, only more so.

The second charge against Mr. SARGENT was brought by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, who appeared for the prosecution, observed that never in the entire annals of callousness had anyone shown such merciless indifference to the canine race as Mr. SARGENT had displayed in his already famous black picture, the group of the *Misses Hunter* (No. 229). The position of the dog in the foreground was not only unsafe but dangerous, as the strain imposed on the thyroid ganglia of the unfortunate animal, in order to prevent itself from rolling out of the picture, was heart-rending to contemplate.

Mr. CRUFT, of the Agricultural Hall, gave evidence as to the depreciating effect of such a posture on a pedigree animal. No dog that had been painted by Mr. SARGENT could ever get more than a "Highly Commended" at his show.

Other evidence having been given by Miss FRANCES POWER COBBE and the Secretary of Poodle's, Mr. STEPHEN PAGET replied for the defence. He said he would whistle for only one witness—the dog himself, who bounded into the witness-box and, catching sight of Mr. SARGENT, covered him with caresses. Subsequently, on being tested by the sphygmograph, its heart and main arteries were discovered to be in first-rate condition, and its bark much better than its bite.

The case was dismissed.

Mr. BACON, giving an address in St. John's Wood Road, was charged by Sir JOSEPH DIMSDALE and the City Fathers for turning the Guildhall into a common battery. It was estimated that in his picture of the *Return of the C.I.V.'s* (No. 217) no fewer than 1,173 khaki head-pieces were delineated with unflinching realism.

Mr. JNO. TILE, foreman of Messrs. LINCOLN AND BENNETT'S, stated that he had never seen so many hats in one room before, outside a factory. For his own part, he thought silk hats would be much more picturesque, but there was no doubt that Mr. BACON had caught the tint of the khaki wonderfully well.

Sir GEORGE ANDERSON CRITCHETT, oculist, deposed that the effect of the picture upon the eye was bewildering and fatiguing. As a restorative he would recommend the steady contemplation of the vast regions of Sir LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA'S frame (No. 201).

Professor HUBERT VON HERKOMER said that Mr. BACON was hardly to blame. Censure should fall rather on himself for showing the way in his famous *Chelsea Pensioners* picture. As to

khaki being unpicturesque, he would merely draw attention to his own portrait of the *Earl of Albemarle* (No. 151).

The Bench imposed the fine of 1,173 crowns on Mr. BACON, which was promptly paid by Mrs. GALLUP.

OUR NATIONAL DECORATIONS.

(A Prophetic Vision.)

It was the day before the Coronation. The New Zealander—he was not MACAULAY'S, but an ordinary colonial cousin who had fought in South Africa—walked out to see what the dear old country was doing in the way of decorations for the great day. "What I do like," he remarked to his cousin, the Londoner, who accompanied him, "is patriotism. There's nothing like it, my dear fellow."

"Right you are," said the Londoner; "that's always my idea. Just now more than ever."

They walked along a street, full of poles and planks, and crowded with workmen fixing up paper flowers and red cloth with gilt fringe, and flags, and all the other decorations usually seen.

"Hullo," cried the New Zealander, "that Union Jack's wrong!"

"Is it?" said the Londoner. "I never know exactly how it ought to be."

"My good man," continued the New Zealander, addressing the workman, "that flag you're putting up is all wrong."

"Non capisco, signore, non parlo inglese," replied the man.

"I ought to have told you," said the Londoner, "that this part of the work is being done by an Italian firm. The City of Westminster gave the whole of their work to MESSRS. FANTOCINI, or some such name, of Florence. But in this borough we decided not to give all the work to one firm, so we divided it into three parts. This, you see, is the Italian part." And he pointed to a placard inscribed "This labour is made by the Fratelli FERRARI of Milano."

"Oh!" said the New Zealander, and they strolled on, past a plaster statue of the King, bearing a remarkable resemblance to the late King VICTOR EMMANUEL, minus his exuberant moustache. Then they passed under a reproduction in cardboard of the Brandeburger Thor in Berlin, and found themselves in another street full of poles and planks, and crowded with workmen fixing up paper flowers, and red cloth with gilt fringe, and flags, and so forth.

"There's another Union Jack wrong," exclaimed the New Zealander; "they've left out St. Andrew's cross this time.

Can't you get that flag put right?" he added, addressing the workman.

"Bitte?" said the man. "*Ich verstehe nicht. Kann kein Englisch.*"

"My dear fellow," said the Londoner, apologetically, "I'm afraid we've got into the second division of the borough. Yes, we have, there's the name of the decorators." And there it was, on a very large board, "Economicaldecorationscompany of Berlin, MEYER, MÜLLER AND WEBER, Courtproviders."

"Rot!" remarked the New Zealander, and walked on rapidly.

He did not stop to look at the large number of German flags being hung up; he never noticed the coloured bust of Prince HENRY of Prussia, which a few skilful touches had transformed into one of the Prince of WALES; he disregarded the constant repetitions of "*Ich dien*," the motto best understood by the decorators; he hurried on the breathless Londoner through several streets, and under a reproduction in papier-maché of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, and then he stopped.

"Hang it all," he exclaimed, "there's another! Did you ever see a Union Jack like that?"

"I—I don't think I ever did," gasped the Londoner, "but then I never know—"

"For Heaven's sake," the other was saying to the workman, "don't put up that absurd thing!"

"Pardon, m'sieu," answered the man, "*comprends pas. Ben, oui, il n'y a personne ici qui parle anglais. Sommes tous Français.*"

"Oh, I say," remarked the Londoner, nervously, "I really believe we've got into the third division of the borough, and I seem to have an idea—"

But the New Zealander was pushing on through the poles and the planks, and among the workmen fixing up paper flowers, and red cloth with gilt fringe, and flags, especially the *tricolor*, and past a copy of the "*Parisienne*" on the Porte Monumentale of the last Exhibition—she was being transformed into Britannia—and at last stood opposite a placard inscribed, "House of Paris. DURAND, father and son, artists-decorators."

"Hang it all!" cried the New Zealander, "where is the English work?"

"Well, you see," explained the Londoner, timidly, "we couldn't afford that. The English are out of the question. They are too expensive."

"And what about the Japanese, our new allies?" asked the other. "They might have designed, or done, something suitable in the way of decoration."

"Quite impossible!" replied the Londoner. "They are too artistic."



FESTIVAL OF WITS-UNTIED. A BANK HOLIDAY IN GOBLIN LAND.



A WARNING TO WEARERS OF ARTIFICIAL FRUIT.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 10.—Good, but not great, performance of *Tannhäuser* in German, under the safe-conduct of Herr LOHSE, whose charming Frau was the admirable representative of the saintly *Elizabeth*. To-night's *Tannhäuser* was Herr KRAEMER-HELM, who was comparatively weak when compared with the *Venus*, who was STRONG.—Miss SUSAN "of that ilk." The voice of Herr KRAEMER-HELM might be satisfactorily heard in a theatre not so small as the Savoy nor so large as Covent Garden. M. PLANÇON, rich in notes as the Bank of England, was impressive as *Hermann*, the "Free and Independent" Elector, or whatever be the dignity he is supposed to impersonate. The *Wolfgram* of M. RENAUD, "with a song," was pleasant, the scene where the Bards dispute a prize, with apparently the object of obtaining some "Royalty" on their publications (what a nuisance to everybody these minstrels must have been!) being far better than WAGNER's own burlesque of this situation in his *Meistersingers*. Their Gracious Majesties were again present, but not even in semi-state; and after a while the KING, attracted by pleasant memories, found his way down to the old-accustomed seat in the omnibus-box on the pit tier, which, as Prince of WALES, His Majesty used regularly to occupy during many past seasons that now make operatic history.

Mr. BRUCE SMITH's new scenery for *Tannhäuser* is worthy of all praise, the "Palace Interior" being so splendidly effective as to convey the idea of the painters and upholsterers having only just left off work for their Whitsun holiday, and that the Landgrave (or Elector?) *Hermann* with pretty

niece, the aforesaid saintly *Elizabeth*, has suddenly returned to his own again while yet the smell of the varnish is somewhat powerful.

Fortunately there is a good deal of open air space in this magnificent establishment, which at all times must be a trifle draughty; and this fact will probably account for a certain throatiness distinctly perceptible in the singers of that concerted piece in Act II., which, beginning with a single "number," swells gradually, as does a serial story in a magazine, into a "volume"—of sound.

Among much that is good this season in *Tannhäuser*, noticeable and laudable is the performance of Madame SOBRINO, who takes the audience completely by surprise when she appears as a shepherd-boy with a pipe in his mouth! Most realistic! She played both the little part and the little pipe charmingly. Whether the pastoral pipe was meerschäum, briar-root, or clay, it was, at a distance, difficult to determine, but anyway it was a very sweet pipe, artistically coloured, one that requires no "puffing" from anybody, least of all from Madame SOBRINO herself, who played at playing it, for, of course, like children amusing themselves, she was "only puttendin'."

Monday, May 12.—Encore *Lohengrin*. Unable to record any improvement in "Herr Pennyreading," as some casual person pronounced "PENNARINI." At first hearing, as may be remembered, we put him down as only half a tenner, i.e. a fiver, but perhaps it would be more just to his name to describe him as "Herr Ha'pennyrini." Still, as in ancient melodrama the villain used to say, "a time will come," so in melody-drama we may hope that a time, and a tune, will arrive when, put a Penny-rini in the slot and he will come out as a prize Master-singer. Madame NORDICA as *Elsa* and VAN ROOY as *Telramund*, in good form; while the vogling of Herr KLOPPER as *King Heinrich der Vogler* was quite equal to that of the former occupant of the throne, Herr BLASS. The pullers of the curtain had hard work with it after First Act, when it was hoisted four times, and after the Second, when it was raised three times in response to enthusiastic cheers. These invisible hands are the true "curtain raisers," at the Opera at all events.

Mlle. FREMSTAD makes *Ortrud*, instead of the Lady Macbethian kind of person usually represented, a rather saucy sorceress, far more likely to enchant the wicked *Telramund* than would be a lady with less powerful charms. *Carmen* ought to be in her line; but Whitsun intervenes; so, Mlle. FREMSTAD, we shall "see you later."

Tuesday, May 13.—Madame SUZANNE ADAMS a delightful *Marguerite*. *Habitues* rather astonished at novel arrangement of the back garden, but SUZANNE among the roses, while singing the *King of Thule* ditty, soon reconciled the elders to what may be termed, in the best "stage" sense, "a pretty piece of 'business.'"

Mlle. BAUERMEISTER's coquettish *Marthe* (near relative to *Juliette's* nurse), and PLANÇON's devilishly humorous and diabolically basso-Mephisto, are operatic joys for ever. Poor M. SALEZA emphasized the moral of *Faust* by going notably wrong. A jury of the House would have been on the side of *Mephistopheles* had *Faust's* fate depended on their verdict. Otherwise "Faust to last" (motto for the ever popular opera) satisfactory. No encores taken, as none were demanded.

Wednesday, May 14.—*Rigoletto*. *Rentrée* of Madame MELBA as *Gilda*; enthusiastic reception. Rarely has she ever sang, acted, or looked better. By the time Signor CARUSO, as *Il Duca*, had finished the duett with *Gilda* in Act II., it was evident to all that the new tenor had achieved success. M. RENAUD gave a dramatic rendering of the unhappy professional Court Jester, who makes such a fool of himself, but, at the end of his great scene in the Second Act, suiting the voice to the action, he fell a little flat. The House was



A BANK HOLIDAY SKETCH.

Facitious Individual (from carriage window). "CHANGE 'ERE, 'AVE WE! THEN KINDLY OBLIGE ME WITH A SARDINE-OPENER!"

crowded, the attractions being an old opera and a new tenor, both successful. *Il ira loin*. Signor MANCINELLI conducted, but the chorus (to-night it is of dissolute courtiers), though showing improvement on its previous performances, is far from the perfection for which, some few years ago, it was justly celebrated. Mme. LUNN, toasted by the dissolute Duke as *Maddelena*, deserves especial mention for her rendering of this miniature *Carmen*. The QUEEN and Princess VICTORIA present, and everybody highly delighted.

TEMPTATION.

AH! tempt me not! The days are fled
When, steeped in ignorance and bliss,
I might consent, without this dread
Of Nemesis.

Time was (alas! how time does fly!)
When I with thee was well content:
Thou art the same, and only I
Am different.

They tell me thou art cold, and yet
That could not tarnish my delight.
Why should it, when it does but whet
My appetite?

What though thou still art sweet and good,
It is not mine thy charms to taste:

For most undoubtedly I should
Repent in haste.

Ah, no! Too well I know the pain,
The swift result, the slow remorse:
And though I ought not to complain
I should, of course.

And yet, perhaps, this once, in spite—
I know that it is risky, still—
I really almost think I might!
I must! I will!

What mean these pangs of vain regret,
This endless, aching, burning smart?
Not mine the fault! Thou hast upset
Me, apple-tart.

"BAEDEKER."

(By a returned Globe-Trotter.)

SATED with travel, back at home
I hug my coal fire, long denied me,
And shelve the too-familiar tome
For months beside me.

Far have I sped o'er slope and lea;
Conned customs national and tribal,
With Baedeker for breviary:
(Bradshaw for Bible.)

As I look back it fills the past,
Supreme as Alkorān or Veda;

Till in my brain-pan seethes a vast
Olla podrida

Of painters, pensions, coinage, stamps;
Of classic fanes sacked by the
Vandals;

Of RUSKIN and his *Seven Lamps*;
Of "extra" candles;

Of French *piquette* and Teuton *schnapps*
Of *cafés* noisomely absinthian;
Of Tuscan pillar, Gothic apse,
And frieze Corinthian;

Of Breton coif and Moorish veil,
Whereat our Western beauty boggles;
Of Spanish step, and Rhenish tale;
Of tinted goggles;

Of Chillon's keep and Rousseau's isle
(Dished up with stale Byronic stanzas);
Of Como's curtsies and the smile
That is Pallanza's;

Of Roman wolves in bondage-born,
And Bernese bears of portly habit,
Whose sloth would suscite the scorn
Of a tame rabbit!

A truce! . . . In lifelong chaos hurled,
Slaves to some spell that o'er them
hovers,
My brain—my soul—my self—my world
Lie 'twixt those covers.

TALKS WITH MY BEDMAKER.

II.—PRESIDENT LOUBET'S VISIT TO RUSSIA.

It was a wet afternoon, and the knowledge that I should soon be able conscientiously to credit myself with two hours' solid work between luncheon and tea had plunged me into a profound slumber. Mrs. BURBIDGE's war-dance round the tea-table as she skirmished with the cups and saucers mingled uneasily with my dreams, till I was suddenly awakened by what I at first took to be a salvo of artillery, and realised that she was standing before me, cheerfully contemplating what had once been a china tea-pot of the willow pattern.

"Lor, Sir," she was exclaiming, in the tones of one narrating an interesting experience, "that come a-two in my 'ands, that did, which I 'adn't 'ardly set foot inside the door afore I felt as something were bound to 'appen, though what it were I no more knowed than the babe unborn, for I never was no prophet; not even when they brought pore BURRIDGE 'ome with the scarlet fever and I put 'im under the pump for the usuals, same as 'e always 'ad Saturday nights, and I'm that nervus ever since the pore President was shot I didn't ought to be trusted with crockery. Which I've always said as them 'orrid ennerchists does more 'arm than they intends to—though that 'ud be enough for most—wearin' out the nerves of thousands as they 'ave not so much as 'eard or dreamt of, though the 'igher you gets the 'igher you pays, and it's thankful I 'ave always been as my station in life is lowly, and I wouldn't change it, no, not if was ever so, though many 's the chances as I 'ave 'ad of so doin'."

"They do say, too, as them ennerchists is gettin' more frequent than what they used to be, but I always says as I don't wonder at it either, seein' the chances they gets nowadays, which them as are in 'igh places ought to be thankful to be able to set there quiet, and not go rampagin' up and down like so many Wanderin' Jews, meaning nothink irreverent or disrespectful, which I 'ope it will not be took as any such. First it was the Prince of WALES (though 'e were only Duke of YORK when 'e done it), and then that pore Prince 'ENERY, as ain't no more than the German Geyser's traveller, in a manner of speakin', and now I read in the paper as the French President is just hoff to visit the Rooshan Zar, all among them 'orrid Nilists as tried to keep us out of Egypt and give it to the French, though 'im 'bein' a foreigner already it won't be so much of a change for 'im, I suppose. Why, when my pore uncle as was first 'ad to go to Paris on business



THE ARAB AND HIS NEW MOUNT.

Arab sings (modern version).

"DON'T GIVE ME BACK MY ARAB STEED!"

along o' gettin' the patterns for that there Louey Quince furniture as was in great demand, 'im being in the furniture-trade 'isself and much respected, 'e couldn't 'ardly believe it were a Christian country, till one day 'e saw one o' them turnkeys in the street a-windin' up the water, just like wot they do in Cambridge 'ere, which 'e were that hoverjoyed 'e nearly did 'isself a injury, along of not knowin' a word of the language nor where to go for 'is pint of usual.

"And I see as there 'll be bonfires and illuminations, and flags 'ung out as plentiful as a circus' washing-day, and 'e 'll wear a Rooshan uniform, and the Zar 'll 'ave a French one, so as they can pretend as each really belongs to the other's country, which is nothing but painted mockeries such as I never could abide. And it's just the old story of the frog as bust 'isself tryin' to look like a bull, as I used to learn in the hinfant school, only this time it's a bear—though bulls or bears there ain't much difference as far as I can see, both being hugly and very perilous—and it's the borrowin' of clothes as I never would 'ave nothing to do with, low as I 'ave sometimes been, and owing much to the kindness of neighbours. as I am not above confessing, and 'ope I never shall be, though now it's them as does the harsking, and me that 'as to shut the

door in their faces, which it can not be 'elped in these 'arsh times, though I feels it more than many would, 'aving so to do."

Here I murmured something about the "Franco-Russian Alliance" and the "necessity of international courtesies," which merely served to divert the stream of Mrs. BURBIDGE's eloquence without in the least impeding its flow.

"Which it's just these alliances and such-like as I objects to, though we're as bad as any on 'em, makin' treaties with them 'eathen Japanese as is too like monkeys to be pleasant accordin' to my way of thinkin', and they do say as their Hemperor is called the Mike-Arder, and it stands to reason a name like that 'ud never 'ave been given 'im for nothing. War is war, and as such I am not agin it occasional, but it's all this sneakin' round by the back-door and shakin' 'ands behind the counter as is what I can't abear, no, nor never could. Lor, why there's that WOODMAN a-hollerin' for 'is tea-things already, and 'im only just finished luncheon, which you hundergraduates do 'ave the happetites of a Tarantula, as I 'ave often said, and we ought to 'ave as many legs, waiting on you continual with never a minute for so much as to pass the time of day in, though I ain't one for wastin' words, goodness knows!"



COMING ROUND.

Patient. "THAT'S FINE PHYSIC, DOCTOR. I'M ANOTHER MAN ALREADY!"

Doctor. "AH, YOU'LL SOON BE YOURSELF AGAIN!"

SOME FURTHER RULES.

[The authorities of Cheltenham College, according to Mr. J. R. DROGLEN's letter in the *Times* of May 22, have issued the following instructions, amongst others, to "a parent, grand-parent, uncle, aunt or guardian," with regard to Coronation Exeats for Cheltonians:—"At no time in his visit must the boy be allowed to range the streets on foot among the crowds; no earlier trains (than those appointed) for arrival nor later trains for return can be entertained; no one will be allowed to combine the Royal Procession and the Naval Review; any transgression of the leave granted will be most severely punished; and, finally, no answer will be returned to requests for longer leave."]

1. Boys will only be permitted to range through the London thoroughfares in perambulators (Sixth Form in Bath chairs) during the Coronation festivities; these vehicles will be ranged at the arrival platform of Paddington Station (Great Western Railway), and will be propelled thence by specially-appointed Nursemaids through Hyde Park (by permission of GEORGE Ranger) to their respective destinations.

2. Every Infant in arms (being under the age of twenty-one) must obtain

from his Form Master a bib and feeding-bottle before starting; and will also be labelled "Fragile—This Side Up," with his name and the address of his oldest female relative in the metropolis. Any Infant up in arms against this regulation will be put in the corner and not allowed any jam with his powder.

3. There will be a roll-call of the school and of parents, grand-parents, uncles, aunts and guardians every half-hour throughout the day from the top of the Duke of York's Monument; the Royal Procession will halt while this very necessary precaution is being carried through. Defaulters will have all leave stopped and hampers confiscated for the rest of the year.

4. Any boy caught driving a locomotive, firing cannons in St. James's Park, blocking up the Tube with plaster of Paris, flying over Westminster Abbey in an airship, hanging on behind the Royal carriage or tampering with the Regalia will be severely and instantly exconfustigated *coram publico* according

to the College disciplinary code, and warned off the course.

4. No boy shall be allowed to range on his neighbour's foot, or assemble on anybody's pet corn during the excitement of the moment, nor play bee to any honeysuckle whilst on leave, nor change hats with his great-grandmother, nor partake of the KING's Dinner without special permission. The penalty for infringement is five minutes alone with the Headmaster without right of appeal.

6. Every boy's pockets shall be sewn up for the greater discouragement of pickpockets, highway robbers, banditti, *et hoc genus omne*.

7. No boy shall see the Royal Processions and the Naval Review at the same time.

8. No trains, excursions, circuses, beanfeasts, wayzgooses, or any other aggregation of geese can be entertained during the exeat, as the College accommodation is limited.

9. Any person daring to criticise these regulations will be summarily and ignominiously ignored.

A COCK AND BEAR STORY.

M. Loubet on the Duplice.

If in reply to your so flattering toast
 France in my humble person here adopts
 The eager attitude of love at sight,
 Let not Imperial Majesty assume
 I have so short a memory for facts
 As not to recognise each polished phrase
 Uttered identically in my ears
 I dare not say how many times before.
 And when I too in much the same old terms
 Comment upon the military scene
 At which we have assisted, you and I—
 You on your charger, I upon a chair,
 You in your trappings, soldierly equipped,
 I in my uniform of evening dress,
 St. Andrew's ribbon slung athwart my shirt—
 When I dilate on your imposing troops,
 Their martial step, their movements so precise,
 Recalling vividly that time last year
 Which saw your MAJESTY, our honoured guest,
 Obliging review the flower of France—
 When I repeat that these fraternal armies
 Equally gallant, equally superb,
 Provide the usual guarantee of peace—
 When I, in short, rehearse those pious views
 Which, under pressure, one might take as read,
 You in your turn will recognise, I trust,
 That I have not disturbed our *status quo*
 By the interpolation of ideas.

Your MAJESTY, I wish to drink the health
 Of All the Russias coupled with your name.
 Barring the case of England and Japan
 I know no combination bound like ours
 By ties of Nature, History, Culture, Art,
 And absolute community of taste.
 The seed of revolution lies in both,
 With you more backward, but the soil is right.
 We both believe in liberty of speech,
 Though here you concentrate it in yourself
 While we dispense it round the race at large.
 We speak a common language—that of France;
 The same ideals animate our breasts;
 And if they travelled, which they never do,
 French genii would find themselves at home
 In this enlightened land, as yours with us.
 But for the trivial accident of birth
 TOLSTOY, whom you delight to honour here,
 Might have adorned our noble Academe;
 And ROCHEFORT, rarest of Parisian scribes,
 In some Siberian dungeon might have cooled
 His ardour as an independent Pole.
 Again, the welcome I receive to-day
 Calls back the warm reception Moscow gave
 Another Chief of France before my time,
 Namely, NAPOLEON. Our glorious flags
 Share many proud traditions; thus, for instance,
 On the same field we fought at Inkerman,
 While at Fashoda neither fought at all.

Keenly alive to these historic links,
 Which supplement the bond of Nature's laws,
 Making the bare suggestion of divorce
 Unthinkably abhorrent to the mind;
 Nay, giving cause for wonder how it came
 That we contrived so long to live apart—
 I look towards your MAJESTY, and drink
 Deep to its dregs this fiery vodka-draught.

O. S.

A PALATIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

"MORNING and night the miller thrives," as *Grindolf*, the accomplished scoundrel, used to remark in the ancient musical melodrama of *The Miller and his Men*, which, changing Miller into Morton, CHARLES MORTON, and coupling with his name the Palace of Varieties, might well be applied to this experienced manager and the house of entertainment over which he presides. At the present time, and there is no time like the present, Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, with his clever variety *troupe*, is giving his musical and dramatic sketches; his impersonations show him to have brought to perfection a dramatic power of illustration, in which art there is no one within measurable distance of him. All his items are good—some better than others; but, while most persons coming to be entertained do not object to shedding the silent tear (generally followed by blowing the resounding nose), they do object to too great a strain being made upon their finer feelings. As Mr. Guppy observed, "There are chords," and admiring immensely the power of pathos that Mr. CHEVALIER can exert so deftly, we shall be with the "vast majority," who dearly love a laugh, in reminding Mr. CHEVALIER that a little sentiment goes a long way, and that what his audience, when recurring to the entertainment, would always like to be able to exclaim is, "Laugh, lor', we thought we should ha' died!"

AWFUL POSSIBILITIES.

THE *Daily Chronicle's* special correspondent in Madrid sent an account of the recent bestowal of the Garter upon King ALFONSO by the Duke of CONNAUGHT, which makes one tremble for the gorgeous ceremonies of next month. The possibilities of breaches of etiquette loom before one with awful distinctness. It appears, to quote the *Chronicle's* own words, that at the recent investiture:—

"The KING was wearing a cadet uniform with long trousers, which the DUKE had failed to notice until after he had made the presentation speech."

Trousers! Fancy that, now!—as IBSEN's characters are always saying. But the appalling results of this state of things only become clear as the account proceeds. Read on therefore:—

"It was an awkward moment, the ceremony having to be interrupted while the KING retired to change his uniform for that of a Commandant of Marines, with knee breeches."

It is dreadful to think what might have happened if the whole august ceremony of investiture had taken place with the blushing recipient remaining in trousers till the bitter end. Where on earth would he have put his Garter?

But the story would not be so alarming for Englishmen at least if they had not in their minds the thought of those complicated and stately functions next month. What will happen if at the Coronation, for example, the Hereditary Prince of DONNER UND BLITZEN turns up with no gold buttons to his waistcoat, or not enough gold lace on his breeks? Will the whole business have to stop while somebody sews them on? Supposing the Archbishop of CANTERBURY appears in socks of an uncanonical colour, or the Lord Great Keeper of the Backstairs sits on his wand and breaks it, will it invalidate the entire ceremony?

But let us hope all this will be thoroughly rehearsed beforehand, and that nobody, however distinguished, will turn up in trousers of any kind whatever who would be more properly clad in the knee-breeches of a horse-marine—for if he did the consequences might be very very serious.



Bernard Partridge.

"THE LIGHT BOMBASTIC."

Mr. Punch (to Lord Ch-r-l-s B-r sf-rd). "CALL THAT A HORNPIPE! IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A 'BREAKDOWN!'"

COMMENTS OF A HOUSEMAID.

(In humble emulation of the "Comments of a Countess," which have recently been adorning a weekly journal.)

EVERYBODY writes nowadays, as cook said at my last place, from countesses to kitchen-maids. Indeed Mrs. PERKINS—that's the housekeeper—says she doesn't know *how* the Sassiety papers would get on without US! The footmen listen to what's said at table, the lady's maid keeps her ears open while she's doing her mistress's hair, and the result makes a column of fashionable gossip in the *Daily Rail*.

Where I am now we are a very litterery household. BATES, the butler, is "Tatler" in the *Ladies' Mirror*. The three footmen sends paragraphs to the *Upper Ten*. My Lady's maid, DAWSON, is on the staff of the *Candid Cad*, and I do a page of "Comments" every week in P.A.P., in which the doings of the drawing-room are described from the standpoint of the area. BATES says my "comments" are dreadfully cynical. I'm so glad I learnt to write at the Board School.

At my last place—the SPRATSONS, in Bayswater—there was really nothing to write about. The SPRATSONS weren't genteel at all, so I soon come away. Now I'm in Park Lane with the ROOKEMS, which is *very* different. The Countess of ROOKEM is a *reel* lady, and the title goes back to the Conquest. The first Earl blacked the Conqueror's boots. And the tenth changed sides so often in the Wars of the Roses that Mrs. PERKINS says neither side knew which of them ought to cut his head off. So he escaped with his life, and of course the family have been looked up to ever since!

The ROOKEMS, in fact, move in the very *highest* circles. They are very poor, but very proud—always an expensive combination for *somebody*! They have to know all sorts of vulgar people in order to make both ends meet; but as they despise them all the time, of course their pride doesn't suffer. DAWSON says the BOUNDERBYS paid a thousand pounds for an invitation to dinner here, and *then* Lord ROOKEM completely ignored old BOUNDERBY after the ladies had gone! Which shows how proud the ROOKEMS are! Indeed, they are people of the highest breeding and refinement.

Lady ROOKEM wears the most wonderful toilets, and has dozens of them. She never puts on the same dress twice during the season, and has ruined five dressmakers. Her tradesmen never dare to dun her, or she would tell all her friends to get their things somewhere else, and then they'd have to shut up shop altogether. Besides, there is no use in dunning the ROOKEMS, as they never have any money, though they live at the rate of twenty thousand a year. It's a wonderful thing to be a genuine blue-blooded aristocrat! Blood *will* tell, as DAWSON says!

Rookem House is a magnificent mansion, and as it is entailed the family can't sell it. My Lord wanted to let it and live quietly in the country on the rent, but my Lady said she could make ten times as much by living *in* it as by living *away from* it. And so she does. There are lots of rich manufacturers who will pay any sum for an "invite" to Rookem House during the season, and Lady ROOKEM's Bridge parties alone bring in a goodish income. However, this year the house really is let for the Coronation. Old Mr. MALBY, the great brewer, offered ten thousand pounds for it for June and July. My Lord wanted to close, only my Lady couldn't very well be away during all the festivities. However, she went to the MALBYS and said that for another five thousand she and Lord ROOKEM would stay on at the house during the two months as their guests! Old Mother MALBY almost jumped out of her skin with delight at the offer, and accepted it at once. And now my Lady wishes she'd asked for more. However, fifteen

thousand is pretty good, and of course the ROOKEMS can be as rude to their hosts as they like during the two months, as the money is to be paid in advance. It would be different if they had to be *civil* to them.

The ROOKEMS are the leading people in Sassiety now, as you must know if you read the half-penny papers. When BATES brings out his novel, *Nobs and Snobs*, you will recognise them on every page. So of course they have to take the lead in all the fashionable extravagances of the day. Their dinners and their dances and their clothes cost more than anyone else's, and, what with eating too much and going to too many parties every day of the season, it's no wonder my Lady breaks down periodically. Then she goes to a Rest Cure with a lot of other over-fed and under-worked people, and is nursed back to health again. There's pleasure for you! Don't I wish I was *her*, as I say to Mrs. PERKINS!

Of course she's bored with it all. But people in really high Sassiety always *are* bored, as I say to BATES. In fact, I've never seen anybody yawn like my Lady at the play or the Opera. Even at dinner she doesn't seem to really enjoy herself. The second footman holds it's because she's stupid, and can't appreciate anything really. But then he's a socialist, BATES says.

And if she isn't happy herself she doesn't let other people be so. You should see her snub *parvenus*—when she doesn't want anything out of them. It's a treat! Just letting them see what a grand lady *she* is, and what dirt *they* are—even when they are in her own house, and have paid to be there too. As for poor people, she never notices their existence except to sneer at their clothes. Yes, my Lady is a lady!

There now, there's Mrs. PERKINS calling me, and I've all my rooms to do. Whatever am I thinking of—and my column for P.A.P. not done yet! "Coming, Mrs. PERKINS!" I really think I must give up housework and take to journalism altogether.

THE MUDDLES AT HOME.

"So His MAJESTY dined with the Second Life Guards, did he!" remarked Mrs. MUDDLE to her husband, who had just read aloud to her this item of Court news. "That's very nice. I suppose it was in state. Ah! Does it describe the—um—the sort of ceremony with which His MAJESTY was received?"

"Well," replied MATTHEW, her husband, somewhat testily, "I read it to you just now." (*Reads again.*) "Sir—"
(*Loses his place.*) "Ah! (*Finds it and continues.*) AUDLEY NEELD—"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. MUDDLE, suddenly interrupting him, "that sounds odd! A Field-Marshal or a General ought to have received him, not an 'Ord'ley'! But, of course, it was quite right that an 'Orderly' should kneel."

"What on earth . . ." exclaimed the astonished MATTHEW. "But," continued his wife, "I always thought the perfect tense of kneel was 'knelt,' not 'kneel'd.' However, we live and learn. Dear me! and so the 'Orderly kneel'd,' did he? And what happened then?"

[MATTHEW hands her the paper, and exit.]

THE CORONATION CONSIDERED AT "THE ZOO."—"Two King Penguins" have arrived! But isn't this, as savouring of a divided rule, just a little overdoing it? The Shakspearian question for the other Penguins will be, "Under which King, Penguinian?—speak or die!" And then there may arise Pretender Penguins! and then—but let us not play the part of a bird of ill omen. *Absit.*

CORONATION NOTES.

WE have received some very striking designs for illuminations from the British Art Decoration Company. One consists of a row of thirteen gas jets. Another pretty fancy takes the form of the numbers 1, 9, 0, 2, placed side by side, so signifying the year of the Coronation. But perhaps the most original of the designs consists of the KING's initials, E. R. These are arranged in an entirely novel and striking manner. The clumsy old-fashioned way was to place them side by side. The British Art Decoration Company have hit upon the enterprising and ingenious idea of placing them one above the other, thus:—

E

R

The effect, as will be seen, is highly artistic and fairy-like, and gives the lie to the calumny that the British Manufacturer can never get out of a rut. When once we put our back into a thing we can easily keep pace with the foreigner. Our well-meaning but inartistic forefathers would jump could they but see how we have advanced in matters of taste.

Although the price named was a very considerable one, the KING has felt compelled to decline the offer of one of the leading American papers to write an article entitled "How it feels to be crowned."

A kind-hearted little girl, living at Putney, on being told that five hundred thousand persons were to eat the KING's dinner, burst into tears at the thought of the KING having to go without, that day.

The Special Coronation number of one of our illustrated papers will contain a portrait of the KING.

An admirable life of our KING has been issued by *Religious Bits*. It shows how by sheer perseverance our illustrious Monarch worked his way up from being mere Prince of WALES to his present exalted position. A more encouraging present for a child it would be difficult to imagine.

Our readers (and especially country subscribers) are cautioned against persons who are going about selling seats in the best positions at extremely low prices for the 28th June. It should be remembered that the processions will be over by the evening of the 27th.

The *Menteur Français* announces



ENVY.

SCENE—Miss Semple and Dawber, standing near his picture.

Miss Semple. "WHY, THERE'S A CROWD IN FRONT OF MADDER'S PICTURE!"
Dawber. "SOMEONE FAINTED, I SUPPOSE!"

that, according to its Portsmouth correspondent, the following is the official programme arranged by the British Government for the entertainment of the officers and crews of the foreign warships that will arrive for the Coronation Review. On June 23rd a torpedo boat destroyer will blow up. On June 24th there will be a collision between two of our largest iron-clads (names not yet decided). On June 25th there will be the bursting of one of our new guns. On June 26th there will take place a grand initiation of all the foreign officers into the secrets of Portsmouth Dockyard, and in the evening there will be a

Banquet at which "God bless everyone" will be sung.

At Lower Upperton a way has been found out of what at one time looked like an *impasse*. Six members of the town council are in favour of regilding the weathercock on the church tower, while a like number are in favour of providing a new pump for the marketplace. Under these circumstances the happy thought has occurred to the Mayor to let His MAJESTY himself decide in which of these two ways he would like his Coronation to be celebrated at Lower Upperton.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

III.—DOWN SOUTH.

It is Saturday night in a South London slum. Pavement and road alike are a surging human sea cloven at intervals, merely to close up again the next moment, by a rocking green omnibus. From the row of stalls with their flaring oil lamps lining one side of the road the raucous voice of the trader announces the cheapness of cabbages or the desirability of rosy meat. At the corner on our left a mob of ticketed garments swing in the breeze before a plate-glass window partially covered by a picture of Lord KITCHENER and LOUIS BOTHA concluding an international peace in check trousers. Lord KITCHENER is stipulating, apparently as a term of the treaty, that Gooch's ready-made lounge suits should be worn all over the civilised globe. Outside the public-house opposite a conjugal quarrel is proceeding, assisted by the loud simultaneous arguments of numerous partisans. A little further we pass a small tumble-down shanty displaying in its window conclusive pictorial evidence of the effects of Lugg's Liver Lozenges; also a representation in five colours of a girl adjusting a corn-plaster—"She stoops to Corn-Cure." In the doorway a large printed notice invites the passer in seductive terms to "come in and have his blood examined."

With difficulty, and only after lengthy argument, do we eventually shake off a collarless gentleman who follows us, unable to believe that we can go home to sleep with a clear conscience without purchasing a twelve-foot roll of oil-cloth. Standing on a small platform beneath two pendent oil-lamps a fat man in dirty linen has removed his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves in order to read the characters of a small audience from their handwriting. As we pass he is informing a tousled woman with a baby that, though inclined to be a flirt, she has a good heart and is haffable alike to hequals and hinferiors. A mob of excited loud-voiced women passes us, evidently bound on some errand of violence.

"Tike me to 'er, that's all," one of them is shrieking. "She call me a mongrel! Born an' bred in this 'ere road I was, an' she knows it!"

Noise prevails everywhere, a sort of squalid gaiety; above all floats the placid moon.

We board an omnibus, mainly to avoid the unsolicited embrace of a convivial navvy who identifies us as his honeysuckle. There is no room on the top, and we push our way into an atmosphere like concentrated garlic.

"Don't you tike no notice of the

Foss-light, gov'nor," observes a large passenger in the corner, plainly connected with the coal trade. "Give yer an appetite for yer supper. Sort of a relish."

"Not arf," somewhat sourly affirms a lady in a shawl next to him.

"Well, there's one thing abaht it," remarks the conductor, punching our tickets with a jovial air, "it does make the 'osses go, an' no mistake."

The bus stops to admit a puffing woman with a red face and no hat. She drags by the hand a small boy who is wearing upon his head a large black saucepan, with the handle pointing down his back. There is a sensation in the omnibus. The red-faced woman sits down heavily, and jerks the boy angrily on to the seat beside her. Everybody stares at the boy's extraordinary headgear, and for some time there is silence. Then the coaly man in the corner refers to the boy by some obscure chain of reasoning as DE WET.

"Wot 'ave yer been doin' of with 'im?" inquires the conductor as he gives the woman her tickets.

"You can shut yer 'ead, my man," snaps the red-faced woman, "and mind your own bizness."

This silences the conductor, but the lady in the shawl has been looking critically at the boy for some time, and now leaps into the breach with a snort.

"I wouldn't 'ave let 'em in the bus if I was you, young man," she says, addressing the conductor.

The red-faced woman glares across at her.

"Bringin' a bloomin' BARNUM'S freak in the bus," continues the lady in the shawl, "along o' respectable people."

The red-faced woman requests the lady in the shawl to shut her head.

"E's ole DE WET, that's 'oo 'e is," observes the coaly man.

"DE WET!" snorts the lady in the shawl scornfully. "It's my opinion the boy's got the small-pox."

The red-faced woman becomes a rich purple.

"Not 'im," returns the coaly man. "'E's ole DE WET 'e is. Ain't yer, nipper?"

"'E's got the small-pox, that's wot's wrong with 'im," repeats the lady in the shawl.

The red-faced woman turns truculently on the lady in the shawl, and invites her to step into the road.

The lady in the shawl expresses a regret that people who can't behave as ladies should be allowed in a bus. It is her belief that both mother and son have got the small-pox.

Here the conductor has to interfere. The coaly man assists the pacification by offering the boy in the saucepan a penny, which is promptly taken, only

to be grabbed and returned by the red-faced woman.

"We don't want nobody's money," she says indignantly, "an' we don't want nobody's questions."

The coaly man pockets the penny again sheepishly.

"You take care as yer don't catch nothing, that's all," is the advice of the lady in the shawl.

The red-faced woman turns on her, but thinks better of it, and subsides into silence.

Nothing is said for a time, and the saucepan affair seems fated to remain a mystery. But a respectably-dressed old citizen, who had been asleep in the corner opposite the coaly man, has awakened, and has for some time been staring at the boy. Suddenly he leans forward and touches the red-faced woman on the knee.

"Excuse me, Ma'am," he inquires politely, "but why does your little boy wear that saucepan on his head?"

There is an absolute explosion from the red-faced woman.

"Small-pox," cryptically explains the lady in the shawl above the din.

"Nobody can't mind their own bizness," the red-faced woman is shrieking. "Well, I'll tell yer, an' then p'raps you'll all of yer shut yer 'eads. The little devil got a-playin' about with the things, an' got the saucepan fixed on 'is fat 'ead, an' now 'e can't get it orf, an' I've got ter give up my time ter tike 'im ter the 'orspital. Now p'raps you're satisfied, all of yer."

All of us, with the exception of the lady in the shawl.

"'Orspital," she snorts; "I thought so. The 'orspital."

But here the omnibus passes the District Station, and we get out. Not before we have caught the shawl-lady's scornful comments on a well-meant suggestion from the coaly man.

"Blacksmith's? Huh! Blacksmiths won't do 'er complaint much good, I know. It's the small-pox they've got, both of 'em. An' we shall all of us 'ave it termorrer."

The omnibus rumbles on and leaves us. Conscious of a feeling of sudden isolation, we enter the quiet booking-office.

"MORS" OMNIBUS.

[Amongst the motor-cars competing at Bexhill was one of a pattern known as "Mors"]

In vain, in vain each rival Co.

With Fate endeavours to compete:

Like arrows from the lethal bow

"Les Mors vont vite."

TWO BROTHERS, in full Orders (married, one infant in arms), desire sea-side L. TCY., July.—*The Guardian*.



Young Tyro. "LOOK HERE, SHARPER, WHEN I BOUGHT THE PONY YOU SAID HE WAS JUST THE THING FOR A BEGINNER—COULDN'T MISS A BALL ON HIM. AND HE WON'T GO NEAR THE BEASTLY THING!"

Captain Sharper. "THAT'S JUST IT, DON'T YOU KNOW. YOU NEVER NEED TRY TO HIT THE BALL!"

PEGGY, A PONY.

MUCH have we talked of Juno, of Rollo and of Rcy,
But little Shetland Peggy is now our only joy;
And all the great St. Bernards they eye with jealous air
Our latest toy and treasure, the tiny Shetland mare.

No dog can well imagine—and dogs can think of course—
That any shape so dwarfish can truly be a horse.
They deem her in their wisdom a sort of canine Gog,
And contemplate with anger so very large a dog.

But Peggy, dauntless Peggy, has wrinkled up her nose;
She charges down on Rollo, she tramples on his toes;
And, if he sniffs too closely, the little vixen jibs,
And, lo, a pair of hooflets strike thudding on his ribs.

Yet is she kind and gentle: the children stroke her side;
They pull her shaggy top-knot and clamour for a ride;
Diminutive but fearless, she lets herself be fed
By little human Shetlands who cluster round her head.

Then see her in her harness how well she plays her part:
Her driver sure should drag her while she sits in the cart.
But plucky little Peggy makes nothing of her load,
And like a clock her footfalls go ticking down the road.

Ten hands the lady measures—just that and nothing more:
It's only forty inches to Rollo's thirty-four.
I think we'll try them tandem, and show a turn of speed
With Peggy as the wheeler and Rollo in the lead.

In Fairyland, I warrant, are many such as she,
Or tethered to a poppy or stabled in a tree.

As Queen *TITANIA's* palfrey she might have kicked her heels'
Or drawn in Court processions a nautilus on wheels.

Unclipped, undesecrated her coat is like a mat;
One wild rough mane her crest is: no weight could keep it
Her liquid eye is friendly, and, oh, I never knew [flat.
A mortal eye more darkly unfathomably blue.

Yet on her peat-moss litter, to luxury resigned,
She seems to catch the echoes of every stormy wind;
And, sad but uncomplaining, she seems to see the foam
Tossed from the angry breakers that beat about her home.

For, ah, she must remember that home so wild and free
Amid the wind-swept islets that stud the northern sea, [call,
Where late she snuffed the tempests and heard the curlews
Before she knew a bridle or moped within a stall.

R. C. L.

THE MOST POPULAR GAME AT CARDS, the one that has temporarily ousted Whist, will be represented in the Coronation Ceremonial, and, of all places, in Westminster Abbey! For in the gallery, where the organ is, there will be BRIDGE! Playing Bridge! And with what hands! The trumps, twelve of them at least, are all arranged for!! Is this quite fair? The players will have a heavy responsibility.

AN ANTICIPATION.—"The University of Oxford," said the *Times* last week in a leader, "is already living beyond its income." Is it to be wondered at if in future years the present blossoming generation of Oxford undergraduates blooms into full-blown prodigal sons?



Vendor of Pirated Songs. "ERE Y'ARE, LIDY! 'OLY CITY,' 'BU'FUL STAR,' 'HI CAWN'T THINK WHY HI LUBS YER, BUT HI DO!'"

THE ROUND OF THE COURTS.

A Lady Client and the Opening of Term.

SHE was distinctly unconventional. Not only had she not approached me through a solicitor, but she regularly haunted my chambers with "further and better particulars." Of course it would be unprofessional to ear-mark her identity by too significant a reference to her case, but I may hint that it was not unconnected with a contested will, a disputed claim for compensation after a carriage accident, and the safeguarding of certain ancient lights.

My lady client insisted upon being present at the opening of the Courts. I could not refuse, and consequently found myself in her company in the Hall of our Palace of Justice at the time when the judges march in procession to their places on the Bench.

"You know every one, Mr. BRIEFLESS, don't you?" asked my client.

I admitted that my circle of friends and acquaintances was wide in diameter.

"Then introduce me to that person, there," and she pointed to the Lord Chief Justice.

I was slightly embarrassed, as the Chief was otherwise engaged. However, fortunately, I was relieved for the moment, as my client elected to foregather (through my proposed agency) with an equity judge, two Lord Justices of Appeal, and the President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division.

"They may come in useful," she murmured, and I knew her thoughts were fixed on her litigation.

I appeased her thirst for introductions by suggesting that when their lordships returned to their duties in their respective Courts, then the absolutely appropriate moment for mutual civilities would be reached.

Subsequently I had the honour of escorting the lady through the corridors.

"I suppose you know all the judges?" queried my fair client.

"I have the honour of what may be termed a nodding acquaintance," was my reply.

I need scarcely say that my statement was founded on the dignified courtesy that causes Bench and Bar to exchange, at the sitting and rising of the Court, gracious greetings.

"Let us go in here," suggested my client, pushing her way into Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division No. 1. I was forced to follow her lead.

The case fortunately was one dealing with the mysteries of navigation. A badly-guided steamer had caused the foundering of a luckless coaler. The judge, assisted by Trinity Masters, was trying to discover which batch of witnesses was telling the truth, and which was guilty of premeditated deception.

The badge of authority placed before the Court attracted my client's attention.

"What is that?" she asked, pointing to the silver symbol.

I explained as well as I could, for my knowledge on the subject was incomplete, the purport of the implement.

"Can't you introduce me to those nice-looking naval officers?"

I suggested that, as the Court was sitting, the action might be considered as savouring of contempt.

"Well, at least you might let me know the judge."

Again I explained the etiquette that governs the relations of Bench and Bar.

"But the judge seems to be on very good terms with those gentlemen in wigs seated at the front desk."

I told my fair client that my learned friends were engaged in the case, and consequently had the right of audience.

"Why, are you not in the case? I thought you were in every case."

"My dear Madam," I said somewhat impatiently, "you really have made a mistake. I am not frequently pleading, because my practice is chiefly conducted in chambers. It is not very showy, but is none the less sound on that account."

"Sound or unsound," retorted the Lady Client, "all I can say is, that in future when I have any litigation, I shall have nothing to do with you, but shall conduct my cases in person."

On consideration, perhaps it was as well.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.
Pump-Handle Court.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ONCE MORE.—

A daily paper states that WILLIAM ROBB has been sentenced at Glasgow to sixty days for stealing bag-pipes. Why did WILLIAM ROBB? Because it was his nature to bag pipes.



RATHER "ROCKY."

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour. "HANG ON, BILLY! WE'LL TRY AND DODGE 'EM SOMEHOW!"

ANOTHER STATUE.

SCENE—A room in the Palace of Tsarskoe Selo. The French President pacing up and down, anxiously reading a telegram. Enter the TSAR.

Tsar. Bon jour, M. LOUBET. Tenez, vous avez l'air triste, agité! Vous n'avez pas bien dormi? Votre lit est trop dur?

President. Ah non, Sire! Un lit des plus moelleux. Une chambre délicieuse, d'un goût exquis.

Tsar. Cependant, il y a quelque chose qui vous ennuie.

Pres. Je suis désolé, Sire. J'ai honte d'avoir l'air triste chez vous. N'en parlons plus.

Tsar. Au contraire. Voyons donc. Ne sommes-nous pas amis et alliés? (Coaxingly.) Dites-le moi.

Pres. Eh bien, tant mieux. Je vais vous demander un petit conseil. (Solemnly.) Je viens de recevoir une dépêche de l'Empereur GUILLAUME.

Tsar. Seulement ça? Ah, mon cher M. LOUBET, ça arrive à tout le monde! C'est une obsession pour lui, ce pauvre GUILLAUME. Toujours des dépêches! Et à propos de quoi?

Pres. (sadly). D'une statue.

Tsar (cheerfully). Encore une statue! C'est épatant!

Pres. (despondently). Cela se peut. Mais c'est très, très gênant quand même.

Tsar. Vraiment? C'est encore une statue de FRÉDÉRIC?

Pres. Non. Tenez, voilà la dépêche.

Tsar (reads). "Monsieur le Président de la République Française, Saint-Petersbourg. Je désire offrir à la grande nation française un chef-d'œuvre de l'art allemand, une copie (brevetée, S.G.D.G.) en bronze de la statue de mon illustre grandpère, GUILLAUME le Grand, sculptée en marbre par le Wirkliche Geheimrath Oberhofbildhauer Professor Doktor MÜLLER. J'ai étudié soigneusement le plan de Paris, et j'ai trouvé la Place de l'Opéra absolument au centre. C'est là que je vous prierais de faire poser ce beau morceau, haut de vingt mètres, Malheureusement je ne connais pas ce site renommé, mais on m'a dit qu'il y a tout autour des réclames lumineuses, dont les reflets jailliront sur mon petit cadeau. Ainsi, jour et nuit, la statue de mon illustre grandpère sera visible, en signe des goûts si exquis et de l'amitié si tendre qui réunissent nos deux nations, les plus artistiques du monde. GUILLAUME."

Pres. (faintly, sinking into a chair). Eh bien?

Tsar. Mon cher ami! Voyons, voyons! Buvez ce verre d'eau. Du courage! Il y a toujours un moyen.

Pres. Mais il faut répondre en alle-



BE CALM.

Fond Mother (at the Corporation Ball given in honour of the Earl of Lumpkey). "SO SORRY, MR. PRYM, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO EXCUSE MY DAUGHTER. SHE IS KEEPING HERSELF COOL TO DANCE WITH HIS LORDSHIP!"

mand, comme ROOSEVELT, et je n'en sais pas un mot.

Tsar. C'est très difficile, l'allemand. Pourquoi pas en français?

Pres. Mais non. Il y a toujours cette réponse de ROOSEVELT. C'est comme un protocole.

Tsar. En anglais, alors. Je vous aiderai.

Pres. (tearfully). Ah merci, mon ami! Que vous êtes aimable!

Tsar (reads). "Emperor WILLIAM, Berlin. Delighted receive statue. Will arrange site with municipality. Best wishes. LOUBET." Je vais vous lire ça en français (reads again).

Pres. C'est un peu bref, n'est-ce pas? Il manque quelque chose? Ah, je m'en souviens. Il faut "yours truly" à la fin.

Tsar. Mais non.

Pres. Mais si, mais si. Toujours, en anglais.

Tsar. Eh bien! "Yours truly, LOUBET."

Pres. C'est ça. Superbe! Irréprochable! Tout ce qu'il y a de plus correct!

Tsar. Alors, c'est fini, mon cher ami?

Pres. Pas du tout. Où allons-nous mettre ce fichu monument? Comment puis-je expliquer ça à MILLERAND, et à tous ces Ministres, s'il y en a des Ministres? Ah, mon Dieu, que faire? Si je pouvais refuser ce sacré cadeau!

Tsar. Impossible! Il faut encore imiter ROOSEVELT, qui va cacher sa statue dans l'arsenal de Washington. N'y a-t-il pas un petit coin de Paris, une impasse quelconque, un lieu désert—

Pres. Désert? Il y a le Palais Royal. Mais non, on y va quelquefois, au Théâtre.

Tsar. Alors, un peu plus loin?

Pres. Le Champ de Mars? Tenez, la Tour Eiffel! Au sommet. Il n'y a jamais personne, sauf des voyageurs Cook, et des Allemands. (*iloomily.*) Ah, mais non! Une statue haute de vingt mètres serait trop lourde. Pas moyen! Ma foi!

Tsar. C'est dommage. Il doit avoir quelque part un lieu ombragé.

Pres. Au Bois? Mais le Bois est très fréquenté. D'ailleurs, on n'est jamais pressé là-bas, on flâne, on a toujours le temps, on peut regarder. (*Covers his face with his hands.*) Ah, mon Dieu, c'est effroyable!

Tsar. Alors, il vous faut un lieu sombre, mal éclairé, où l'on est pressé.

Pres. (*jumping up eagerly.*) Ah sapristi, je l'ai trouvé! Le Métropolitain!

Tsar. A la bonne heure! C'est encore mieux que l'arsenal de ROOSEVELT.

Pres. (*gleefully.*) Mais oui. Dans le nouveau Métropolitain Montmartre-Montparnasse, le chef-d'œuvre de l'art allemand couché par terre dans le tunnel. Nous allons mettre la statue Place de l'Opéra, mais en dessous.

[*They walk briskly off, arm in arm, to déjeuner.*]

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES.

(A Peep into the Future.)

HOOLIGAN (30th S. viii. 11).—There seems little doubt that this word is a corruption of "Hooley-gang," and was used to denote a ring of financiers who attained considerable celebrity towards the close of the last century, their leader, a person named HOOLEY, being renowned at all the swimming baths in the country for his skill in plunging and floating. His second name, TERAH, is also perpetuated in the "Terah Campaign," which he conducted with great courage in the London Law Courts, and his christian name is probably alluded to in a contemporary comedy named *The Importance of being Ernest*.

W. E. H. L.

I have read somewhere that there was a catchword formerly in vogue in Ireland, "Who's Hooligan?" which may be connected with the term Hooligan. Personally I feel quite convinced that the true key to its meaning is to be found in the first syllable, which disguises the christian name of an eminent controversialist, Lord HUGH CECIL PRICE HUGHES, eldest son of the Marquis of SALISBURY, President of the Wesleyan Conference, and author of *The Atheist Shoemaker*. Lord HUGH, who resigned his pastorate in order to enter Parliament, formed a cave on the Conservative side, the other members of which were JOHN PAGE HOPPS (of

Burton). WINSTON CHURCHILL and JOHN KENSIT—to whom the name of "Hooligans" was soon applied. O. O.

LABBY (30th S. viii. 239).—There seems little doubt that "Labby" is a vulgarisation of L'Abbé, and stands for an eminent Roman Catholic theologian whose real name was Father IGNATIUS DONNELLY. W. W.

PRO-BOER (30th S. viii. 59).—Inasmuch as this epithet was unquestionably applied to "LABBY," I have come to the conclusion that it is a corruption of Pro-Boar, i.e. a term of contempt employed by the Shakspeareans to designate their opponents in the great Baconian controversy. L. C.

"LABBY" was, I have always understood, the pseudonym adopted by a humorous writer of the twentieth century, author of *A Ramp Abroad*; or, *The Celestial Pilgrim's Progress*, a sequel to a similarly entitled work by an American preacher named MARK TWAIN.

W. D. A.

Is not the LABBY about whom your correspondent inquires the professional diver who, at the end of the nineteenth century and beginning of the twentieth, lived for many years at the bottom of a well in an Aquarium at St. Anne's Gate, under the delusion that he represented Truth? MUNDUS.

THE FOUR ELIZABETHS (30th S. viii. 193).—The rhyme for which VINDEK asks used to run as follows in my young days:—

"ELIZABETH, BETSEY, BESSY and BESS,
Went into the garden to find a bird's nest."

According to the memoir on the subject by GRÜTZMACHER, of Leipzig, the rhyme is a catch for children—all the four names standing for one; but this opinion hardly commends itself to the modern scientific mind. Dr. STONYBROKE holds that the ELIZABETHS were four, and that they were Queen ELIZABETH, ELIZABETH of Bohemia, ELIZABETH of the German Garden (where the bird's nest was), and ELIZABETH who paid the Visits. This, if true, affords a curious side-light on the female company kept by good Queen BESS. JOLIWEEL-COLLOPS, on the other hand, has it that the lines are pure satire upon the outburst of gardening literature at the end of the Victorian period, all of which was either written by ELIZABETH, or was concerned with heroines of that name. The bird's nest, he holds, is symbolical of the profits the authors hoped to make (cp. oof-bird).

JONATHAN PETERSON, M.A.

Your correspondent, JONATHAN PETERSON, is wrong in his transcription of the old rhyme. It should be "mare's nest," not "bird's nest." The lines

undoubtedly refer to Mrs. ELIZABETH GALLUP's work on the Baconian theory. S. L.

MAFFICKING (30th S. viii. 24).—May not this obscure term, which seems to be connected with outbursts of violence at the close of the nineteenth century, be derived from Maffia or Mafia, the Sicilian Secret Society? Mafficking might then be the name of the leader of this society—Maffia-King. Another and even more plausible derivation connects the word with MAHAFFY, an Irish chieftain of great ferocity who flourished at this period. To "Maffick" or "Mahaffick" would then mean to conduct oneself in the manner of MAHAFFY, i.e., in an exuberant and combative fashion. H. W. C.

PING-PONG (30th S. viii. 270).—How our national game got its name I do not know, but I have always understood it was invented at the beginning of the nineteenth century by a popular banjo-player of that day named RUDYARD KIPLING, as an antidote to the seriousness which then menaced England. Possibly, in the twang of his banjo strings, which resembles the sound "Ping-Pong," the title of the pastime originated. W. G. G.

Did not our national game take its name from a Chinese diplomatist resident in England at the time of the Wei-Hai-Wei negotiations? I seem to remember hearing my grandmother say so. H. SPENCER.

YORKER (30th S. viii. 49).—The origin of this phrase is lost in mystery. All that we know is that it was a term used in cricket, a game played in England and Australia before the rise of Ping-Pong. I remember hearing my grandfather say that it described a certain kind of ball; in which case it would probably be the favourite delivery of Prince EDWARD of York. He cannot, however, have had any monopoly of it, for in a contemporary account of a match between Middlesex and Yorkshire I find a reference to the Yorkers of ALBERTO and the JACKER, although neither of these names occurs in the score. Cricket annals are, however, so filled with mystery and neologisms that the wise etymologist will give them a wide berth. P. P.

Marie Corelli (30th S. xiii. 94).—Name generally supposed to have been borne by a famous musician, who invented a trumpet of her own on which she played with extraordinary skill. But from evidence supplied by the great Pipe roll, where frequent mention of MARIE CORELLI is made in connection with the "Ardath Mixture," I am inclined to believe that she was engaged in the tobacco trade. ANDREW TADDY.



A LEVEE DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD. INTRA ET EXTRA.

[From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.]

A FLEET IN LIMBO;

Or, *The Truant Thames Steamers.*

[It is announced that, in the Coronation year, when London will be crowded with visitors, the Thames steamers will not be run.]

WHAT shall we do without our Daisy,
Lobelia, Primrose, Snowdrop, Fern,
Flowers of a fleet whose ways were crazy
And early-Victorian, stem to stern?

Where are the Jessamine, Fuchsia, Thistle,
Botanic, romantic and nautical freaks?
Summer's awaiting the Spring's dismissal,
And have they, we ask, all turned to Le(a)ks?

Where is the Orchid, we vainly query,
And where the Palm of yesteryear?
Are they of cockney wit grown weary
And gone to a less sarcastic sphere?

Prince and Princess and Boadicea
And fair Cleopatra and River Queen—
All of them shrink from the bare idea,
In a Royal season, of being seen!

Cardinal Wolsey's a fresh quietus,
And Pilot has steered to Heav'n knows where!
Shy Alexander's afraid to meet us,
Penelope's sunk in dire despair!

Phyllis from work has neatly vanished,
While Mermaid is submarine again;
Giddy Nerissa has now been banished,
Diana from chasing must refrain!

Such is the Thames's gay condition
In Anno Domini Nineteen-Two!
Such is the singular exhibition
We're giving for foreign eyes to view!

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

[“At the conclusion . . . the large and delighted audience called for Mrs. KENDAL. To the surprise of the people, however, the band kept on playing, and continued to do so after Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL . . . had appeared before the curtain. . . The members of the band were evidently determined to prevent any speeches. . . Newspapers and other things were thrown at the bandmen, and for upwards of ten minutes the house was in an uproar.”—*Daily Chronicle.*]

THERE are evidently depths in the potentiality of music which as yet have hardly been sounded. Why should it not be used to silence the political speaker? Thus:—

Monday.—“A close contest is expected at Slumston. Sir JOHN JONES, the Conservative Candidate, has engaged the Blue Hungarian Band, and has erected a stand for it in the market-place in front of the Town Hall. Mr. EZEKIEL BROWN, the Liberal Candidate, has informed our representative that for the present the instrumentalists of the Slumston Militia will support his interests. Their stand is also in the market-place in front of the Corn Exchange.”

Tuesday.—“Sir JOHN JONES gesticulated from his bandstand yesterday morning from ten till one, to the accompaniment of patriotic airs by the opposing musicians. It is understood that he also spoke, but after the initial “Ladies and Gentlemen,” nothing was audible. In the afternoon, from two till five, Mr. BROWN struck an attitude on his bandstand, but the praiseworthy energy of the Blue Hungarians rendered it impossible to detect whether Mr. BROWN spoke or not. One brickbat was thrown at the conductor. Both parties are confident, but it is understood that Mr. BROWN has the greater quantity of brass at his disposal.”

Wednesday.—“The canvassing has assumed the air of a political Eisteddfod. Both candidates have realised that speaking is out of the question, and are relying more and

more on their instruments to obstruct the other side. The Colonial Secretary has wired to Sir JOHN JONES in the following terms: ‘Keep it up. Add more wind. Am sending orchestral score of my recitative and air, *‘Every Seat Lost.’* Sing if can. . . Ought turn scale.”

Thursday.—“Sir JOHN has created a decided impression by singing *‘Every Seat Lost’* through a megaphone to the accompaniment of his massed orchestra, which has been largely strengthened by the addition of two and a half German bands and a large part of the Slumston Orchestral Society. In spite of the Liberal efforts, rendered more formidable by a merry-go-round orchestra, five buglers, three Highland pipers, and a monkey-organ, Sir JOHN's voice was distinctly heard two or three times.”

Friday.—“Slight disturbances have occurred to-day. There are now five hundred and three instrumentalists in the market-place.”

Saturday.—“We regret to report disgraceful scenes at Slumston. The electors, weary (apparently) of the music, and unable to get into the market-place, have broken into the houses round it and, according to a telegram just received, are throwing everything on which they can lay their hands at the candidates and their supporters out of the windows. Sir JOHN JONES' orchestra, though he himself is partially protected by the megaphone which he has placed over his head, is becoming demoralized by a constant shower of eggs, boots, hairbrushes and other things. Some persons unknown are playing on Mr. BROWN's bandstand with a fire-hose out of an upper window.”

Later.—“The police have intervened.”

A PALINODE.

[“The fascination of clothes encourages self-respect, and demands self-repression in its devotees.”—*Lady's Pictorial.*]

DEAR DAPHNE, ah! forgive me, pray,
Who once reproached you in my haste
In such an inconsiderate way
With your extravagance and waste.

As I surveyed your hats and gowns—
Those most bewitching frocks and frills—
I vexed you with forbidding frowns,
Only considering the bills.

But now with penitent surprise,
As you your costly dresses don,
Most humbly do I recognise
How self-repression spurs you on.

Yes, with a duly chastened mind
The paradox I wonder at,
Much virtue in a frock to find,
And self-denial in a hat.

Only this will not be ignored—
While reckoning ruefully the price,
My slender income can't afford
The cost of such self-sacrifice.

THE NEW “COMBINE!” TREE THE TRIGAMIST!!

MISS TERRY (ELLEN) and Mrs. KENDAL (MADGE) representing WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE's Two Merry Wives (they can't be too merry for us!) are both engaged to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, of course by kind permission of Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE (MAUD), who will naturally, as “sweet Anne Page,” have her say in the matter. What a delightfully sparkling and perfect Tree-o, the composition of the Lessee, Manager and Leading Actor at Her Majesty's (“three single gentlemen rolled into one” as *Falstaff*), to be performed by ELLEN, MADGE, and “MAUD, MAUD, MAUD!” Chorus, gentlemen, if you please.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the first chapter of *An Onlooker's Note Book* (SMITH, ELDER) there shines a pretty sentence. "To-day, no one (worth mentioning) is cocksure." Yet the Onlooker is a bold man, given to discussing fearlessly the manners and attainments of other people. Probably even his searching glance has not discovered in Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL a tendency to what Mr. PIGOTT spelt "hesitancy" to affirm unfaltering opinion upon passing persons and current events. He has much to say in his latest commentary, and is pretty certain of everything. On the whole, he is disappointed with his fellow men. Nor does woman please him either. Our manners have deteriorated. Our motives grown meaner. Over us all is the blight spread by the South African helot who lives in Park Lane. Amongst other practices against which the Onlooker takes up his parable, is that of "social journalism." By way of illustrating his theme he gives us (for 7s. 6d.) 339 pages of social journalism illumined by moral reflections. As he observes, *à propos* of somebody else's *bottes*, "well-connected people have before now written very readable books." Such an one is *An Onlooker's Note Book*, with its bitter flavour of an earlier volume called *The Book of Snobs*. Apart from the pleasure of seeing friends and acquaintances pin-pricked, the book contains many excellent stories and some facts. Among the latter my Baronite observes a statement carrying a step further common knowledge of an important historical event. Everyone knows that after the defeat of Mr. DISRAELI at the General Election of 1880, Queen VICTORIA "sent for" Lord HARTINGTON. It is further known that after an interview with Her MAJESTY he returned to town and on the next day again repaired to Windsor. After which Mr. GLADSTONE received command to form a Ministry. Onlooker states that in the interval between the two visits, Lord HARTINGTON, upon the direct injunction of the Queen, saw Mr. GLADSTONE and proposed that he should serve in a Ministry of which Lord HARTINGTON was to be the nominal chief. Mr. GLADSTONE, as events proved, did not see matters in that light.

The author of *Mona Maclean* will always command a wide circle of charmed readers. They will not be disappointed by her latest effort, *The Way of Escape* (BLACKWOOD). As in her masterpiece the heroine is a bright, clever, wayward girl, who makes her own history, and when trouble comes upon her, bears it bravely, almost blithely. The tragedy that underlies the story is so delicately treated (wherein Dr. MARGARET TODD differs from



Bobbie (dictating letter to his sister, whom he has "squared" into writing for him). "DEAR MISS BROWN, PLEASE XCUSE BOBBIE FOR NOT DEAN AT SCHOOL SINSE TEWSDAY HAS HE AS ADD TOWTHAKE ON TEWSDAY AND ON WEDNESDAY HE BROKE IS HARM AND HE AD TO GO TO A PARTY YESTERDAY AFTERNOON. IF HE DOES NOT COME TO-MORROW IT WILL BE BECAUSE A BOY THREU A STOAN AT IS I.—YOURS TROOLY, BOBBIE'S MOTHER."

some of her sex) that an innocent young thing like my Baronite entirely missed the clue, and when suspicion darkened had to hark back to find it. It is a little disappointing to find the author apparently does not recognise the cowardly cad she has created in that light o' Edinburgh, *Dr. Willoughby*. Possibly that is only her art. *Vera* is a fine conception, admirably worked out, living a noble unselfish life, albeit smirched with early stain. Her way of escape is literally through the fire. Why didn't Dr. MARGARET put her learned brother, *Dr. Willoughby*, into the midst of the pyre? Professional forbearance may sometimes be carried too far.

At *Sunwich Port* (GEO. NEWNES, LTD.), by W. W. JACOBS, is delightful. As Mr. *Dick Swiveller*, were he reviewing

this book, might appropriately say, "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care you can't do better than take a good draught of W. W. JACOBS." In his short stories, to the Baron's thinking (and for his reading), Mr. JACOBS is at his best; but, "for a' that and a' that," the yarn about *Sunwich Port*, for eccentric character, for Meissonier-like workmanship with the pen, and for fine perception of humour in incidents of ordinary everyday life will be hard to beat. The plot, perhaps, may be a trifle tangled, and not too easy to follow, yet, apart from story, such chapters as XI., XII., and XIII. are perfect in themselves, and can be taken up at any time, to the huge contentment of the appreciative reader. And so says THE CHEERY BARON DE B.-W.

OPERATIC NOTES.



GOING AHEAD WITH THE WAGNERIAN CYCLE.

WHAT the *habitués* are beginning to exercise themselves about — though at present 'tis only the low grumbings that are sure signs of a volcanic eruption at no far distant time — is that the ancient landmarks have been done away with. Considerable improvements there are, as we all saw last year; but the *entr'acte* loungers sadly miss the stall entrances right and left, which are now

blocked up, the space, formerly devoted to the Lorgnetting Division, being filled by private boxes, which of course means two additions to the cash-box of the Opera.

Now the lounge, who loved to drop into these little by-paths of the house, and from the obscurity at the back use his *lorgnette*, as the gardener would a horticultural instrument, to rake the *parterre*; or who, if he were a lady-killer, would, as a rifleman in safe ambush, shoot such glances at the "pretty ladies" as were intended to be killing, but which, failing to reach their mark, were scarcely even dangerous; such lounge, the faithful *habitué*, finds his occupation gone, for if he would *lorgnetter*, he must either stand up in his stall, a position too conspicuous and uncomfortable for a society sharpshooter, or he must descend the staircase on either side of the orchestra, to turn up in the lobby, where he can meet with persons he may not want to see, but cannot see persons whom he might like to meet, or, as the "observed of all observers" in the centre pit-tier boxes, he can, as jauntily as may be, descend by the staircase at the back, thereby "going under" and temporarily effacing himself in the sub-lobby, a most luxurious and reposeful place, whence the *entr'acte* cigarette is not banished. It would not surprise your present operatic reporter were the old Fops' Alley, or rather, the old alley for the most modern representatives of the Fops, to be, next year, restored.

En attendant, the Opera goes along steadily; but I am inclined to fancy that so far MELBA's was the night, when good old *Rigoletto* was played, and the new tenor distinguished himself, as it has been my privilege already to inform you.

On Wednesday last there was a good performance of that nice light and Wagnerian-pantomimic opera, which should be entitled *Siegfried and the Dragon, or, Harlequin Wotan Knight we're having!*

Mime (the clown) by HERR REISS, excellent. HERR PENNY-READING (PENNARINI) as *Siegfried* (afterwards Harlequin) doesn't bring his value up to Twopennyreading. VAN ROOY excellent as *Der Wanderer*. DAVID BISPHAM good as *Alberich*. Effective is HERR BLASS as *Fafner*; but, Blass us and save us, isn't this name just the very one for a singer who has to play the part of giant, and turn himself into a dragon with a long and a very moving tale, in quite three volumes, and an extra volume of smoke before he is extinguished? Do not remember a dragon like him in any pantomime. Is *Fafner* or *Alberich* "afterwards Pantaloon"? But strange to see all this gravely done to solemn music, as though it were a party of children playing at opera, or a performance by mediæval mystery actors at Christmas-time before King, Queen, and Court!

Madame NORDICA as *Brünnhilde*, charming. Regret the impossibility of waiting for the transformation scene, when I am sure she would have been quite irresistible as *Columbine*.

Madame SOBRINO, who, as *Stimme des Waldvogels*, might have been expected to be "up a tree," proved herself an accomplished mistress of music in all its branches. She, as "The Woodbird" (not of the mechanical "Cocky-olly" species, that being screwed, though perfectly sober, on to a table, would wag its head and tail, while a weight swung to and fro below it, though never note did it utter) was "in the lime-tree," where I suppose the lime-light man, acting as temporary bird-catcher, had lime-twigg'd her, and so prevented her flight.

As for Mme. METZGER, as *Erda*, well, when I've 'erd her again I will give you, or lend you, my valuable opinion.

Friday, May 23.—Whatever the weather may be outside, here 'tis a perfect WAGNER night. *Tristan und Isolde*. VAN DYCK, mindful of great ancestor, gives us singing portrait of hero, and comes off with flying colours. HERR KLOPPER musically and dramatically "makes his (*König*) Mark." VAN ROOY forcible as *Kurwenal*. M. COLSAUX, singing *Melot* as melo-diously as WAGNER will allow him, and playing the part *Melot*-dramatically, is eminently satisfactory. Mme. KIRKBY-LUNN makes of *Brangäne* a powerful Lady-Macbethian character actuated by Wagnerian motives.

As to Madame NORDICA's *Isolde*! how it has improved since '98 ("who fears to speak of '98?") At all events Madame NORDICA need not, when she played it with JEAN DE RESZKE, and when, whatever was the situation, no matter in what opera it might be, she used always, like the plucky pugilist, to "come up smiling." But now Madame NORDICA does not "smile as she was wont to smile;" she acts; she throws herself into the part, and a better *Isolde*, since ALBANI, who played it six years ago, it would be difficult to name. There is no space here left for details. But I should say the most enthusiastic Wagnerites would express themselves satisfied with the performance to-night under the vigorous conducting of Signor MANCINELLI.

The new scenery by MESSRS. HICKS and BROOKE is most effective. The waterfall and running stream, which, were the opera played every night, would be in for a much longer run, may, I suppose, be safely credited to Mr. BROOKE — the name being evidently appropriate. Queen ALEXANDRA present; a most interested and appreciative listener.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

[We are now celebrating the centenary of trousers.]

OF older days have poets sung
In strains of undiluted passion,
When rapiers with footsteps swung,
When ruffs and frills were all the fashion.
Now time's gone up by several pegs,
And rapiers are changed to Mausers,
And we conceal our shapely legs
Beneath the artifice of trousers.

And shall no poet sing this day,
Which marks the hundredth year that tailors
Have made them tight, wide, brown or gray,
To suit all tastes, from "dudes" to sailors?
Nay—let us greet this joyous year
With songs and cheers that grow to rousers,
When every male unites to wear
On every day some sort of trousers.

SUGGESTED MOTTO FOR SIR HENRY IRVING (in view of the great success of the revival of *Faust*):—

"Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota; di
Audivere, Lyce."

"LA GUERRE DE L'OR."

M. JEAN COQUELIN has recently produced in Paris at the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin, of which his father, M. COQUELIN AÎNÉ, is the lessee, an anti-English play, by M. DEBOUT, entitled *La Guerre de l'Or*. M. DEBOUT is no doubt an upright man, but his play seems likely to fall very flat. Before it disappears, we venture to suggest an extra scene, rather confused and incoherent, with innumerable characters, so as to resemble the other scenes of the noble drama.

La scène représente la place de Scharing Cross à Londres. Au lever du rideau, Lord CHAMBERLAIN est installé sur un banc, entouré de Lifes Gardes et de policemen. Il regarde la statue de Sir NELSON.

Lord C. Enfin, c'est fini! Les mines d'or sont à nous. Ah, NELSON! Moi, et vous, et VELLINGTON! Les trois grands Anglais.

Le Lor Maire (entrant, suivi d'une foule de citoyens). Ipipoura! Vive Lord CHAMBERLAIN! Aoh yess!

Lord C. Merci, merci, mes amis! Je suis content. Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes. Les Boërs sont vaincus. J'attends ici l'illustre Sir KITCHENER, Lord ALFRED MILNER, et tous les héros de l'Afrique du Sud. J'attends aussi quelques généraux boërs. Soyons généreux envers les généraux! Aoh yess!

Sir KITCHENER et les autres Anglais entrent, et se mettent derrière Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

Coquelin-Cronjé (enveloppé d'un manteau, se précipite sur la scène). Tremblez, ignobles mercenaires!

Lord C. Qui est donc ce petit homme si agité?

Coquelin-Cronjé. Tremblez, infâme ministre!

Sir K. C'est un Français. Aoh yess!

Coquelin-Cronjé (criant à haute voix). Ah, misérable, c'est vous qui avez massacré les gens, c'est vous qui avez obéi aux ordres sanguinaires de l'abominable ministre, c'est à vous que le monde entier reproche tous les crimes de cette affreuse guerre! Tremblez!

Lord Alfred. Quel drôle de petit homme! Comment s'appelle-t-il?

Coquelin-Cronjé (jettant son manteau). Je suis CRONJÉ.

Lord C. Pas du tout; le voilà!

Cronjé (entrant tranquillement). Quelle vie agréable à Sainte-Hélène! Pendant que les autres se battaient, moi je restais là à mon aise, occupé à ne rien faire, à fumer, à manger, à dormir. Quel repos! Maintenant je suis gros comme un voyageur de commerce.

Coquelin-Cronjé (toujours agité). Pardon, monsieur, j'ai un discours à prononcer.

Cronjé. Vraiment? Et vous êtes—?

Coquelin-Cronjé. Je suis CRONJÉ. A bas les Anglais!

Cronjé. C'est un fou. Moi je suis CRONJÉ.

Coquelin-Cronjé. Alors je suis COQUELIN. (criant) A bas les Anglais!

Coquelin Aîné (entrant à pas de course). Imbécile! Qu'est-ce que tu dis là. Tu vas gâter ma tournée! Et je vais jouer ce soir au Théâtre Garrique, là tout près. Tu vas me ruiner, misérable sot! Est-ce que je puis gagner l'or des Anglais si tu leur dis des injures de la sorte? Comment puis-je acheter des actions des mines d'or, si je ne gagne pas de l'argent à Londres? Vas te promener, imbécile!

Cronjé. Allez-vous-en, coquin de COQUELIN!

Coquelin-Cronjé. Je suis désolé, mon père. Je voulais être sublime, héroïque.

Coquelin Aîné. Bête, plutôt! Quelle sottise! Es-tu ridicule avec tes cris. Si tu demandes pardon à Lord CHAMBERLAIN il te donnera peut-être un petit pourboire.

Coquelin-Cronjé (à genoux). Pardonnez-moi, monseigneur milor!

Lord C. Très volontiers. Voilà une livre sterling.



First Newsboy. "I'LL BET YOU TUPPENCE TO A PENN'ORTH O' NUTS THAT 'SKEPTER' WINS THE DUBBY."

Second Newsboy. "DONE!"

Third Newsboy. "I'LL 'OLD THE STAKES."

First Newsboy. "YES, BUT WHO'S A-GOIN' TO 'OLD YOU!"

Coquelin-Cronjé. Quel noble cœur! C'est de l'or.

Coquelin Aîné. Et bien, voilà ce qu'il te faut. Toujours de l'or anglais. Ne t'occupe que de ça. Quant à la guerre, ça ne te regarde pas. Voilà ton oncle, qui est certainement de mon avis.

Coquelin Cadet. Parfaitement!

Spéculateurs Français (entrant processionnellement et chantant en chœur, et de bon cœur, ce poème, digne de M. DEBOUT).

Ah, la Guerre, oh, la Guerre,

Ce n'est pas notre affaire!

Avec trompe, et flûte, et cor,

Chantez, criez, Vive l'Or!

Coquelin Aîné, Coquelin Cadet, et Coquelin-Cronjé (ensemble). Vive l'Or!

(Le rideau tombe lentement.)

Balloonery.

"WE went spinning through the air!" said an enthusiastic aeronaut, describing his recent trial trip.

"Indeed!" observed his companion, meditatively. "Judging by your description it sounds as if you had been in an 'heir-loom' instead of an 'air-ship'."

THE Publisher's motto for the *Book of the Order of the Coronation Ceremonies as handed down from the most ancient times*, will probably be "ALL RITES RE-SERVED."

THE GOLDEN AGE.

(After the Final Chorus of "Hellas.")

[“A Liberal Member, who has spent twenty years in the House of Commons . . . said yesterday, ‘We shall be in power within two years from now.’ . . . Mr. ASQUITH will preside at a meeting at which Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE will both speak. Can there be any surer indication that the days of disunion are passing away?”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

Now dawns the era long foretold
By prophet, prig and sage;
Now leaps Millennium all in gold
On Earth's astonished stage;
Now we shall soon enjoy a view
Of Edens ADAM never knew.

Now Peace, a freshly-risen star,
On every front shall glow;
And England, like a motor-car,
Renew her dynamo;
And British bees prepare to boom
Where endless honeysuckles bloom.

A brighter London lifts its head
Above a broader Strand;
Beneath the sewer's open bed
New tubes are daily planned
To undertake you at a fare
Of twopence almost anywhere.

Protected trade, that couched supine,
Shakes off its coat of rust;
A nobler navy cleaves the brine
Freighted with Hope and Trust;
And roseate dreams distinctly redden
With the approach of Mr. SEDDON.

Oh! hide the jealousies of War
Within the decent tomb!
Oh! please to agitate no more
The spatchcock's ruffled plume!
In public let us cease to wash
The linen stained at Stellenbosch.

The crank shall hush his horrid din;
The asterisk shall wane;
Our Army Chiefs can now begin
To fold their hands again;
And scandals, once accounted heinous,
Sleep in the bolted shrine of Janus.

Another Government shall rise
And build a loftier booth;
And Love that works by Compromise
Make furrowed places smooth;
And Liberal throats together hum
Like one immense harmonium.

The lion and the lamb shall play
Beside the cockatrice,
And HENRY FOWLER spend the day
Embracing JIMMY BRYCE;
And ASQUITH's nose shall nestle in
The chastened folds of HARCOURT's chin.

LABBY and PERKS shall now agree
That neither is a bore;
LLOYD-GEORGE shall lisp at ROSEBURY's knee
The latest metaphor;
And BANNERMAN arrange to rest
His happy head on CAMPBELL's breast.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. HENRY FROWDE and the Oxford University Press, always up-to-date, have issued a new edition of the Book of Common Prayer in commemoration of the Coronation of their Majesties King EDWARD VII. and Queen ALEXANDRA. “The Coronation Prayer Book,” it is called, and by special permission it is dedicated to his MAJESTY. Bound in morocco, of royal red and gold, it is just the sort of book to set before a King. Thanks to the magic of the famous India paper on which the masterpieces of the Oxford University Press are printed, the eight hundred and forty-four pages are set forth in large type, and withal the book is of handy size and weight. English type, cast from matrices presented to the University of Oxford by Bishop FELL in or about the year 1666, has been employed. The fine black tone is relieved by printing the rubrics in red. At the end of the volume is given the Form and Order of their MAJESTIES' Coronation.

Here's a bulky volume all about *Bluebeard* (CHATTO & WINDUS). Mr. VIZETELLY has, or thinks he has, discovered the original of that estimable householder and husband in one of two early Frenchmen. One is pleasantly known as COMORRE THE CURSED, who blessed Brittany with his presence early in the sixth century. The other is GILLES DE RAIS, Marshal of France, who fought, flourished, and murdered, a hundred years earlier. The research is erudite, and the record interesting. But neither of the gentlemen dealt with has anything discernible to do with PERRAULT's deathless story. Mr. VIZETELLY might just as well have tacked on his historical research to *Jack and the Beanstalk* or the Giant whose custom of an afternoon it was to “smell the blood of an Englishman.” COMORRE, it is true, slew his wife. But many others have occupied themselves in similar methods of domestic discipline without being identified with *Bluebeard*. As for GILLES DE RAIS, he was a monster in human shape who enticed young children to his several castles and killed them with his own hands. My Baronite does not see where *Bluebeard* comes in. None the less is the book interesting, as re-opening unread or forgotten pages in the history of the good old times. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE SONS OF THE POETS.

(AIR:—“*The Sons of the Prophet*.”)

[“As a rule, the sons of poets are dull dogs. We have in mind three insane descendants of famous poets. It is possible that the children of poets are bored in early years by their surroundings and the mental attitude of their parents, and make haste to become prosaic.”—*Lancet*.]

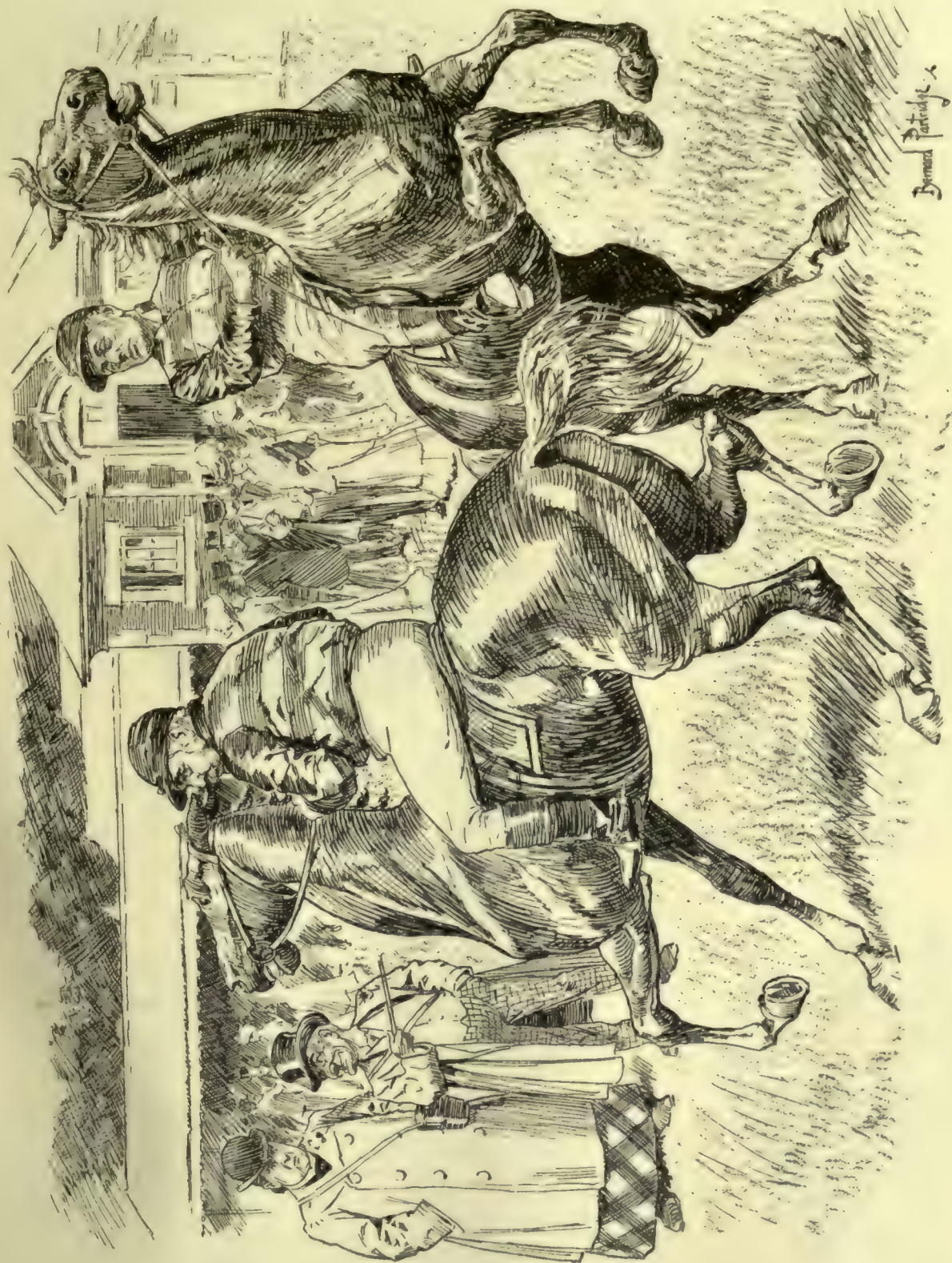
THE sons of the poet are foolish and dull,
And quite unaccustomed to sense,
The wit that informed their progenitor's skull
Excites a reaction intense.

They know not what number of beans total five,
Or when to come out of the rain,
Some dozen are hardly aware they're alive,
And three, at the least, are insane.

In commerce they're frequently left in the lurch,
In pastime they're quite below par;
They're ploughed for the Army, the Navy, the Church,
And they never succeed at the Bar.

Their talk is completely devoid of *esprit*,
They're woefully wanting in tact;
Their trousers obtrusively bag at the knee,
And their boots are imperfectly blacked.

The moral observe (which the *Lancet* omits),
In choosing a father beware
Of poetical graces, unusual wits,
And superabundance of hair.



AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

Mr. Punch (to owner, Mrs. Liberal Party). "PARDON ME, MA'AM, BUT WHICH ARE YOU GOING TO DECLARE TO WIN WITH?"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 26. House met again after Whitsun recess. No particular rush for places. Benches, to tell the truth, mostly empty. Opportunity taken to get little vote for four-and-a-half millions on account of Education Board. JOHN O'GORST, in charge of Estimates, talked at by the hour by MACNAMARA, YOXALL, and ERNEST GRAY. The Time-honoured Educationalist bears

of France had in convenient contiguity to his nursery two whipping-boys. Whenever the coming KING was naughty, CLEMENT, afterwards Pope, unmercifully whacked Master D'OSSAT or Master DU PERRON, according as their turns came. Eventually the boys, thus disciplined, became Cardinals. JOHN O'GORST is not likely to reach that particular rank. But while suffering punishment he may reflect upon these cases, and the almost certainty of ultimate high promotion.

Amongst the few Members present is

**"THE JACK-TAR OF RHEIMS."**

"No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand

While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they never had known such a pious Jack-daw!"

the punishment patiently; used to it by this time.

"At the Board of Education," he said just now, "I fulfil the function known in ancient Court times as that of the whipping-boy."

When anything goes wrong, or is supposed to go wrong under the Board of Education, the Vice-President is walloped. The position a painful one; but in the times alluded to it was accompanied by compensations. HENRI QUATRE

Rear Admiral (retired) Lord CHARLES WILLIAM DE LA POER BERESFORD, C.B., commonly called CHARLIE. Hardly recognised him. Instead of buoyant, not to say boyish, manner familiar to his friends, he goes about with quiet step, subdued manner, scared look. Something about him that irresistibly recalls the Jackdaw of Rheims after his indiscretion in the matter of the CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP'S turquoise ring.

SARK tells me the cases are, to a



Listening to the charms of his own Education Bill!
(The Duke of D-v-nah-re.)

certain degree, analogous. CHARLIE has not exactly been banned with the adjuncts of bell, book and candle; but he has been reprimanded by "my Lords" of the Admiralty for breach of discipline in the matter of his published letter declaring that the Mediterranean Fleet is no better than it should be. Don't know whether the censure was personally communicated by the First Lord or by the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty. In either case it is easy to imagine the state of almost abject terror in which the reproof would engulf the ex-captain of the Condor.

Business done.—Education Vote agreed to.

Tuesday night.—Colonel MARK LOCKWOOD—UNCLE MARK, as FRANK LOCKWOOD used to call him—varied monotony of this afternoon's sitting by delivery of powerful speech on behalf of the persecuted poodle, the down-trodden terrier.



"I am the 'Whipping-boy' of the Board of Education!"
(Sir J-hn G-rst.)

Under Local Government Board Regulations these friends of man, having visited Homburg, Aix-les-Bains, or Contrex-



A FRIENDLY ACT.

A little condensed water to help Will-m All-n to get steam up!
(Mr. H-rw-d.)

évile for their "cure" after London season, are forbidden to land on their native shore save in condition of quarantine. Bereft of the company of all that is dear to them, yearning for the touch of a vanished hand, ears alert for the sound of a voice that is still, they pine in solitude through six sad months.

UNCLE MARK is a man of war. He has sniffed the scent of battle at Aldershot, has led the Coldstream Guards on the deadly march across Finchley Common. But contemplation of man's inhumanity to the pet dog too much for his trained self-control. As he referred to the imprisoned poodle suddenly snatched from joy within sight of home, his voice broke, a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek and fell upon the carnation blooming this morning at Bishop's Hall, by Romford Town, now blazing in his buttonhole.

House, by the way, noticed with curious interest what a difficult word poodle is to pronounce when the speaker is struggling with profound emotion. "Poo-poo-poo-poodle," UNCLE MARK almost whimpered when he had occasion to allude to his four-footed friend.

The finest touch in what occasionally rose to the level of an oration was that in which he pictured the childless man "obliged," as he quaintly but vaguely put it, "to fill up the vacancy with pet dogs." A father of a family sets out for the Continent, taking his brood with him, certain they may return unhampered by quarantine regulations. Was an infant snatched from the arms of its mother on landing at Folkestone or Dover and kept in quarantine for six months? Did the arm of authority sweep down on the tender two-year-old, fresh from a fortnight in Paris, and wheel off its perambulator to

the disinfecting chamber? Certainly not.

"To some of us," said UNCLE MARK, furtively trying to shake the glistening tear off the carnation, "dogs are as necessary as families to others."

HANBURY obdurate; talked about public interest and safety. On which commonplace score he left the poodle to its pangs, the terrier to its tribulation, UNCLE MARK to his tears.

Business done.—Local Government Board vote agreed to.

Thursday night.—The angel of Peace is abroad in the land; you can almost hear the beating of her wings. Tonight PRINCE ARTHUR displays what is recognised as official herald of the coming of Peace. On Monday, he says, he will make a statement on the subject. Guarded, indefinite, but Members instinctively by common consent read into the sentences the announcement that the long-desired end is at hand. On Monday we shall learn particulars.

Meanwhile, finding it possible to trust our own countrymen, we may rest assured that the terms of Peace, whilst assuring permanent settlement of South Africa, will not be unduly hard on the gallant men who stayed behind and fought for their country while Mr. KRUGER and his entourage fled to engage in safe conspiracy in comfortable quarters in Holland. When TARQUIN was asked what in his opinion was the best method of governing a conquered city, he for all reply beat down with his staff the tallest poppy in his garden. Lord MILNER, as representing the British Government at Pretoria, is not TARQUIN, and is not likely to have been actuated by his principles or to have imitated his action.

Business done.—Good solid afternoon's work discussing Navy Estimates. At evening sitting NANNETTI told graphic story illustrating English tyranny in Ireland. A Dublin citizen proposed to himself to visit London on occasion of Coronation. Mr. NANNETTI determined to show that no Irishman should, as he put it, "be allowed to crawl at the feet of an English monarch." Accordingly placarded streets inviting Irishmen to assemble in their thousands. Engaged three brass bands and several two-horse breaks, assembled in front of house of London excursionist proposing to spend a happy afternoon. And what do you think? A suborned police appeared on the scene, forbade the festivities, and when Mr. NANNETTI, as he admitted, slashed at their horses and attempted to break through their ranks, they positively took him into custody! And this is what the Saxons call a free country!

Friday Night.—JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU, descendant of a hundred Dukes, has come out in a new form. Dropped on

floor of House this afternoon as *Deus ex machina*, which may be translated Editor of *The Car*. *Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*, saith wary HORACE. The difficulty in this case was the non-existence of a weekly magazine, founded on particular lines to represent the growing interest in motor-cars. JOHN, by special appointment motor-carist to the KING, has intervened to solve the difficulty. *The Car* makes excellent start. No spluttering, no vapouring, no moaning at the bar. Beautifully printed, marvelously illustrated, stocked with timely articles, if its start can be lived up to, the race will be won.

There is a mezzotint-plate portrait of the KING, certainly the best taken since he came to the throne, of itself worth far more than the sixpence charged for the magazine. His MAJESTY, seated in a motor-car, was photographed with the pretty background of JOHN's bungalow by the Solent. The Editor gives a lively but modest account of his long drive with the KING from the paternal residence at beautiful Beaulieu through the New Forest, an experience which straightway made His MAJESTY an enthusiastic motorist. Another excellent portrait is one of PRINCE ARTHUR in his motoring costume. Writing from 10, Downing Street, the PRINCE gives *The Car* a friendly shove-off in a charming



Mr. B-l-f-r discovers in the motor-car "the most effectual means of dealing with congested population."

letter, in which he discovers in the motor-car "the most effectual means of dealing with congested population and congested traffic."

Business done.—Committee of Supply again.

A TERRIBLE SURVIVAL.

GIRL WANTED for guilotine, with experience.—*Aberdeen Free Press*.



Passenger (to driver, on old-fashioned omnibus). "ULLOAH, BILL! WOTCHER DRIVIN' THIS OLD KNIFE-BOARD FOR? WHERE'S YER OWN BUS?"

Bill. "WHY, 'AVEN'T YOU 'EARD? 'IS MAJESTY'S BIN AND 'IRED IT TO GO AND SEE THE CORONATION. AND THEY'VE TOOK IT AWAY TO 'AVE NOOMATIC TYRES ON!"

MR. SEDDON AT SEA.

(Communicated by Marconi Wire.)

Wednesday.—The presence on board of Mr. SEDDON, the great Premier of New Zealand, is arousing the keenest interest amongst the passengers. A movement was immediately organised to present him with an address expressive of the admiration aroused by his patriotic conduct and his outspoken language. The presentation was made at 3 o'clock to-day, the Bishop of BORHOLLA being the spokesman of the Organising Committee. In reply, Mr. SEDDON said that so long as there was mutton in New Zealand he would never cease in his efforts on behalf of the federation of the British Empire, but statesmen at home must recognise that only by a system of larger purchases at higher prices could satisfaction be given to the loyal population of the Colony he represented. With regard to martial law, of which he had some little experience in Cape Colony, he desired to say that of all the absurd, vexatious, and preposterous restrictions put on the liberty of a free-born New Zealander (the rest of message was censored, having been intercepted by H.M.S. Bullfinch).

Thursday.—Mr. SEDDON has had a busy day. Directly after breakfast he summoned all the crew into the saloon and addressed them in a stirring harangue on the duties and privileges of the British sailor. One passage has excited considerable comment;—"I am not sure," said Mr. SEDDON, "judging by what I have observed since I came on board, that there is not a disposition to impose too many petty restrictions on the sailors who do the work on board this ship. I strongly advise you, when you receive

an order, to ask yourselves whether its execution is consistent with the inalienable rights of a Briton. If you find that it is not so, it will obviously be your duty not to carry it out—at any rate, not without consulting me. I shall at all times," continued Mr. SEDDON, amidst great applause, "be ready to give you advice on these points." Some of the ship's officers, including the Captain, seem disposed to think that Mr. SEDDON spoke, if anything, just a little too strongly. They urge, too, that the Captain's consent should have been asked before the crew were summoned to the saloon, as the absence of all the men from their work might, under certain circumstances, have involved the ship in various risks. These remarks were, it is supposed, conveyed to Mr. SEDDON, for during lunch he was heard to say that, as Premier of New Zealand and a friend of the Colonial Secretary, he could not possibly submit to dictation from anyone—certainly not from the captain of a merchant vessel.

In the afternoon Mr. SEDDON addressed the engineers and the firemen in similarly uncompromising language. He was accorded an enthusiastic ovation. After dinner he proceeded to the steerage and made another great speech, calling on the steerage passengers to remain true to themselves and to those great principles which had not only made Great Britain the richest country in the world, but had also enabled him (Mr. SEDDON) to attain to the Premiership of New Zealand and the friendship of Lord KITCHENER and Lord MILNER. He begged them finally not to allow themselves to be trampled on by anybody. Just as the meeting was concluding the purser appeared in the steerage and requested Mr. SEDDON to withdraw. Mr. SEDDON was much displeased, but it is hoped that no disagreeable consequences

will follow upon an incident which is deplored by the best opinion on board ship. Later in the evening, however, Mr. SEDDON was observed to be engaged in an animated conversation with the three Maori Chieftains who act as his body servants, and before retiring to his state-room he was occupied in testing his boomerangs and polishing his spears.

Friday.—Startling events have occurred. Early this morning, while the Captain was in his room, the crew rose in revolt, overpowered the officers, and placed Mr. SEDDON in chief command. Mr. SEDDON made a very eloquent and patriotic speech on the occasion. He is now steering the ship. A considerable amount of apprehension prevails. I am sending this message without Mr. SEDDON's knowledge. He has placed the ship under martial law, and has forbidden all communication with the land.

Later.—The crew have deposed Mr. SEDDON, liberated their officers, and unconditionally submitted. Mr. SEDDON is now in irons. It is hoped that public opinion in Great Britain and New Zealand will not be unduly inflamed by this treatment of the great Premier. No other course, unfortunately, was possible. Mr. SEDDON preserves his cheerfulness, and is at this moment composing the speech which he proposes to deliver to the people of England on landing.

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

V.—THE NEW PAUL AND FRANCESCA.

By G-rge B-rn-rd Sh-w.

SCENE—The Palace at Rimini. GIOVANNI, an unattractive gentleman of forty, is discovered in conversation with his sister LUCREZIA, a lady of severe aspect.

Lucrezia (in a clear voice). I tell you, JOHN, you've made a mistake.

Giovanni (tearfully). Don't depress me, LUCREZIA. I won't bear it.

Luc. It is for your good. What business has a man of your age to marry a young girl like FRANCESCA? And to send PAUL to personate you! How imprudent!

Gio. If I hadn't sent PAUL she mightn't have accepted me. PAUL is a very handsome fellow.

Luc. What will she say when she finds out the trick that's been played her?

Gio. It will be too late for her to say anything then.

Luc. That's true. But she won't like it.

Gio. (fretfully). You're very depressing, LUCREZIA.

Luc. I don't mince matters.

Gio. (pettishly). You needn't make a virtue of it. I prefer them minced. (A sound of tip-tapping is heard outside in the corridor.) Confound! There's ANGELA.

Luc. (severely). I think you might speak more kindly of your old nurse, especially as she's blind.

Gio. (peevishly). That's just it. How would you have liked a blind nurse? I remember she never could find my bottle when I wanted it, and once she gave me some rats' bane in mistake for Gregory's Powder and nearly killed me. (Grumbling.) Besides, she's always seeing visions about me. It's most uncomfortable.

Luc. Here she is.

[Enter ANGELA, tip-tapping across the room.

Ang. Good morning, child.

Gio. (sulkily). Child! My dear ANGELA, I'm forty.

Ang. Not to me, child. Only four. (Ecstatically.) You'll never be more than four to me!

[She stands quite still, and glares sightlessly at nothing.

Gio. (nervously). You're not going to have a fit now, ANGELA!

Ang. Not a fit, child—a vision. (GIOVANNI groans.) I see a young girl coming into your house.

Luc. (pricking up her ears). FRANCESCA!

Ang. There is a young man with her.

Gio. (scandalised). ANGELA!

Ang. Oh, yes, there is. I can't see his face, but——

Gio. (triumphantly). Then how do you know he's young?

Luc. Pray don't interrupt, JOHN.

Gio. (crossly). Why shouldn't I interrupt? It's not *your* vision. It's mine. At least it's about me. And I don't want to hear it.

Ang. They are sitting together in an arbour. He is reading to her the story of *Lancelot and Guinevere*. He kisses her.

Luc. Ah!

Gio. (angrily). Who is the fellow?

Ang. It is——

[Her lips continue to move, but no sound comes from them.

Gio. (disgusted). There, you see! That's always the way with ANGELA's visions. As soon as she gets to the interesting part she becomes inaudible! (Shaking her.) Speak up, can't you? (No result.) It's no use. When she's like that you can't get a word out of her. (A ring is heard at the front door.) That must be PAUL and FRANCESCA. (Rising fussily.) Ought I to go down and welcome her?

Luc. Certainly not. A chit like that. Sit down again.

Gio. Poor FRANCESCA. What a welcome! You scowling in one corner, ANGELA gibbering in another. She won't like Rimini.

Luc. (tartly). She won't do that under any circumstances.

Gio. Hush! They're coming. (Enter FRANCESCA, a breezy athletic young lady, followed by PAUL, a handsome youth.) How do you do, my dear?

Fran. Who is this, PAUL?

Paul (shamefacedly). This is my brother, GIOVANNI.

Fran. (shaking hands). I had no idea PAUL had a brother. How secretive of him!

[Gio. gasps.

Paul (introducing). My sister LUCREZIA. (The two ladies bow frigidly.) This is my brother's old nurse ANGELA. She is blind.

Fran. A nurse? And blind? What a very odd arrangement! Wasn't it very inconvenient?

Gio. (with bitter emphasis). It was!

Luc. (politely). I hope you like the Palace?

Fran. It will do very nicely, when PAUL and I have made a few alterations.

Gio. (annoyed). You and PAUL? (Recollecting himself.) Ah yes, of course.

Fran. We have had a charming journey. PAUL is a delightful travelling companion. He reads divinely.

[PAUL blushes.

Gio. (eagerly). What did he read to you?

Fran. The story of *Lancelot and Guinevere* generally.

[Gio.'s jaw falls.

Luc. Ah!

Paul (hastily). Hadn't you better go upstairs and take off your hat, FRANCESCA?

Fran. Thoughtful person! (Kisses him.) Perhaps I had. [Exit gaily.

Luc. (scandalised). Well, really!

Gio. (breaking out). Yes, it's too bad altogether.

Paul. What is too bad?

Gio. Your letting her kiss you in that way.

Paul. Of course she kisses me. She thinks she's engaged to me. You forget that.

Gio. That's true. Still, kisses——

Paul. You oughtn't to mind. After all she thinks I'm you.

Gio. She must be told at once.

Paul (sighing). Poor girl! I suppose she must.

Gio. Will you undertake it?

Paul. Thank you. No. I will leave it to you.

Gio. I think you ought to. After all you deceived her.

Paul. Yes, but the idea was yours. You're responsible.

Gio. Will she be much upset?

Paul. She'll cry a good deal, I expect. Think of the disappointment. After fancying she was going to marry me, to find after all she's only engaged to you!

Gio. (fretfully). Dear, dear, why on earth didn't I think of all this when I sent you to Ravenna in my place!

Paul. Can't say. Too stupid, I suppose. Here she is.

[Enter FRANCESCA.

Fran. (going over to PAUL). How solemn you look, dear!

[Kisses him on forehead.

Gio. (wincing). Don't do that!

Fran. (surprised). Don't do what?

Gio. Don't kiss PAUL. I don't like it.

Fran. He does. [Kisses him again.] And I'm engaged to him.

Gio. (sulkily). You're not. You're engaged to me.

Fran. (sharply). Nonsense. I'm engaged to PAUL.

Gio. Only as my proxy. You're engaged to me really.

Fran. (turning to PAUL fiercely). PAUL! Is this true?

Paul (weakly). Well, yes, FRANCESCA. In point of fact it is.

Fran. (furious). You little wretch!

[Takes step towards him. He retreats.

Gio. So, my dear, as you're going to marry me—

Fran. (turning upon him savagely). I am not going to marry you!

Paul (to GIOVANNI). I told you she wouldn't give me up without a struggle.

Fran. (swinging round on him). Give you up! Oh, if I could only get at you now!

[Darts towards him. He hastily puts table between himself and her.

Gio. Keep your temper, my dear. You can't get out of marrying me now.

Fran. Can't I! [Making a rush at him. He dodges behind sofa.] If you come near me I'll scratch your eyes out.

Gio. (with obvious sincerity). I don't want to come near you. I give you up. Marry PAUL if you like.

Paul (apprehensively). Shall I like that?

Fran. (raging). I shall marry neither of you. I shall go and live in a flat in Rimini and do typewriting.

Gio. (much relieved). Do, my dear, do. [Insinuatingly.] Take LUCREZIA as a chaperon—to oblige me.

Fran. (snappishly). I don't wish to oblige you. And modern young ladies do not require chaperons. I shall start at once.

[Exit defiantly. (Curtain.)



G. C. STANPA

Anxious Wife. "MR. DUNNER HAS CALLED AGAIN FOR THAT MONEY YOU OWE. I WISH YOU'D SEE ABOUT IT, OR SOMETHING DREADFUL WILL HAPPEN. HE SAYS HE WON'T WAIT—ANY—LONGER—AS—TIME—IS—MONEY!"

Calm Husband. "SO IT IS, MY LOVE. I'D FORGOTTEN. TELL HIM I'LL PAY HIM—IN TIME."

A ROUNDEL OF SPRING'S CAPRICE.

A WEEK ago the hills were clad
With lingering winter's frost and
snow,

And London shivered, chill and sad
A week ago.

Then came transition. Who could know
What was the climate's latest fad,
Or if in furs or straws to go?

Till, now its whim it is to add
Summer's unlooked-for scorch and
glow,

We fain would feel the cold we had
A week ago.

"SENTIMENT AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE."
—The Principal of Cheltenham College
decreed the abolition of the Collegeribbon
of red and black squares. Thereupon

came protests, published in Printing House Square. MR. BASIL SOULSBY wrote indignantly "objecting to the Principal," or rather to the principles on which the Principal was acting. He invoked pastmasters and LORD JAMES OF HEREFORD, President of the C. C. C. and C. S. He likes the old colours under which (all round his hat) he has served. He says to the present Cheltonian boys, "Nimium ne crede colori," and calls on them all to nail their ancient colours to the mast, and rather dye (their ribbons) than surrender! A brave soul's SOULSBY! Would he enlist all Cheltonians on his side in this question? Isn't it dangerous to the State to make all Cheltonians "Ribbon Men," with LORD JAMES OF HEREFORD at their head? We pause for a reply! and do not much care if none be forthcoming.



Peppery Colonel (much disgusted with very inferior Private). "GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK AT THAT MAN, MR. HEBURN. THE MEN THEY GIVE US NOWADAYS ARE A POSITIVE DISGRACE. WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE, SIR?"
 Sub. (mildly). "WELL, SIR, HE IS RATHER LIKE AN AUNT OF MINE!"

HOW TO TREAT CATS.

(Dedicated to the Editors of Mr. Punch's esteemed Contemporary "Our Cats.")

It is reasonable to suppose that many householders enjoying the privilege of keeping a Cat are greatly disturbed in mind as to the right method of treating so precious an animal. To reassure them, I would remark that the idea of a Cat needing any special care and attention is a complete fallacy. The ordinary manner of treating a beloved wife or child is really all that is necessary.

For the night, a feather bed with good blankets in a fair-sized room facing south is ample accommodation. I need hardly say that a supply of food and drink would, of course, be regularly maintained in this apartment; the Cat's owner himself sleeping on the edge of the under-mattress, prepared to offer assistance or refreshment as required.

Many Cats enjoy a good game about four o'clock in the morning, so the owner must be ready with an assortment of corks, balls, or screws of paper, and help to make the performance a success. Should the Cat at this hour prefer a frisk in the garden, the owner will naturally accompany her to share her sports, protect her from foes, or

rescue her from any dangerous situation, such as the top of a wall or high tree.

With regard to diet, the merest necessities of life are sufficient for this accommodating animal. A whiting, a lemon sole, the breast of a roast chicken, are wholesome and even acceptable as her ordinary fare; while, for a variety between meals, a new-laid egg or a bowl of Bouillon will occasionally take her fancy. They are at any rate worth offering.

Milk fresh from the cow is her simple beverage, a saucer of which should be placed in every room in the house, and renewed hourly in case it should become sour or rendered offensive by smuts, dust or flies. A Cat will occasionally fancy a draught of water, but this should be scrupulously boiled, to guard against danger from microbes.

Should a Cat, in spite of this simple rule of life, contract a cold or other ailment, attempt no remedies yourself, but send at once for the doctor. In case of kittens, his daily attendance for a week or so will be absolutely necessary. No trifling or delay can be permitted at such a season.

All kittens should be carefully preserved, and homes ultimately secured for them in wealthy families of proved integrity.

THE FOLLY OF THE SERPENT.

["During excavations at the Eynsburg Brick-yard near St. Neots an excellent specimen of the fossil backbone of a sea lizard or sea serpent about five feet long has just been found in Oxford clay at a depth of 17 feet from the surface. A number of antiquarians have already inspected the fossil, which it is expected will shortly be despatched to the British Museum."—*The Sunday Sun*.]

GREAT Serpent of the Sea, you act

A part that does you little credit;
 We'd doubt the tale but for the fact
 'Twas in a Sunday sheet we read it.
 We pictured you, if ever found,
 A watery monster, grim, colossal,
 And you appear, from underground,
 Five paltry feet of lifeless fossil!

We've done with you. With deep regret

We own you one of youth's delusions,
 Though gladly we'd have loved you yet
 And blamed our own ill-judged conclusions,

But you have cut us to the core;

You contravene all laws of reason
 By coming three clear months before
 Your proper time—the Silly Season!

Female Official (to candidate for the King's Dinner). Are you an abstainer?

Candidate. No, mum, I'm a French polisher!



Henry Sandham. Del. at N. York.

"Cease Fire!"





REDUCING HIS FIGURE.

H-CKS-B-CH (*Shampooer*, to MR. BUDGET). "I'VE TAKEN A BIT OFF YOU ALREADY, SIR. I THINK I SHALL BE ABLE TO GET YOU DOWN A LOT MORE YET!"



CIRCUMSTANCE.

(A humble imitation of M. Maeterlinck's style in his new volume, "The Buried Temple.")

46.

THEREFORE—for to this point we have come in something less than thirty pages—what is and what is not are apart, with a gulf of dire mystery between. Buttercups grow, spangled rockets climb, incandescent to the vault of heaven, pinpricks—aye, and knife-gashes—rend the silk of the aeronaut, else inviolable. *Sunt nobis mitia poma*, as the Roman said, *sunt nobis mitia poma*. But if that which is lurks in the present issue; if what is to be treads, tremulous, on the skirt of the past; if, in a word, the whole scheme of agglutinate conglomeration is forever and irremediably interpenetrative, perforce we pause and ask: what remains? To eat, to drink, and then again to eat—thus past and present are merged in one explicit whole. And to keep the heart clear, the drains flushed, and the nebular hypothesis in the waistcoat pocket—may not this be the highest wisdom?

47.

I knew a man who had a dog. The man lived in one of two houses. In the other house lived another man. The dog of my friend barked. The nights were clear, and the moon shone. When the moon shone brightest, the dog barked loudest. Close to the houses there were shops. In the shops air-guns were on sale. My friend came to me in trouble. He had a dim presage of impending evil. The moon shone, and the dog barked. And then . . . then the moon shone and the dog barked no more. But still the moon shone. My friend told me so, and he is incurably accurate. And this is not a French exercise, but an illustrative interlude, full of point when considered in connection with the 46 preceding paragraphs, and the 60 or so which will come after. Remember, then, this word—the moon shone.

48.

For, after all, shrimps are not found in water-bottles, nor snails on tree-tops. Interfused with the subjectivity of the absolute is the one great, vehement, abiding law—he who is late is not in time. And gazing at the abyss of the sky, lurid with constellations to half the world invisible, compact of mystery ineluctable, swarming with entities unimagined and unimaginable—what shall the plain man do but gasp, and thank the gods when he sees at length a full-stop lurking somewhere in the distance? Because the task of apprehending happiness is based upon the same, or, if not,



Barber, May 1902.

Barber. "YOUR 'AIR'S GETTING VERY THIN ON THE TOP, SIR. I SHOULD RECOMMEND OUR WASH."

Customer. "MAY I ASK IF THAT INVIGORATING LIQUID IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN IN THE HABIT OF USING?" [Dead silence.]

otherwise. Oh, strange enigma! For to pale pills the least pallid of pink people will come anon.

49.

What, ask you, am I driving at? Ignorant of this you are; myself perhaps not ignorant the less. And yet, when we have journeyed together, you and I, through another three-score pages of this essay, who can say that we may not chance upon some glimmer of light? Nor, at the worst, will it irk you to have communed with intellectual magnitude—you, the petty, the unilluminated,

with me, the master-mind. So forward! The worm is on the lawn!

50.

By an apotheosis of fervid crystallisation. . . . [Cætera desunt.]

THE PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND, who is very much *en évidence* (as on tour), is clearly not given to Seddon-tarry pursuits.

[This represents a budget of contributions from esteemed correspondents, all of a similar character. After this, the less Sed-don the subject the better.—Ed.]

MAC'VE VIRTUTE!

THE amusing author of "An Onlooker's Notebook" writes as follows of his countrymen:—"America was strong and Spain was weak, so we backed America for all we were worth. We believed that France was weak and we tried to pick a quarrel with her over Fashoda. The Armenians were a feeble folk and we would not move a finger to save them from massacre. . . . We were told that the South African Republic had lost the power of fighting—and we are learning our lesson." On the title-page of the volume appears a quotation from SYDNEY SMITH:—"Another peculiarity of the RUSSELLS is, that they never alter their opinions; they are an excellent race, but they must be trepanned before they can be convinced."

In vain are the Patriot's rage
And the Jingo's absurd ebullitions,
You may wipe them from History's page,
They are driven from all their positions,
In vain were their efforts to hustle
That hero, G. W. R-SS-LL!

Henceforth you will notice each day
How his great reputation is growing.
At the club you 'll hear everyone say
He's a person extremely worth knowing,
While the man in the street and the bus 'll
Bow low to G. W. R-SS-LL.

When Mr. LLOUD JAWGE in a speech
Rejoices our armies are smitten,
And his passionate periods reach
The uttermost corners of Britain,
Amid the applause and the bustle
You 'll notice G. W. R-SS-LL.

And when, as will chance now and then,
The friends of the soldiers who 've bled,
Being brutal and barbarous men,
Throw bricks at the orator's head,
This wicked employment of muscle
Will be checked by G. W. R-SS-LL.

Nor is it the Boer alone
Who counts on this writer's protection,
Every nation, it seems (save his own),
Is sure of his constant affection;
Yes, anyone wrangling with us 'll
Be backed by G. W. R-SS-LL!

If perchance the Armenian bold
Revolt from the ravaging Turk,
Great Britain will sharply be told
She must back the poor man in his work,
And if, she declines, what a fuss 'll
Be made by G. W. R-SS-LL!

Should England some day have to fight
With one of the Peoples about her,
This statesman will weep with delight
If the enemy's forces should rout her.
Neither threat nor entreaty nor cuss 'll
Melt Mr. G. W. R-SS-LL!

Such views may appear rather strange
When uttered in British Dominions,
But it seems there's no hope of a change
In these very obnoxious opinions
Till somebody, during a tussle,
Contrives to trepan Mr. R-SS-LL!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 24.—To record the success of MELBA in Puccini's *La Bohème* would be, at this date, somewhat belated, were it not that this light-comedy opera, with its tragic finish, will, it is probable, be repeated several times during the present season, with the same cast, which it would be very difficult to improve. *La Bohème* may be admitted, musically, as a gem, not precisely of the very first water, but anyway the setting of it in the Covent Garden Opera House would be overpowering were it not, first and foremost, for Madame MELBA, whose *Mimi* is perfection in singing, and very near it in acting. Then CARUSO is excellent as *Rodolfo*; MESSRS. SCOTTI, GILBERT, and JOURNET most amusing as the Bohemian trio; and FRITZI SCHEFF delightful as the capricious *Musetta* in the capital scene of the revels at the Fair, so full of "go" and so well stage-managed.

On this particular night everything, up to the time of the commencement of this Act, had been almost too bright to last, and so it was not surprising to find that the electric light suddenly went out (probably it had a pressing appointment elsewhere), and so MANCINELLI, the Right Man-cinelli in the right place, pulled up short and awaited the return of the "Light that Failed." Then MELBA, having breathed her last as *Mimi*, came up fresher than ever as *Lucia*, and as mad as a Hatter's wife (lunacy must run in the Hatter's family, of course), sang the celebrated *Scena Anvelliiana* from *The Bride of Lammermoor*, to the great delectation of everybody present. This programme, whenever repeated with this cast, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, though if it could be varied with another short opera, say *Pagliacci*, instead of lunatic *Lucia*'s melodious wanderings, just for a change, the attraction would be great.

Monday.—On the Wagner Cycle again. *Siegfried*. PENNARINI improving. VAN ROOY, *The Wanderer*, excellent: and BISPHAM, as *Alberich*, eminently satisfactory. Having done it all before, no more at present on this subject. And only observing that MELBA, as *Mimi*, the very Bohemian girl, was once again all our fancy had already painted her, and that *Lucia di Lammermoor* was "not in it" with *Mimi* (being omitted from the programme), we "pass along, gents, please," to

Friday.—*Die Meistersinger*. In honour of day on which the KING has lately elected to have been born, National Anthem opened proceedings at somewhat intemperate hour of 7 P.M. Ministerial and other Birthday banquets accounted for absence of the flower of English male Intelligence, and house looked as if it needed filling up. Having performed that function for myself at leisure, I only arrived just in time to anticipate the QUEEN's appearance, and so had misfortune to miss great *finale* of First Act, usually expurgated at Covent Garden. Am given to understand that it was the best piece of work so far in the Wagnerian Season.

Second Act, for which I can vouch, saw VAN ROOY at his bravest. How the Nurembergers could sleep through his sonorous utterances and then consider themselves disturbed by relatively negligible warbling of comic minstrel is one of those enigmas that are of the essence of Operatic art. I don't know whose boots VAN ROOY (as *Hans Sachs*, cobbler) was supposed to be mending; but when, with eye on Conductor, he beat time, as with an anvil stroke, to serenader's air, it was a sole-breaking business, and it seemed to me as if bang went Sachspence every time. Deferred assistance at Third Act till next Thursday, when *Die Meistersinger* will be repeated with identical cast; but gathered before leaving that Herr KRAUS as *Walther* fully deserved to win his *Eva* (played by Mme. SUZANNE ADAMS), even if VAN ROOY took the apple in the judgment of all other Adams and Evas in the house.



C. E. Brock 1902.

She. "IF YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR SAYING SO, MAJOR, I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED YOUR UNCLE TO BE OF A MORE PREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE."
Major Murphy. "OH, YOU MAY NOT LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM, BUT, I ASSURE YOU, BEHIND THAT HARSH COUNTENANCE IS THE KINDEST HEART THAT EVER BREATHED!"

POETIC "NUMBERS."

[No fewer than 1,047 poets have sent in Coronation odes for the prizes which *Good Words* announced some months ago.]

CYNICS, preaching sure decline

In our commerce, manners, laws,
Over-eager to define

What the symptom, what the cause,—
Does not affluence of Song
Show an empire's going strong?

No more need to be afraid

Rhyme and rhymesters will decay
When the Muse withdraws her aid
From her sons who sing to-day:
Britain's nest (consult *Good Words*)
Swarms with unfledged singing birds!

When our KIPLING's task is through,
May not one of these arise
Who will demonstrate anew
How the patriot's art relies
For its colour and effect
On the Cockney dialect?

May there not be one as well

Who at ambling pace will jog;
Seeking half the poet's spell

In the florist's catalogue;—
One who will recall the days
When our ALFRED wore the bays?

"HERE LIES —"

("There and Back," a variation on an old theme played on the *Lyra Innocentium*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.)

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY, who has a *spécialité* "in *partibus infidelium*" ("These be your Christian husbands!" as old *Shylock* observes), is now giving us another variant of the farcical liar familiar to playgoers, and it is almost superfluous to add that he makes of *William Waring* the most absurd, helpless, hopeless, mirth-provoking dissembler that, in the given circumstances, can possibly be imagined. *William Waring* does not want to lie, he is not an adept at deceit, but he has been placed by his providential author, Mr. GEORGE ARLESS, in such a position as makes it compulsory on him to follow the excellent example of such precedents as have been afforded him by *The* (previous) *Liars* at the Criterion, and by the heroes of *Le Mari à la Campagne*, *Saucy Sally*, *Madame Mongodin*, et toute la boutique, to recall whose names requires no great effort of memory. But every one of those pastmasters in the art of lying had some method in their madness, and in each case the principal sinner, having made his own bed for himself, was forced to lie on it, and to continue lying until released by the dexterous First Cause of all his miseries who arbitrarily forced him to throw off the habit of lying and deposit his suit, as a sacrifice, at the feet of "*Nuda Veritas*."



CYCLING NOTE.

"A FREE WHEEL."

Immensely funny is Mr. HAWTREY, and also Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS as *Henry Lewson* the lesser liar. It is a considerable tribute to the art and popularity of Messrs. HAWTREY, the two ARTHURS, WILLIAMS and PLAYFAIR, and LITLEDALE POWER that they can keep the house in roars of laughter from beginning to end with their stage-business at highest pressure, and by their inimitably droll rendering of the author's easy-going and sharp dialogue.

Were it taken at any other pace than the bewilderingly rattling one at which all concerned in it go a-head at such tip-top speed as to render the words not infrequently unintelligible, thus causing the breathless audience to rely almost entirely upon the rough-and-

tumble of the old pantomime "spill-and-pelt" business (as in those scenes, for example, where the waiter, capitably played by Mr. LITLEDALE POWER, is chucked about and almost flattened out on the floor), the piece would indubitably come to the ground as does the shuttlecock when one of the nimble players misses his stroke.

The ladies, Miss HELEN MACBETH and Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, representing the confiding wives, enter into the spirit of the play thoroughly, and the clever way in which they deal with what might have been a dangerously delicate situation (that is, when they are both in deep mourning for their husbands, supposed to be drowned) is rewarded, at the finish of their scene, with a round of well-merited applause.

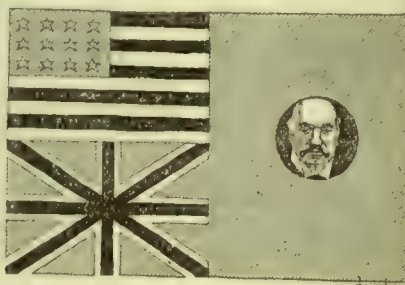
No small amount of the success is due to Miss BEATRICE FERRAR, who, as "quite the lady" in a somewhat equivocal position, acts with all the *verve* and *entrain* that the part (not likely to be a very sympathetic one with the audience) requires.

Mr. PLAYFAIR's Scotch dialect is perfect; by which I mean that as with only "great deeficoolty" I could make out a few words of his utterances here and there, I conclude that he must be the very spit of the canny and, to me, hopelessly unintelligible Scot. Intelligible or unintelligible, his rendering of the character is immensely amusing.

Miss LYDIA RACHEL, as the usual impossible domestic of farcical play, contributes her fair share to the general success, as does Mr. LYSTON LYLE, appearing in the character of *Guy Grinling*, one of the ancient dramatic family of good old uncles, generous, genial millionaires, who have appeared in farces from time immemorial. So, this piece, the latest modern variety of *The Liar*, with Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY and his brisk company keeping the game alive, has come to stay for some little time.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH compliments Mr. RAVEN-HILL, of his own Artistic Staff, on his work in "*Our Battalion, being some slight impressions of his Majesty's Auxiliary Forces in Camp and Elsewhere*," published at the official residence of F. M. Punch, 10, Bouverie Street. There is a breadth of treatment and a humorous dash and go in the sketches that render them so irresistibly comic as to be equally appreciated by the military man with special experience and by the civilian without any.

Old Metropolitan Lady (who has read about the West Indian disasters, perusing poster of Cricket Edition). "COLLAPSE OF SURREY!" Well, what next!



["There is some doubt as to whether or not the English Flag will fly at the masts of the ships of the 'Combine.'"]—*Daily Paper*.]

OUR FLAGS (NOT PAVEMENT) ARTIST SUGGESTS THAT THERE IS A POSSIBILITY OF A CORONATION FLAG AS ABOVE WITH A PORTRAIT OF PIERPONT MORGAN THROWN IN.

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND
QUERIES.

(A Peep into the Future.)

II.

"NOW WE SHAN'T BE LONG" (30th S. viii. 276).—This historic speech I have always understood was made by the Cunard Company at the beginning of the twentieth century, when asked to join the Shipping Trust engineered by the electrician of St. Paul's, Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, who in his spare time dabbled in finance. Properly written, the phrase ran "Now we *shan't* be long."

F. L. M.

This saying originated at the beginning of the SALISBURY Ministry of 1900, when Mr. HANBURY succeeded the Earl of BERKE (then Mr. WALTER LONG) as President of the Board of Agriculture, and, in his determination to remedy some of the defects of his predecessor, took for the motto of himself and his colleagues the words, "Now we shan't be Long."

AERTEX.

RANJI'S HOOK (30th S. viii. 49).—This curious phrase, which frequently occurs in *belles lettres circ. ann. 1900*, has hitherto baffled the research of all inquirers. I was for some time inclined to attach a geographical signification to it—cf. "Hook of Holland"—but am now disposed to regard this view as untenable. There was undoubtedly an Oriental potentate of the name of RANJEE associated with the University of Cambridge. In virtue of his royal descent he was probably a member of King's, and, if so, was almost certainly educated at Eton. Now at Eton the term "Dry Bob" was applied to a certain set of scholars, presumably in consequence of their fondness for dry fly fishing (cf. "Bobbing for dace"). Hence I have little doubt that "Ranji's hook" was a piscatorial implement invented by this RANJEE.

A. L.

TABS (30th S. viii. 423).—To trace the word "tab" to its source is no easy matter. According to *Primrose's Guide to Metaphor* it is an abbreviated form of Tabernacle; but there are alternative solutions. Tabloid, tabby, tabinet, all might have been thus condensed. In the British Museum, however, will be found a cardboard case containing certain white tubes filled with an aromatic fibre—presumably to keep them distended—and bearing the touching legend, "5 a penny." Can there be any connection between Tubes and Tabs? I fear not, as the market price of Tubes at that period was notoriously twopence.

J. CARRERAS.

CROCK (30th S. viii. 88).—Can anyone explain why a word originally signifying a brittle piece of earthenware should be applied as a term of endear-



ON EPSOM DOWNS.

"GET ONTO 'IS NECK, LIKE ME, HAIFRED, AN' THEY'LL TAKE US FOR JOCKEYS!"

ment to horses and men? Perhaps the clue is to be found in the phrase "a crock of gold." Or can the term be an abbreviated form of CROCKETT, a famous moss-trooper whose name was a terror to every Kailyard in Galloway? CROCKETT, who was a sort of northern DICK TURPIN, owned a magnificent Irish hunter called *Cleg Kelly*, for whom he showed such a touching solicitude that in hot weather he invariably provided it with a lilac sun-bonnet. His followers, who were almost equally celebrated, were ANTHONY HOPE the Hermit, MAID MARION CRAWFORD, FRIAR RAPHAEL TUCK, WILL HEWLETT, A. P. WATT-TYLER, and Major POND.

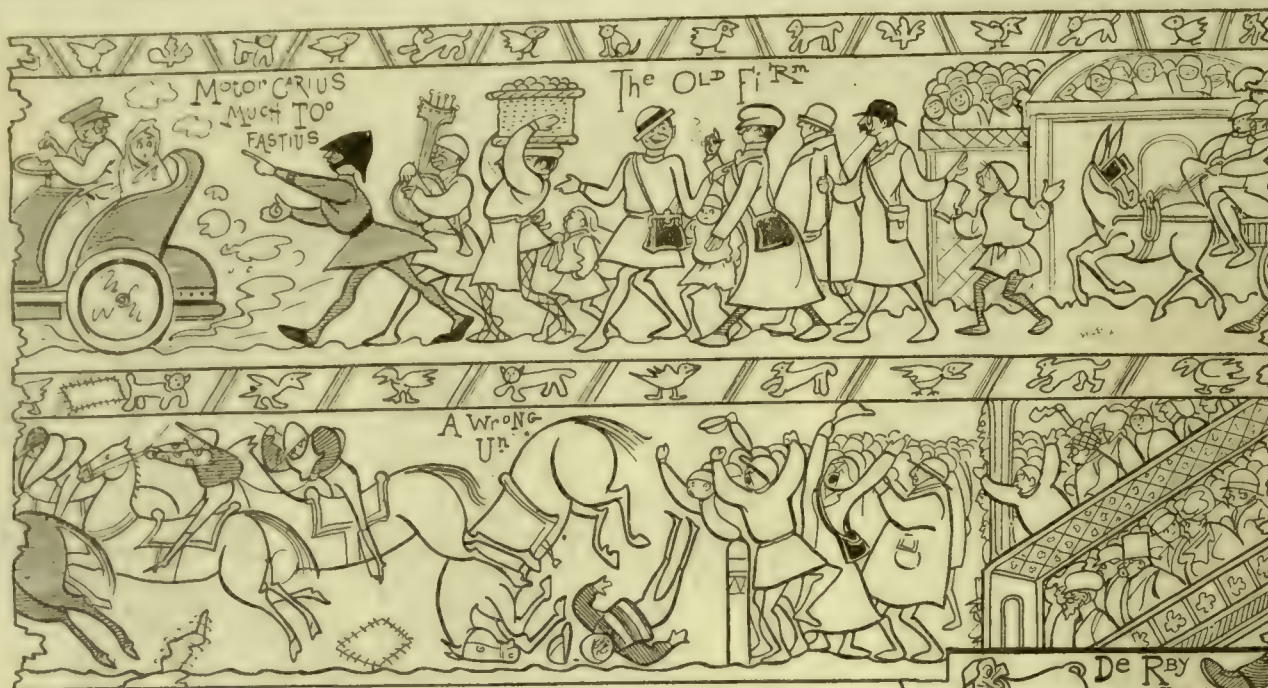
W. R. N.

TAY PAY (30th S. viii. 314).—This nickname was applied, I have heard my grandfather say, to a penurious Scotch member of Parliament named M. A. P.

O'CONNOR at the end of the Nineteenth Century; whose constant phrase when asked to undertake any enterprise was "What's tae pay?"

B. T. R.

NEW POEM BY THE ONLY KIPLING, "BLITHE AND MERRY!"—The last verse quoted as a specimen in *The Times* of Saturday, viz., "Twixt my house and thy house what word can there be," then (3rd line), "Since thy house to my house," and (4th line), "My house to thy house," and so on, reminds us, so far, of the ancient nursery jingle, "Taffy was a Welshman," &c., when "Taffy came to my house," and "I went to Taffy's house." "A plague on both your houses!" as WILLIAM hath it. The Kiplingite poem is "a contribution to the Navy League Guide to the Naval Review."



THE DERBY. TEMP. EDWARD YE FYRSTE.

(From the Bay-rum Tapestry.)

HINTS FOR AMATEUR THESPIANS.

Of Casting the Parts.—Let the company scramble for them. A matron in the prime of life will usually take the youthful heroine, and give the lover to the boy with the nicest manners. Should she have daughters who have put their hair up she may possibly be persuaded to retire in their favour and exercise a mild surveillance from the position of first old woman. A gentleman with a slight facial resemblance to any leading actor of the day will, of course, play his parts. Nothing further is required.

Of Rehearsals.—These should not be overdone. Immediately after dinner—to which the whole company must be invited—will be found the best time for them. If the stage-manager is so ignorant of amateur theatricals as to prohibit general conversation in the drawing-room whilst the rehearsal is proceeding (so far as the furniture will permit), Ping-pong tables may be arranged in the hall for those who are waiting for their cues.

Of Dressing.—This is a more serious matter than any other part of the business. Everyone must look nice, and should wear patent leather

shoes, irrespective of his or her supposed condition in life.

Of Deportment.—If the period be the present, none is necessary. In the representation of a past century, you will find the manipulation of a sword and plumed hat will give to the gentleman wearing them a manner sufficiently distinctive and unlike his behaviour in private life.

Of Postures.—Any difficulty about these may be overcome by perpetual motion. To stand alternately first on one leg and then on the other is an effective and favourite mode of avoiding anything like posing. Love scenes should be conducted at arms' length, in order that the audience may be caused no anxiety on the score of prospective wedding presents. If the curtain does

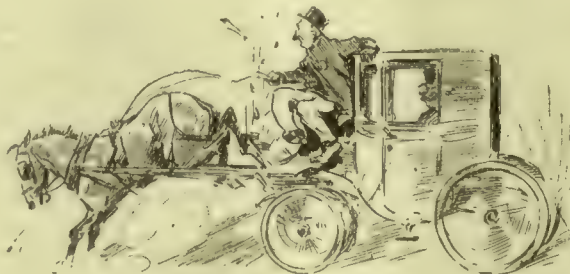


not come down on the final tableau, owing to the prompter witnessing the performance for the first time, the picture need not be held more than five minutes.

Of Acting.—Be particularly natural and lady-like (or gentlemanly as the case may be), as if you were in your own house, or forest glade, or shipwreck, or whatever the scene may be. Never mind the audience—their business is to attend to you, and besides, they have programmes.

Confine your remarks strictly to the people on the stage, in a quiet and confidential manner. Don't take occasional lapses of memory too seriously. Those in front have come expecting to hear the prompter. He always gets a laugh.

Of Elocution.—Leave this to the profession.



STRIKES ONLY ON THE BOX."

It is rumoured that THE MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH will have the refusal of a Coronation peerage. Title: The Earl of AQUASCUTUM?

A SHORT CRUISE.

Monday.—Wire from my yachting friend, HAULTITE—"Join us at Ryde Friday for week-end. Will wire you fully later on." Delightful idea—accepted.

Tuesday.—Ordered blue serge suit. Tried seven shops for "becoming" yachting cap. Bought new kit-bag.

Friday.—No wire from HAULTITE. Wired him. No reply. Very awkward, as last train for Ryde leaves London 4.55. Very perplexed, but finally decide to go. Wire HAULTITE again—this time to his Club at Ryde, giving time of my arrival. Hope I shan't excite remark in my nautical get up. Arrive Ryde 8 P.M. Look for HAULTITE's yawl, *Erratic*. Enquire of nautical lounge. Never heard of *Erratic*. Was it a Thames barge? No?—ah, then he didn't know nothing about no *Erratic*. Leave bag in cloak room, walk to Club steps. No sign yacht's boat. Getting dark, and raining. Walk down Pier, and enquire HAULTITE's Club. "No, Mr. HAULTITE not been there this week." Begin to despair. Fearfully hungry, so dine at hotel. Feel better. Walk up Pier again. Horribly cold, and raining hard. Ten o'clock, and no sign of HAULTITE. Wire his town house. D—ear HAULTITE! Return hotel, and determine to stay night. "Any luggage, Sir?" asks hall porter, eyeing me dubiously. Forgot that. "It's in cloak room," I say. "Then it's too late to get it to-night," he rejoins. Confound it! Compelled to pay in advance, having no luggage. Most humiliating! Go to bed miserable.

Saturday.—Wire from HAULTITE.—"Your fault, old boy. *Erratic* at Southampton." Frantically look out boats. Bolt breakfast and just catch steamer for Cowes and Southampton. Still panting, I drag out HAULTITE's wire and peruse it again. Ha! I had not read last line—"Will pick you up at Ryde!" Almost fainted. Only chance now to get off at Cowes and train back. Two hours to wait for train. Fume about station. Buy all the papers, and several time-tables. Train at last. Old lady, looking at my cap, offers me ticket to clip. Pass on, feeling annoyed. Ryde again. Walk up Pier, and stare westwards in search of *Erratic*. Two hours pass. Then I make enquiries. "Oh, yes—she's been here this mornin'. Boat come ashore and was arskin' for party—stout, elderly party, the skipper said it was, 'e was lookin' for." (Resolved to decrease my tip to skipper.) "And then 'e 'urried orf, sayin' 'e'd leave a message at the Pier 'ead." Enquired Pier head. Note from HAULTITE. "What a queer old buffer you are!" it began;



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

Old Lady. "I WISH YOU WOULD MAKE HIM GO FASTER. I SHALL BE LATE FOR THE MARKET."

Carrier. "WELL, YOU SEE, MUM, HE ALWAYS FALLS ON HIS HEAD IF HE TROTS DOWN-HILL. HE CAN'T TROT UP-HILL, FOR HE'S BROKEN-WINDED, AND IF YOU HURRY HIM ON THE LEVEL HE MOSTLY HAS A FIT OF BLIND STAGGERS, BUT WE'LL TRY IF YOU LIKE, MUM. COME UP, HOSS!"

"you're always running away from us!" I "running away!" Well, if that wasn't adding insult to injury! "Mustn't lose tide, so won't wait now. We'll pick you up about 5 P.M. Au revoir, till then. Look out for us." Looked out all afternoon. Wind dropped light about 3. Lovely day, and I longed to be on water. Hired boat, and rowed about. Waited on Pier till 7.30; then sorrowfully retired to hotel, dined, and went to bed.

Sunday.—Early astir. Flat calm. Passed day on Pier, vainly watching for *Erratic*. At 7 P.M. light breeze sprang up, and yawl, which had been drifting with tide, slowly gathered way and, coming abreast Pier, brought up and anchored. HAULTITE waving arm

frantically on deck. Hurrah! It is the *Erratic*. Boat comes ashore. Luggage fetched, and five minutes later I am on board—at last! "So sorry, old chap; all your fault, of course," says HAULTITE, cheerily. Suppress desire to murder him, and Steward shows me narrow shelf with bedclothes on it. "Last on board, you see, Sir," he says apologetically; "so you take the worst berth." That night, gale sprang up. We pitched terribly. Felt far from well. About 2 A.M. our anchor dragged and we travelled, stern foremost, a hundred yards, nearly fouling Pier.

That was the extent of my short cruise; for next morning—Monday—we had to land early, and catch 8.50 boat en route for town.

TO THE QUEEN.

[Lines read at a Performance in aid of the Queen Alexandra Fund for Soldiers' and Sailors' Families, Garrick Theatre, June 7, 1902.]

LADY and QUEEN! while still the Hours
That wait the tarrying feet of Time
Rehearse their gorgeous pageantry,
Midsummer's golden masque of flowers—
If but the least of graces lie
Within the gifts we bring you here,
These blossoms of the season's prime
Whose short remembrance soon must die
Before the fulness of the year—
Ah! take them, frail and overbold,
Just for the wealth of love they hold.

A little while, and that high festal Day,
Splendid with all that earth can pay
Of loyal duty and of royal dowers,
Shall see you throned and crowned
Beside your Sovereign Lord and ours;
When, loud above the anthem's solemn sound,
The roar of guns and England's myriad voice,
Like thunder rolled across a cloudless sky,
Proclaims him KING by God's own choice,
You, by the KING's, his QUEEN.
Now, ere the spell of that tumultuous scene,
Ere yet an Empire's universal cry
Drown and efface
The homage of the individual heart,
Here, in this silent breathing-space,
Quietly let us speak our thought and say
That as for us, who look beyond the show
Of Majesty's array,
And read your nature, not untaught in grief,
How easily moved by others' woe;
Your tears, for humbler loss, how quick to start,
Your hands, how swift to lend relief—
For us, though dear we hold your fame,
Not any crown nor throne,
Nor no new pomp of queenly pride,
Nor swords that flash salute where Princes ride
Among your retinue; nor banners blown
Above a wondering world's acclaim
Round all our seas, from shore to utmost shore—
Can ever make us love you more,
Or serve you gladlier than we serve to-day.

Such thoughts we have of you this hour,
Lady and QUEEN! who keep your power
Over a nation's common heart
Fixed by the right of Love to reign;
Playing, as now, your gentle part,
Attuned to pity, touched by pain;
And this one prayer to God we lift
That He, Whose guardian hand has been
Ever our strength by stormy ways,
Whose Word has bidden War to cease
In this the month that crowns you QUEEN,
Shall not withdraw His crowning gift,
But grant you still the boon of Peace
To be about you all your days.

O. S.

REJOICINGS.—At Melbourne Chief Justice MADDEN said enthusiastically (but quite sanely, in spite of the lunacy suggested by his name) that he "was proud to belong to the race." The report did not specify what race, but the news arrived the day before the Derby.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday, June 4.—Eton Festivities, Eatin' and Drinkin' Festivities, and the Derby Day. Every Etonian ought on this day to be cheerful, as the old "Surley" part of the programme (so I see by the papers) has been omitted. Derby Day generally observed at Covent Garden by playing *La Favorita* as the only appropriately titled opera; but as the Grand Opera Syndicate, coupled with the names of M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER and Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, had evidently received the "straight tip" as to *Sceptre* being "nowhere," the Favourite was not brought out of the Operatic stable, but instead the sweet *Lucia*, dear to us from childhood's days and familiar to everyone who has "done time," and tune, with CALCOTT's pianoforte "arrangements," occupied the bill, the *prima donna* of the evening being Mlle. REGINA PACCINI. A Diva and a Regina! Startling combination! *Vivat Regina!* and indeed this *cantatrice* may be welcomed as an acquisition to the distinguished operatic company. Graceful in action, "slim"—not in the Boer sense—in figure, and above all true in tone and perfect in execution, this REGINA is, as the comic opera of *Dorothy* has it, "Queen of our hearts to-night!" Not a large house; but appreciative and immensely enthusiastic, for the new *Lucia* gave them such an excellent "taste of her quality" as made it clear that *les absents, qui ont toujours tort*, were the losers, temporarily and tunelessly, in this particular case. In the mad scene, familiar as it is to all opera goers, REGINA was heartily encored, called and recalled. Signor CARUSO was very good as the unhappy *Edgardo*, the audience paying him the exceptional compliment of remaining till the finish in order to be quite sure of his "making a good end." *Edgardo* did not disappoint them; dying melodiously. Signor SCOTTI, an Italian of Caledonian extraction, and therefore the very man for this Northern-Britannic-Walter-Scottian opera, most suitably played and sang the part of *Enrico*, otherwise *Enery*. Orchestra under (considerable distance under) Signor MANCINELLI, first-rate; and the chorus, representing the operatic notion of "Scot and lot" (a very good lot), at their best. So ends the Operatic Derby Night, notable for the success of REGINA PACCINI.

Friday.—*Aida*; or when in doubt play trumps. It is a grand opera, requiring grand singing, grand acting, grand scenery, and moderately grand dancing. Madame NORDICA, like "little DAVY" GARRICK, who "when in a passion" was six foot high, rises to every operatic and dramatic occasion, and dominates the scene. It is, indeed, a first-rate cast. Madame KIRKBY LUNN superb as Egypt's fair daughter; CARUSO, as *Rudames* of the Guards (Egyptian), "in shining armour clad," admirably representing the armoured soldier; Signor SCOTTI most effective as *Amonasro*, the black King, who knows all the moves on the board; M. JOURNET, as *The King of Egypt* (name and dynasty not mentioned), strongly represented the Monarch with, evidently, an excellent constitution; while M. PLANÇON, as *Ramphis*, gave us his richest, deepest, basso-profundissimo notes, showing how low a High Priest could descend if he liked. The March of the Trumpets, in Act II., seems to pervade the melodies of Act III. After every Act enthusiastic applause, and the six principals, tired of the recurring recalls, varied the monotony of the proceedings by lugging in the Merry MANCINELLI, highly delighted, and merrier than ever. A grand night of a Grand Opera. *Vive Verdi!*

WE TAKE OUR PLEASURES SADLY.

"IRON ACTON Parish Council have resolved to purchase, out of the rates, a wheeled bier to commemorate the Coronation."
—*Western Daily Press*.



C.E. Brock 1902

A LET DOWN.

Professor Blinkers. "I HOPE YOU DID NOT FIND MY LECTURE TOO TECHNICAL, MISS BAYNES!"

Miss Baynes (with pride). "OH NO, PROFESSOR. I WAS ABLE TO FOLLOW IT ALL."

Professor B. "I AM GLAD OF THAT, AS I TRIED TO MAKE IT INTELLIGIBLE TO THE MEANEST COMPREHENSION."



"WHERE COMMERCE LONG PREVAILS."

["To ARTISTS.—Workman's cottage to let."—
Advt. in "Country Life."]

HERE where the woods are pleasant
With greenery above,
Here where the gay cock-pheasant
Crows to his lady love,
Where oak trees old and knotted
Spread wide their welcome shade,
Behold them round you dotted—
The stately homes of Trade.

This mansion where a Tudor
Was wont of old to bring
His royal court—*proh pudor!*
Here reigns the Sausage King.
That heavy pile half hidden
Amid its wooded hills,
Whence Norman knights have ridden—
Is owned by Purple Pills.

That castle with the banner
Is kept on tea and hams,
This noble moated manor
On marmalade and jams.
The prince of corset makers
Is lord of these domains,
And over those fair acres
A Bond Street tailor reigns.

But in this workman's cottage
What rustic STREPHON shares
The frugal mess of pottage
That PHYLLIDA prepares?
Here, in the *res angusta*
That breaks the stoutest heart,
Lives on his simple crust a
Poor devotee of Art.

A SERENADE.

O Cook divine, at Number Nine,
The stars upon your ROBERT shine,
But fairer still, amid his tramp,
The radiance of your area-lamp;
For now the precious hour is near
When he may share your goodly cheer.
Ah, LIZA, give his soul relief!
Say, is it rabbit-pie or beef?

O Cook divine, at Number Nine,
Behold your ROBERT peak and pine!
The heart that beats beneath the blue
Is empty (and the stomach, too).
Then hasten with your bounteous fare,
And love and hunger both repair.
Ah, LIZA, solve his anxious doubt—
Say, is it bottled-ale or stout?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You may be interested to hear the lamentable result of a recent act of generosity on my part. Sir, I have an aunt. She is not young, is in fact verging on old age, and has no family save cats, and after all one can't leave one's property to cats. Accordingly I sent her by post a copy of last week's *Punch*, carefully marking the page which contained certain rules

Cheeky Gallery Boy (to Manager of small Provincial Theatre where the business has been uncommonly bad). "I SAY, GUV'NOR, YOU AIN'T RUNNIN' A PIERCE AS IS IN IT WITH THIS 'ERE!"

for treating cats. Unfortunately just above this article appeared a sketch by "L. R. H." of a very inferior Highland private, in whom a subaltern detected a resemblance to an aunt of his. I am now in disgrace. Yours, NEPOS.

AN EASY ONE.—"Twixt my house and thy house what word can there be?" asks RUDYARD. Without going very deeply into the matter, one would suggest the word "and" as a possible solution of the conundrum.

**THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.**

Minor Poet (disturbed in contemplation by convivial enthusiasts "*pacificking*" under his window). Ah! When will this Peace be over?

From a report of the first Test Match in the *Birmingham Daily Post* we gather the following gem of classic erudition:—"LEONIDAS certainly fought no harder for XERXES than TYLDESLEY did for MACLAREN and the old country." This is, of course, perfectly true; but is it not somewhat faint praise for TYLDESLEY?

A MUSICAL MATINÉE.

To those lucky individuals who, on most afternoons, find themselves with a stock of spare time on hand, and would spend it to the best advantage, that is, for their own benefit and *pour encourager les auteurs* [et les compositeurs], a visit to one of Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN's Recitals at Steinway Hall is hereby strongly recommended, with, however, the proviso that the entertainment must be at least up to the high concert-pitch of excellence attained by the Concert Recital given on Monday, June 2, whereat this deponent assisted, to his great delectation, shared, without diminution of his own enjoyment, by a crowded and alertly appreciative audience.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN sang two songs with breezy titles, evidently intended to be accompanied by wind instruments, namely, "*The Windmill*," and "*The Rose will blow*," both, as the programme stated, "*by Desire*"—a composer whose name is new to me, but perhaps he wrote the words, as the composers appear as "*TEMPERLY*" (good Temper-ly) and "*KING*," whose name is, to the music publisher, at once suggestive of "*Royalties*."

Then, later on, Mr. HAYDEN (why drag in the Coffin on so lively an occasion?) sang to perfection "*A Land of Roses*" (still, like Love, "among the roses"), then "*Life*," and "*A Song of Gladness*," all by TERESA DEL RIEGO, who, already a charming composer, proved herself likewise so sympathetic an accompanist, that no one could complain that her thus coming forward in *propria persona* was Ri-ego-tistical. On the contrary, how delightful to be always so harmoniously accompanied by TERESA through "*Life*," in "*A Land of Roses*," ending, like a swan, with "*A Song of Gladness*!"

MAURICE FAROA was at his best in "*Brune ou Blonde*," and "*C'est mon ami*." Mr. HERBERT STANDING, who walked on to the platform in a casual sort of way, as if he had quite by chance heard that something was going on at Steinway Hall, and so, being in the neighbourhood, had just looked in, told some capital stories. As the audience took every one of them most readily, Mr. STANDING, becoming more and more astonished at the receptivity of the audience as he added to the number of his humorous anecdotes, at last, amid loud and prolonged applause, quitted the platform, "leaving his tales behind him."

Among other selections, all first-class, including romance and serenade by that excellent artiste M. HOLLMAN, passionately straining his violoncello close to his heart, and affectionately inclining his left ear to catch its lightest tones (thus dramatically conveying the idea to the very life of a serenade on this instrument under his lady's window—delightful idea!—with a porter to carry the instrument when the "serenade" should be finished!), was a skilled performance on the violin by a youthful artist, ARTURO TIRALDI, followed by a lively scene entitled "*A Musical Monologue*," capitably given by Miss LILIAN ELDER, who collaborated with LIZA LEHMANN in its composition; three telling songs, effectively sung by Miss EDITH JEFFERIES; and then appeared Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR with his marvellously life-like imitations of our popular comedian CHARLES WYNDHAM, of WEEDON GROSSMITH, an excellent, though a little too accentuated one of BEERBOHM TREE, and a superbly absurd reproduction of the style, manner, and peculiarities of Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Quite a triumph. But why doesn't Mr. PLAYFAIR bring them all together playing in one short piece? Finally, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, with somewhat chastened humour, in consequence of the song being better suited for stage rendering by a *bas comique*, and requiring more action than could properly be thrown into it on the platform, sang the buffo ditty, "*From rock to rock*," which was first in *Il Contrabbandista* and then in *The Chieftain* at the Savoy. This, as a "*Hayden's Surprise*," "went" capitably, and completed an excellent entertainment.

ALL ABOUT THE CORONATION.

(To Miss Isabella Smith Schuyler, Fifth Avenue, New York City.)

MY DEAR MISS SCHUYLER,—This letter will, I hope, catch you before you embark on one of your new combination ships for this country. That you should desire to see the Coronation Festivities is natural, for you represent what we now, I suppose, consider to be the two greatest branches of the Anglo-Saxon tree. The SMITHS are, of course, an ancient British family. Many of them, indeed, are actually domiciled in this little Island up to the present day, and you should have but little difficulty in finding amongst them those long-lost relatives of whom you spoke with so fine a family feeling in your last letter! As to the SCHUYLERS, do we not all know that they are Dutch to the backbone—that part of them, at least, which is not British to the core in virtue of being SMITH,—and are we not all of opinion at this moment that the Dutch are bound to us for ever by ties of blood and love and friendship, to say nothing of the three millions of solid British sovereigns to be granted to them in South Africa? It is plain, therefore, that as a SMITH SCHUYLER you will have a great welcome when you land on these shores.

You ask for information. Let me proceed to give it. No, it is not *usual*—I will not go further than that—for our peers to wear their state robes either at dinner or when walking or driving in our Hyde Park. I know no special reason for this abstention from ceremony, but I have no doubt that the shape and size of the legs of our peerage have something to do with it. It has been my privilege to gaze upon the bare legs of a Duke while engaged in bestowing on himself the order of the Turkish bath, and I can assure you that they were of exiguous proportions and painfully deficient in that straightness to which the legs of stage Dukes have unfortunately accustomed us. Not to put too fine a point upon it, this particular Duke (whose name not all the fiery mustangs of your rolling prairies shall drag from me) was unquestionably knock-kneed. This physical defect, accentuated as it was by a highly bashful and shrinking disposition—oh, yes, our Dukes do shrink, I assure you—prevented him from taking any pride in the gorgeous hose which tradition assigns to his rank, and, as a matter of fact, he never wore them. You know, for you have studied the matter, how far we carry our insular ideas of caste and social precedence. If a Duke refuses to wear his robes amongst his friends, how can a Marquis, or an Earl, or a Viscount, his inferiors, wear them? I say nothing of mere Barons, for they are, as you are aware, the pariahs of the peerage, and are always compelled to walk backwards in the presence of greater peers. In any case, I am afraid you will not be able to distinguish our peerage by its robes, except perhaps on Coronation Day itself.

You ask me to provide a peer or two, and at least one Poet Laureate for the dinner which you are good enough to allow me to offer you in my humble home. I have already ordered them, and anticipate no difficulty in satisfying you. But I may, of course, fail to get a peer, and I want to know if in that case a Baronet would be any pleasure to you. I have two in stock—one large and round and purple, the other thin and of a yellowish tinge. The first is of a recent creation—something connected with finance and cheques to a political party; the second, however, dates back to JAMES THE FIRST, which is as far as even the best Baronets can go. You are not to believe that, as your *New York Journal* declares, there are Baronets in this country who still preserve in their ancestral halls the blazon of the red hand bestowed upon them by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR after the Battle of Hastings. Baronets are quite easy and affable.

You shall see me slap the purple one on the back and call him TOMMY, and I shall not be committed to the Tower.

As to Poets Laureate, I think I can secure three, one of them being, of course, the chief Court Jester. You have read *Le Roi s'amuse*, and have become acquainted with Triboulet. Well, our Court Jesters are formed on the exact model of Triboulet. The Lord Great Chamberlain has the care of them, and those who like an hour of innocent amusement may watch these little creatures at play in their garden at Buckingham Palace on any fine morning between the hours of 10 and 11—tickets to be procured from the President of the Board of Works.

I note what you say about King EDWARD. He is, indeed, all that your fancy can paint him in the best and brightest colours, but he does not, as a rule, give sittings for Kodak snaps. Your request, however, shall be laid before him.

My regards go with this to your excellent parents. I trust they will enjoy their trip under your care.

Sincerely yours,

ALURED MONTMORENCY.

HOBSON AGAIN.

[MR. KUBELIK, the famous young musician who has lately returned from America, has been giving an account of his adventures in that country. "At no place could he entirely escape the ladies. . . . They crowded round him, seized him by the lapel of his coat, tore sprays out of the wreaths presented to him, and, worst of all, tried to kiss him."]

From the "Daily Male."—"During his visit to America Sir H-NRY IRV-NG was never the subject of such a demonstration as he got at the Lyceum on Friday night. At the conclusion of the performance a dozen fair admirers of the famous actor rushed on the stage and embraced him heartily. At length Sir H-NRY was rescued by his fellow-actors, but the attack had been delivered with such *élan* that little was left him besides his reputation."

From the "Daily Female."—"A unique ovation" was awarded the popular G-LB-RT J-SS-P on his return to the Pavilion after compiling a century in 55 minutes. A number of ladies, in the ecstasy of admiration, rushed towards the famous cricketer, and attempted to seize his paraphernalia as souvenirs of the occasion. After losing his gloves, one pad, and his bat, Mr. J-SS-P succeeded in reaching the Pavilion."

From the same.—"We understand that Mr. J-SS-P has applied for a warrant for the arrest of three of the ladies concerned, on the charge of assault and first-class battery. We can only once again express our determination to up-



DAVID WILSON.

AT THE ACADEMY.

Maud. "SHALL WE LOOK IN NOW, ETHEL, AND SEE THE BLACK AND WHITE MEN?"
Charlie (who has not been enjoying himself, delighted with the prospect of something Earl's-Courty). "OH YES, AUNTY, LET 'S!"

[Subsequent disappointment when he finds only MORE pictures.

hold at all costs the claims of Woman's Rights."

From the "Morning Monocle."—"The C-L-N-L S-OR-T-RY, on arriving at Birmingham the day before yesterday, was met by a large crowd, the female portion of which could not be restrained. They surrounded the Rt. Hon. Gentleman, and congratulated him violently on the declaration of Peace. They seized his eye-glass and button-hole, and even endeavoured to kiss him. Yesterday Mr. CH-MB-RL-N, who has been suffering from severe shock, was reported to be better."

From the "Daily Dum-dum."—"Lord K-TCH-N-R received a tremendous ovation

at Southampton on his return from South Africa. The feminine element was especially to the fore, and gave the General an embarrassing time during the few minutes before he left for Waterloo. The attack was made with great courage and spirit by the Committee of the Ladies' Society for the Propagation of Bridge amongst the Boers, who solicited his patronage, and, incidentally, a subscription. Matters were approaching a crisis when the bugle of a relieving force (i.e., the engine-whistle) was heard, and the train steamed out to the strains of 'Good-bye, BERTIE, must you leave us?'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

UNLIKE the "needy knife grinder," Mr. TOM GALLON has a story to tell, and, "God bless you!" (continuation of adapted quotation) he tells it well. In *The Dead Ingleby* (HUTCHINSON) he breaks fresh ground, quitting familiar haunts in London to visit Paris and do a little brigandage in Italy. But he takes with him his Cockneys of the DICKENS type, who disport themselves after their kind, whether in the Champs Elysées or in the Alps. The plot of the story is a fine theme, the sacrifice of love and fortune by an elder brother for the sake of a younger. It is melodramatic, of course. But of the good old genuine kind, rarely sampled in these days of higher culture. Mr. GALLON's ingenuity and invention are boundless. One dramatic scene follows another in quick succession, till the reader, thinking he will really go to bed now, finds it is already morning and the book finished. "For putting a Gallon of adventure into the Quart pot of a six-shilling novel, I'll back Tom," says my Baronite.

The Westcotes, by A. T. QUILLER-ROUCH (ARROWSMITH), is a simple story of which the first half is told in a manner somewhat too loitering for any one impatient of details, but as it develops, its true pathos and genuine comedy take hold of the reader, who will finish the book with a sigh of sympathy for the sweet woman of whose gentle life and absorbing love this is the seemingly faithful record.

In a paper entitled *Books of To-day and Books of Tomorrow*, issued from HATCHARDS, 187, Piccadilly, and edited by ARTHUR PENDENTS, the Baron comes across this paragraph under the heading "Clippin' Pages," purporting to be an original notion occurring in "*An Onlooker's Note-book*:"—

"THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE RICH.—There is an excellent Order of Roman Catholic ladies called 'The Little Sisters of the Poor,' who beg alms and broken meat from door to door. A graceless but amusing youth, a younger son of a great family, used to call himself and his congeners 'The Little Brothers of the Rich,' and declared that their pitiful and destitute condition appealed irresistibly to the kind hearts of Belgravia and Mayfair. —*Ibid.*"

This idea, said to have been "started by a graceless but amusing youth," is to be found in pages 45 to 48 of *Happy Thought Hall*, published some twenty-five years ago by the Proprietors of *Punch*, and illustrated by the author, who certainly, a quarter of a century ago, was not exactly a "youth," while as to "graceless and amusing"—well, all depends whether "The Onlooker," who has made use of the idea in his "Note-book" without any sort of acknowledgment, intended this description of the writer to be complimentary or the reverse. The author of *Happy Thoughts* and *Happy Thought Hall* takes this opportunity, with the Baron's permission, of correcting the statement that "he was a younger son of a great family." He was neither an elder nor a younger son; as a son he was unique. Of *Happy Thought Hall* the copies, in consequence of their rarity, are now within measurable distance of being priceless.

"No. 21, New Series—Old Series 1,103." Such is the note on the first page of "the DICKENS Number" of *Household Words*. And how interesting, not only to "Dickensians" and "Boz Brothers," but to the English-speaking, English-reading public, British, Colonial, and American. The first page gives us a portrait of DICKENS in '58, and on the last is LUKE FILDEN'S touching picture, entitled "The Empty Chair." That chair no author—be he who he may—and it is such an easy modern affectation to depreciate the great master—has, as yet, filled. There is a notable omission in the list of quotations from those who have written in praise of DICKENS—more than one indeed. It is a task worthy of the Editor of *Household Words* to collect the *litera scripta* of those who are prepared to defend the fame of DICKENS against all comers. That this idea may be carried out to its very last and best expression is the wish of

THE BARON DE B.-W.

LIFE IN THE MOON.

["It may be believed that, after all, organised life may have found a congenial home in our 'lamp of night.'"—*Daily Paper.*]

MAN in the moon (if such there be)
Whom have you there for company?
Does new-made peace now gladden you?
Have you a Coronation too? •
Has MORGAN bought your land and sea?

Does BACON claim your SHAKESPEARE's due?
Do "flannelled fools" their cult pursue,
And oafs assault the referee,
Man, in the moon?

Have you a ROSEBERRY? a C.-B.?
MARIE CORELLI? BEERBOHM TREE?
A Twopenny Tube?—pray give a clue
To solve such doubts to mortals who
At present know no more than the—
Man in the Moon.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

TO-MORROW, Thursday, a most attractive performance will be given at Her Majesty's for the benefit of Mr. HERMANN MERIVALE, who, when utterly ruined through no fault of his own, and bravely setting to work to retrieve his fortunes, was stricken down by illness and is now incapacitated for all work. The result of this Benefit ought to be of real permanent assistance to him, and if this brief announcement may remind some good-natured but very busy persons of a brother-worker, kind but careless, "fallen among thieves," and should succeed in attracting the attention of those who up to now have been unaware of the intended Benefit, and who would not willingly let slip such an opportunity for doing a real kindness, then will it have served its purpose, and Mr. *Punch*, like the great twin brethren *Boz* and *Coz*, "is satisfied."

THE FRENCH PLAYS.

To the Editor of "*Punch*."

SIR,—I took my little girl to hear one of the French plays the other evening, and she could understand very little of it. Now, the object of producing these plays here is, I take it, mainly educational. Might I therefore suggest that the actors and actresses should (except in certain passages) translate as they go along, thus:—"Moi—As for me—je—I—vous—you—hais—hate—serpent—serpent. Pleasure and instruction might thus be combined.

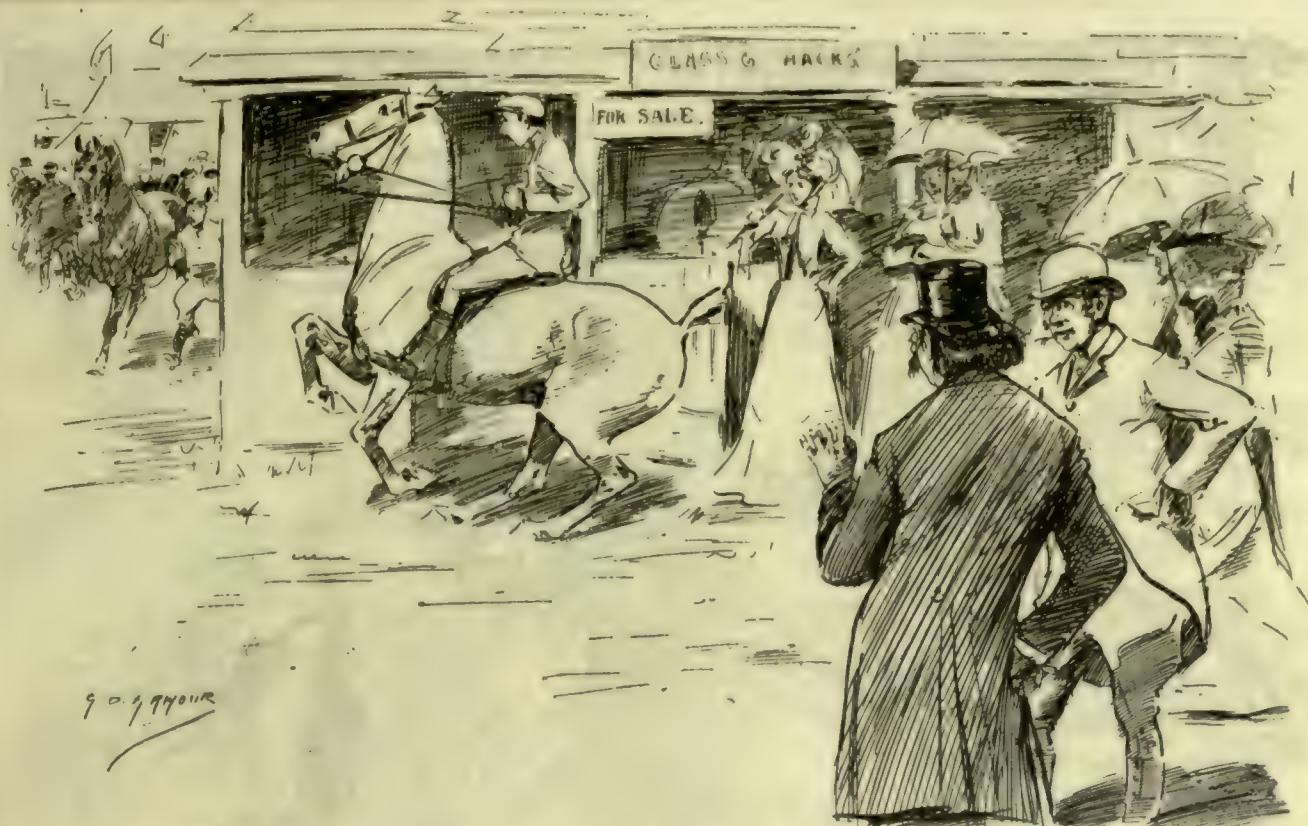
Yours obediently,

A BRITISH MOTHER.

P.S.—I may add that I have also written a sharp letter to the girl's French mistress.

THE AFTERMATH.—Found last week:—60 bonnets, 27 gross Union Jacks, 7 children (of no use to anyone but the owners), 3 lamp-posts, 4 (four) window-sills, 50 bushels bowler hats (damaged), 370 peacocks-full of peacocks' feathers.—Apply Scotland Yard. [Advt.]

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. MUDDLE, "who'd ha' thought of Maccaroni wire ever coming to be used for sending telegraphic messages! And it used to be so good with cheese done in some Irish style and called 'O'Grattan.'"



Dealer (exasperated by questions). "QUIET! WELL BROKE? 'E'LL ANSWER THE DOOR AND WAIT AT TABLE. FACT O' THE MATTER IS I SHOULDN'T SELL 'IM, BUT 'E WON'T MIND THE BABY WEN MY MISSUS IS OUT."

LA VIE À L'ABERNETHY.

OR, "SIXPENCE A DAY, AND EARN IT."

(By Lt.-Col. Spoon'em-Gravies.)

It was a fine spring morning when I set out in quest of *déjeuner*. I had promised one of our most enterprising editors to instruct his readers in the art of "doing yourself well" on a Libiputian allowance; and I purposed that day gathering materials for my first paper, entitled "Little Meals at Threepence Each." I was bound West, my goal being the *Casa Rotona* at Hammersmith—your untravell'd Englishman would call it Rowton House—known to epicures throughout the world for its *cuisine véritablement fine*. As it lies just without the "radius," an hour's tramp brought me to the door. I entered the restaurant, and interviewed the smiling JUNO at the counter. What could she let me have for my three deniers? What culinary prodiges would she make at my instance? The Signora was sorry. There was verri leetle 'sta mattina. It was Friday, and la Casa was making *maigre*. Still, she would look . . . Ah! si! Some *potage du jour*; a few potatoes; a little Cheddar . . . Real Cheddar!—*Sicuro! Poi.* . . . "Basta! basta!" I urged; "that will be ample."

Having taken my seat, I had occasion

to examine the company. Hard by sat a *plein-air* artist in chalks, wearing the faded *complet* and the flowing locks of his kind. A table off, were lunching four well-groomed youngsters, brother-officers of the "Brigade," judging by their smart *corpe-du-Roi* get-up. My immediate *vis-à-vis* was a pleasant-spoken docker, who let fall that he was out of work. That saved me casting about for my *hors-d'œuvre*! The luncheon upheld the credit of the *Casa*. Simplicity being the key-note of health, a cabbage-leaf cut up in warm water made an excellent *potage santé*. True, the potatoes were too cold and called for their jackets. But the Cheddar was the real thing. It were finical to complain that it was nibbled by mice: for the little brutes will get at everything. As the lettered founder of the House of Rowton, MONTAGU, Lord of that ilk, prophetically observed at the opening of the *Casa*:—"Parturit 'Monty, nascitur' cubicularis mus!" A pull at my friend the docker's jug completed the *ariston*. I append the *conto*:—

Potage santé	- - - - -	1 d.
Pommes rotone	- - - - -	1
Sel	- - - - -	1
Fromage grignoté	- - - - -	1
Pain	- - - - -	1

24

This left me, you notice, one farthing to the good. It procured me a very unique "smoke" at the bar.

For the evening meal, I decided to try what I may call a *petit dîner à Lockarte*. I sought out one of the eponymous "rooms," Pimlico way, and stated my terms. Ever keen on local colour I particularly requested to be given the *plat de la maison*. This I found to consist in a *grillade* of cockroaches, served on toast. The little beggars are kept running about in confinement after the manner of the tanked fish at the *Réserve* at Cannes. You point to your "fancies"; they are killed and cooked while you wait. By way of prelude I chose the "parritch" of Scotland, and, to follow the *plat*, the divine berry whence Arabia drew her old-time felicity. With it, was served the *butterbrod* of colossal proportions which the local *esprit* "d'escalier" has christened a "doorstep." My bill was as follows:—

Hôte-mil à l'écoissaise	- - -	1 d.
Coq-roche sur canapé	- - -	1
Dorstèpe nature	- - -	1
Demi-tasse (café mock-a)	- - -	1
		3

An hour's loaf at Victoria and forty winks at a free library brought a pleasant evening to a close.



"YES, COUNT, IN ALL THE PARK THERE IS NO PLACE I LIKE SO WELL AS UNDER THIS OLD, OLD TREE." (*Sighing sentimentally.*)
 "THESE ARE TENDER ASSOCIATIONS, YOU SEE."
 "AHA, I COMPREHEND, MAM'SELLE. YOU HAVE YOURSELF PLANTED THE TREE!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been studying, with great interest, the "Diary of Peace" provided by your engaging contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*. Its "sequence of events" begins like this:—

"December 16, 1901. The Chesterfield meeting.

"January 25, 1902. Netherland Government despatch to British Government."

And so on. Fascinated by this new mode of historical study, I began to turn up some old diaries of my own, and with the most unlooked-for results. I am, Sir, a remarkably modest man, but it is simply impossible for me, in the light of cold facts, to overlook the truth. And the truth is that, without being in the least aware of it, I have controlled the whole South African War from start to finish, and it is entirely due to me that peace has now been concluded!

You smile incredulously? Very well, then, here is my evidence. And I venture to assert that the connections in my "sequence of events" are quite as

close as those given in the *Westminster's* "Diary of Peace."

Sept. 24, 1899. I sang "*Rule, Britannia*," at a Primrose League gathering.

Oct. 11. The war began.

Nov. 30. I remarked to several men at the Club that our Generals were a pretty poor lot, judging from recent events.

Dec. 17. Announcement made that Lord ROBERTS had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in South Africa.

Feb. 26, 1900. At our tenants' dinner I said that we still trusted the British soldier, and that he would prove worthy of our confidence.

Feb. 27. (The very next day, mark you!) CRONJE surrendered.

June 5. I entered the City. You may say that I do this six days a week for nine months in the year. That, however, is irrelevant. The point you are to notice is that I entered the City on June 5. Now, on that same day, Lord ROBERTS entered Pretoria!

After this you will hardly want further evidence. I might take you through the whole campaign in detail, and show you—by proof which at least one prominent evening paper would

consider sound—that I have been more or less responsible for the "sequence of events" throughout. But I will give you only one further instance.

I am, Sir, a devoted but most unfortunate playgoer. So surely as I start for the theatre I miss my train, or my cab-horse falls down, or the actor whom I want to see falls ill. Now, on May 26 last, I bought a couple of stalls in a certain theatre for the night of June 2. What happened on June 2? You know perfectly well, but for the sake of completeness I will set it down in the style of the *Westminster Gazette*.

May 26. I buy two theatre tickets for June 2.

June 2. News of the terms of peace reach this country, and the streets are impassable.

I need only add, Sir, that as a small reward for my services to the nation, I shall be willing to receive a grant of £100,000 and a Coronation peerage.

Yours truly, A. JONES.

HOW THE COUNTRY RECEIVED THE NEWS.

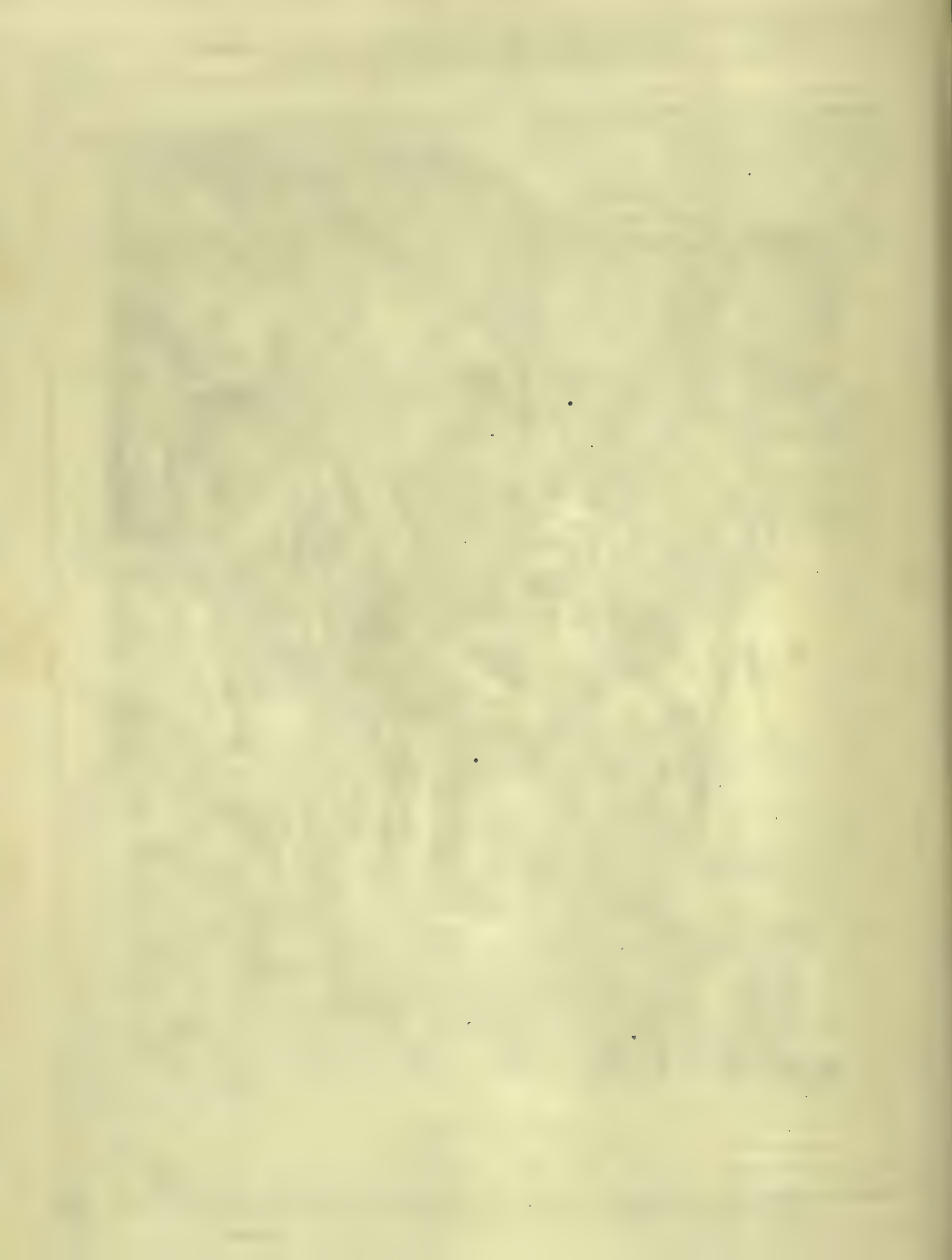
Farmer. Well, GEORGE! Nice growing morning after the War!



“HANDS UP!”

(NEW STYLE.)

[Lord KITCHENER, in addressing the Boer delegates at Vereeniging, touched their hearts by saying that, if he had been one of them, he would have been proud to have done so well in the field as they had done. His statement was greeted with prolonged applause.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 2.—Both Houses densely crowded. In each the state of seething excitement that marks rare epoch. Peace at last—the Peace of Pretoria that passeth (in the sense of preventing) all misunderstanding. PRINCE ARTHUR heralds happy event in Commons, the MARKISS waving white wings in the Lords. Characteristic of the MARKISS that when common people are moved to profoundest depths he sits above, serene in icy atmosphere of cynical indifference. Nothing would have pleased him more than absolutely to ignore topic that fills the minds of men. Partially enjoyed the luxury when he first stood at the Table. Noble Lords on floor of House leaned forward to hear his remarks on the settlement of Peace. Privy Councillors, settled like hive of bees on the railed-in space before the Throne, craned their necks to catch the expected syllables. From the side galleries, garlanded with fair ladies in gayest summer frocks, the light of four hundred bright eyes shone upon him.

When the listening throng mastered the meaning of the mumbled sentences, discovery was made that the PREMIER was not talking about Peace, but about PAUNCEFOTE, late the KING's Minister at Washington. In absence of warlike Leader of Opposition, on this day of peace out with his commando on active service in the field, TWEEDMOUTH said a few words echoing the lament for the lost diplomatist. ROSEBERRY, anxious to demonstrate the unity of the Liberal Party, said ditto to the deputy of the fighting Red Earl.

Then followed a pause. The MARKISS sat staring straight before him. The Peers looked at each other. The summer frocks in the closely-packed gallery rustled in expectancy. A young thing in white, perched like a dove on the turreted canopy over the Throne, coughed. The MARKISS grudgingly rose, approached the Table, and commenced a fishing excursion in his capacious breast-pocket, from which he brought a printed paper.

"My Lords," he said, glancing round with bored expression, "it might be thought strange if I did not touch upon the question of Peace."

When we come to think of it, it might indeed. One of the drawbacks of high Ministerial condition is that the incumbent must submit to the tyranny of custom, bow to the mandate of conventionality. There was no help for it. Still, the business might be cut short as possible.

"The only information I can give to

your Lordships," said the MARKISS, tugging pettishly at the documents in his pocket, which, like the Boers, were loth to surrender, "is to read the terms of surrender agreed upon and signed."

Here he paused. No one saying, "Never mind," "Don't trouble yourself," "Take them as read," or other polite intimation of desire to fall in with the MARKISS's humour, a gleam of almost spiteful fire shone in his eye. He would frighten them off with hint at the length of the documents, make their flesh creep with apprehension of sitting an hour or so whilst he read. Moreover, if they would go away quietly, they would have printed copies of the docu-



"THE DISTANT, INARTICULATE ROAR OF LONDON."

Net ex-President Kruger, as you might imagine, but the member for East Limerick.

There was an old man of Kiltelly,
Who spoke so torrentially freely,
With a brogue so absurd
That reporters averred
That they much preferred Flavin or Healy.

A Limerick.

ment in their hands within the next hour, and might study it at their leisure. These thoughts, plainly read on the MARKISS's ingenuous countenance, found expression in his next sentence.

"I do not think your Lordships' patience will resent my attempting to read a document which will probably be in print in a few hours."

Observe the "attempting" to read and the "probably" in print. The MARKISS really could not promise in advance to succeed in reading right through the terms of surrender. If noble Lords were so foolish as to insist, he would make the attempt. The fact that he held in his hand a printed copy

for the ordinary mind disposed of all uncertainty as to the form in which the information would be circulated. But the MARKISS could not be expected to know for certain whether the document would be printed or whether those fellows in the House of Commons were not even now writing out copies with a view to distribution. Anyhow it was, in the aggravated circumstances of the moment, really as far as he could go to assume the probability of print.

After this little by-play the MARKISS made a dash at the papers and read the terms of surrender in a loud voice that startled an assembly accustomed to his confidential murmuring into the recesses of his bosom. He was bound to take it out of someone. When, reading Clause V., he came upon the stipulation, "The benefits of this Clause will not extend to certain acts contrary to usages of war, which shall be tried by a court-martial immediately after the close of hostilities," there was ominous ring in his voice as he, perhaps unconsciously, glanced across the table at Lord ROSEBERRY on the corner seat below gangway.

Business done.—Peace proclaimed in both Houses.

House of Commons, Tuesday Night.—The sunlight of the Peace of Pretoria falls with chastened glow on the Front Opposition Bench. How good it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity! The more precious if the condition follow upon one of discord. No more shall the captains of the Liberal host dine at each other. As in other times, with other manners, the hatchet was interred, so now have C.-B. and ASQUITH buried the knife and fork. Over the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's expansive countenance broods content. To-night he can sit shoulder to shoulder with C.-B. undisturbed by consciousness of the presence of HENRY FOWLER on the other side. Happiness of the hour accentuated by the fact that not only is the chasm in the Liberal ranks closed, but the Bill before the House chances to be one on which the Opposition would, in any circumstances, present a united front. All sound on the Education question. Each all one in their opposition to PRINCE ARTHUR and the Machiavellian machinations of JOHN O'GORET.

And this was the happy hour Fortune, in grim mood, selected for the discomfiture of FRANCIS ALLSTON CHANNING, sometime member of the Hove Board of Commissioners, now representative of East Northamptonshire in an admiring Parliament. Has not sat on the Hove School Board without becoming expert on educational questions. Not indisposed to give Committee on Education Bill advantage of his study and meditation. Would have been all right

only for MATTHEW ARNOLD. It is true there were, apart from that stumbling block, some risky passages. More than



"On the contrary, Mr. Chairman."
Mr. Ch-n-n-ng.

once Chairman recalled him from remote irrelevancy.

"I must point out," said the Chairman on a third breach of order, "that the Hon. Member is straying far from the point."

"On the contrary, Mr. Chairman," said CHANNING briskly, and falling into easy attitude, prepared to argue the matter. Committee interrupted with stormy cries of "Order, order." CHANNING explained that when he said "On the contrary," he meant to indicate full compliance with ruling of Chairman. Explanation politely accepted.

Shortly after MATTHEW ARNOLD popped up and spoiled everything. Occurred to CHANNING that the House in Committee on Education Bill, with fifty-one pages of amendments to be dealt with, would like to hear what MATTHEW ARNOLD said, or wrote, on quite another point, thirty-seven years ago. Chairman, with increased sternness of tone, again called him to order. Warned off dangerous ground, he came back to amendment before Committee. Presently the fateful figure rose again and beckoned him to destruction.

"MATTHEW ARNOLD—" said Mr. CHANNING.

"Order! order!" cried the Chairman. "I have thrice warned the Hon. Member for repeated irrelevancy, and must now ask him to resume his seat."

CHANNING never so surprised in his life. Gasping for breath he slowly

dropped into his seat. Paralysis only momentary. But the temporary weakness fatal. Rising to argue the matter out he found LLOYD-GEORGE on his legs, already in full discourse, to which the Chairman, taking advantage of CHANNING's momentary subsidence, had adroitly bidden him.

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

Thursday night.—Irish row played out; £50,000 voted to KITCHENER; thanks to troops. Throng dispersed, leaving Chamber to solitude and Scotch Members.

LORD ADVOCATE in charge of Bill dealing with Fishing Regulations. There was anxious moment when another scene was imminent. Evil communications corrupt Scotch manners. Ordinarily sedate Members from North of Tweed, of late witness to REDMOND Cadet's histrionic performance, showed tendency to imitation. When BLACK boldly asserted that a trout is a migratory animal there was decided movement on benches opposite. Something like echo of stormy cry of "'Vide, 'vide, 'vide," rustled round the Mace. HERBERT MAXWELL, leaping to his feet with evident intention of moving that BLACK be no longer heard, happily hesitated, reined in his passion, and quite calmly observed, "The Hon. Member is in error."

No direct reference made in this little Parliament of pisciculturists to the incident of the afternoon. Naturally Members don't like to think of it, much



"Little Kitch."

Sings:

"I could do, could do, could do, could do,
Could do with a bit"—more.

less to talk about it. The foolish gudgeon made light of by *Gratiano* would never have been taken by such gross



After trying to "raise the wind" in America, Willie R-d-m-n-d raises a whirlwind at Westminster.

bait as to-day caught the lordly salmon by Westminster Bridge. A lout, having possessed himself of an old broomstick, a piece of string, and a bit of fat bacon, awkwardly drops the bait in the stream, and lo! the stately fish, despair of the skilful angler, forthwith rises, and is hopelessly landed.

Here was REDMOND Cadet back again after blustering through six weeks in United States with extended hat gaping for stray coppers. "Not being a bird," as a more delightful countryman said, he could not also be at Westminster. In his absence SWIFT MACNEILL and other esteemed colleagues have been filling the bill. Must make up for lost time.

Opportunity presented itself to-day. House assembled to do honour to the gallant army in South Africa, the flower of it, including "BOBS," being Irishmen. Even KITCHENER could not altogether escape the compelling charm of the Island. Though not of Irish parentage he was born in Ireland. House crowded in desire to do honour to the survivors of the Army, to lament the gallant dead.

Here was opening for bold advertisement. REDMOND Cadet seized it with undisguised avidity. Members perceiving the bait—the gross and palpable bacon aforesaid—for awhile looked on amused at the obvious effort. When REDMOND, disconcerted at this contemptuous indifference, proceeded to accuse KITCHENER of making war on women and children, an impressionable Member opposite bubbled up with cry of "Withdraw!" Another cried "Divide!" The flame of wrath spread. In a minute all was lost, and REDMOND Cadet was master of the situation, purchaser, at the expense of a few coarse words, of one of the cheapest, most

booming advertisements that ever fell to the lot even of an Irish Member.

Business done.—£50,000 voted to KITCHENER, and thanks of Parliament to the Army in South Africa.

HOW TO REVIVE THE THAMES TRAFFIC.

(By a thorough Man of Business.)

BUILD steamers *de luxe*, replete with every comfort. Magnificent saloons, first-class restaurants, exquisite smoke rooms. Let every boat have a noted *chef* on board, and recruit the officers and crews from the best material of the Shipping Combine.

Having secured your fleet, look after the musical arrangements. Only the best military bands should be engaged. These orchestras might be supplemented by some of the more famous Hungarian combinations. Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE might be secured at an appropriate honorarium to act as Harmonious Managing Director.

During the summer months the fleet should be illuminated with the finest devices, and the chief of the firework manufacturers should control the *feu d'artifice*, the end of the night's entertainment.

To render the steamboats more attractive, morning and evening performances should be organised with the assistance of Sir HENRY IRVING, Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and the other actor-managers of the principal metropolitan theatres.

This scheme might be carried out with the friendly assistance of the L.C.C. and the mayors of the various riverine boroughs, and the direct aid of the Houses of Parliament.

As the expenses would be considerable, perhaps it would be as well to charge somewhat higher rates than were customary in the past. The tariff might be half-a-crown a voyage between pier and pier. There might also be a pass for a couple of months at the cost of five pounds.

A Better and Cheaper Way.—Make a tube under the bed of the Thames and sell the tickets for twopence.

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

[With apologies to the author of "What Famous People Eat" in *Diet v. Drugs*, wherein Mrs. BROWN-POTTER states that, owing to her reliance on milk, three Alderney cows "live principally" for her.]

Mrs. LANGTRY writes: "At the Imperial Theatre I take milk—in fact, no fewer than fifteen Jersey cows are kept in the stalls for my nourishment."

The Marquis of SALISBURY wires: "I prefer Nepenthe to all other mineral waters."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Secretary replies:



Daily Herald.

PEACE DAY REJOICING—THE RULING PASSION.

Respectable Elderly Gent (carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment—to stranger).
"EXCUSE ME, SIR, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN PURCHASE SOME SORT OF A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT?"

"I am instructed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to say that no diet is so nutritious as one's own words. He further asks me to draw your attention to his recent speech at Birmingham, in which he remarks, 'What I have eaten, I have eaten.'"

Sir JOHN GORST finds, at the close of a hard day's work, that there is nothing so sustaining as a saucer of Devonshire cream.

Miss MARY CHOLMONDELEY is a vegetarian. "I live," she writes, "exclusively on red pottage."

M. SANTOS-DUMONT sends a Marconigram: "S. S. S. Like the chameleon I live on air."

Mr. JOSEPH DARLING, the Australian Captain, writes: "Until recently, Yorkshire pudding used to agree with me. I am now revising my regimen."

Mr. TREE writes: "Paradoxical as it may seem to those who have gazed on my spare proportions, I am never so happy as when placed before a rôle with plenty of fat in it."

SEATED.

Police Constable (in reply to enquirers).
I think, Sir, you will find the National Gallery behind Block A, and I have been told that the Horse Guards is in the rear of Block K, and another constable said as how it was reported that New Scotland Yard was masked by Block 2. But I am a bit of a stranger here myself, and shall know London better when they have taken away the scaffolding!

MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

(To Postumus, on going down to Eton
for the Fourth of June.)

Labuntur anni;
Tell me, how can I
Judge of the cost to my
Joyousness, POSTUME,
To see new faces
In the old places?
Anni fugaces!

Surley, the Brocas,¹
Seem but to mock us.
All's changed, 'tis plain;
All—bar the rain.
So, in our pain,
Clubwards again,
There, with a bottle
Memory to throttle,
Charging its cost to me—
Or to you, POSTUME?

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND
QUERIES.

(A Peep into the Future.)

III.

"THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE"
(30th S. viii. 238).—I have heard my
great-grandfather say that a song of this
name was current about the time of the
Coronation of EDWARD THE SEVENTH, but
no research in musical archives has
revealed anything of the kind. In a
speech of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNER-
MAN, a Radical leader of the day, I find,
however, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN described at
the same period as a bee extracting
vitriol rather than honey from the
flowers on which he browsed. This
may give us the clue. Looking upon the
word "Honeysuckle" as a corruption,
in the manner of THACKERAY'S *James's*
"upper circle," and taking into con-
sideration the reception of this speech
of CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN (or C.-B., as he
was called) by the English aristocracy,
we get "The Hupper Suckle and
C.-B."

B. B.

BOUNDER (30th S. viii. 198).—This
term, connoting the attribute of irre-
pressible elasticity, bulks largely in the
literature of the later Victorian epoch.
Dismissing as too obvious the derivation
"one who bounds," i.e. a springy
mover who progresses "by leaps or
bounds," I am disposed to trace the
origin of the word to one or other of
the following sources. (1) My great-
grandmother in a private letter alludes
to a new novel by an author named
DICKENS, in which one of the principal
characters is named *Bounderby*—a large,
aggressive person of a bullying disposi-
tion; (2) "Bounder" may be a con-
densed form of "abounder," i.e. a
person of exuberant and overflowing

spirits, cf. the phrase "full of beans";
(3) Inasmuch as the term conveys a
subtle social disparagement, perhaps it
should be connected with "bound," i.e.
"boundary"—thus signifying one who
was on the fringe of society, in other
words, an "outsider." C. K. S.

May not the word "Bounder" be a
variant of "bounding brothers?" As
to the precise identity of the famous
pair there is a conflict of evidence.
The "Two Macs" perhaps have the
largest number of partisans. For my
own part I have little doubt that one
was a notorious performer named HALL
CAINE; the other may very likely have
been BOBBY ABEL, an illustrious athlete,
whose face was a perfect oval, and who
was famed for a "boundary stroke,"
whatever that may mean. C. H. F.

This is apparently another name for
a heart. At least so I gather from a
perusal of Mr. W. E. H. LECKY'S poems,
where the poet addresses that organ in
the phrase

"Down, little bounder, down!"

B. S.

SEDDONISMS (30th S. viii. 93).—A Sed-
donism was the term applied to the
obiter dicta of one SEDDON, a New
Zealand chieftain and fire-eater in the
reign of EDWARD THE SEVENTH. SEDDON
made a tour of the world at the time of
that monarch's coronation, dressed in
native costume, hurling the boomerang
on the slightest provocation, and utter-
ing terrifying battle-cries, the most
intelligible of which were "All for
JOE," "Unconditional Surrender," and
"Maoriland, my Maoriland."

JOHN WINKS.

Surely SEDDON, who gave his name to
these tropical flowers of speech, was the
same satrap who encountered King
LEWANIKA, of Barotseland, in the Green
Park during the Coronation Procession.
The quarrel grew out of a question of
precedence. LEWANIKA was armed with
his trusty Gambella; SEDDON made
vigorous play with the jaw-bone [of a
prime cold-storage Canterbury ram.
During the fifteenth round they were
stopped by Lord Highbury—then Mr.
JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—and removed in
separate ambulances to the Colonial
Office.

H. P.

TAY PAY (30th S. viii. 314).—Referring
to a previous note on this subject, let
me point out that the O'CONNORS seem
to have intermarried with that family
of Oriental Potentates which produced
the RANJİ to whom, by a rare coinci-
dence, you allude in a neighbouring
note. Certainly, in the early twentieth
century we read of a famous singer who
visited England and called herself the
Princess TE RANGI PAI. One is tempted
to trace collusion here. L. B. W.

EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.

I WALKED within a garden fair,
Where many a flower did blow,
I saw a little Rosebud there,
The effigy of woe.

Upon its stem its little head
Hung pensively awry;
Its little cheeks were over-red,
A tear stood in its eye.

My heart within me wept to see
That little Rosebud cry;
In tones of tender sympathy
I gently asked it why.

The tears gushed forth, a welling tide;
With sobs its breast was torn;
"Ah, me!" the little Rose replied,
"I've s-s-sat upon my thorn!"

DRAWN FROM ALL QUARTERS.

A GOOSEBERRY is reported from Devon-
shire.

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN plays the
flute.

Lord SALISBURY has never worn a
"bowler" hat.

There are eighteen policemen in the
London force with no hair.

Mr. HALL CAINE'S chest measurement
is 27 inches.

The new Cunard Liner *Mania* is
propelled by steam.

A tramp arrested yesterday at West
Bromwich had two legs.

A Brondesbury rat has eaten the
rind from a piece of bacon.

There are 27,413 hairs on Mr.
PADEREWSKI'S head. A Californian lady
has counted them through a telescope.

Eight million bricks were used in
building Sir ERNEST CASSEL'S new
house and stables at Newmarket.

The inventor of the Argosy Braces
made £250,000 by his patent. He
invested half the proceeds in a marble
mausoleum.

"No, thank you," said a burglar,
asked by the chairman of magistrates
at Ashton-under-Lyne if he would like
a seat in the dock.

OVERWHELMING.—In an article in the
Weekly Graphic giving "glimpses of
Queen VICTORIA'S coronation" it is
written: "The Archbishop reverently
placed the crown on her head, upon
which the Peers and Peeresses put on
their coronets, the Bishops their caps,
the Kings of Arms their crowns, amid
the most enthusiastic cheering of all
present. The scene at this time, say
the contemporary accounts, was intensely
exciting." Doubtless. But what about
the hapless girl-QUEEN smothered under
this heap of coronets, caps and crowns?
There must be a mistake somewhere.



HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Bitid. "NOW THEN, ETHEL, SEE ME MAKE A SPURT ROUND THIS CORNER."

First Villager. "WHAT'S UP, BILL?"

Second Villager. "OH, ONLY A GENT AWASHIN' THE DUST OFF HIS BIKE."

LATTER-DAY FABLES.

I.

The Fable of the Native Chief who had a good time for nothing.

A NATIVE Chief of an Unpronounceable Island came to England on a visit to the Foreign Office, where they made much of him and took him round to see Arsenals and Madame Tussaud's and Gas Works and other Sparkling Sights. When the Foreign Office got tired of him because he wanted to see such a lot of things all day, they handed him over to a Well-known Figure in Society, saying these words, "Please look after this Tinted Gentleman and give him a Good Time, and very likely there will be a C.B. for you at the end of it all."

So the Native Chief was handed round at Garden Parties, Afternoon Concerts, and Late Nights. He was really quite a Success, for he had Beautiful Jewels, and on his Face, according to a well-known Lady Journalist, was that Inscrutable Look of the East which implies so much to the Thoughtful Observer. It is doubtful if she knew what she meant, but Everyone thought it Clever, and stood on Chairs to get a sight of the Inscrutable Look.

This went on until the Well-known Figure in Society asked the Native Chief if he would not like to go to a Bazaar and spend some Money. The Native Chief, who had been doing well at Everyone's Expense, thought he would rather not, until it was explained that the Petty Cash could be put down to the Foreign Office. Thereupon the Native Chief expressed his determination to go and spend Heaps.

It was a nice Bazaar in aid of the Suppression of Indigestion, and All Society was there selling impossible Tea Cosies, useless Chair Backs, and unnegotiable Lamp Shades at Famine Prices. When the Native Chief came along with the Inscrutable Look and the Well-known Figure in Society, everyone was delighted.

"These Dear Natives are positively Gorgeous in their Lavishness. We will sell him Many Things," said High-born Ladies, as they crowded



A NEW HERALDIC "PIECE."

THE ROYAL ARMS "DISARMED" AND ADAPTED TO A VERY SPECIAL OCCASION.

him up with Articles of no Apparent Worth at Large Prices. He bought Everything that was set before him, and one Humorous Person of the Male Persuasion sold him a Sardine Opener from the Refreshment Room for Five Pounds, and told him it was a Cigar Lighter. When anyone asked the Native Chief for vulgar Money he referred them, with that Inscrutable Look, to the Well-known Figure in Society, who was paying out. This went on until the Purse was Empty and there was hardly anything left in the Bazaar. So the Native Chief went away with Loud Cheers, an Antimacassar over his Back, and the Sardine

Opener clutched firmly in his Right Hand. Next morning the Papers were full of his Opulence and Magnificent Generosity, and Statisticians prophesied that the Society for the Suppression of Indigestion would benefit to an Alarming Extent. Meanwhile, the Well-known Figure in Society was at Home adding up how much he had spent on Behalf of the Native Chief, for he wanted to play Bridge that Night and was uncommonly Short of Money. He found it was a Huge Amount, and went round to the Foreign Office for a Settlement. But the Foreign Office collectively laughed at him, and advised him to try the Native Chief, as they were not at all responsible for his Debts. So he hurried round to the Hotel and found that the Native Chief had just sailed for his Home on a Distant Shore, and left a very Large Bill behind for Settlement by the Well-known Figure in Society. Then there was indeed Trouble. The Well-known Figure in Society had to pay Everything and got no Credit for It, while an Eloquent Mention of the Native Chief was met with a volume of cheers at the Annual Meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Indigestion. The Foreign Office even forgot the C.B., and the Well-known Figure in Society walks about Town a Saddened Man, and won't even go near a Nigger Minstrel Show, for he says it reminds him of a most Painful Experience.

MORAL.—Do a good Turn when you can, but if it's going to cost Anything, get the Money in Advance.

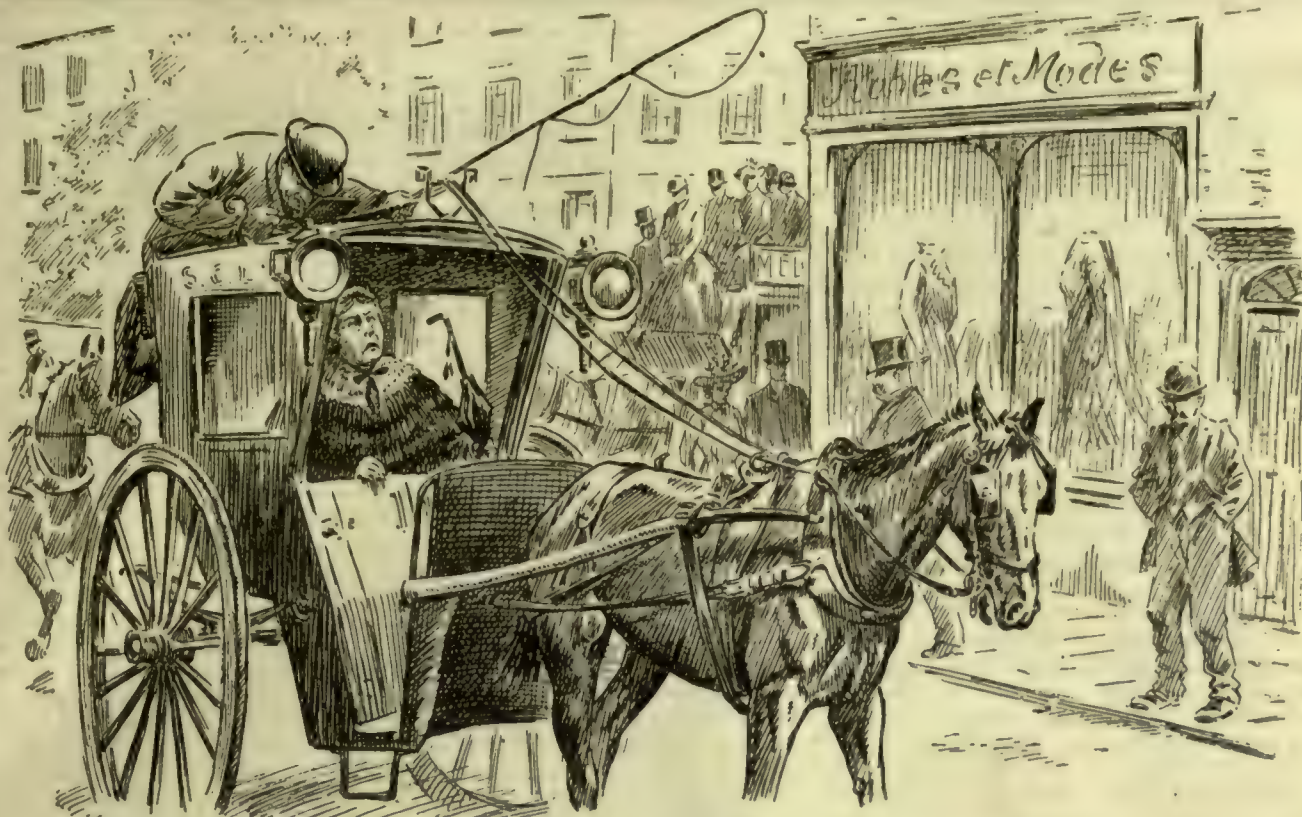


A DISTINGUISHED POLITICIAN ADDRESSING EMPTY BENCHES AT WESTMINSTER.

N.B.—See present aspect of Lord PALMERSTON'S Statue surrounded with Coronation seats.

SOME "BIG BIG D'S."—On Friday last, at the Royal Institution, before the Prince and Princess of WALES and a distinguished audience, Sir BENJAMIN BAKER delivered a lecture on "The Nile Dams." Of course Sir BENJAMIN, with true *politesse*, felt compelled to apologise for having so frequently to use a monosyllable that sounded uncommonly like swearing.

PAX AND PYROTECHNICS.—The most popular form of Firework display for the coming Coronation is "A set Piece."



Fare (to Cabby, engaged "by the hour"). "DRIVE ON, CABMAN, MAKE HIM TROT!"
Cabby. "DURSTN'T DO IT, MUM. YOU SEE HE'S HENGAGED FOR THE PERCESSION NEXT WEEK, AND WE'RE TRAININ' HIM TO THE REG'LATON PAGE!"

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES.—IV.

(A Peep into the Future.)

PADEREWSKI (30th S. viii. 127).—According to ordinary accounts this musician, a pianist of extraordinary aptitude in the spot stroke, was a Pole. But that story has been disproved. **PADEREWSKI** was really of Irish extraction, his home being at Rooskey in County Mayo, six miles from Crossmolina. Hence **PADDY ROOSKEY**. On making his *début* he used his own name, and naturally was greeted with such a shower of brickbats and obloquy as convinced him that no one was at that period (the time of the **REDMOND** dynasty) going to the Emerald Isle for harmony. He therefore disappeared for a while in company with the dramatist and sociologist **GEORGE R. SIMS** (famous for his recipe for growing mustard and cress on bald pates) and returned with a foreign accent, a foreign name, and luxuriant chrysanthemum locks, to take the world by storm. J. A. F. M.

WHAT HO! (30th S. viii. 247).—This phrase, often with an irrelevant suffix bearing upon an unnamed and uncontrollable female, is continually to be found in the literature of the reign of **EDWARD THE SEVENTH** (see the works of **HERBERT SPENCER** and **PETT RIDGE**, and

the *Sporting Times* *passim*). Its origin is shrouded in mystery. Some ascribe it to the Anglicanisation of the name of **WATTEAU**, the famous French painter of *fêtes champêtres*, and the frequency with which the canvas turned up at **Christie's** at the time in question: the bumping referring to the fall of the audacious hammer, here called "she," as a ship is, or a cricket ball.

S. W. H.

KUBELIK (30th S. viii. 108).—I have no doubt whatever that this is a case where the outcome of a popular phrase is disguised by deliberate and grotesque mis-spelling. Write the word **Cubalick** and the meaning is self-evident, i.e., the defeat or "licking" of the Spaniards at Cuba in the last years of the nineteenth century. Others have pronounced the word to be a proper name, and endeavoured to establish its identity with **KUBELIK KHAN**, an obscure potentate mentioned by **COLERIDGE** as connected with the opium trade in the East. Others again have tried to connect the word with the phrase "an un-licked cub," as though it stood for "(give the) cub a lick." Most far-fetched of all is the theory that **KUBELIK** was a Bohemian fiddler. For this I cannot discover a particle of evidence.

W. B. S.

SPADEWORK (30th S. viii. 44).—It seems improbable from the frequent use of this phrase in connection with the Earl of **ROSEBURY** that it is to be interpreted in the literal sense. Lord **ROSEBURY**, in the classic words of his contemporary the Hon. C. R. **SPENCER**, was "not an agricultural labourer." He was more associated with Clubs than Spades. And that prompts the suggestion that "Spadework" was probably a technical term for the use of that suit in "Bridge," a game of cards of great popularity at the time, and much affected by the members of the Liberal League. Others regard the association of the phrase with Lord **ROSEBURY** as an instance of the figure of speech known as oxymoron, or a contradiction in terms. "Spadework," they contend, is equivalent to "calling a spade a spade," which Lord **ROSEBURY** never did, always preferring to veil his meaning in metaphors, e.g., calling dead Bills "fly-blown phylacteries," and the Radical Caucus a "tabernacle." A third and somewhat more recondite explanation is that which lays emphasis on the word spade. Spadework then is to be differentiated from the excesses of rakes on the one side and the prudery of the wearers of shovel-hats on the other.

H. C. B.

TITLED FOLLY.

[Mr. SWINBURNE has been prayed in aid to justify the title of a story called "*The Fangs of Fate*."]—

As I peruse *The Fangs of Fate*,
Affrightedly I hold my breath,
And wonder if *The Hair of Hate*
Will lead me to *The Jaws of Death*.

When shall I see *The Lips of Love*,
Or contemplate *The Brow of Bliss*?
I wonder, would the thrown-down glove
Reveal *The Nails of Nemesis*?

Now, fighting war-grants "tooth and nail"
Suggests at once *The Teeth of Treason*;
A *Tail of Trouble* could not fail
To run right through a silly season.

I know *The Nose of Naughtiness*
(It went off rather flat, I hear,
Though ornamenting a Princess),
But who will track *The Feet of Fear*?

FLOREAT ARBOR! AND THE WONDERFUL TRIO!

The Merry Wives of Windsor is a triumph for Manager BEERBOHM TREE, the Tree of Windsor Forest! It is a performance absolutely unique! Seldom on any stage has enthusiastic ovation been more thoroughly deserved than that accorded to the two leading actresses ELLEN TERRY and MADGE KENDAL (let us drop the "Missis" for once on this exceptional occasion), who were at their very very best as *Mistress Page* and *Mistress Ford*, the merriest of any Merry Wives within the memory of the oldest playgoer alive to tell the tale to-day.

Never before last Tuesday night had most of us any idea how entertaining this least amusing of WILLIE SHAKESPEARE'S Elizabethan farces could be! For be it always remembered this play was writ by WILLIAM "to order," that is, by Royal command, and he was bound to make it just such a rough-and-tumble performance as he could knock together in ten days' time so as to appeal to Bouncing BESS, who, with her own fair hand, could give a sounding whack on the back to friend or favourite, who could swear a good round oath, and dispose of a pottle of sack or a pot of English ale, without being a penny the worse for it. *The Merry Wives* must have all the "spill and pelt" business of pantomime (just as *The Taming of the Shrew* requires it) or it will lack the boisterous spirit the author intentionally put into it.

Queen BESS could be uproarious as well as glorious, and it was not difficult to imagine bewigged Gloriana present in the Royal Box at Her Majesty's Theatre, splitting the stitches of her stomacher with delight at the attempts of the two Merry Wives to tumble the preposterously fat Knight into the buck-basket all among the dirty linen (what fun for BESS!), and thoroughly enjoying the pummelling, thumping, rolling, and clapper-clawing of the two capital drolls, Mr. COURTICE POUNDS and Mr. HENRY KEMBLE, when they finish, with a schoolboy scuffle, what had been commenced as a gentlemanly duel. Well, the audience fairly roared at it all, and for many a night to come it is safe to predict that a crammed and delighted house will, like *Bottom's* Lion, "roar again."

But what a genuine Happy Thought, what a real inspiration, to have hit upon the production of *The Merry Wives* with so perfect a couple of comedians as ELLEN and MADGE! From their very first entrance together (bless 'em!), the success, the unqualified success, of the fruition of this most happy idea was never for a single instant in doubt. Both ladies were charming, and the play seemed endowed with a

vitality and a freshness that will combine to make it the talk of London for a long time to come. A historic occasion.

Mr. TREE'S *Falstaff* is vastly improved since he played it at the Haymarket. *Falstaff* is, in this piece at least, a character that might be ordinarily defined as the embodiment of "stuff-and-nonsense," and to make him possible as a humorous monstrosity is a task that must ever tax to the utmost the powers of the very cleverest comedian. He has to be "the cause of wit in others;" he has to be bullied, thwacked, shaken-up, laughed at (never laughed *with*), and so victimised that, though the hoary, drunken old sensualist thoroughly deserves the very worst he gets, the audience begin to pity him, and really range themselves on his side, and would plead with *Master Ford* not to be too hard on the jolly, fat, unconscionably vain old DON JUAN. So everyone is thoroughly pleased when the irredeemably unprincipled, wicked reprobate is dismissed "with a caution," although we know, that, given similar opportunities, he will avail himself of them, as before, without a twinge of conscience or of well-earned gout.

There is not a character in the cast but it is made interesting by its representative. Mr. GERALD LAURENCE is the fervid and graceful lover of *Mistress Anne Page*, who is shown by Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE as indeed a very sweet *Anne Page*. *Anne*, as a part, is in an ordinary way small to insignificance: but here Mrs. TREE makes it so distinguished that it stands out as a very charmingly graceful and quiet performance, in strong contrast to all the hurly-burly characteristic of this Elizabethan "bear-fight;" indeed she shudders at the very mention of such an entertainment. How poor an opinion must Queen BESS have had of this modest, and somewhat shy, maiden! She and her lover *Master Fenton* are the two "Gentle Lovers" in the midst of this overpowering romp.

Rarely, if ever, has been seen so thoroughly good a *Master Ford* as is Mr. OSCAR ASCHE. He is a veritable *Othello*. A jealous husband carried away by the whirlwind of his passion is temporarily insane, and what are to him acts fraught with tremendous consequence, appear to the spectators as utterly absurd. He is terribly in earnest: "that's the humour of it." *Master Page* (Mr. STEVENS) well represents the attitude of the interested but amused spectator. Who could give us a better "living picture" of the chuckling, bibulous old host of the Garter Inn than Mr. LIONEL BROUGH? *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Pistol*, by Messrs. ALLEN THOMAS, COOKSON and L'ESTRANGE, are as perfect as though they had stepped out of an etching of mediæval Bohemianism by CALLOT.

Miss ZEFFIE TILBURY won an exceptional burst of applause for her long "patter" speech, where her tongue won't stop wagging, in spite of all *Falstaff's* attempts to dam the torrent; and throughout her rendering of this small but important character she is excellent. The *Shallow* of Mr. WHITE is quite in keeping with the *Slender* of Mr. QUARTERMAIN, who is especially good in his scene with "Sweet Mistress ANNE."

It is well to record all this, to note also the beautiful scenery by TELBIN, CRAVEN and JOHNSTON, and the highly artistic costumes by Mr. PERCY ANDERSON, whose designs as carried out for *Master Ford*, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Pistol* are notably picturesque.

The orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. NORMAN BATH, played NICOLAI'S overture to *The Merry Wives*, the "Gypsy Suite" by EDWARD GERMAN (the name being descriptive of the Bohemian rags of *Falstaff's* men), and selections from SULLIVAN'S *Merry Wives*. It is no rudeness on the part of Mr. TREE, when, in answer to any inquiries as to the music in his theatre, he says, "Go to BATH." He has gone there himself, and evidently he couldn't have done better.

Mr. TREE has scored a great success, and "made history."



NOT FORGOTTEN; OR, THE MODERN CINDERELLA.

The Fairy Queen. "I HOPE TO SEE YOU AT MY FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

[On the occasion of the Coronation the QUEEN will entertain at tea ten thousand maids of all work, "Generals," who will afterwards be commemoratively decorated by Her Gracious Majesty.]



Gertie "Oh, Mr. Brown, Papa says that Mrs. Brown leads you by the nose. Is that why it's so long!"

"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND!"

IN *The Times* of June 9 is to be found a delightful account from a correspondent of the sentiments of Mr. REITZ, late Transvaal Secretary of State, towards English Statesmen. On being asked, point blank, what he thought of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he is reported to have replied: "I have nothing to say against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He is all right. He is a statesman, and therefore has a policy which he does quite right to carry out to the best of his ability. But the statesmen whom we dislike are Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE. They led us to believe that they had a real sympathy for our cause, and we were convinced that they would do their utmost to help us. They fed us with false hopes, and then we found out that, instead of having any sympathy for us, they were simply playing us off for the purpose of getting into power!"

Oh, Mr. REITZ, can I have read aright!
And is it thus our Liberal Chiefs are flouted!
Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is rejected quite,
Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is scouted,
And, worse than all, I even see you dare
To speak contemptuously of Mr. LABOUCHERE!

Here in the lordly columns of *The Times*,
Where Mr. WALKLEY writes and also BLOWITZ,
Where Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN prints his rhymes,
And other even less distinguished poets,

I find you scandalising English readers
By pouring scorn upon our dauntless Liberal Leaders!

Have you forgot how these devoted men
On your behalf have uniformly pleaded,
And laboured day by day with voice and pen
To give you the encouragement you needed?
Have you forgot the sympathetic bleating
Sir HENRY raised for you at each successive Meeting?

It cannot be! The words set down above
Do not correctly represent your attitude,
Our Party's leaders still retain your love
Unless there's no such thing as human gratitude!
I ask—and ask with confidence—how can a man
Do anything but love Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN!

It cannot be! The words you really used
About these men were glowing with affection,
Nor can the wicked scribbler be excused
Who gave them such a different complexion.
I'm certain you would never be so shabby
As to denounce that amiable trifler, LABBY!

No! when the gentlemen whom I have named
Were mentioned, your encomiums were hearty,
And in impressive accents you proclaimed
Your obligations to the Liberal Party.
While you expressed, again and yet again,
Your horror and contempt for Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN!

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

[The last native King of Fiji, THAKOMBIAU, who ceded the group to Lord ROMBEAD, was a notorious cannibal before his conversion by the Wesleyan missionaries. He once discussed the question of cannibalism with Admiral FRANKLIN. "It is all very well for you to talk in that way," he said; "you have plenty of beef in your country."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

"WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,"
Our forefathers called on each cannibal brood,
And told them "long-pig" must be strictly tabooed.
O! the Roast Beef of old England,
And O! for old England's Roast Beef!

And now we're informed by a civilised chief
They'd never have toasted their foes in his fief
If Nature had given them plenty of beef!
O! the Roast Beef, &c.

Alas! the supply of roast beef is a thing
Controlled by a greedy American "ring";
It's getting so scarce, we grow sad when we sing
O! the Roast Beef, &c.

And if what this Islander tells us is true,
When beef is beyond us, why what shall we do?
Won't you look at me, Sir? Won't I look at you?
O! the Roast Beef of old England,
And O! for old England's Roast Beef!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Margaret Vincent is, as Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD says, heroine of her story, *Woodside Farm* (DUCKWORTH). A very charming heroine she is, high-spirited, high-minded, simple-hearted. But the strongest character in the book is the unlovable step-sister, *Hannah Barton*. It is a little difficult to understand how a person of her disposition and attainments could dominate a household. She succeeds, even to the extent of keeping *Margaret Vincent* from the deathbed of a loved and loving mother. This serves as the scene of the most powerful episode in the story. *Margaret*, having obtained admittance to the house through the agency of an old servant, having greeted and taken farewell of her mother, flees at the approach of the fearsome *Hannah* to the shelter of a cupboard, where she listens while her mother dies. Later, discovered by the Gorgon, somewhat softened in the presence of death, she gathers herself for a while into the acid bosom of the loveless one, and the old servant looking in finds the step-sisters sleeping in each other's arms. A fine passage, powerfully written. Mr. Garratt, the vulgar tradesman, who calls to court *Hannah* and remains to fall in love with *Margaret*, is amusing. But my Baronite does not care for Mrs. Lakeman and her daughter *Lena*, whom Mrs. CLIFFORD, with parental prejudice, rather fancies.

The Baron begs to acknowledge the receipt of a perfectly delightful book, entitled *The New Opera Glass* (Leipzig: FEODOR REINBOTH) which, judging from this sample of its "fourth edition, revised and augmented," deserves to have that number multiplied by a thousand. It is by "Fr. CHARLEY," and, as it is two years old, the Baron, much regretting that he has not met with it before, will simply limit himself to giving an extract as a sample of its delightful English, "as she is writ" in Leipzig by "Fr. CHARLEY," for the benefit of the Baron's readers. Here is the plot of NICOLAI's opera, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, peculiarly appropriate to the present time:—

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
Text after Shakespeare.

"Sir John has written two love-letters to Mrs. Pluth and Mrs. Reich. They resolved to take revenge to him. After leaving the stage their husband appears attended by Messrs. Spärlich and Cajus. The Stage is changed: Mrs. Pluth awaits Mr. Falstaff; Mrs. Reich entered too and now the wonderfull scene: Mr. Falstaff in the clothes-baskets.

"Second act: The same play: Falstaff appears at the second time. Now he is putted in the cloths of an old aunt, whom is forbidden the house of Mr. Reich. After some merrily scenes he leaves the house as an old woman, attended by the strike of Mr. Reich's stick.

"Third Act: Room in Reich's house. The married couples are in the best humour, the wives have confessed and now they have the intention the old Falstaff to punish the third time.

"Changement of the stage: Midnight, in the forest with a hunting house; all persons appears; at least Falstaff too. The two wives are greeting him; singing a Terzett. Suddenly ghosts are appearing, amusing herself to strike Falstaff in the best manner. Cajus and Spärlich the lovers from Anna are also at present; but Anna loves Mr. Fenton, with whom she is band at last for ever."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

I.—THE POET LAUREATE.

I FOUND Mr. AUSTIN at work in his study at Swinford Old Manor—a charming snug apartment with *Walker's Rhyming Dictionary* on the shelves. He extended a welcoming hand.

"Yes," he said, "I do most of my work here. *England's Darling* was written in that arm-chair: the holes in the leather were made while I was thinking of the next line. Ah, the next line—that is at once the poet's triumph and his tragedy! I would not have it re-upholstered for worlds, although several Ashford firms have tendered very reasonably. By the way, when I wrote *England's Darling* I wore woad, and the cook had orders to be continually burning cakes—it seemed to give the atmosphere.

"*The Garden that I Love* was composed in the window seat commanding a view of the geraniums. Ah! sweet Nature—what an influence! what an inspiration! She is the best padding.

"I wrote *The Conversion of Winckelmann* at Herne Bay—not indeed that wrinkles are too plentiful there, but I found that one could worry along on shrimps. After all, what is a poet if not adaptive?"

"Your study is charming," I said.

"Yes," he said, "I have many treasures. The waste-paper basket came from Farringford, TENNYSON's place. That Dutch clock was Doctor Jim's. The paper-weight was ALFRED THE GREAT's. The goose-quill I have been using was the Laureate PYE's."

"Let me repeat you something," he said; and so saying, the poet, lifting his hand to enforce a silence that I should never have thought of breaking, delivered with admirable emphasis his charming poem beginning "The lark went up"—a little masterpiece fraught with open-air gladness and redolent of the dewy Spring.

"Now," he said, "let me show you the grounds," and he led the way to the chicken run. "I give them all names," he said; "that is MUDFORD, that is CURTIS; over there you see GORDON SPRIGG; in the corner is LIONEL PHILLIPS, and so on. Sometimes I address them in impromptu verse. I am often very happy in impromptu verse in the chicken run."

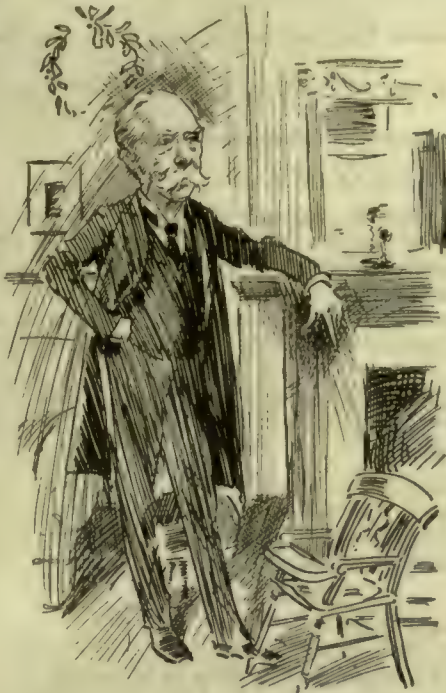
"And now," said Mr. AUSTIN, as we returned to the house, "if you must go" (although I had still plenty of time before me and had made no movement), "allow me to offer you a stirrup-cup of Malmsey."

He produced a beaker and filled it to the brim.

"Notice," he said, in that incorrigibly poetic way of his, "how the beaded bubbles wink."

Thus fortified, I tore myself away, feeling that I, too, had dwelt in Arcadia.

THE MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.—Mr. Punch could not attend the meet of the Coaching Club, the weather not warranting his bringing out his four strawberry creams. Mr. Punch takes this opportunity of declining with thanks the chestnuts so kindly placed at his disposal by the Joseph Miller Co. Unlimited.



"ENGLAND'S DARLING WAS
WRITTEN IN THAT ARM CHAIR."



"BY THE WAY WHEN I WROTE
ENGLAND'S DARLING I WORE
WOAD."



"THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET
CAME FROM FARINGFORD,
TENNYSON'S PLACE."



"NOW, HE SAID, LET ME
SHOW YOU THE POULTRY."



"SOMETIMES I JOIN THEM IN
THEIR GAMBOLS, ON A BANTAM."



"ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU
A STIRRUP CUP OF MALMSEY."

FAIRIES ON THE LAWN.

(A Child's Recollection.)

ONE night I peeped through the window just after I went to bed;
I ought to have been in my cot, I know, my pillow beneath my head;
But somebody seemed to whisper "Come!" and so I made up my mind,
Climbed out and tiptoed across the floor, and lifted the old red blind.

It wasn't as dark as some nights are, for up in the purple sky
The round moon showed me her battered face: it didn't seem very high.
And all the trees that I know so well looked funny and far and white;
And all of them murmured, "Hush! hush! hush! we can't make a noise to-night."

I wasn't afraid, not quite afraid, but I wasn't as bold as brass,
When I looked and I saw a shining sight out there on the silver grass.
And oh, I think I shall never see such a beautiful sight again,
As the wonderful shining sight I saw when I looked through the window pane.

In the place of the garden arbour with its walls and its seats of wood,
And its thatched roof covered with creepers a marvellous palace stood:
I seemed to have known it always (though it couldn't be ages old),
With its pillars of rainbow crystal and its towers of polished gold.

Then a voice said, "Look at the Fairies!" and out in a troop they came;
I had seen them by dozens in picture-books, and these were the very same.
The same, only much, much better, for these were alive, alive;
And the sound of their little voices was the buzz of a big bee-hive.

For oh, they shouted and tumbled and frisked and fluttered and played:
A jolly delightful romp they had, and nobody seemed afraid;
And I, who had held my breath so, just didn't I want to go
And join in the games they played at out there on the lawn below!

I have seen my Mamma wear jewels, and these were like jewels bright,
Like opals alive and leaping all over the grass at night—
When clear from the golden palace came sounding a trumpet's call,
And they fell into lines like a regiment and stood at attention all.

And wasn't there lovely music, the music that makes you cry,
The music Mamma sings softly—she calls it a lullaby.
And riding a mouse-sized charger, the tiniest ever seen,
Out pranced to her faithful Fairies the beautiful Fairy Queen.

To think I should see her really—to think I should see her there,
As I peeped through the bedroom window, perched up on a bedroom chair!

I was only a little girl, you know, and I think it was very kind
To let me look at the Fairy Queen when I lifted the old red blind.

But just as I said, "I'll ask her up to come to my room and play;
And won't we have romps at night-time, and won't we have fun by day!"
A black cloud covered the moon's face, and I—I was back in bed
(But I never knew how I got there) with my pillow beneath my head.

R. C. L.

A WAY WE HAVE.

DURING the last week *Mr. Punch's* office has been besieged by a small army of indignant versifiers, all up in arms because of the recent revelations of the ways we have in the army. Most of them run to parodies of writers rather better known than themselves, as will be seen from a few specimens hastily selected from the least depressing of these sorry productions.

Here is a verse, with chorus attached, taken from a song which bewails the young soldier's inattention to the study of foreign languages:

"JULIUS CÆSAR the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Said, 'I'll teach him the Latin for *My* land':
And the French *parlez-vous*'d and the Germans *Ach, Du'd*,
But we stuck to the tongue of our island.

Chorus.

Oh, what a dense little island,
A wrong little, loose little island:
All the globe round there's none to be found
So English as our little island."

The next is similar in effect, though more general in its application. The young soldier is here represented as JOHN BULL:

"JOHN BULL's colleges are nothing but a sham:
JOHN BULL's knowledge is a silly sort of cram:
JOHN BULL knows it, but he doesn't care a hang,
And he still goes marching along."

With the exception of the faulty rhyme in the third line, which we have not ventured to correct, this quatrain may be said to hit off the situation not unhappily.

Several of our poetasters treat with some severity of the delinquencies of one particular institution. The following, supposed to be spoken by a Sandhurst cadet, is typical of the rest:

"We don't want to work, for although we've not much sense,
At least we have enough to know it makes no difference.
We don't want to shoot, but, by Jingo, if we did,
We could learn it (as an extra) by the payment of a quid."

Then we have a long effusion signed "Infantry," doubtless intended for a masterpiece of satire. We can only quote one verse:

"When I walk down Piccadilly, though I may look rather silli-
-er than SMITH or BROWN or JONES,
I am very good at polo, and can vamp you out a solo
On the banjo or the bones;
Can indulge in *far niente*, for I've sovereigns in plenty,
And relations by the score,
And mere learning doesn't matter, for I know the social patter
Which the Cavalry adore:

And the Infantry will say, as I swagger on my way,
'If this young MIDAS messes each night at a mess too dear for me,
Why what a very singularly rich old man his rich old Pa must be!'"

The last effusion which we shall place before our readers is dated R. M. C., Sandhurst, and signed "Ingenuus puer." It differs from the rest in being a mere bald statement of fact, couched in simple prose, and without any attempt at satire. "Dear Mr. Punch," he begins. "I see there is a lot of jaw going on in the papers about our not doing any work here. Of course I need not tell you that that's all rot. We do a jolly sight too much. But what I want to know is why the Dickens should we if we didn't. Look at the instructors. I'm sure they never did any, and they get on all right, and they can't drill us themselves. So why should we, I'd like to know, when you know jolly well that when you are in the army sapping doesn't do you any good, not for promotion. But what I say is, you don't come here to be a book-worm and learn a beastly lot of tactics, and I won't either. It isn't the thing. What's the good of tactics and history when you're fighting a chap like DE WET, or a lot of French and German either? All a chap wants is to be able to write a decent letter in his own language, which I flatter myself I can do. But isn't it sickening rot?" Well, yes, it is.

"WHAT'S THE ODDS AS LONG AS YOU'RE ABBEY?"

Most appropriately the Coronation scene in the Abbey is to be painted by the ABBEY (R.A.). Let us sing to the tune of "Sally in our Alley"—

"Of all the painters we like best,
There's none like EDWIN ABBEY;
To Co-ro-nation he, full dressed,
Will go, and nothing shabby.
He'll look so neat, and smile so sweet,
As guileless as a baby.
Oh, won't the picture be a treat
When painted by our ABBEY!"

Probably some French correspondents, who are always "in the know," will record the fact that the task of representing the ceremony on canvas was entrusted to one of the *clergé du Cathédral*, M. l'Abbé de Westminster.

A COMPLAINT.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—As soon as the war broke out I was fired by patriotic enthusiasm, and bought three hundred shares in the Bunkum Mine, at 2½. During those weary years I received no interest whatever on the money thus invested, through confidence in the ability of the present Government to end the war speedily.

Last Christmas the shares were quoted at 4½. I resolved to sell them when they reached 5, but they never did so.



Q. L. STAMPA.

Son of the House. "AREN'T YOU DANCING THIS? MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE! I'M TRYING TO DO MY DUTY ALL ROUND TO-NIGHT!"

Finally, the present incapable Government prevented the Peace boom by announcing the end of the war on a Sunday. I should have thought that even ARTHUR BALFOUR, in spite of his childlike ignorance of all business matters, would have known that the Stock Exchange is closed on that day. But, not content with this mean deceit, the present contemptible Government has imposed an outrageous tax on the humble profits of the South African mines.

My shares have now sunk to 4½. Crushed in this manner by unjust and repressive legislation, they are never likely to rise to 5. I need not say for

which party I shall vote at the next General Election. In fact, I am so disgusted and annoyed that I feel no interest whatever in the Coronation festivities, or anything with which the present Government is even remotely connected. I am going abroad for a month to try and diminish my losses by staying at some place like Paris, or Monte Carlo, or Aix-les-Bains, where one can live economically for about three pounds a day.

Yours obediently,
A POOR SPECULATOR.

THE TEST MATCHES.—Q. What did Mr. C. B. FRY? A. Two duck's eggs.



Rustic. "COME NOW, JACK, TELL US 'OW YOU DID FEEL AT THAT THER' PLACE WHERE YOU WAS ALL SO BADLY CUT UP?"
Tommy. "WELL, I'D A GIVEN SUMMAT TO A-KNOWN THE SHORTEST CUT TO WOODBOROUGH!"

ARCADY, LIMITED.

["After seeing the Coronation and London life, some of our American guests intend to explore our villages. Our towns must seem to them but poor affairs. . . . The old-world simplicity of rural life is unique, and has an unfailing charm for our trans-Atlantic cousins."—*A Weekly Review*.]

The Arcady Syndicate, Limited, beg to announce that their arrangements are now complete for supplying American visitors with rural bliss of the very highest quality. For this purpose they have secured exclusive control over a remote village, fifteen miles from a railway station, in the most picturesque part of England. A genuine stage-coach will bring their clients to their destination.

They will be lodged in charming old farm-houses, some of which have been brought from distant parts and re-erected at great cost in the Syndicate's village. Each will be supplied with latticed windows, honeysuckle over the porch, and bees in the garden. A slight extra charge will be made for the rooms which are redolent of lavender. Four-poster feather-beds, specially supplied by Messrs. FAKER & Co., of Birmingham, will be found in each sleeping-apartment. The dear old chimes of the ancient Norman church will be distinctly audible every hour.

A complete round of amusements has been arranged; the following will be some items of the daily "program":—

4.30 A.M. Chanticleer will awake the smiling morn, and also the visitors. (N.B.—All Chanticleers shot by visitors will have to be replaced at their expense.)

5 A.M. MARY, the sweet English dairy-maid, will take her stool, trip across the dewy grass, and milk the cows.

6 A.M. Breakfast. (Home-made bread, eggs, and bacon.) During this meal, visitors will have an opportunity of watching the early bird giving his well-known performance on the lawn.

7 A.M. The pigs will be fed. Visitors will be allowed to assist, provided that they bring their own pig-buckets with them.

8—12. Harvesting. At 8 o'clock the band of rustic labourers will appear, and will sing a hearty chorus, led by Messrs. GILES and HODGE. After this a procession will be formed to the fields, where the remainder of the morning will be spent. Reaping-hooks and smock-frocks can be hired by our clients.

12 noon. Dinner. (Eggs, bacon, home-made bread.)

12.30—1 P.M. Humorous recitation by the Oldest Inhabitant. (Copyright reserved.)

2—5 P.M. A rustic cricket-match will take place. The traditionary comic umpires will be in attendance, and coveys of partridges will be flushed between the wickets.

5.30. MARY will call the cattle home. (N.B.—Autographed photos of MARY on sale, price 10s.)

6 P.M. Supper. (Bacon, home-made bread, eggs.) Afterwards guests will be permitted to wander in the gloaming for versifying purposes (Poetic licences, 5s. per week) until 9 P.M. (Curfew Bell), when they must retire to bed.

9 P.M. till 4.30 A.M. Grand concert by the Syndicate's nightingales, which have been specially trained to sing throughout the summer.

As our farms are sure to be crowded, intending visitors should apply for rooms at once.

THE UNKNOWN TONGS!—A lady who, after a brief stay in Boulogne, is very fond of airing her French—entirely hers—in Bloomsbury, was describing the appearance of a certain composer. "*Il avait*," she said, "*l'air très distingué, avec la pincette au nez*." She wasn't very far off "pince-nez."



“HARD LINES.”

PATIENT BRITISH ASS (to himself). “BLEST IF I CAN FEEL A PENN’ORTH O’ DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THIS OLD GAL AND THE ONE THAT’S JUST GOT OFF!”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 9.

—The blameless DON JOSÉ plays towards His Majesty's Opposition the part filled

hints, or is understood to hint, at the proceeds of the Corn Tax being used to further a scheme of Colonial Zollverein. That sufficient to change the situation. Opposition see it all in a glance. ST. MICHAEL a mere puppet in hands of

WILFRED LAURIER's knuckles, told him to mind his own business, which he probably understood better than other people's.

JOHN O'GORST, looking on from favourite retirement on Cross Bench, came to conclusion that he did not enjoy monopoly of privileges of the whipping-boy. Here was the Canadian Minister publicly sharing them. Crowded House greatly relished incident. Meanwhile, as at the foot of the guillotine Madame DEFARGE went on knitting, so DON JOSÉ, in the solitude of his room, went on reading the Blue Book that on its paper cover bore the name of that eminent publicist, FLAUBERT.

Business done.—Budget in Committee.

Tuesday night.—Next to seeing BOBBY SPENCER personally conduct the head of his noble house to the Peers' Gallery, point out to him the celebrities and explain points of procedure, there is nothing so delightful as to hear AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN allude in debate to his father as "my right hon. friend." Had occasion to use the phrase several times to-day. Explained that when at Birmingham his "right hon. friend" made the reference to fiscal relations with the Colonies that has proved fruitful text for debate on the Budget, he did not mean what the words seemed to imply.



"LOOK HERE, WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY FINANCE?!"

(Sir M-ch-l H-cks B-ch and Sir W-lfr-d L-r-r.)

by the head of CHARLES I. in Mr. DICK's memorial. He is always popping in, under circumstances howsoever diverse. To-night Budget in Committee. This exclusively business of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Situation indicated, by fact that of Cabinet Ministers he sits alone on Treasury Bench; others having withdrawn to attend to business of their several Departments. But behind ST. MICHAEL, filling the Treasury Bench, nay peopling the Chamber, is DON JOSÉ—at the moment actually in his room smoking a big cigar and reading a volume that may be a Blue Book, but looks like a French novel.

ST. MICHAEL, in the latest edition of his versatile Budget, has decided to retain not only the new tax on corn but the penny added to the burden of that Issachar among taxpayers, the income-taxed. It is true these were proposed in time of actual war with the avowed prospect of its continuance for another year. Peace having suddenly dawned, it seemed logical conclusion that war-taxes should be abandoned. But, as SARK says, you may by rare chance get a bone out of a dog's mouth; re-capture money voted to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, never.

"Leave it to me," says ST. MICHAEL blandly, "I'll see it spent. Don't you worry on that account."

This would have been all very well only for DON JOSÉ. He goes down to Birmingham, and in family confidence

the Bold, Bad Man of Birmingham. Beneath his muffer SQUIRE OF MALWOOD spies the beard of Protection. HENRY FOWLER moves to postpone first clause of Budget Bill. C.-B. looking through a hole in the ladder discovers DON JOSÉ plotting wicked ends. Even CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES smells a rat, and EDGAR VINCENT sees it moving in the air.

"This money," said the CAP'EN, making a movement of his mailed fist as if raking the coin in, "is not needed for the war. It must be designed for some ulterior purpose."

If ST. MICHAEL has a human weakness, it lies in the direction of supposing himself an implacable person. The idea that DON JOSÉ or anyone else leads him by the nose peculiarly unpalatable. It is true that, occasionally, having sworn he would ne'er consent to certain financial heresies, he has consented. But the change was entirely due to personal conviction; had no connection with strings pulled by other hands in the Cabinet. Got up now and warmly, indignantly, deprecated intention of tampering with principles of free trade. Studiously refrained from allusion, direct or indirect, to an esteemed colleague. But got in a kick at Sir WILFRED LAURIER that greatly delighted Opposition. In the Dominion House of Commons Canadian Premier been saying things that formed logical conclusion of DON JOSÉ's remarks at Birmingham. ST. MICHAEL rapped Sir



"All fads and crotchets would have to take a very prominent back-seat."
(Mr. J-mmy L-wth-r.)

AUSTEN put up to reply to SQUIRE OF MALWOOD: marked distinction for a young Minister. Justified it by able speech delivered amid difficulty of constant interruption. Like his right hon. friend, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury is rather encouraged than embarrassed by interpolated remarks.

On the whole a young Members' day. Two other speeches—one a maiden effort—commanded attention of full House. TOULMIN, the elect of Bury, spoke with a clearness, felicity, and modesty that instantly obtained a footing for him in the critical Assembly. CROMBIE by no means a new Member; but so rarely interposes in debate that, as Mr. FLAVIN says, his face is caviare to the general. His speech this afternoon proved to be one of the best in the debate. Full of matter and of point, admirably expressed in a pleasant voice, it was delivered with action suited to word and word to action in fashion that would have pleased *Hamlet* in his critical mood.

This coming to the front of young men, noted in debate on the second reading of the Education Bill and on the earlier stages of the Budget, is one of the workings of the new Rules. Formerly young Members, elbowed aside by right hon. gentlemen on two front benches, were shoved into the dinner hour, left to speak to empty benches. Now in the long (uninterrupted sitting

between half-past two and half-past seven, when practically all the work is done and benches are kept full, the young Member gets his chance, and shows that there is still excellent material in the most modern House of Commons.

Business done.—Corn Tax carried through Committee by 279 votes against 193.

Thursday night.—The House of Commons does not know a milder mannered man than JAMES FRANCIS XAVIER O'BRIEN. An honoured Member these seventeen years. Kind of heart, gentle of speech, modest in demeanour, "formerly tea and wine merchant in Dublin," angry passion is foreign to his breast. Yet there are some things the gentlest among us cannot stand. For many initialed O'BRIEN such an one befell this afternoon when he heard SWIFT MCNEILL babbling o' high treason, and with erudition conveyed from ERSKINE MAY's portly volume instructing the SPEAKER on points of procedure following upon arrest of a Member of the House.

Why, JAMES FRANCIS, not to mention XAVIER, was actually tried for high-treason: was, moreover, sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and his four quarters impartially dispersed!

As we are happy to see, the sentence was not carried into effect, though when J. F. X. cranes forward his neck to catch the pearls of wisdom dropped from JEMMY LOWTHER's lips, SARK, noticing its curious length, fancies the process of being "drawn" must have actually commenced before royal clemency was extended.

That is a detail. The point is that on this threshold of the twentieth century we have among us a man who was actually sentenced to suffer a barbarous punishment, once common enough in Merrie England. The little incident befell Mr. O'BRIEN in 1867, at which time he was ostensibly engaged in the tea and wine trade, record of which is still preserved in the unimaginative pages of *Dod*. It was an awkward thing, even with the commutation thrown in. But it naturally led to his election at the first opening as Member for South Mayo, and to the privilege of to-day listening to the SPEAKER lucidly and learnedly differing from ERSKINE MAY on a nice point of procedure.

For *nous autres* the incident has an academic, historical, interest. For J. F. X. what tender memories crowd his mind—the rope, the gallows, the cart, the butcher's knife, and the tardy messenger with the respite.

Through rest of sitting the House prosaic enough; pottering round pence in Civil Service Estimates. This torchlight glare suddenly flashed back on the



A CANADIAN EXPORT.
A Pencil-Kodak from the Press Gallery of
Mr. Bl-ke.

life of one seated among us revealed the boundless possibilities of the Assembly.

Business done.—In Committee on Civil Service Estimates.

SUB ROSA.

["Majuba" and "Boer Courage" are the names given to new roses recently exhibited in Paris.]

A ROSE by any other name
Will doubtless smell as sweet;
Call hash "ragoût," but all the same
Its essence is of meat.

So, with whatever titles decked
French roses may be born,
We shall not in their sound detect
The presence of a thorn.

But steadfastly refuse to find
'Neath the "Majuba" bud
The canker of an envious mind,
Or malady of blood.

"Boer Courage" need be never loth
To blossom and to shoot
When grafted on the sturdy growth
Of a good English root.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

FAIREST CHLOE, though I fain
All the day on you would gaze,
Seeking ever, not in vain,
Some fresh charm in you to praise;

Yet, while loving you no less,
Now my truant glance would stray
For a moment, I confess,
To the KING and QUEEN to-day.

So I candidly admit
Some slight disappointment, that
Just behind you I must sit,
With no view—beyond your hat.



A (TOO) RARE DEBATER.
(Mr. J. W. Cr-mb-e.)



Mother. "OH, MILDRED! YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL! YOU KNOW YOU HUGHTN'T TO SLAP ELsie's FACE!"
Mildred. "WHERE OUGHT I TO SLAP HER THEN, MUMMY?"

ENCORE L'AFFAIRE PAOLO-FRANCESCA.

HAVING before my eyes the fear of the Quarterly-Athenæum-Saturday-One-Man-Combine, I naturally hesitate to make a comparison, in favour of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, between his *Paolo and Francesca*, and the *Francesca da Rimini* of Mr. MARION CRAWFORD, as played, in M. MARCEL SCHWOB'S version, by MME. SARAH BERNHARDT'S Company at the Garrick. Yet, whatever Mr. PHILLIPS may or may not have achieved, there can be no manner of doubt that the design of his play is greatly superior to that of Mr. CRAWFORD'S. Mr. CRAWFORD has chosen to found his drama on history. He has not only observed times and seasons, but he claims to have discovered (in the castle, not of Rimini, but of Verruchio) the room that was the scene of the tragedy; likewise the veritable trap-door in which PAOLO was slain pendant; though he has failed to retrieve any actual fragments of the fatal *justaucorps*. As, however, he has not elected to reproduce the most salient of these details, and indeed makes no pretence to an accurate historical study, it seems a pity that he should have modified a great dramatic theme for the sake of a few incomplete facts. The result is neither good drama nor good history.

But the real distinction between the two plays lies in the difference between the use and the abuse of the element of Fate. In Mr. PHILLIPS' play we are allowed to watch the gradual working-out of Destiny, ultimately victorious over sincere (human) opposition. In Mr. CRAWFORD'S, from that moment of the Prologue when *Francesca*, outside her *chambre de nocces*, catches first sight of her grotesque husband, mistaking him for something between a black-beetle and a bogey, Fate's work is already accomplished, and the rest is superfluity. Mr. CRAWFORD'S *Paolo* has no need to be "Il Bello," any more than he actually is on the stage; "der erste beste Mann" (not, of course, in the accepted hymenal sense) would have served just as well for the purposes of a tragedy that is grossly inevitable from the outset.

And, to do the author justice, he seems to recognise that resistance would have been merely farcical; and so adopts the device of omitting altogether the period during which it might, under less tyrannous circumstances, have been expected to occur. But, to make safety seven times more sure, he places between his Prologue and his First Act an interval of no fewer than fifteen years. *Paolo*, a stoutish married man with a growing family of his own (ignored, save allusively, by the author) has by now accomplished some fourteen years of steady intrigue with *Francesca*; that being also the age of her own daughter, who enjoys the singularly infelicitous name of *Concordia*. It will be seen that here there is no promise of any further struggle between honour and passion, of any fresh war between human effort and the progress of Destiny.

Whether there ever has been a contest at all, we cannot definitely say. *Francesca*'s reminiscences leave us in doubt. In one passage she says, "Je ne me souviens pas d'avoir jamais hésité ou lutté, ou de t'avoir résisté"; in another, "Mon intention était innocente," whatever that should mean. In any case the relations of these lovers are by now established almost to the point of respectability. Interest, therefore, is limited to a mere vulgar curiosity as to just when and where and how flagrantly they will be caught; though to this may perhaps be added a kind of dull wonder that they have not been caught before. The author is by consequence compelled to introduce extraneous issues, such as the intervention of another woman, suspected by *Francesca* of being a *femme du peuple* who has supplanted her in *Paolo*'s affections, but turning out to be nothing worse than his poor old demented wife, for whose "removal" he is prompt to make the necessary arrangements. It is a curious

comment on the main construction of Mr. CRAWFORD'S drama that the incidental *divertissement* arising out of this highly Parisian conceit of an imaginary rival ("*Paolo me tromper au bout de quatorze ans!*") makes the Second Act the most notable of the play.

Another novelty is seen in the part played by the child *Concordia*. The dramatic purpose which she is made to serve is obvious and disagreeable. But while it is bad enough that she should be constantly dragged in, by the charming head and hair of her, to be made the innocent medium for the conveyance and confirmation of suspicion among this elderly *ménage à trois*, it is still more scandalous that she should be required, at the immature age of fourteen, to take part in this portentous kind of dialogue:—

Giovanni. Il y a une autre mort que celle du corps, une mort pire, une mort vive qui tue en l'homme l'espérance, et qui peint le monde entier d'une noirceur pestilentielle . . .

Concordia. Oh! père, comme tu parles avec amertume!

Then there is the book of *Lancelot*. To compensate for the fact that its tragic service was finished some fourteen years before the opening of Act I, it is mercilessly exploited at every spare moment in the play. One comes to regard it as a permanent property of the stage, unmoved amid the revolution of scenery. Finally, in the last Act, *Paolo* reads aloud this thrilling passage: "Advint que LANCELOT trouva la Reine, dans l'instant qu'elle était seule. Car c'était l'après-dinée, et la journée était moulte chaude, et toutes gens dormaient." I find that this expression, *l'après-dinée*—excellent French, no doubt, for the hour of siesta—does not err in excess of poetic suggestion. One conceives, on these lines, a rendering, say, of *Romeo*'s—

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn,"

which should read as follows:—

"C'était l'alousette, qui annonce le premier déjeuner."

To speak briefly of the players, Madame BERNHARDT, as the innocent *Francesca* of the Prologue, had in her voice a touch of falsetto: but, for the rest, played with admirable sincerity and artistic restraint until the last Act, where she let herself go in a rather tawdry tirade (obviously written for her) in which the names of CAIN and JUDAS figured prominently. As *Giovanni* ("Jan le Stropiat") M. DE MAX, who gave a needlessly painful display of physical contortion, showed at times a certain reserve of strength, but was generally quite arbitrary in his methods. Mlle. DUC was a delightful *Concordia*; but M. MAGUIRE, in the rôle of *Paolo*, never from the first a sympathetic lover, went through his part with the air of an operatic heavy-weight.

I may add that the intervals were a marked feature of the first-night performance, and helped greatly to emphasise the danger of tampering with the *Unities*. For, while a paltry quarter-of-an-hour may suffice to symbolise the lapse of fifteen years, it was too long to give *Giovanni* for his passage from the lower portion of the ladder (negotiated as the curtain fell on Act III.) to the topmost rung achieved slightly after the commencement of Act IV. O. S.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

Wife. Why, dear, do you object to having our baby christened ADELAIDE?

Husband. Simply, dear, because I am sure neither of us would like to spoil her chances in life with a name suggestive of her being "a bad egg."

Wife (expostulating). A bad egg! My dear!!

Husband. Well, what else can be suggested by "addle-laid?"

A CASE OF SIMONY?

BEST Pannelled Curate, fully silver mounted, rubber tyres, best make, for Sale.—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

WANTED!

(On or before the Twenty-sixth.)

A POPULAR Song with more rational and appropriate Words than those at present in vogue.—By the Man in the Street.

A Fresh Coat of Paint of a less Bilious Colour than now worn.—By the Piccadilly Lamp-posts.

A sense of the Ridiculous, and a Proper Estimate of their own Insignificance.—By the Battersea Borough Council.

The Cat.—By the Somers Town Hooligans.

An Invitation to the Queen's Tea for General Servants.—By Twenty Times the Lucky Ten Thousand.

An Overflow Meal without the Trouble of Ordering.—By their Respective Mistresses.

A Consolation Feed of Some Kind or Other.—By All the Nurses and their Babies.

Some Hints on Manners and Deportment.—By the Irish Nationalists and the Dublin Corporation.

A Leg to Stand upon.—By Adventurers who claim to be Boer Burghers and M.P.'s simultaneously.

A Union Jack full-sized, for the front Gate at Oranjelust.—By ex-President KRUGER.

The Sack.—By Dr. LEYDS.

Ditto.—By the Clerk of the Weather.

A Glass Roof over the whole Procession Route.—By Half a Million Spectators.

Swimming Belts.—By the few Cricketers Undrowned.

A Naval Review, Regatta or Boat-race off the Terrace, Westminster, or at any rate some Indication of Life.—By Father Thames.

A Fine Night.—By the Illuminations.

And Suppression with a firm hand.—By the Patrons of "Ticklers," Squirts, and Card-board Trumpets.

PEACE MEAL.

MR. KRUGER has now imparted to a representative of the *Petty Journal* that he thinks Peace is not altogether improbable.

Dr. LEYDS is said to be bringing an action against the British Government for loss of employment owing to the stoppage of the war.

There was a huge demand on the auspicious Sunday evening for artists who could draw Angels of Peace. Many newspapers had to employ those who couldn't.

Lord SALISBURY, according to a Liberal paper, on being told that the



ANOTHER "COMBINE." (?)

London (among the debris after a great fire). "OH, DEAR! WHAT AM I TO DO! IF I COULD ONLY GET MY COUNTY COUNCIL—"

Uncle Sam. "DARN YOUR COUNTY COUNCIL, MA'AM! SAY—SHALL I AND MY LADS TAKE OVER YOUR OLD FIRE-BRIGADE BUSINESS? WE'LL SHOW YOU!"

"It is, we believe, the general opinion of experts that London is worse protected against fire than any great city either in Europe or in America The responsibility for such a state of things clearly rests with the controlling authority, in this case the County Council."—*Times*, June 12.]

War was at an end, asked, "What war?" and, on being reminded, said, "Oh, yes."

Mrs. R. SMITH, of Balham, wishes us to state that the reason why she did not hang out her flag was that it was away at the wash.

Mrs. JONES, of Tooting, did not light up her fairy lamp, as she wishes to keep it as a surprise for Coronation Day.

A provincial Mayor, on being asked how he considered the memorable event should be celebrated, said he

thought something extraordinary ought to be done. He hoped everyone would keep sober.

A usually well-informed French newspaper prognosticates that Lord KITCHENER will be knighted.

Lord KITCHENER's success is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that Lord ROBERTS, throughout his command, had the benefit of the advice given by our Military Experts in the daily papers, while this ceased as soon as Lord ROBERTS returned. This fact is usually lost sight of.

AFTER THE RACES.



DELAY OF DE LAST MINSTREL.

(Study in Black and White.)

OPERATIC NOTES.

THE attention of Mr. Punch's Own Operatic Observer ("O. O. O.") has been drawn to an error in spelling the name of Miss (Mlle. or Signora) REGINA PACINI, in which "O. O. O." inserted another "c." As a matter of fact it was not his fault nor even his mistake, and, even if it had been, might it not have been clear to any thoughtful individual that the introduction of the second "c" was only, as it were a letter of credit, figuratively indicating the boundless sea, or immense capacity of a register which could reach from the first C up to the last, diving as a *diva* into the depths, or rising like Venus "*orta mari?*" *Si si Signora! et vivat Regina PACINI!*

Tuesday.—*Die Meistersinger*. Fair house, specially on "the spindle side." Orchestra under LOHSE or rather a little above LOHSE, and more than "all there." The KING present, after a pretty tiring day at Ranelagh. *Die Meistersinger* not perhaps the lightest and most refreshing opera to hear when tired, though VAN ROOY very fine as *Sachs*,—as a North Briton might say, "Quite equal to any sax of 'em"—BISPHAM as *Beckmesser* distinctly good, and the rest anywhere. Tenor PENNARINI—a combination that sounds uncommonly like "*Ten-a-penny-rini*"—as *Walther von Stolzing* not by any means all our fancy could paint him, and Frau LOHSE's *Eva* decidedly weak; hope she'll be going stronger another night. Calls mainly for VAN ROOY, an easy first, with DAVID BISPHAM a good second. Personally, wish *Die Meistersinger* could be judiciously lightened of some few hundred bars, and then the bearers of the burdens, and the

hearers of the same, would both be happier. But to meddle with WAGNER is, as it were, to make a radical attack on a time-honoured constitution. Thank goodness there is another and a better opera, and lots of 'em.

Thursday.—*Tannhäuser*. On dit in some quarters that WAGNER isn't quite so popular as he was once upon a time with our opera goers. But teste *Tannhäuser* to-night. A brimming house. Boxes a bit shy, but every other part pretty well crammed. Nothing particular to be recorded except that as *La belle Venus* ("*O belle Venus, quel plaisir trouves tu!*" comme chantait autrefois SCHNEIDER, and pity it cannot be introduced, transposed, for the amorous Knight), SUSAN is going fairly strong, that Frau LOHSE does not gain upon us as *Elisabeth*, that as *Tannhäuser* our Penny-rini-in-the-slot does not come up to even a Penny-ha'p'ny-rini standard of excellence; that Herr MUHLMANN is good as *Biterolf*, that Madame SOBRINO in shepherd's dress makes her "piping" quite ornamental, while her singing of that refreshing *morceau* of melody is delightful, and to keep the best to the last, as *Wolfram*, Herr VAN ROOY is superb.

Friday.—SALEZA, *Monsieur Faust* (in French), with MELRA as "*his Daisy*," c'est à dire sa *Marguerite*, more sweet-voiced than ever, and Monsieur *Mefisto Plançon*, deep-toned and diabolically humorous, with Madame *Marthe Bauermeister* encore dans sa première jeunesse.

Saturday.—To-night *Love's Elixir*! Hope to enjoy the potion. Report to be drafted in our next. *L'Elisir d'Amore*, old delightful story, *Signorina Adina cara, e Dottore Dulcamara! noi sarémo là, la la, la!*

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

(Modern Version.)

Southampton Dockyard. Return of a popular General from the Front.

Inquisitive Stranger (to Dock Official). Who is that little man that the reporters are flocking round?

Dock Official. That is the War Correspondent of the *Bomb-bomb*. He's the man who will publish a book denouncing the General.

I.S. Dear me! Then who is that literary-looking gentleman walking with the General?

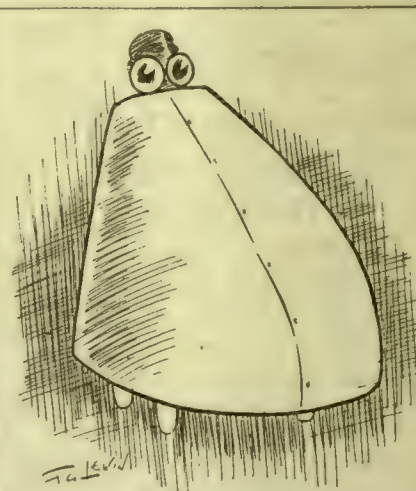
D.O. Oh that is the man who will write the General's defence; he has been out with him to gather material.

I.S. Who is that reporter standing apart from the others?

D.O. He is attached to the *Daily Manager*, which will call for the official despatches, and then equally condemn all parties, and incidentally congratulate the country on possessing a paper that makes all things clear.

I.S. Ah, I see, but who is that loudish-looking fellow, with a copy of *Tippy Snips* sticking out of his pocket?

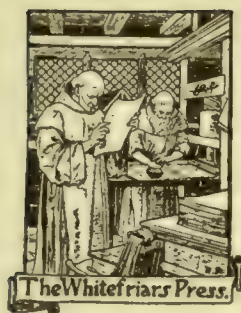
D.O. Why, my dear Sir, he is the "Man in the Street" for whose edification the whole thing is got up.



GOLLY WOG?

NOT A BIT OF IT. WHY, IT'S BROWN'S NEW MOTOR, WITH ITS SPEED SHIELD ON AND HIMSELF BEHIND IT.

**Mr. Punch's
Coronation
Number.**



Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.,
Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

Mr Punch's CORONATION NUMBER



LONG LIVE THE KING !

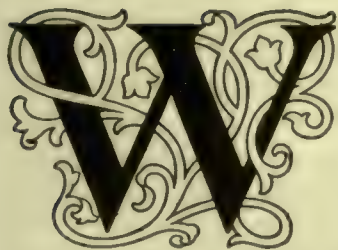


An Overflow Fête

(Designed by His Majesty's most Loyal Servant
Mr. PUNCH.)



*Extract of June 1st, 1902.**



WE have it on the highest authority, nothing lower in fact than that of Our Own Special Court Eavesdropper and Keyhole Correspondent, that the KING has found himself unable to cope single-handed with the heavy duties involved in the entertainment of HIS MAJESTY'S Coronation Guests. Accordingly, it became necessary for him to call in the services of a deputy. It was obvious that the choice of such a representative would have to fall upon one who not only possessed an untarnished reputation for the highest loyalty, but already enjoyed a position so far removed by its inherent dignity above the dreams of avarice, that he would

have no difficulty in executing the duties of his high office without fear or favour. Nobody, therefore, who had ever been permitted to share the KING's confidence, or was at all familiar with HIS MAJESTY'S tastes and predilections, expressed either surprise or envy when the choice fell upon *Mr. Punch*.

On receipt of the Royal Command our esteemed contemporary presented himself at Buckingham Palace, where he was invited to a private audience. We understand, from the authority above mentioned, that His Majesty KING EDWARD, who was alone and unarmed, informed *Mr. Punch*, confidentially, of the enormous access of guests which HIS MAJESTY anticipated in view of the forthcoming Coronation. The KING further expressed a desire (tantamount to a command) that *Mr. Punch* would take upon his own loyal hump some of the burden which might otherwise prove an inconvenience to HIS MAJESTY'S shoulders. It was the KING's idea that *Mr. Punch* should institute proceedings of the nature of an Overflow Ceremony for the more complete entertainment of HIS MAJESTY'S visitors and loyal lieges. The KING's suggestion (which has the force of a Royal order) was that this orgie should contain features which it had been found impossible to embrace in the official programme; such as, for example, a River Pageant and a glorified Lord Mayor's Show, the latter to cover ground, if any, not



Bouverie King of Arms.

* For the extracts cited in the following pages, we are indebted in each case to the *Lion's Daily Meal*, to which we tender our best obligations.

included in the Royal Progress by land or sea; the whole to conclude with a Gala Performance on the established lines of a Benefit at the National Opera House.

All details should be left to *Mr. Punch's* known discretion, the only limitation being that the various features of the entertainment should be in some way characteristic of British habits as well as of British taste in decorative Art. And lest the public should remain unaware of His MAJESTY's intentions, it was arranged that *Mr. Punch* should be allowed to issue, at convenient spots, a proclamation bearing the Royal Warrant, and explaining that it was the KING's pleasure to appoint *Mr. Punch* his deputy for the purposes therein set forth.

At the close of this unique audience *Mr. Punch*, tactfully restraining a tendency to swell with pride, executed a loyal genuflection, kissed the Royal hand, and gave expression to his obedient homage in the following simple phrases:—

"Sire, I am wholly at Your MAJESTY's service. It shall be my pride and joy to faithfully execute Your MAJESTY's behests." (The split infinitive must be ascribed to stress of emotion.) So saying, and preceded by his dorsal excrescence, he bowed himself out of the Audience Chamber.

Extract of June 8th.

To-morrow, by the KING's pleasure, the announcement to which on the strength of exclusive information we were enabled a week ago to refer, a proclamation will be heralded by *Mr. Punch*, Bouverie King of Arms, attended by Toby, F.S.A., Chat Noir Poursuivant. The proclamation will be read consecutively from the summit of each of the Seven Hills on which the Metropolis is based; namely, Constitution Hill, Notting Hill, Primrose Hill, High Holborn, Ludgate Hill, Tulse Hill, and Brixton Rise.



Mr. Punch holding a Court of Overflow Claims.

We herewith give an outline of its purport, for which our authority is a menial whose incognito we rightly respect. On a day (not yet fixed) in the week following the Coronation an Overflow Fête will be organised under the direction of *Mr. Punch*, acting as His MAJESTY's deputy. This will assume the form of

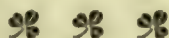
(1) **A Procession of Emblematic Motor Cars**, which will traverse those portions of London that lie outside the route selected for the Official Progresses. The actual direction to be chosen will not be divulged till you see it. Much will depend not only on the weather and the state of the ground, but also on the arbitrary behaviour of the vehicles that take part in the spectacle. Some of these, it is anticipated, may break off at any time into subsidiary groups of one or more units.

(2) **A River Pageant**, starting from the Temple steps (in the vicinity of the *Punch* Office), and eventually proceeding to the Terrace of the House of Commons, where a pause will be made to admit of a Regatta, and then back again to the Temple steps. It is not contemplated that this Pageant should be historically allusive, apart from the presence of the Convict Ship, manned by spectators. The constituent vessels will simply serve to exhibit for the benefit of illustrious guests the everyday resources of our noble river and the justly celebrated fleet that helps to distinguish it from other rivers. Details of the Regatta, which is to include a race between submarine clinkers representing the Government and the Opposition, will be shortly forthcoming.

(3) **A Gala Performance**, embracing Burlesques, extracts from favourite Operas, original adaptations from the French and other languages, *A Masque of Poets in Hades*, Special Poems to be composed and recited by

well-known public men, and a Prologue and Epilogue by the Master of the Ceremonies, with encores as occasion may arise.

In view of the probability that many Persons of Merit will desire to fulfil some public function in these Celebrations, a Court of Overflow Claims will be held. Candidates, however, will be invited to apply by letter, and not in person. This decree, it is thought, will obviate any exhibition of false modesty, and will also serve to temper the chagrin of disappointed applicants. The decision of the Master of the Ceremonies will, in all cases, be final.



Extract of June 15th.

Court of Overflow Claims.

WE learn, on the authority of the official whose assistance we have previously acknowledged, that the following Overflow Claims have been considered and decided by *Mr. Punch*, President of the Round Table Council:—

MR. GIBSON BOWLES, Manager and General Liquidator of the Hotel Cecilia, claimed leave to supply and face the music. (Declined.)

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN claimed the right to erect booths and tabernacles along the line of route. (Declined.)

LORD HALSBURY claimed, on behalf of his friends and relations, any salaried post that might be going. (Declined.)

SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE claimed, along with the multi-millionaire Mr. CROCKSELLER, to furnish the River Pageant with Marine remounts. (Declined.)

MR. SEDDON claimed to act as Regent in the event of the KING's absence from any part of the proceedings. (Declined.)

MR. BROCK, R.A., claimed the entire area of the Horse Guards Parade for a colossal effigy of RANJITSINGHI, the Black Prince. (Declined.)

SIR HOWARD VINCENT claimed leave to dance on a greasy Pole or any other Alien Immigrant who might be available. (Allowed.)



Mr. Gibson Bowles claimed leave to supply and face the Music.



Sir Howard Vincent negotiates the Greasy Pole.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, tracing back his lineage to the *Sun* (which at one time never set on Irish grievances), and proving collateral relationship with WALTER M.A.P., humorous cleric of the Twelfth Century, claimed professional acquaintance with the households (above or below stairs) of everybody either on or off the line of route. (Admitted.)

Sir CHARLES WARREN claimed, as ex-Chief of Police, to keep the route with his Spion Coppers, but admitted that he could not supply them with guns, water, or instructions, and that his heart was not in the job. (Declined.)

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN (Poet Laureate) claimed to write a poem to Australia's Darling. (Referred for permission to Australian Team.)

BRER FUCHS, Stamper and Die-Sinker by Royal appointment, claimed leave to strike any Coronation medallions that came his way, and in the event of suffering any obverses to apply for indoor bas-relief. (Declined.)



His Grace prefers to be an understudy.



Mr. Dillon as a good judge of taters.

Mr. DILLON, claiming to purvey hot spuds on the line of route, put in a testimonial in which the Colonial Secretary had pronounced him to be a good judge of taters. (Allowed.)

Sir HENRY IRVING, writing from The Cauldrons, Brockenhurst, and describing himself as an Anglo-American, through his connection with the Washington branch of the Irving family on the one hand and with Wellington Street on the other, claimed to play The Bells on the occasion of Mr. Punch's Ceremonies. (Declined on the grounds (1) that there were too many bells in London for a one-man performance, and (2) that a passion for this form of Church Music was inconsistent with the avowed tenets of Mephistopheles.)

Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, representing the Society for the Reform of Printers' Customs (though he repudiated any desire to italicise the proofs of his authority), claimed permission to hang in Jaeger costume from Waterloo Bridge in a state of inverted coma, and address obsolete apostrophes to the Pageant as it passed beneath. (Declined.)

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE begged leave not to be asked to play the part of the GORST in *Hamlet*. (Allowed.)

Mr. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD claimed to represent the Colonial Secretary any day of the week in black and white, black for choice. (Allowed.)

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who pleaded that he had suffered shipwreck with total loss of his wardrobe, claimed, for this occasion only, the loan of a complete suit of shining armour, suitable for wearing in the Underground. (Allowed, but with a warning that the limelight on the Metropolitan Railway was defective.)

The Editor of the *Lion's Daily Meal* claimed to play Napoleon in the *Corsican Brothers*. (Declined.)

Mr. WALTER LONG claimed, with the assistance of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and Constables from the K 9 Division, to keep the course clear of dogs. (Allowed.)



Mr. Walter Long and Constables of the K 9 Division.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON claimed to enter Shamrock XV. for the Lambeth Cup in the Coronation Regatta. (Declined.)

Miss MARIE CORELLI, cygnet-writer to the Conservators of the River Avon, insisted on being allowed to shrink from self-advertisement, alleging that she did not care a Mighty Atom for publicity. She was prepared, however, to appear in Hades if any use could be found for her special and peculiar knowledge of the methods of Satan. (First claim allowed; second declined for reason given to Sir LEWIS MORRIS, *vide inf.*)

Mr. G. R. SIMS claimed to supply the fountains in Trafalgar Square with "Tatcho." (Allowed.) Also, in the event of the performance of the last Act of *Paolo and Francesca*, to play the rôle of the long-locked lover; but only on condition that a certain famous line of the original text, namely:—

"I did not know the dead could have such hair!"

should be embodied in the acting edition. (Declined.)



Mr. G. R. Sims claimed to supply the Fountains in Trafalgar Square with Tatcho.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, of Macedonia and King Street, St. James's, claimed permission to make an appearance wearing a fixed Coronation smile on the left half of his face. (Declined.)

Sir LEWIS MORRIS, Knight, volunteered to appear by request in the *Masque of Poes in Hades*. (Refused on the ground that Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS was just now in sole possession of the right to exploit these regions.)

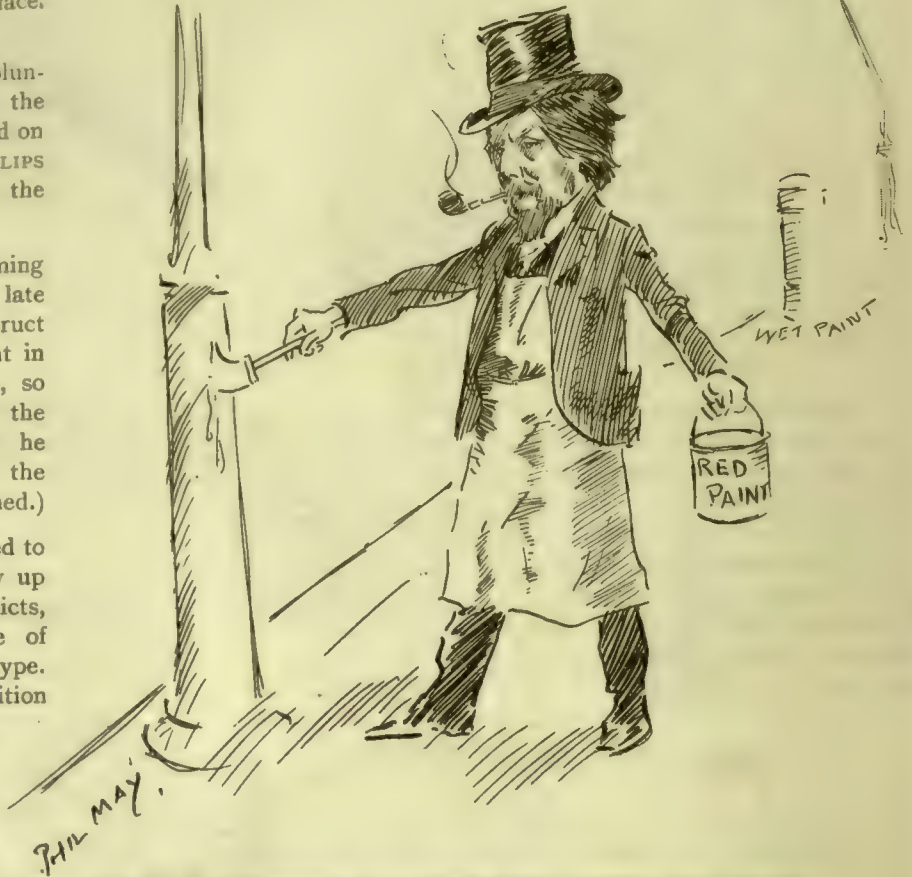
Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, claiming apostolic succession from the late AUGUSTUS HARRIS, offered to construct an illusory revolving wood pavement in the widened portion of the Strand, so as to concentrate the labours of the Procession. At the same time he admitted that his experience of the treadmill was only indirect. (Declined.)

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN claimed to form an All-fired Combine to buy up and burn the Thames Penny Derelicts, and run in their place a service of steamers of the Erie Canal type. (Gladly accepted, on the condition that he should not set the Thames on fire.)

Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., claiming mosaic precedent, asked leave to paint the City red, or any other colour that occurred to him. (Allowed.)

The Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, who boasted to have the blood of martyrs in his veins, claimed, by right of his Nonconformist conscience, to go to the beefstake in Smithfield Market (if the Procession should pass that way) rather than pay the new duty on imported food stuffs. (Allowed.) Also to MARK, GUY, PIERCE, and generally disable anybody who had a conscience of his own differing from his (HUGH PRICE HUGHES's). (Declined.)

Mr. YERKES, who enclosed a cutting of a tuberose, claimed the Perks. (Allowed.)



Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., asked leave to paint the City red.



Extract of June 23rd.

Procession of Emblematic Motor-Cars.

WE think that *Mr. Punch* has been well advised in declining to make any definite pronouncement as to the line of route of the Overflow Procession. Much, as he rightly points out, must depend on the initiative of the motor-cars themselves. The object which he has at heart is to supplement the KING's two limited progresses by bringing his own Procession, so to speak, to everybody's door. *Nihil*, as he so happily puts it, *nihil Metropolitanum a me alienum puto*. But it is possible that some of the constituent elements of his Pageant may be permanently injured in the attempt to climb obstacles, such as houses or monumental pedestals, or, by a sudden revulsion of motor-power, retrace the course which they have covered. In any case he has recommended the population to keep at home and wait till the cars roll by. For ourselves, we can only say that every reader of the *Lion's Daily Meal* is entitled to a free seat on the curbstone almost anywhere.

For the guidance of those who find difficulty in translating allegories, we append a selection from the various emblematic motor-cars which will take part in the Procession.

Car emblematic of Loyalty (250,000 horse and foot power).—Surmounted by a large Union Jack made in England, and secured (right way up) on *Mr. Punch's* permanent staff. Chauffeur, *Mr. Punch*.

Car emblematic of British Art.—Surmounted by a corps of Kodak Sharp-shooters. Motto: "Actuality; or We press the button, Nature does the rest." Chauffeur, *Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER*, who will conduct it in camera.

Emblematic Restaurant Car (Frying-Panhard type).—Central figure, the Chef of the Carlton, surrounded by Primrose Peeresses who have the privilege of the *entrée*.

Car emblematic of British Drama.—This will be modelled on the lines of the victorious chariot in *Ben Hur*.

Car emblematic of Popular Literature.—*Mr. HALL CAINE* will sit on a model of the Dome of St. Peter's, wearing a scarf embroidered with the observation: "Rome has no secrets from me." Chauffeur, *Mr. A. P. WATT*, Literary Agent; but *Mr. CAINE* will work the hooter.

Car emblematic of British Self-control.—Surmounted by a Hooligan (inebriated) and his lady, out on the Peace-path, assaulting the Police with olive-tiddlers, and shouting "Good old BULLER!" "What price KITCH?" etc. Motto on one side of flag: *Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*; on the other side: *Non secus in bonis ab insolenti temperatam lætitia*.

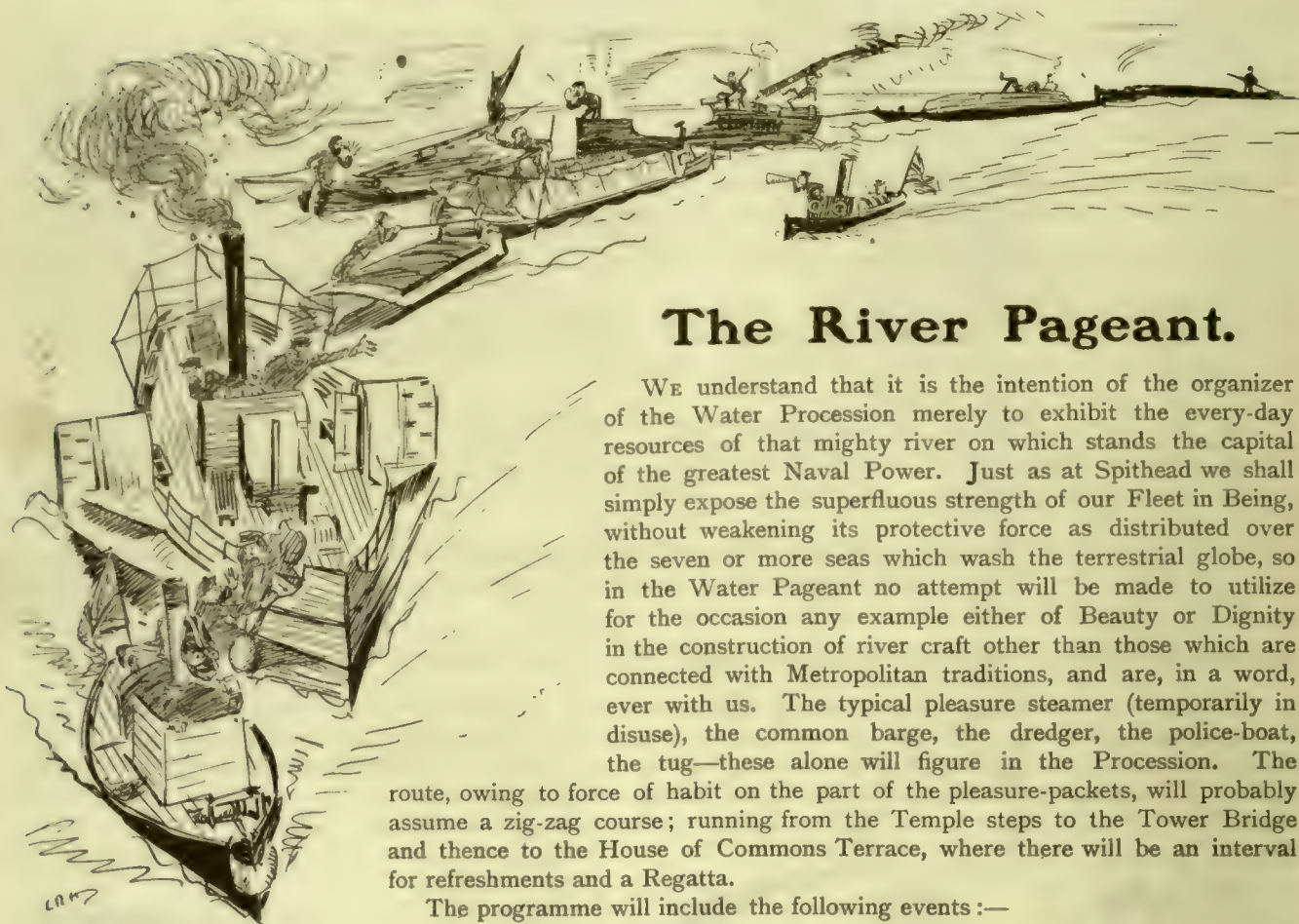
International Car emblematic of Music (Götter-Daimler pattern).—Made in Germany and surmounted by patrons of the "Ring." The hooter will be worked by the popular author of *The Honeysuckle and the Bee*, representing British music.

Ambulance Car (one remount-power).—Containing War Office officials.

There will be other cars emblematic of Flannelled Folly, Marconigraphy, the Power of the Press, and similar signs of the times. The rear will be brought up by a car which might otherwise retard the pace of the Procession. It will be a Sleeping Car, emblematic of British Enterprise and fitted with a powerful Trade Union Brake. In front of it will walk a British workman, bearing a flag with the motto, "We level down."



Sleeping Car, emblematic of British Enterprise.



The River Pageant.

WE understand that it is the intention of the organizer of the Water Procession merely to exhibit the every-day resources of that mighty river on which stands the capital of the greatest Naval Power. Just as at Spithead we shall simply expose the superfluous strength of our Fleet in Being, without weakening its protective force as distributed over the seven or more seas which wash the terrestrial globe, so in the Water Pageant no attempt will be made to utilize for the occasion any example either of Beauty or Dignity in the construction of river craft other than those which are connected with Metropolitan traditions, and are, in a word, ever with us. The typical pleasure steamer (temporarily in disuse), the common barge, the dredger, the police-boat, the tug—these alone will figure in the Procession. The

route, owing to force of habit on the part of the pleasure-packets, will probably assume a zig-zag course; running from the Temple steps to the Tower Bridge and thence to the House of Commons Terrace, where there will be an interval for refreshments and a Regatta.

The programme will include the following events:—

1. A Race between Submarine Clinker-built Eights, representing the Government and the Opposition. The names of the crews, taken from recent numbers of *Punch*, are appended:—

Unionists.				
Lord HALSBURY (bow)	6	1
2. Mr. BRODRICK	11	6
3. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH	10	12
4. Mr. BALFOUR	11	9
5. Duke of DEVONSHIRE	14	13
6. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN	12	7
7. Lord LANSDOWNE	10	11
Lord SALISBURY (str.)	16	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mr. GRANT LAWSON (cox.)	12	9

Liberals.				
Lord ROSEBERY (bow)	12	7
2. Mr. BRYCE	9	9
3. Sir E. GREY	11	5
4. Mr. MORLEY	10	1
5. Sir H. FOWLER...	12	3
6. Sir W. HARCOURT	17	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
7. Mr. ASQUITH	12	5
Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN (str.)	14	2
Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE (cox.)	4	10

2. An exhibition of Systematic Punting by the Earl of ROSSLYN.

3. A Duke hunt by the Belles of New York.

4. Mr. TOMMY BOWLES will give an exhibition of his famous Gib-boom.

5. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who will occupy all three thwarts and do the steering, proposes to walk over in the race for Randy-dans.

6. Mr. WHITAKER WRIGHT will float one or two Companies, and give a subsequent demonstration of his well-known watering cure.

7. Pierrot Music will be supplied by Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, who, as the son of his father, will be expected to play the *Ben Joe*.

The seating and feeding arrangements have been largely left in the hands of Dr. SALLY LUNN, who has chartered at enormous expense the historic Convict Ship which has lately created so powerful a sensation on Waterloo Bridge. Masthead seats and rigging accommodation will be let at twenty-five guineas; the paddle-boxes and bowsprit will be the same price; portholes for two will be £15 apiece, and sitting room in the coal-bunks below the water-line proportionately less.



The Gala Performance.

By the courtesy of the Management we are enabled to present our readers with a Programme of the Gala Performance to take place the same evening at the National Opera House. Permission has been further accorded us to publish the words of some of the proposed recitations; also the text of the *Masque of Poets in Hades*. The following is a complete list of the various turns, though their number and variety is so generous that it is anticipated that some selection will be found necessary on the actual night if our guests are to reach home before the break of the next day but one.

1. Mr. Punch, after presenting a bouquet to Her Majesty the QUEEN, will deliver the following

Prologue.

Kings, Presidents, and various Powers of Earth,
Assembled here to share our harmless mirth!
And ye that at considerable pains
Have followed in your Masters' special trains,
Swarming from all the Continents that be,
And islands in, or else beyond, the Sea!

First, to my Royal Liege, if he'll
allow me,
In low obeisance I should like to
bow me.

[Turns towards Royal
Box and does so.

Next, to our noble Coronation
guests
(Distinguished by the orders on
their chests),
Who have so kindly crossed the
sundering foam,
I give this greeting—*Make your-
selves at home!*
Praying that every blessing may
be shed on
Each one of you, including Mr.
SEDDON.

Already ye have seen with just
surprise
What England's Art can compass
when she tries;



Punch, or the London Charivari, June 25, 1902.

Ye have beheld our country's leading stars
Mounted on emblematic motor-cars,
And have enjoyed that unexampled treat,
The splendid pageant of our River Fleet.
And now, to crown the long delirious day,

Nor will I go, in vulgar phrase, the whole hog,
As is the common custom in a Prologue,
And ask for your applause; of that I'm certain;
And so proceed to elevate the curtain.



2. Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Company in the New Coronation Extravaganza, *A Thousand and One Knights, or, Honours Easy*, by the author of *Burton's Beerage* (Mr. Anthony Hop).

3. Mr. DUKE and the full Ogden Company, assisted by the author of *The Cigarette-Maker's Romance*, in the famous dark scene from *Sheer Lecoqmes*, or, *The American Nasal Manœuvres*.

And send you more than satisfied away,
With your polite consent we here engage
To illustrate upon the British stage
Those gifts that cause our fame to stream
afar,
And go, in fact, to make us what we are.
Nor do we merely purpose in the Bill
To prove our dramatists' adaptive skill,
By samples showing how our native pen
Assimilates the work of alien men,
But we intend profusely to supply
The genuine products of our genii;
We have secured our champion poet's aid; he's
Promised to figure in *A Masque of Hades*,
And demonstrate, if there is still a doubt of it,
That, matched with PHILLIPS, SOPHOCLES is out
of it.

But most we mean to have your ears in thrall
With the pure magic of the Music Hall,
And through this highest form of local Art
Put you in touch with England's throbbing
heart.

AUSTIN, who made his name with *Jameson's Ride*,

Once more shall swell the pit with loyal pride;
And RUDYARD rake the gallery with his rhymes,
Having secured permission from the *Times*.

But, not to hold you longer in suspense,
The Show I adumbrate shall now commence;



4. Mr. DAN LENO in his Popular Sketch, entitled *A Trip to Sandringham*.

5. The Avenue Company in the Combine-Apartment Scene of *The Little American Millioner*.

6. A Masque of Poets in Hades.

(Loosely adapted from the "Frogs" of Aristophanes.)

Dramatis Persona.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS ... Author up, by permission of Messrs. TREE and ALEXANDER.

SOPHOCLES... Sir RICHARD JEBB, disguised as the famous statue in the Lateran Museum

HERMES (the Messenger Boy) ... Mr EDMUND PAYNE.

Chorus of Shades provided by Covent Garden Elders



CHORUS OF SHADES.

To that day of the past
My memories rove
When the battle waxed fast
In this shadowy grove,
As EURIPIDES, straw-splitting quibbler,
And thundering ÆSCHYLUS strove.

For SOPHOCLES hoar,
So gentle of old,
Who never before
Would wrangle or scold,
Is bent on another great contest—
Oh! may I be there to behold!

They say that the light
Of his genius fails,
And even the bright
Star of ÆSCHYLUS pales
When the glorious sun of young PHILLIPS
At noonday resplendently sails.

So HERMES has sped
To Her Majesty's, far
From the realms of the dead,
With the speed of a star,
If haply the poet's at leisure,
To bring him—but lo! here they are!

Enter HERMES, supporting STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Hermes. Buck up! The worst of it is past, my lad!
O Chorus, what a time of it I've had!
Scarce could I lure his lagging limbs along;
He blenched and shuddered when he saw the throng
Of suicidal gentlemen and ladies
Who hover in his Virgil-Homer Hades;
He shrieked aloud when CHARON hove in sight,
And clung to me, and all but died of fright,
And at "the woe of TANTALUS and the fruit"
Each hair stood upright, rigid from the root.

Cho. Lo! his teeth still rattle and his eyes dilate!
How shall he do battle in his present state?

Let us all befriend him! Bathe his pallid brow!
Carefully we tend him! See! He's better now!

Her. And in good time, for lo! upon the stage
Once gentle SOPHOCLES, now black with rage!

Cho. You remember that contest of yore
To which I've alluded before?—
When ÆSCHYLUS warmed to his work, how he stormed!
And oh! how EURIPIDES swore!

But to-day let me hope that these twain
From vulgar abuse will refrain,
Whate'er the temptation to recrimination,
From Billingsgate sternly abstain.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles. I will not yield my throne, that will I not,
To any plagiarist—

S. P. To any what?

Soph. To any plagiarist, I say again.

S. P. The word is ugly. Prithee, Sir, explain.

Soph. Explain? Thou knowest in thy secret heart
That all thy play is HOMER'S—

S. P. Save the art
Which made a drama—

Soph. Which an epic marred.
O STEPHEN, know that it is not more hard
To mingle oil and water than to say
To elemental epic, "Be a play!"

Cho. Yes, I know; that is so; and I really must say
What is fit for an epic ain't fit for a play.

Soph. I showed thy play to HOMER. In the crowd
Of corpses, one had smuggled in his shroud
A copy of your latest. "Who," quoth he,
"Is this *Ulysses*?" "Read," said I, "and see."
He read a little. "Zeus! why so misnamed?
It is my own *Odysseus*!" he exclaimed;
"But why, O why *Ulysses*?" "Nay, my friend,
That's something more than I can comprehend."

Cho. Now you call our attention to that which you
mention, it certainly strikes us as queer O,
When the rest are all Greek, that the poet should seek
a name that's not Greek for his hero.

Soph. HOMER read on. "The minstrel too," said he,
"And, as he sings, enter PENELOPE—
The exits and the entrances are mine:
Then, prithee, STEPHEN PHILLIPS, what is thine?
Next tell me, STEPHEN, how you dared defile
The solitude of lone CALYPSO's isle
With ballet-girls in scantiest of trousseaus,
And half-a-dozen Drury-Lane-like Crusoes?"

Cho. It certainly seems like the maddest of dreams that
a lonely Ogygian valley
Should be rudely disturbed by the oglings uncurbed of
an airily clad *corps de ballet*.

Soph. 'Twas ever held, in highest tragic art
Mere farce and melodrama have no part:
Then how defend CTESIPPUS' vulgar gambols
And your concluding sanguinary shambles?

Hermes. Hold, SOPHOCLES! Your water-clock is done.
'Tis STEPHEN'S turn. Attention, every one!

S. P. Although the situation bids me blow
My braggart trumpet, Modesty says no!
Let others speak. Behold my friends! A host!
News, Standard, Chronicle and Morning Post!

Cho. Oh, how did you contrive to ferry
Across the Styx this heavy freight?
Old CHARON always swears his wherry
Will sink beneath the slightest weight.
He makes men leave their pride and vapours
Before he takes them in his charge—
Then how did you bring all these papers,
And never sink the crazy barge?

S. P. At first he asked what had I to declare.
"Oh, daily papers—trifles light as air."
Peruse them; you will see, my latest play
Out-Herods Herod.

Cho. So, no doubt, they say.

S. P. Did SOPHOCLES, or any of the Greeks
Secure so many good first-night critiques?

Cho. We are bound to confess the Athenian Press has
never at any time shown us
Such a chorus in praise of our very best plays, like the
Ædipus, say, at *Colonus*.

S. P. (aside.) That trick is mine. I win. Yet, I
believe,
My trump-card still is lurking up my sleeve.
I'll play it. SOPHOCLES, when first the bays,
Bound on thy laureate brow, proclaimed thy
plays
Unconquered, and the prize awarded thee,
Even then, i' thy palmiest days, didst ever see
Thy drawing, shaded by no mortal hand,
Adorn a window in the wondering Strand?

Cho. Behold! He is dumb! He is quite overcome
At this symptom of genius true.
Will he storm? Will he rage? Will he rush off the
stage?
Oh, what will he—what will he do?

Soph. STEPHEN, no more! The throne that has been
mine
Since ÆSCHYLUS did leave it me, is thine.

Cho. Hail, poet of poets! Come, sing,
Ye Nine from Pieria's spring,
The praises of STEPHEN, whom SOPHOCLES even
Admits as our Tragedy King.

7. Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE (by permission of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN) in the Carnival Scene of *Paris in London*, adapted from the remains of the extinct Daudet-bird, and thoroughly cleaned and renovated by the Sapholio process.

8. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON and Lyric Company in an Original South African Melodrama, entitled *Mausers and Men*.

9. Miss CISSIE LOFTUS (by permission of Sir HENRY IRVING and the Alhambra Directorate) will give an imitation of *Fräulein CECILIA LOFTUS as Marguerite*.

10. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, of the Queen's Bays, will give a forecast of his

Official Coronation Ode.

WELCOME, thrice happy morning ! None too soon
Certain preliminary days are past ;
The veritable Twenty-sixth of June
Is here at last !

O lift your voices in united strain
To welcome Him—and eke to welcome Her
Who take their place within the ancient fane
Of Westminster.

First listen to the immemorial vows
Phrased with befitting dignity of speech ;
Next, place Two Crowns upon Two Royal Brows,
(One upon each).

And then keep silence, while in roundelays
Which, I opine, “may soothe some sufferer's lot”
When “new and noisier notes” (namely R.K.'s)
Are clean forgot

I bid the Lion of the Land arise,
Grasping that Flag of Freedom in his paw,
Which in such various localities
The *Ophir* saw.

Dread Destiny withal I charge to fill
With devastating draught her cruel cup,
Which having drunk, our envious rivals will
Simply curl up.

I bid the Lion-cubs to gather fast,
Flying, as swallows fly, across the waves,
Adding that Britons never will be classed
Withal as slaves.

I sing of Realms imperishably set
Above the sands of time, of Empires fixed
Upon “the wave-wide track ;” in fact, I get
A trifle mixed.

And, as I warble to each hemisphere,
Comes the responsive cry from West and East :—
“Oh make the Bard, if possible, a Peer—
A Knight, at least.”



The soaring Poet spurns the
common ground

11. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, in his universal athletic costume, will recite a New and Original Epochmaker, entitled,

The Chantey of the Nations.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sons of the Blood, which is twice as thick as water is,
Lock, stock and barrel of the Race that rules the Sea!
Ye have left your occupation
At the Mother's invitation,
Left the ice-floe, and the swamp and the jungly
mango-tree!

I am the Bard, it is I that make the Catalogues,
I that give the Oracles that otherwise were dumb;
I am KIPLING, I'm the Voice,
I'm the Chosen People's Choice,
I'm the Words and Music also, I'm the Drummer
and the Drum.

What I have said I have said, and pretty often too,
Hinting of the heritage that goes with British birth;
But to-night it might be pleasant
To address the Nations present
Who are not as yet embodied in the Lordliest Thing
on Earth.

FRANCE.

Thus saith the Voice to the genial Boulevardiers:
"Welcome, gallant neighbours, I've a word to say to
you:
Could ye get your gutter Press
Just to lie a little less,
Ye might soon forget Fashoda, and the shock of
Waterloo."

AUSTRIA.

Thus saith the Voice to the braves of Francis-
Joseph Land,
Dwellers by the Danube in the home of cakes and
bock;
"Ye have shown us what to waltz to,
But ye have your little faults too,
And ye sold us Hungary chargers, five-and-forty
pounds a crock."



The Hungary Charger.

ITALY.

Thus saith the Voice to the men of V. EMMANUEL:
"Ye are not fair-weather friends, ye stick through
storm and rain;
Ye have lent our land the DUSE,
And we could not well refuse a
Debt of honour, so we sent you our CORELLI and
our CAINE."



Our Corelli and our Caine.

GERMANY.

Thus saith the Voice to the Teutons of the Fatherland,
"Hail! KAISER'S men, out of Berlin on the Spree;
If your students thirst for knowledge
By a course at Oxford College
They might learn to know us better and behave more
cousinly."

RUSSIA.

Thus saith the Voice, "Ye have seen us, O ye
Muscovites,
Seen our Thameski Prospect and the City paved
with Tin:
Ye have marked the friendly air
We adopt towards the Bear,
Will ye veil in turn the Tartar underneath your
velvet skin?"

JAPAN.

Thus saith the Voice to the wearers of Chrysanthemums:
"East is West and West is East, for now the twain
are one;
We are white and ye are yellow,
Ye are young and we are mellow,
Yet we'll hold the Seas together for the Lion and
the Sun."



11. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING recites *The Chantey of the Nations*.



12. Ballet Divertissement. *The South African Colonies at Peace.*

13. Epilogue.

(Composed and delivered by *Mr. Punch.*)

Now my charms are all o'erthrown
(This remark is SHAKESPEARE'S OWN),
But before you take your rest
I've a something on my breast,
Which, when I have let it go,
Absolutely ends the show.

We have done the best we could,
And we think you found it good,
Judging by the genial tone
You have very kindly shown.
Some have laughed and some have wept,
Some, I noticed, frankly slept,

But not one was heard to scoff,
Or to let revolvers off.
And especially we thank
Any here of royal rank
Who have travelled countless miles
From the Less Pacific isles,
And to-night so calmly bore
Things they never faced before—
Did not once attempt to rise
And spit us on their assegais,
But in courteous silence sat :
We are much obliged for that.

And now, good gentles, we shall not be long,
If you will please to join me in a song.
The language, I admit, is not sublime,
And only here and there achieves a rhyme ;
But, barring portions of the second verse,
The meaning's good, or might at least be worse,
And I am confident it will—in parts—
Awake a loyal echo in your hearts.
Come, then, and let us uniformly sing,
Upstanding, if you please, *God Save the King.*

God Save the King.





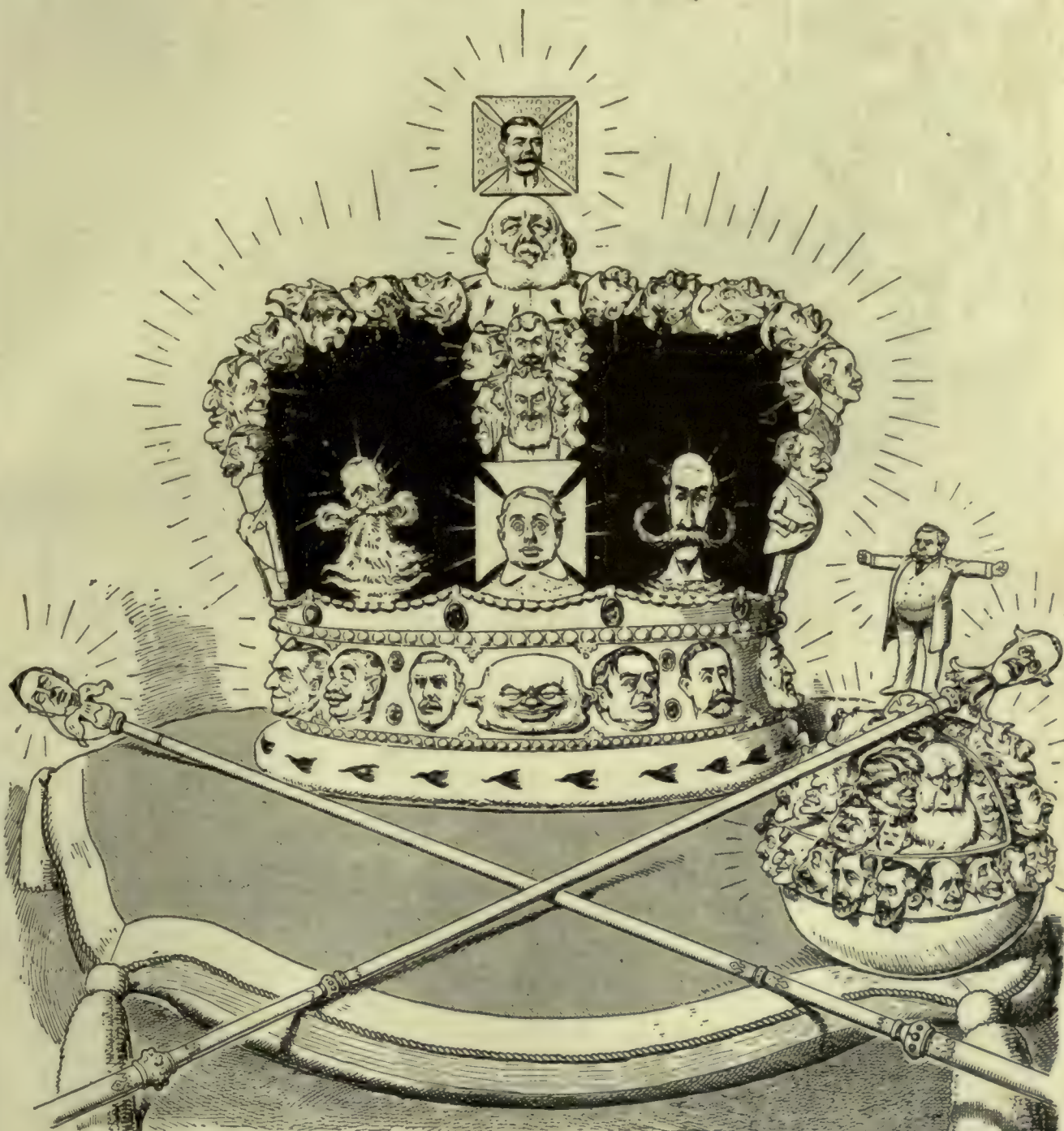


SALVE REX



ET IMPERATOR

THE REAL "CROWN JEWELS."



"THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 23.—House not adjourned yet for Coronation. Will do so on Wednesday. Might as well have made a clear week

of it from to-day. Only one topic in mind of Members. The talk all about the Coronation, no use trying to do business. SARK has already anticipated events. Gone off to prepare for the happy day. Shall follow his example. Write up over Kennel, Barks,

following inscription: "Gone to the Coronation. Back d'reckley."

Business done.—Preparing for Coronation.



Small Boy. "PLEASE, GRANDDAD, EFFIE AND I WANT TO MAKE A CORONATION ILLUMINATION. DADDY SAYS WE MUSTN'T BURN THE PACKING CASES, SO WILL YOU PLEASE LET US HAVE YOUR WOODEN LEG?"

A REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—During the past week or two I have had a dim feeling that my life was not going on in the orderly and decorous fashion in which it has proceeded for the past seventy years. I have at last been forced to the conclusion that the disturbance is in some way connected with the coming Coronation. I go down to my Club in Piccadilly this morning to find the front door barricaded, and an intimation posted upon it that members can only enter through the Mews at the back. After devious wanderings I make my way into the building. The rooms are wrapped in gloom, caused by huge wooden structures erected in front of the windows. I go to my favourite corner, where my special arm-chair has stood for years. It is not there! In fact the whole condition of the place reminds me of the worst excesses of the Diamond Jubilee.

Now, Sir, I feel that this kind of thing is a subject for legitimate complaint. No one has less objection to his MAJESTY'S being crowned than I have, but I think it should be done in such a way as to interfere as little as possible with my comfort.

Yours fretfully,

AN OLD BUFFER.

Snooks's Club, June 25.

THE QUEEN'S LOOK.

LUMMY, BILLY, I seed 'er! Yuss,
That wos the QUEEN! You seed 'er too.
Crikey, but aint it lucky for us
We wos nippers, BILLY, and got squeezed through.

Father 'e 'adn't a chance, not 'e.
'E was stuck at the back of all them rows
With three gals bustin' theirselves to see
Right in 'is front and over 'is toes.

'Ark to 'im cussin'! Yer 'll always tell
When they 've bested father—'e just lets fly.
But you and me, why we seed her well;
And aint she beautiful—oh my eye!

We wos 'ip-'urrayin'—she seed us plain,
For she give us a look—like a cup o' tea
When you 're shiverin' cold with the wind and rain:
That's just 'ow 'er look went into me.

And I feel that 'appy I'll take my 'ook;
I don't want to see no more o' their fuss.
But I 'm goin' 'ome to think o' the look
Wich the QUEEN, God bless 'er, she give to us.

CORONATION GOSSIP.—It having come to the ears of Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN that the Lord of the Manor of Worksop has the right to support the KING's right arm at the Coronation ceremony, Mr. MORGAN has purchased the Manor on behalf of an American Syndicate. The members of the Syndicate will take turns in supporting His MAJESTY'S arm.

A BALLAD OF THE LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN.

THREE noble lords claimed all in vain
The office of Lord Great Chamberlain.
The Earl of ANCASTER was one,
Another the good Earl CARRINGTON,
The third (whose name is pronounced so rolmondeley)
Was the most noble Marquess of CHOLMONDELEY!

The Court of Claims they tried and tried
To settle the case, but couldn't decide,
So finally they left the thing
In the hands of our Gracious Lord the KING.
And the KING selected that wise and colmondeley
Nobleman, the Marquess of CHOLMONDELEY!

The Lord Great Chamberlain takes his stand
To-morrow at the KING's right hand,
He wears gold lace all over the place,
A star on his breast, and a smile on his face,
He doesn't perform his duties glolmondeley,
That high official, the Marquess of CHOLMONDELEY!

When the KING is crowned all eyes remain
Fixed on the Lord Great Chamberlain;
If there 's a hitch he 's never in doubt,
He even orders the Bishops about,
And Peer and Prelate obey quite dolmondeley
The stern commands of the Marquess of CHOLMONDELEY!

SONG OF THE CORONATION CHIMES.

"FAIR Bells, to our city bode joy and increase!
And, oh, may thy first sound be hallow'd to Peace."
Schiller's Song of the Bell.



A ROMAN CORONATION FRAGMENT.

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

My Liege and Sovereign Lord,
 First of your line whose legend marks the might
 Of Britain's Ocean-wide domain!
 Ere yet to-morrow's light
 Beholds you leave her high memorial fane,
 By that irrevocable rite
 Of solemn oath and lifted sword,
 Of holy oil and sacramental cup,
 Crowned and anointed King;—
 Before the dazing splendour blinds our sight,
 And in our ears the gathered shout goes up
 Of homage won from half the world;
 And back from bended skies,
 Flecked with the countless ripple of flags unfurled,
 The shattering echoes ring and ring;—
 While still our suppliant breath may rise
 Like incense on the waiting air,—
 For you what vigil shall we hold to-night!
 With what compelling prayer
 Importune Him, the King of Kings,
 To grant you health and years' increase,
 Wisdom to keep your people's love,
 And, other earthly gifts above,
 The long-desired, the gift of Peace,
 Always to shield you with her shadowing wings!

Little he dreamed, the last who bore your name,
 Our boy-King EDWARD, dying ere the prime
 Of that adventurous age
 That fixed his royal sister's fame—
 Little he dreamed how fair a heritage
 Should fall to England's crown in after time.
 Beyond the seas that ringed his island realm
 Scarce any owned him Lord;
 Great kingdoms stood that yet should reel
 Beneath the clash of English steel,
 Instant to overwhelm;
 Far lands were yet to win from out the waste
 By patient courage strong to tame
 Wild natures, earth's and man's, and make
 On rude inhospitable shores
 New English homes for the old England's sake.

And of their toil who lightly faced
 Danger and death for this their best reward
 To-day the garnered fruit is hers and yours.

So stands your Empire: over such a race,
 Fearless and proud and free,
 Whose hands have laid your Kingdom's base
 Upon the outmost edges of the sea,—
 Loyal all times and now
 Fresh-proven in the fierce assay of war,
 You take the seal of lordship on your brow.

Small seems the labour, light the task
 Of empery over lands that crave no more
 The meed of conquering arms, but only ask
 For silent annals after storm and strain.
 And yet not easy is the weight to bear
 That claims your kingly care.
 To guard, unsullied still, that dear renown
 Our fathers handed down;
 To help us hold, through peace, our warrior-rights
 Won in a thousand fights,
 And sacred by our blood and tears;
 To see we use, against the coming years,
 Before its memory fade,
 The lessons of the past, and draw
 Knowledge from failure, and from loss a gain;
 To humble arrogance, the curse of ease;
 To make their consciences afraid
 Who bid your England fold her hands in sleep;
 To be of Truth the mirror, and a law
 Of Honour unto men of all degrees;
 To champion the Faith and keep
 The fear of God before your people's eyes;—
 Such royal service we, who gladly bring
 Our own to greet you on your festal way—
 We ask in turn of England's King!
 And, so your heart be set on this,
 Then let whatever need arise,
 And come what perils may,
 Be well assured you cannot miss
 God's and your Country's love to be your stay!

O. S.



A LOVING CUP.

Toast-Master Mr. Punch. "THE KING OF SPORTSMEN, EDWARD THE SEVENTH!"

THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS 'ER.

Me go to the Coronashun? Yus! In my golden carriage and pair,

With my grandmuvver's pearls, and the dooks and earls, and a crown on the top of my 'air!

You going? Ner yet don't want ter? I know your style! 'Ere, come!

If I gave yer a seat—not to see the QUEEN? Well, strike me blind, that's rum.

Me? Why I'd give my fevver, wot missis won't let me wear—

Ain't got nuffin else, or I'd give it too, to 'ave a good ole stare.

You juggins, I can't; I've got to work. I'd go if I could, you bet.

But it's allus them as 'as don't want, an' them as wants can't get.

I seed 'er once, and she bowed to me—bli' me, of course it's true—

Over by Buckinam Pallis gates, as close as I am to you.

I made my bob and I waved my 'aud, and I cheered, an' I tell you wot,

She looked at me strite, with a smile on 'er fice. My! wot a fice she's got.

I never seed nuffin so pile an' sweet, an' it made me feel that queer,

To see 'er a-settin' as strite as a dart, and 'ear the people cheer;

But I 'ad to stop, for it seemed to me she 'd a kind of a look in 'er eyes,

A sort of a kind of a tired look, like a biby when it cries.

An' I said to myself, "Yus, SUSAN JINE, yer pities yerself a deal,

An' yer works all day, an' yer goes to bed, one ache from 'ead to 'eel:

But wot about 'er? When *she* 'as worked, all day an' 'arf the night,

She's got to go on till kingdom come, an' smile an' look perlite."

I'm only a gen'ral servant, but parson 'e comes to-day,

With 'is long black coat, an' 'is squashy 'at, an' 'is collar as white as whey—

An' ses 'e, "My gurl, 'ere 's a card for you, from the QUEEN."

"From the QUEEN?" I said.

"Wot *me*," I said, and 'e says, "Yus, *you*," and I said "Lor', strike me dead."

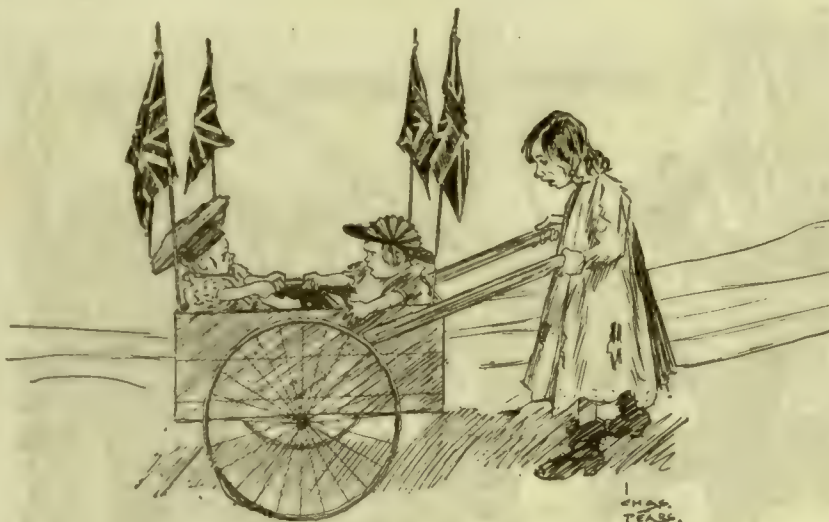
But s' 'elp me, yus, it's true as true. She's arst me, bless her grice—

Me—SUSAN JINE—to a meal with 'er, with my 'ands and my smutty fice.

I don't want no processions now. I'm 'appy as 'appy can be; An' 'ere 's to the QUEEN, Gawd bless 'er, the QUEEN! The QUEEN as remembered *me*.

"SORTES SHAKSPEARIAN.E."

"God and his angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it!"—*Henry V.*, Act I. Sc. 2.



PEACE CELEBRATIONS.

CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Available for those who, through various causes, will be unable to witness the Ceremony, the Processions, or the General Festivities in London.

For Parties who measure more than sixteen inches in width:—A slack time on a sofa, in a deck-chair or a hammock, solaced by the contrast with the close quarters allowed to the peers and peeresses in the Abbey.

For Individuals who can't afford to buy a seat:—The possibility of having a much nearer view of the Show from the pavement, if you only get there early enough.

For Persons who dislike being jammed for hours in a crowd:—The opportunity of unlimited elbow-room in the rest of London.

For People who are shut out by the barriers:—The knowledge that they have been saved, by the thoughtfulness of the authorities, from a lot of squeezing and pushing.

For Nervous Householders who daren't leave their homes:—The satisfaction of remaining on guard all the time against burglars and tramps.

For Burglars and Tramps:—The prospect of a busy, profitable day in the suburbs, undisturbed by owners or police.

For General Servants and others left in charge:—A long and happy day without the Missus, and a chance of meeting the QUEEN at tea later.

For Wage-earners generally during the two days' holiday:—Two days' holiday.

For Press-men and Photographers:—Two hard days' work.

For the Army in South Africa:—A

good time coming, and it has been a good time coming!

For Lord KITCHENER:—£50,000 and a Viscounty.

For Lord MILNER:—?

For the Boers:—A hundred pounds a head and a Coronation medal.

And for the rest of the Empire:—A view of the Processions on the biograph, and a copy of *Mr. Punch's* Coronation Number all round.

A MINOR BARD'S LAMENT.

WHILE others with a joyful heart
At the KING's Crowning all rejoice,
And in its peans play their part
With jubilant and cheerful voice:

I only go as if in pain;

For, while the world around is gay,
I rack an irresponsible brain—

In search of something fresh to say.

SOLD!

NOT THE SEATS, BUT THE SPECULATORS.

(Placards on any Stand at Various Dates.)

JUNE 2ND. From five to fifteen guineas. Book early to secure the best!

5TH. From four to twelve guineas. Book quickly!

9TH. From three to ten guineas. Book at once!

12TH. From two to seven guineas. Lunch included, without wine or other drinks.

16TH. From one to five guineas. Lunch included, with tea and coffee, but without wine. Do not miss this opportunity!

18TH. From fifteen shillings to three guineas. Lunch included, with claret cup. Finest position on route! Inspection invited!

21ST. From half-a-guinea to two guineas. Breakfast included. Also lunch, with claret cup. None as good! Do not pass without inspecting!

23RD. From seven shillings to one guinea, breakfast included. Also lunch, with claret cup. Also light refreshments. Unequalled anywhere! Step inside and look at superb seats!

24TH. From five to fifteen shillings. Breakfast, champagne lunch, and light refreshments included. Absolutely the best in every respect! We implore you to inspect personally!

25TH. From three shillings to half-a-guinea. Breakfast, champagne lunch, and light refreshments all day, included. Velvet-covered seats. Gramophone performances until Procession passes. In your own interests step inside and inspect!

26TH. From one shilling to half-a-crown. Breakfast, champagne lunch, with liqueurs, and light refreshments all day, included. Gramophone and string band performances until Procession passes. We implore you for your own sake not to fail to inspect superb velvet-covered seats! Great reduction on taking a quantity!

27TH (early morning). All seats sixpence. Breakfast, lunch with liqueurs, light refreshments, and champagne all day, included. Gramophone, string band, and glee singers until Procession passes. No reasonable offer refused!



THE ELIGIBLE WINDOW THE AGENT ADVISED JONES TO LOOK AT, OVER THE WATER.



THE CORONATION OF OBERON AND TITANIA.



THE GREAT FEATURE OF OUR LOCAL CORONATION FESTIVITIES WAS THE PROCESSION OF EMBLEMATIC CARS. THE EFFECT OF THE PAGEANT WAS, HOWEVER, SOMEWHAT MARRED THROUGH THE BEHAVIOUR OF FOUR STURDY BULLOCKS, HARNESSSED (WITHOUT PREVIOUS TRAINING) TO THE CAR OF CERES AND FLORA.

A PROCLAMATION.

To all and sundry—Gentlewomen, Misses, Ladies, Girls, Débutantes, Dowagers, Spinsters, Chaperons, Dames, 'Arriots, and Women in the crowd, Greeting:

Whereas it is expected that Royal and Imperial Processions of Unprecedented Interest and Splendour will traverse, progress, perambulate, pass through, and be conveyed along certain of the Streets and Thoroughfares of the Metropolis on the Occasion of the State Coronation of Their Majesties King EDWARD THE SEVENTH and Queen ALEXANDRA on the Twenty-sixth of June, Nineteen Hundred and Two, and on the Day following;

And whereas it is anticipated that the said Royal and Imperial Processions will be witnessed from Galleries, Balconies, Stands, Windows, Parapets, Kerbstones, Cornices, and other Coigns of Vantage by a Vast Concourse of Sightseers and Spectators, of whom it is estimated that fully One Half will be of the Female Sex;

And whereas it may be confidently presumed that the said members of the Female Sex, to wit, Gentlewomen, Misses, and all Others specified in Preamble, will be moved to decorate, adorn, beautify, and generally distinguish themselves with their finest and largest Toques, Gainsboroughs, Bergères, Tricornes, Plateaux, Lady Blessingtons, Rustic, Picture, and Matinée Hats, and Divers other Feminine and Fashionable Headgear;

And whereas such obstructive and opaque Head-Coverings will undoubtedly cause Annoyance, Heart-burnings, Vexation, Exasperation, Desperation, and much Sup-

pressed Profanity among the Lieges, Seat-holders, Amateur Photographers, and Others in their Immediate Rear;

And whereas a Jester may be permitted to step in where the First Commissioner of Works, the London County Council, the Cabinet, and the Whole Body of Theatre Managers fear to tread;

Now therefore be it ordained that during the Time that the before-named Royal and Imperial Processions are in Sight the respective Gentlewomen, Misses, Ladies, and Other Wearers of Toques, Gainsboroughs, and all and every kind, sort, shape, type, or mode of Dress for the Head SHALL BE ALLOWED to adopt the Loyal and Masculine Custom and Privilege of REMAINING UNCOVERED for the Time Being, or, if the Weather be Unpropitious, to attire Themselves in a Simple Cap or Coif, and thereby to earn the Undying Gratitude of the Public.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

By order,

Given at Our Alley,

This Twenty-fifth Day of June, 1902.

PUNCH.

CORONATION ITEMS.—The weather forecast for the Coronation is unfavourable. We are to have a Coronation March in June.

The decorations in the main thoroughfares have for a long time been well advanced. His MAJESTY, whose thoughtfulness is proverbial, realising that they are intended by his subjects to come as a surprise to him on Coronation Day, pretends not to see them when he drives out.

HINC ILLÆ LACRYMÆ!

I AM not one
Of those who shun
The poor rewards of Fame.
I'd like to be
A Knight and see
"Kt." after my name.
But no one seems
To think my dreams
Will be fulfilled this year,
And I'm afraid
I shan't be made
A Coronation Peer!

If I could set
A coronet
Upon my loyal brows,
I should not hide
My honest pride
—Nor would my loving spouse!
Some men pretend
That titles lend
No added dignity.
It may be so
With them. I know
It is not so with me!

And this is why
I sit and cry,
And why my breast is throbbing,
Till people wonder what I've done,
And why on earth I'm sobbing.
I can't conceal
The pain I feel,
I'm weeping with vexation,
I shall not be
A K.C.B.
Despite the Coronation!



WHY NOT?

SUGGESTED COSTUME FOR THE SISTERS, COUSINS, AND AUNTS OF NAVAL OFFICERS, WHEN ON BOARD THE FLEET AT THE REVIEW; BY WEARING THE ABOVE THEY CAN EASILY AVOID GOING "DOWN BELOW," DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE ROYAL YACHT.

OUR KING AND QUEEN!

EDWARD, our King! God save him! That is he
Dight in the symbols of his Royalty.
With that majestic bearing all his own
And the high air that fits him for a throne,
Right regally, the people's chief, he comes,
Dawn through the thunder of the rolling drums
And the wild roar of voices that acclaim
Not idly, but with proud assent, his name.
Defend him, Heaven! and, oh, defend her too,
A Queen, in beauty bursting on our view!
Lit with delight, through all the crowded aisle,
Each eye takes fire at her entrancing smile.
Xanthus or Tiber never caught such grace
As our old Thames may mirror from her face.
Needless the steel that girds their presence round;
Deep in their people's hearts their thrones are found.
Royal we own them, and our love affords
A guard more mighty than a myriad swords.

"TWAS MERRY IN HALL."

MONSIGNOR MERRY DU VAL, it is announced, is accredited to St. James's as representative of LEO XIII. to congratulate our KING upon his Coronation. Felicitous title! "Monsignor MERRY!" with chorus, "For to-night we'll Merry be!"

Never mind to-morrow. There should not be a jovial Coronation (a banquet not served *à la mode Dival comme à Paris*) without his Monsignorship's presence. As our SHAKESPEARE hath it, "Let's be Merry, good my Lord Cardinal!" Monsignor, "Rest you Merry."

A FORECAST.

I WONDER whether, on the day
When London wears apparel gay,
And close together
The Empire loyalty shall bind,
You will deign also to be kind—
I wonder, weather!

CORONATION OPERATIC NOTE.

WHERE is that gem of AUBER's, *The Crown Diamonds*? It ought to have been given as the Coronation opera. It may yet be decided upon as a Crowning Act for the Gala night, when boxes will be priced at the value of a monarch's ransom. *L'Elisir d'Amore* must remain, unnoticed, until "our next." But it is permitted to hint that, if given again with the same cast as it had on Saturday, June 14, no one who loves music coupled with the name of dear old DONIZETTI ought to miss the chance of seeing and hearing this delightful opera so exceptionally well performed. But we have other matters in hand, and just now "everything gives place, when there's a coronation in the case."



TO KEEP THE CROWD OFF. A HINT.

CAN'T AFFORD TO STAND SEATS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY, AND CAN'T STAND A CRUSH? WELL, WELL. WHY NOT FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF OLD QUIVERFULL, AS ABOVE? COMPARATIVELY CHEAP, AND KEEPS OFF ALL PRESSURE FROM THE CROWD, HOWEVER DENSE, AND NO ONE NEED BE DISAPPOINTED!

MR. PUNCH'S CORONATION HONOURS.

LORD ROSEBERRY to be raised to the level of C.B.

Mr. PERKS to be Knight Commander of the Primrose.

Sir J. CRICHTON BROWNE to be canonised as St. PEATREEK.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL (by consent of the last-named) to be made a J.C.B.

Mr. JOSEPH DARLING, Clerk of the Weather.

Mr. J. S. SARGENT, the Order of the Jerusalem Artichoke.

M. PADEREWSKI, President of the House of Keys.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., Baron Blarney.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

THE CORONATION CHAIRS.

THESE CHAIRS, OF HOMELY, YET PRICELESS DESIGN, ARE MADE OF STOUT BRITISH OAK AND STAND TO-DAY—TO THE ENVY OF THE WORLD—UPON THE SURE FOUNDATION OF A NATION'S LOVE AND REVERENCE. [THE PROPERTY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.]

Mr. T. GIBSON BOWLES, M.P., Keeper of the Hatfield preserves.

Mr. IMRE KIRALFY, Worshipful Master of the Company of Spectacle-Makers.

Colonel NEWMHAM-DAVIES, Count of the wholly Romano Empire.

PAN JAN KUBELIK, Grand Panjandrum to the Duke of FIFE.

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, Minister Penny-potentiary to the young Czechs.

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, Talebearer to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Mr. J. M. BARRIE, Royal Pipe-bearer.

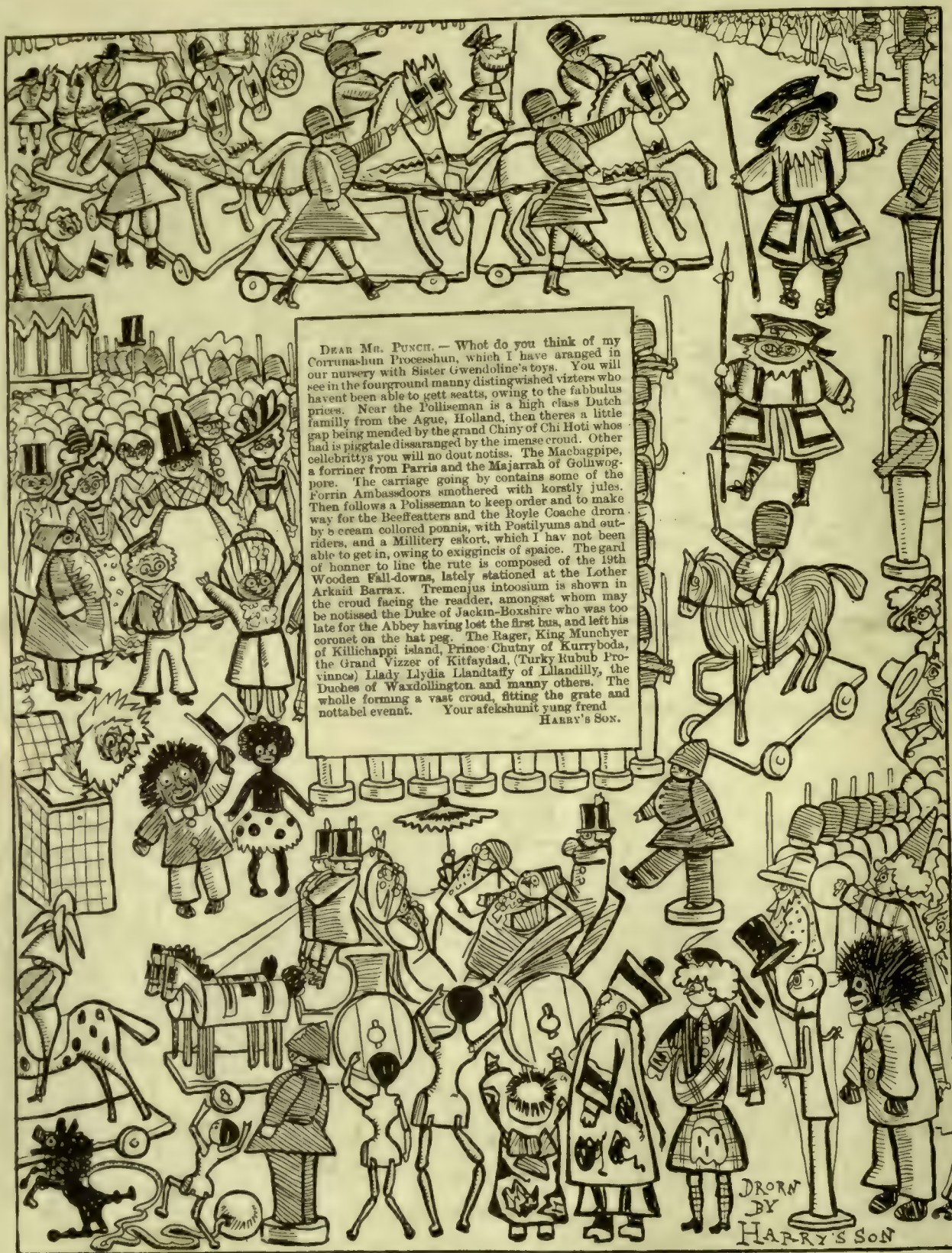
Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, Order of the White Star and Garter.



LOCAL CELEBRATIONS.



ARRIVAL AT THE MANSION HOUSE OF DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN GUESTS WHO ARE EXPECTED TO TAKE PART IN THE CORONATION FESTIVITIES.



THE STAND-STILL CORRUNASHUN PROCESSHUN.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

["The Government have sanctioned the teaching of swimming in Board Schools, provided the instruction is given on dry land."—*Daily Paper*.]

"MOTHER, may I go out to swim?"

"Oh, yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

She doffed in haste her silken gown,
And tied her tresses wavy;
She donned her shoes of canvas brown,
And bathing dress of navy.

They stretched her on the floor at length,
As though it were the ocean;
They showed her how to strike with strength
And set her limbs in motion.

And then she lay upon her back,
And carefully they taught her
The simple but effective knack
Of floating on the water.

She learnt to dive beneath the wave,
And, as a triumph crowning,
Could (theoretically) save
A person who was drowning.

In short she rescued every day
A sister or a cousin,
And at the annual display
Won medals by the dozen.

But still ambition stirred her heart;
An eager longing caught her;
She needs must try her favourite art
For once within the water.

Alone she sought the willowy bank,
She gave one little shiver,
Then plunged upon the wave and sank
Deep, deep, into the river.

Then had she drowned without a doubt
Had not a passing stranger
With handy boat-hook fished her out
Beyond the reach of danger.

He chafed her fingers cold and blue
With admirable patience,
And finally restored her to
Her friends and her relations.

They heard her tale with grief and pain,
And eagerly besought her,
If ever she would swim again,
To shun, like fire, the water.

AU GRAND SÉRIEUX.

MR. PUNCH's readers will recall that among his recent "Reprints" was an imaginary extract from the *Daily News* of June 21, 1815, throwing doubts on the victory of Waterloo and contumely upon the Iron Duke. It is with a pained surprise that we find that this passage has been taken *au pied de la lettre* by our esteemed and naïve contemporary *L'Indépendance Belge*. From an article of June 20, describing a



SOMETHING WRONG.

He (musical—to hostess). "I HOPE YOU WILL EXCUSE MY GIVING A HUMOROUS SKETCH TO-NIGHT. I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT I—I FEEL SO—SO FUNNY!"

pilgrimage to the field of Waterloo on the anniversary of the battle, we take the liberty of citing the following exquisite passage:—

"Silencieusement, nous prenons le chemin du Lion. Tout en marchant, l'éternelle question des Belges à Waterloo est soulevée une fois de plus par certains excursionnistes. Que de controverses! Que d'avis divers! Et pour mettre tout le monde d'accord, nous tirons de notre portefeuille une coupure de journal anglais, que nous traduisons et dont voici le texte, reproduit récemment par un grand quotidien (*sic*) de Londres: "

Here follows a portion of *Mr. Punch's* "Reprint," translated *literatim*:—

"*Daily News* du 21 juin 1815.—Quoique les rapports officiels annoncent une grande victoire des forces alliées à Waterloo, il saute aux yeux de qui sait lire entre les lignes que l'action a été incertaine et coûteuse. Comme nous avons constam-

ment eu l'occasion de le faire remarquer lors de la guerre de la Péninsule, le duc de WELLINGTON n'est pas un stratège; et si ce n'eût été l'héroïque bravoure des Belges, l'armée anglaise aurait été annihilée par les Français.

"Ce passage paraît convaincre tout le monde. "Mais celui-ci, emprunté au même journal, même date, même article, soulève des exclamations. On verra, en effet, que le *Military-Critic* du *Daily News* était un bonapartiste non dissimulé: "

Here follows another portion of *Mr. Punch's* "Reprint":—

"Puisque nous estimons que la campagne actuelle est un crime, et que la soumission temporaire à Napoléon aurait sauvé le pays d'une incalculable misère, nous ne cachons pas notre chagrin d'apprendre que notre commandant en chef a échappé à un désastre bien mérité. Quant à la défaite de la vieille garde—*sapristi!* nous refusons catégoriquement d'y croire."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

IV.—THE INDIA-RUBBER MAN.

THE rubicund man in the open-work boots in the opposite corner is in a confidential mood. He has just joined us at Reading—hitherto we have had the compartment to ourselves—and, having deposited a greasy parcel on the seat beside him, lights a clay pipe and looks towards us with an ominous geniality. I bury myself in an evening paper. FERGUSON glares sternly at the opposite wall; he is in a bad temper, for he has just seen St. Valentine's caught in the Gut, after giving me two to one this morning on the way up in the train that they would make their bump.

"Come from Oxford, gen'lemen?"

FERGUSON says nothing. I give a curt assent without looking up from my paper.

"I'm an Oxford man myself, gen'lemen."

We make no response.

"Don't misunderstand me, Sir," explains the rubicund man, "I don't mean that I was at any of the gents' colleges. You mustn't think that." (We had made no such mistake.) "I mean I was born in Oxford, gen'lemen."

There is a pause.

"I'm livin' in London nar," he continues—"dahn the 'Arrer Road; been in London since I was a nipper. I've just been to Readin' to see my ole mother."

I am weak enough to say: "Indeed."

"Yuss," he holds on cheerfully, "she's been porely. Very nearly lost 'er last week. She's all right nar, though—right as rain. Don't you fret."

I murmur a brief congratulation. The rubicund man seems piqued at the silence of FERGUSON. He now addresses him pointedly.

"Lose yer mother," he remarks with a beaming smile, "an' yer lose yer right arm."

FERGUSON is not to be moved. The rubicund man turns to me.

"True, ain't it?" he queries.

I nod and become absorbed in my paper. I feel that our fellow-passenger must not be given further encouragement.

He now tries another tack.

"Test Match 'll be orl right, won't it?"

This time I take no notice at all.

Silence ensues. It is a long time before I dare look up over the corner of my paper. The rubicund man has removed his hat and is dozing in his corner. I venture to enter into conversation with FERGUSON. There is no change in the situation till the train stops at Ealing. Then the rubicund man wakes up, produces a bottle from his breast-pocket and offers it to FERGUSON, then to me.

We decline, and the train moves on

again. The rubicund man refreshes himself and relights his pipe. FERGUSON and I continue our conversation. FERGUSON's remarks upon the subject of the St. Valentine's cox getting the rudder lines crossed at the start are such that I will not sully my lips by repeating them. I venture to suggest that the crew themselves were a poor lot. A heated argument follows.

"Gen'lemen."

It is the rubicund man again. We continue our argument.

"Gen'lemen! Would yer like ter see the injer-rubber man?"

FERGUSON darts a stern glance at him, and continues to demonstrate that, bar the cox, St. Valentine's are the best crew on the river this year.

The rubicund man leans towards us and addresses himself to FERGUSON in a louder tone.

"Sirs! Do yer wanter see the injer-rubber man?"

FERGUSON breaks off his argument abruptly.

"No," he replies coldly, "we don't."

The discomfiture of the rubicund man is pathetic. He sinks back into his corner again and broods. It seems that his trump card has been played in vain. FERGUSON turns to me and continues his argument. I watch the rubicund man. His feelings have been so obviously hurt, I cannot help being sorry for him. Suddenly his melancholy is dispelled, and a smile of enlightenment breaks over his face. He rises, and making his way over to our corner stands over FERGUSON, steadying himself with a hand on the rack.

"Train's makin' sich a noise," he explains, "yer couldn't 'ear what I said. I said—do yer wanter see the injer-rubber man?"

FERGUSON turns, and looks him full in the face.

"No," he replies in tones that are painfully distinct, "we don't."

This is really a pitiless blow. The rubicund man gropes his way back to his corner and sits down again. The dumb misery of his expression cuts me to the heart. I find myself ashamed at the inhumanity of FERGUSON. I strive to direct, undetected by FERGUSON, a look of sympathetic interest towards the other corner. The rubicund man sits gazing despondently before him, a broken man. The train begins to slow down before entering Westbourne Park. Suddenly he revives again. He looks across at us, then rises to his feet and begins to take off his coat.

"Doesn't matter," he remarks cheerfully, "I'll show 'im to yer all the same. The 'Uman Pincushin."

"I tell you we don't want to see," says FERGUSON.

The rubicund man disregards this,

and rolls up his shirt-sleeve. The train has drawn up at the platform.

"Narthen," he observes, moving over to our corner and holding out a not very clean arm, "you can stick as many pins or needles as yer like inter thet."

"Oh, go away!" cries FERGUSON roughly. "I've seen that millions of times. Anybody can do it."

The rubicund man regards him sadly, then offers him a pin.

"Stick one in, Sir," he pleads, "anywhere yer like. I'm not chargin' yer any money fer it."

FERGUSON harshly declines the invitation. I cannot bring myself to accept.

"Any plice yer like," repeats the rubicund man seductively, "tenderest spots in the body." And then suddenly sits down.

"Sole o' the foot," he observes joyfully, and hastily begins to remove a fragmentary boot.

"Look here, confound you——" begins FERGUSON loudly, when he is interrupted by the entrance of the ticket collector. He takes our tickets and waits impassively while the rubicund man, coatless, and with his boot half off, fumbles in his pocket. Eventually the ticket is found and handed up.

"Westbourne Park?" queries the conductor. "Here you are—train's just going on."

The collector leaves the compartment briskly. The rubicund man rises slowly and picks up his coat and the greasy parcel. The engine whistles, and the rubicund man limps hastily out on to the platform. The train moves on, and the last I see of him is on a seat, with his coat and the greasy parcel on the ground in front of him, sadly pulling on his boot again.

"EVERYMAN' IN HIS HUMOURS."

It may be that the Morality Play called *Everyman* will have been withdrawn from the boards of the Imperial Theatre before this brief notice of it sees the light of a matinée. Mr. BEN GREET deserves well of all who have at heart the best interests of the Drama in having unearthed this quaintly-devised and truly touching piece (from which illiterate JOHN BUNYAN, two centuries or more—for the date of *Everyman* is uncertain—later, must surely have taken some hints for his *Pilgrim's Progress*) and boldly placed it on the stage. How fortunate is Mr. BEN GREET in having found so good a company to play the old-world characters, and to have obtained so conscientious an artiste, and one so peculiarly suited to this same part of *Everyman*, as is Miss WYNNE



AT THE ZOO.

Little Girl (after seeing many queer beasts). "BUT THERE AREN'T REALLY SUCH ANIMALS, NURSE, ARE THERE?"

MATHESON, whose name is absent from the programme, which indeed makes no mention of any of the actors or actresses. Nor does it give the names of the two Beefeaters or Yeomen of the Guard who, standing left and right of the proscenium, halbert in hand, do motionless sentry-duty during the hour-and-a-half's performance. Their presence is distracting, especially to those among the audience who have a keen appreciation of humour, and to whose memory is forcibly recalled that scene in *The Critic* where the Halberdier, throwing off his disguise, appears as somebody else, exclaiming,—

"Am I a Beefeater now?"

But as this pair never do anything except keep awake, in which they triumph over nature, surely they might be dismissed within the first quarter of an hour of the play, to return when the *Doctor* pronounces the epilogue; or, in their temporary absence, their places might be taken by two wax-work figures, who would come to "relieve guard." So with Hearty Ben-Greeting we sincerely commend this performance of *Everyman* to Everyman and Everywoman too.

A HINT FROM THE SULTAN.

["Henceforth no more books are to be published in Turkey, the SULTAN having so decreed by special *Irâdê*. This, at least, is the report which has reached Vienna from Constantinople.

It is further stated that the men formerly employed in the publishing business are now engaged as detectives in the political police force."

Daily Paper.]

SINCE ABDUL the Tremendous has issued his command That no new books shall see the sun in his Delightful Land,

It's surely quite permissible for us to follow suit,
And extirpate *our* publishers and authors, branch and root.

Just think of the sensation—"our Fathers of the Row"
Compelled by absolute decrees to shut up shop and go;
Think of the pain of PINKER, of A. P. WATT the pique,
The speechlessness of SHORTER, his subjects all to seek!

And yet on calm reflection it's very plain to see
The country need not suffer, but should the better be,
If all this mass of talent, of enterprise and force
Could merely be diverted into a nobler course.

For HOPE would take to politics, in which he's sure to shine,
And BARRIE pioneer a new tobacconist Combine,
WELLS would succeed his namesake in the London Fire Brigade,
And SIDNEY LEE pursue with glee the Bacon-curing trade.

HALL CAINE would deal in butter, for never yet was seen
So talented a ladler-out of moral margarine,
And HARNSWORTH run a private school for reigning monarchs' heirs

With autocars for autocrats (no extra for repairs).

The care of Scotland Yard of course to CONAN DOYLE would go,
And LANG would take his cleek in hand and flourish as a "pro,"

KIPLING would play the banjo at Henley and at Cowes,
And AUSTIN peddle one by one the laurels from his brows.

SAXON GRACE.

"It is a question whether the suggested abolition of Greek as an obligatory subject for Responsions will be a convenience even to the scientific man, for whom an elementary knowledge of the classical tongues is almost necessary. We are reminded of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER'S admission that 'stick-togetherness' and 'allahkeness' are but clumsy substitutes for their classical equivalents."—*Daily Paper.*

O SCIENTIFIC Britain,

How long wilt weakly cast
Thine eye o'er tomes half written
In language of the past?
How long wilt sadly hammer
At Greek and Latin grammar
That thou may'st learn to stammer
These six-foot words at last?

Down, down with Greek and Latin,
And in the honoured throne
Which they so long have sat in
Let Saxon reign alone—
The tongue wherein one traces
No blemish that debases
These literary graces
She only calls her own.

Abolish barbarisms,

Nor struggle to express
In clumsy classicisms

A meaning few can guess.

Instead of "integration,"

Say "sticktogetherness,"

Instead of "granulation"

Say "powdermakingness!"

What! Must we dig in fusty
Dead tongues long past away,

To find a worn-out, musty

Old word like "atom," eh?

Let's say, with glib facility,

An "uncutability,"

And talk of "volatility"

As "powertoflyaway."

A PAPER GOVERNMENT.

"PARDON me, Sir," he said, breathlessly, "pardon this liberty on the part of a perfect stranger—you may be surprised—"

I was surprised, and I said so. For when on a railway journey you offer a newspaper to a fellow passenger, he does not, generally speaking, give a piercing yell, tear the paper in half, and fling it out of the window. Besides, the *Powder-Puff*—I had bought it to take home to my wife—is a journal of almost ostentatious refinement, written by ladies for ladies. I asked—with a hand close to the alarm button—for explanations.

"Sir," he replied, "that accursed print you offered me has ruined my life. Some months ago I chanced to open a number of the *Powder-Puff* at a book-stall. My eye fell on an article headed 'How to Dress like a Duchess on £10 a year.' It seemed just the thing for my wife, who, between ourselves, is a bit extravagant over her millinery. She

was delighted with it; in fact, I had to call next morning at the office, and pay a year's subscription in advance. If you do that, besides the paper itself, they give you six votes for an Asylum for Imbecile Orphans, which, of course, is an immense advantage. Next Thursday the *Powder-Puff* arrived—it's done so once a week ever since—and I'm a ruined man!" I made some remark about exaggeration.

"Exaggeration?" he shouted, "exaggeration? How would you like it yourself? Who do you suppose rules my household—rules it with a rod of iron? No, not I, nor my wife, nor even her relations, but a blatant, loathsome, anonymous journalist, skulking in the *Powder-Puff* Office! It began with the food. Instead of the decent dinners my wife used to give me, we have nothing but abominable recipes taken from the 'Succulent Suppers' column. Then it went on to the library-list. My wife won't have anything except what 'Cultivated Critic' recommends. So the only novels I see nowadays are those published at the *Powder-Puff* Office, and written, apparently, by the editor's relations. Next came the garden. The *Powder-Puff* remarked one day that the fashionable flower this year is *Deinosophorus* Major, or some such name. If you'll believe me, my wife promptly dug up all our roses and geraniums, and planted *Deinosophorus* everywhere. Afterwards we found out that it must be grown in tropical hothouses. Then my choice was given me between some vile stuff called 'Miggs' Magnificent Mixture' and no tobacco at all. *Powder-Puff* again, of course! So I'm a non-smoker nowadays. The children have joined the 'Little Heroes' League' run in connection with the paper, and are advised by its conductor—through the correspondence column, with names and addresses printed in full—to put up with their brutal and uncultivated father as patiently as they can. Now I've got a brief holiday. I had hoped to spend it in Scotland. But the *Powder-Puff* recommends a certain set of lodgings at Sloppington-on-Sea, so I'm on my way to engage them—at a fancy price. Before long—"

At this moment the train stopped, and I hastily changed carriages.

"THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."—The River Steamboat service. Compare Parisian boats on the Seine with . . . but the comparison is impossible, there being no steam-boat service at all on the Thames. And what a chance has been lost this year, which would have been just the very time for making a number of new piers!

LETTING IT DOWN GENTLY.

"A Mother's Congress has declared against cradles on hygienic grounds."—*Evening Paper.*

ONCE mothers babes with "hush-a-by"
To cradled sleep would woo;
But now in the maternal eye
The cradle is taboo.

Yet while this Congress ruthlessly
Its ill effects expounds,
The cradle's fall at least will be
On hygienic grounds.

ADVICE TO THE MISSUS.

DEAR MADAM, — Your own general servant, together with 9,999 members of her profession, has been invited to partake of a banquet provided by her QUEEN, who will at the same time decorate her with a medal struck in honour of the event.

I would strongly recommend you, Madam, to ask yourself the following questions:—

1. Is my conduct with regard to MARY such as is likely to be discussed with approval by ten thousand general servants?

2. Do I sufficiently realise that MARY's mind, owing to the blessed spread of education, is doubtless stored with information concerning the most recent discoveries in physics, botany, medicine, astronomy, &c.?

3. Am I competent to converse intelligently with MARY on these topics?

4. Do I acknowledge that it must be a hindrance to her higher mental culture to be continually harping on such subjects as broken china, burnt porridge, and getting up in the morning?

5. Do I know the meaning of G.F.S., M.A.B.Y.S., S.P.C.S.?

6. When visited by delegates of the above Societies, do I welcome them with fervour, and see to it afterwards that MARY punctually attends all the classes and meetings to which those ladies invite her?

7. Do I confidently believe that, however healthy in appearance, MARY is suffering from anæmia and is under strict orders from her doctor to take plenty of nourishing food—to abstain from the slightest exertion indoors, but to have daily exercise in the open air?

8. Do I loyally help MARY to obey these orders, even furnishing the kitchen with an armchair, in case she should feel inclined for repose after the "nourishing food?"

9. Am I a firm believer in MARY's soldier cousin?

I am, Madam,

Your sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND
QUERIES.

(A Peep into the Future.)

v.

SLOE GIN (30th S. viii. 377).—I find no attempt in *Skeat* to explain this curious phrase, which constantly occurs in connection with the hebdomadal recreations of Parliamentary representatives at the close of the nineteenth century. The *locus classicus* is to be found in a contemporary print, which states that "Mr. BALFOUR was in excellent form during his visit to Littlestone." On being asked by an interviewer to what he attributed his success he laughingly replied, "Abstinence from sloe gin!" Mr. BALFOUR, a distinguished athlete, seems to have been in the habit of frequenting Littlestone for the purpose of indulging in some occult species of ball game, presumably of Scottish origin, as Mr. BALFOUR was from beyond the Border. "Sloe Gin," then, is probably a Southern corruption of "Slogan," i.e., the war-cry or shout raised by excited players. Others identify the phrase with some implement used in the game, the word "gin" being used in the sense of "trap" (cf. *trap*, bat and ball), while Professor DEWAR, of Perth, holds that the phrase should be written "Slow Gin," i.e., a spirit the effects of which were subtle and lingering (cf. "Forty rod whiskey").

H. CRAIK.

HASKELL BALL (30th S. viii. 551).—The ordinary explanation of "Haskell Ball" is, I know, that it is a proper name, and that HASKELL BALL was a brother of a fire-eating Yeomanry officer named JOHNNY BALL, of Hoylake, who was frequently prosecuted for assaulting a harmless and helpless old veteran named Colonel BOGEY. Plausible as this theory undoubtedly is, I cannot help feeling it to be insufficiently supported by contemporary evidence. For my own part I feel convinced that "Haskell" is merely a corruption of "Ask-all," and that the "Ask-all Ball" was a species of entertainment organised on an extremely democratic basis. I am confirmed in this view by the fact that a certain writer named HORACE HUTCHINSON speaks of a Haskell Ball as being "difficult to control," and "uncommonly lively." The Haskell Ball was apparently first started in America—(cf. "Bradley-Martin Ball").

A. F. MACF.

LIKE AS WE LIE (30th S. viii. 66).—The clue to this enigmatical phrase, which attained a wide currency at the beginning of the twentieth century, is probably to be found in that economy which is so characteristic a trait of the people amongst whom it had its birth.

P. H. M.
1902

"WHAT D'YER CALL THE NEW BABY, AURELIA?"
"PEACE!"

It is, I feel convinced, an elliptical expression to be completed in some such form as "(Nobody can lie) like as we lie," and seems to have been adopted as a sort of watchword by a Guild or Company which had its headquarters at St. Andrews. The falsification of their accounts was so common a practice that no discredit seems to have attached to it, the phrase "a good lie"

conveying no discredit, but rather the reverse, to the perpetrator.

W. A. KNIGHT.

THE LANDOR LANDED?—Reflections on a certain in-and-out runner by the ghost of W. S. L. (quoting himself):—"Ah! what avails the Sceptred race? Ah! what the form divine?"

THE PLAIN OF THE LOYAL BARD.

[SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE, in his record of the cruise of the *Ophir*, describes the frequency with which, in political tributes to the Royal visitors, "Prince" was made to rhyme with "evince."]

THE premium on a princely rank is patent to the eye;
You're envied in your lifetime, and belauded when you die;
But it has its disadvantages, and none of them is worse
Than the scanty scope it offers to practitioners in verse.

There are rhymes in great profusion for the troubadour to
slung

If he's called upon to celebrate the virtues of a King
(I own it's hard to find a word to fraternise with Duke
Excepting the uncompromising term of Mameluke);

But the worst of all the problems that confronts the rhyming
crew

Is the one MACKENZIE WALLACE has unfolded to our view;
Viz., you never can appropriately eulogise a Prince
Without at last resorting to the awful verb "evince."

The available alternatives are little better, since
You can't express your loyalty by lugging in a quince;
And thus, although the operation causes you to wince,
You're ultimately driven your devotion to evince.

The moral of this story is approximately clear;
Don't reject a decoration, don't refuse to be a peer;
But in fixing on a title pray exhibit some regard
For the metrical requirements of the patriotic bard.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. IWAN-MÜLLER confesses that the bulky volume he entitles *Lord Milner in South Africa* (HEINEMANN) contains only about two-thirds of what he has actually written. For this my Baronite offers thanks, and is disposed to hint that further compression would not have decreased the value of the book. A peculiarity of it is that, whilst it is entitled *Lord Milner in South Africa*, we do not approach Lord MILNER till page 429 is reached. Even then the author goes off at a tangent, leaving Lord MILNER waiting to be called for later in the course of the remaining 300 pages. MR. IWAN-MÜLLER's industry is colossal, his accumulation of detail overwhelming. He has apparently read every Blue Book and despatch connected with South Africa since, in 1815, the affair of Slagter's Nek. From these, and even from newspapers, he quotes liberally, amassing a wealth of information for the patient reader. Nowhere else will the student of the history of South Africa find in fuller or more convenient form the raw material upon which opinion may be formed or history written.

The Mechanism of War (BLACKWOOD), the latest contribution of "LINESMAN" to the illumination of the campaign in South Africa now really over, is not the least valuable of the series. Having, as Lord ROSEBURY puts it, muddled through somehow, we find a painful interest in looking back, and, guided by an expert, discovering why we were so long about it, and why more than once we escaped final disaster. "Never," writes "LINESMAN," "was greater military talent in conjunction with greater military ignorance, never were the potentialities of genius more trammelled by the clinging wheels of professional ineptitude than in the early days of the conflict." He applauds the British officer, whom he has seen in the field, and grows almost ecstatic over the patience, the courage, and the endurance of the private soldier. He restrains himself when he comes to allude to gentlemen highly placed in Pall Mall. The moral of the campaign is set forth in a sentence. "We had no troops, no tactics, no

Mounted Infantry, no Staff, no sense, at the beginning of the war; we had them all in serviceable quantities before the war was half-way over. . . . An officer who has survived two years in South Africa is the most accomplished and resourceful leader of men in existence, for upon the foundation of his own unrivalled natural capacity for war has been imposed a course of instruction as perfect as its pupil." That is encouraging. But a terrible price has been paid for the lesson. As "LINESMAN" says, it is wasteful, expensive work, trusting to the day of the race to train the horse.

The other day the Baron had the pleasure of giving to his readers an extract from the *New Opera Glass*, by FR. CHARLEY, describing the plot of *The Merry Wives*. Here is another from the same amusing and interesting work. It is a concise account of the plot of *Turandot*, by THEOBALD REHBAUM:—

"Kalaf, Prince of Assam has leaved his fatherland; after the death of his father, a relates has takes posess of the throne. He intended to enter in service of the prince of Kaschmir. Coming to the castel, ne is recognised from the gardener, but he don't like to be known him. He has saved the prince his life justly, but is gone away not awaiting the thanks.

"Both leaves the stage.

"Now Turandot, daughter of the prince of Kaschmir, is carry on the stage; also the parrot is brought, which Kalaf had catched. Turandot and Kalaf falling in love together. Kalaf does choose a favor; he begs to can loose the riddle Turandot. All are astonished, Turandot herself, who may save the live of the stranger; but Kalaf remains on his desire.

"Second act: Turandot is happy: Kalaf has loosed all her riddle and she hopes now to get him als bridegroom but Kalaf gives non himself such a riddle, which had to loose Turandot, to tell him his name and his native. But she is sorry, she can not find out the right name and so she is loosing all hopes; all troubles are vainless. Till, at last, she heard the name: Achmed of Samarkand. But this is not the right name: Great meeting. Turandot is greeting as Prince Achmed of Samarkand, but must hear from him, that this is not the right name. In a humble manner she say, that Kalaf must be her Master and commander and that a hearth that deeply loves, much better is, than humour and mind.

"Turandot and Kalaf have found to another and enjoyment is everywhere."

And certainly enjoyment is here for all the readers to whom this excerpt is presented by the considerate

BARON DE B.-W.

A PRETTY PLAY.

THE most originally schemed-out and wittily written pieces will "gang aglee" as well as do *Mice and Men*, unless they have the most skilful interpreters. Now this piece of MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY's, possessing little pretension to being either "most original" in its design or particularly brilliant in its dialogue, has achieved success entirely through the skill of the interpretation given to it by Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT as *Peggy* and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON as *Mark Embury*. On these two mainly depends its success; and the greater responsibility falls to Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, whose *Peggy* is a delicious impersonation. There is not any great tax on Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON's dramatic force in the character he has elected to pourtray, but he plays it most artistically, with great reserve, and, despite the meagreness of plot, the self-sacrifice involved in his part wins for it the entire sympathy of the audience.

MR. WILLIAM FARREN, JUNIOR, as *Peter Embury's* crabbed old man-servant, gives a capital character sketch; and Mr. BEN WEBSTER is the light and airy gallant, whose conversion to the moral proprieties of life is partly due to his love at first sight for *Peggy*, and partly to his being evidently a "good fellow at heart."

MISS MARY RORKE makes the most of the excellent though over-fond and foolish *Mrs. Deborah*, and Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE, in spite of his Italian name ever associated with song and opera, gives us, in his rendering of *Roger Goodlake*, an amusing variant of the *Dolly Spanker* order of country squire (a squire of Dames with the second vowel omitted), period 1786—when it seems pure Scotch as a language was in considerable vogue in the regions about "Old Hampstead."



COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA SHORE.

First Seaside Saddle Polisher. "WOT CHEER, 'ARRY! 'OW ARE YER GETTIN' ON!"
'Arry. "FIRST-RATE, OLD PAL. ONLY THIS—BEGGAR ALWAYS—BUMPS—AT THE WRONG—TIME!"

"BOUDICCA."

[The Highways Committee of the London County Council report that the placing in position on the Victoria Embankment of the Boadicea statuary group, by the late Mr. THOMAS THORNTON, and presented to the Council by his son, Mr. J. I. THORNTON, is nearly completed. One of the three inscriptions recommended by the Committee, which are to be placed on the pedestal, is as follows: "BOADICEA (BOUDICCA), Queen of the Iceni, who died A.D. 61, after leading her people against the Roman invader."]

HAPLESS, heroic Queen of the Iceni,
 Welcome again to what you knew as "Llyndin,"
 Where we shall meet you (better late than never!)
 On the Embankment!

Long have we known and handed on your story,
 How for revenge each Roman camp you harried,
 Camalodunum, Verulam, Augusta,
 Briefly victorious.

Down through the ages schoolboy after schoolboy,
 Following blindly pedagogue and poet,
 (So we are learning) carefully miscalled you
 "BOADICEA."

Now they know better in the County Council
 On the Committee of the London Highways;
 See how they try to rehabilitate you
 Centuries after!

'Tis as "BOUDICCA" Cockneys are to know you,
 Wife of PRASÚTAGUS, who eighteen hundred
 Years (and some over) have unduly waited
 Since your last advent.

Probably, when your MAJESTY was brought up
 'Mid the primeval fastnesses of Suffolk,
 Writing, among the various arts you practised,
 Wasn't included.

But the precise and learned City Fathers
 Haven't yet floored all subtleties of spelling;
 How to pronounce "BOUDICCA," they've omitted
 Footnote or something.

Is it *Boodicca*, or, instead, *Boughdicca*?
 Westminster pauses for some further brackets
 'Neath her new statue—meanwhile, we're content with
 "BOADICEA!"

FALSTAFFIAN.

In Our Representative's recent notice of *The Merry Wives* at the Haymarket there is one notable point omitted. Mr. TREE as *Falstaff* makes his first entrance on the scene, mounted. *Falstaff* must have weighed considerably over twenty stone. Good. You can't give such a rider a "serviceable cob, up to weight." No; only a strong, Normandy dray-horse could have been up to his weight; and the "bearer of the burden" is not such a quadruped.

Now, when writing this Postscriptum, Our Representative does not for one moment think it will have the slightest weight with the already over-burdened Manager, who, what with his padding and his nightly receipts, must have very sufficient reasons for "leaving well alone," but "*liberavit animam suam*," and so with quieted conscience he hopes yet again to behold the two merriest of *Merry Wives*, with the spreading TREE and the ever mountin' ASCH.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 14.—Production of DONIZETTI's delightful comic opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Should it be given again this season Mr. *Punch's* Operatic Representative strongly advises everyone, be their musical proclivities what they may, not to miss the chance of enjoying this sweetly-melodious and, in its simple action, ticklingly-humorous light opera.

Some there are still "here below," in the Covent Garden stalls, who may have heard RONCONI in the character of the universal drug-provider, but few, if any, are there now, in any part of the house, who can remember having seen this opera with the cast as I have it before me in an old copy—"Price Two Shillings. Entered at Stationers' Hall. Printed and Sold by G. Stuart, 15, Archer Street, Haymarket"—but alas! undated, wherein appear Madame PERSIANI as *Adina*, Signor MARIO as *Nemorino*, Signor TAMBURINI as *Belcore*, and the part of *Dulcamara*, "a Medical Mountebank," played, as I have always heard it said, inimitably, by the great Signor LABLACHE, one of the very few who, had NICOLAI's *Merry Wives* been written in his time, could have played *Sir John Falstaff* without padding.

Of course, its style in form and finals of duets and concerted pieces is undeniably "old-fashioned;" but to simple folk this opera is a real rural treat. It is now represented in three Acts, of which the first ends with the familiar duet "*Obbligato! Obbligato!*" capitably sung and acted by Signor CARUSO as *Nemorino*, and PINI CORSI as *Dulcamara*. The second Act, finishing with the quintette and full chorus, raised the enthusiasm of the audience to the very highest operatic pitch.

Mlle. REGINA PACINI sang perfectly as the heroine, and acted charmingly. In her final song Mlle. REGINA introduced some vocal pyrotechnic displays from *Puritani* which took the house by storm. Honours easy to Mlle. REGINA (once more "Queen of our hearts to-night!") and to sweet-voiced tenor (occasionally *robusto*) Signor CARUSO, whose *Nemorino* is in every respect excellent. He sings perfectly; and plays the part seriously. He has only one bottle of Elixir, he ought to have half-a-dozen. Signor SCOTTI was well up to the required military operatic standard as "The dashing white Sergeant," who, though an impulsive and ardent lover, yet means to deal honestly with the girl. Encores "taken and offered." MANCINELLI "called" and heartily greeted.

It is a very pretty rustic scene in which the entire action takes place. Dr. *Dulcamara's* one-horse car has possibly been modelled by the ingenious property-man on a certain well-known gorgeous chariot which flashes about the streets of London as an advertisement for something or other; just the very brilliant equipage that Dr. *Dulcamara* himself would have selected. Signor PINI CORSI, playing the "Medical Mountebank" with considerable sly humour, misses the assumption of dignity absolutely essential to this imposing character. His very gaiety with the *paysannes* should be patronising. *Dulcamara's* professional manner (and except in confidential asides to the audience he never loses it) should always be that of a superior person who says, as did Mr. WHISTLER on a celebrated occasion, "I am not arguing, I'm telling you."

And the chorus! Sure such unanimity was never seen in any village! How sweet a thing it is to consider these gossiping ladies of all ages, sizes, and varied attractions living together in such perfect harmony under the ruling bâton of one Man-cinelli.

Tuesday, June 17.—Full house (of course) to hear MELBA as *Juliette*. Mme. MELBA shared the honours (taking the Lioness's share) with SALEZA as *Romeo*. M. SEVEILHAC

excellent as *Mercutio*, and M. PLANÇON impressive as ever as the philosophic, herbalistic *Friar*, who considers all flesh as grass, himself remaining as fresh and as green as ever. A better *Stephano* than Mlle. MAUBOURG it is quite possible to imagine, but she was not without her admirers in a house where everyone is entitled to express freely individual opinion by a show of hands. Chorus good throughout.

Wednesday, June 18, Carmen.—CALVÉ as *Carmen*! Let that suffice as a big big attraction whenever the *affiche* is made. Who knows not CALVÉ's *Carmen* does not *Carmen* know!

Not another *Carmen* to equal her, in acting at least. Such abandonment, such diabolical coquetry, such grace of action, such superb defiance, and in her death scene, O what a fall is there! Not absolutely perfect in singing, it may be, but with such a splendidly capricious *Carmen*, even Maître BIZET lui-même would be "kind to a fault." M. MARÉCHAL was the novelty in *Don José*, singing well, but over-acting. SUZANNE ADAMS delightful as the innocent *Micaëla*, and everyone more than "contento" with Signor SCOTTI as the "*Toréador*."

Saturday, June 21.—Show me, on the lyric stage, a finer actor than PLANÇON. And with his deep, rich notes and perfect mastery of his *métier*, how excellent a singer! In his hands *Mephisto* is *un très bon diable* up to a certain point, but when he does assert his authority, *gardez-vous!*

The *Marguerite* of SUZANNE ADAMS is "one of the best," and "regrettable incident" as is the indisposition of Mme. CALVÉ, yet this is not by any means one of the parts by which she herself would be remembered. M. MARÉCHAL, quite a "*Tiny Tim*" of a *Faust* by the side of Plançon-Mephisto, is, like a liqueur that ladies love, not strong but sweet. Mlle. MAUBOURG as *Siebel*, in the garden scene, rose pluckily to the occasion; and M. SEVEILHAC was powerful as *Valentine*.

Signor MANCINELLI conducted himself and orchestra admirably.

June 26.—In consequence of change of arrangements unfortunately made compulsory by His MAJESTY's grievous illness, Covent Garden open to-night, but no one on stage at anything like their best in *Lohengrin*. Audience depressed. Madame NORDICA singing sweetly and looking charming, dividing "musical honours" with Miss KIRKBY LUNN. "Music hath charms," but the Opera to-night is a mere temporary distraction from the all-absorbing topic of the KING's suffering.

HORSES "STILL RUNNING."—At Drury Lane, this week sees the hundredth performance of *Ben-Hur*, which is to continue its course as long as the horses in the chariot race have any "go" left in them. Such a success as this of *Ben* is something un-Hurd of in recent years at Old Drury. Like GRACE at his best, *Ben-Hur* with one hit has "scored a century" of representations. How AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS Imperator would have rejoiced!

A CORRESPONDENT from Ahmedabad sends us the following local information taken from an Indian journal:—

"After 114 degrees of heat a dustorm (*sic*), accompanied by thunder, occurred here at 12.30 P.M., and it rained for fifteen minutes. Several trees were uprooted. This has lowered the temperature greatly."

Mr. *Punch* sincerely hopes that, should this meet the eye of the ruthless Rt. Hon. ARETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS, First Commissioner of Works, he will not, in the event of a heat-wave, make cooling experiments in this direction on such remnants of the Green Park as are left over from the widening of Piccadilly.





Livingston June 27 '94

THE VIGIL.

JUNE 26TH.

SILENT it stands, the shrine within whose walls
He was to give his kingly gage to-day;
And silent on our hearts the sorrow falls
Which only faith may stay.

Not for ourselves we mourn the moment's loss,
Our pleasure darkened and our sun gone down;
All thoughts are turned to where he bears the cross
Who should have worn the crown.

So keep we vigil; so a Nation's prayer
Humbly before the Eternal Heart we bring,
That of His grace and pity God may spare
And give us back our King!



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 23.
—With C.B.'s kind permission I've been week-ending in Belgium. Just back from Bruges, where in the Market Place stands the belfry old and brown. Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town. Went to see Exhibition of the works of early Flamand painters. A rare collection, in number unique. In all there are some three hundred pictures, dating from the time of MELCHIOR BROEDERLAM, in 1398, up to PIERRE BRUEGEL le Vieux, who flourished about 1568. Here are nearly all the famous specimens of the early schools of painting of Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Louvain and Antwerp. Never before were so many of the masterpieces of HANS MEMLING sheltered under one roof. Among them is the "Chasse de Sainte Ursule," precious beyond its weight in gold. Of paintings large and small, portraits and pious pictures, there are from the Master's hand no fewer than sixty-five.

A spectacle not to be missed. Has, moreover, advantage of being close at hand. Leave Victoria at 9.30 in the morning; cross to Ostend by the fine steamers of the Belgian State Railway and Mail Packet Service; whisked in



A MIDSUMMER-KNIGHTS' DREAM.

(Some Parliamentary recipients of Coronation Honours.)

SIR W. ALL-N, SIR G-LB-BT P-RK-R, SIR ALFR-D TH-M-S, SIR J-S-PH L-WR-NCE.

twenty-five minutes along the lowlands that lie between Ostend and Bruges. You may take a turn round the Hôtel du Conseil Provincial, see the pictures before dinner, return to spend a morning amongst them, back in London for dinner if you please.

Had the honour of meeting the King of the BELGIANS, and the privilege of being personally conducted by His MAJESTY through the second section of the Exhibition, shown in the old Grunthuuse. Here are tapestries rich and rare, vestments of priests which make one almost in love with long sermons, as promising opportunity of fuller study of exquisite designs, infinite beauty of softened tints.

"And how 's the MEMBER FOR SARK?" asked His MAJESTY; "why didn't he come with you?"

Explained that this is his day for duty at the House at 2.30.

"Ah," said the KING, a shade of disappointment crossing his kindly countenance, "that is unfortunate. I read my *Punch* every week; have done so for more years than I like to recall. Would like to have had a little conversation with Monsieur SARK. He is like your song. How does it go? 'But though I hear thee in my dreams, Thy face I never see.' Yes, I like *Punch*; it has *l'esprit*, and you know you have not in English a word that translates that."

Pleasant to hear His MAJESTY talke

about England. Lives and works among his own people; goes out and about almost as an ordinary burgher; a kind smile for all, a friendly word to any who come in contact with him. But for the little island across the sea that tumbles on the magnificent barrier of Ostend His MAJESTY cherishes deep affection, profound admiration.

Pleasant to watch his tall figure, head and shoulders above the crowd packed in the Exhibition, and see face lighting up with kindly smile as his regard falls upon an acquaintance. Been some talk of late of trouble in Belgium. No trace of it in Bruges, where the people throng the streets to see the KING come and go, welcoming and speeding His MAJESTY with hearty cheer. *Business done.*—Education Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Principal business appointed for to-day Motion for adjournment over Coronation festivities. The morning sun broke over London, gay with bunting, later filled with a jubilant crowd hurrying on to wind up work in order to make holiday for the crowning of the KING. At noontide the darkness of night suddenly fell, and the rejoicing city was, at a stroke, transformed into a multitude of mourners.

At two o'clock on ordinary days the Chaplain has a sparse congregation at prayer-time. To-day all the benches filled. A murmur of sad-toned conversa-



"And how 's the Member for Sark?"

(Toby, M.P. and H.M. the King of the Belgians.)

tion floated through the Chamber; a hush fell upon it when PRINCE ARTHUR was seen standing at the table, a paper in his hand. With one accord Members uncovered and bent forward eagerly

night, PRINCE ARTHUR read the latest bulletin from Buckingham Palace.

Business done.—News of the KING's sudden illness breaks in on the din of busy hammers closing rivets up, giving

their insalubrity. Uganda has the broadest tableland and the widest marsh, the loftiest snow-peak, the largest lake, the biggest extinct volcano, the highest average heat in Africa and 100 square miles of perpetual snow, not to mention an earth-worm as large as a snake, in colour a brilliant blue. Thunderstorms of high quality are another natural growth. Sir HARRY, with the pardonable pride of an explorer, jubilantly mentions that "the thunderstorm presents to you four possible ways of dying." SARK says one is enough for him.

For some years we have heard a good deal in Committee of Supply about the Uganda Railway. Here is Sir HARRY's testimony: "It will prove one of the mightiest factors yet introduced into Central Africa for the transformation of a land of complete barbarism into one at any rate attaining the civilisation of settled India."

Not quite certain which is the more phenomenal work of creation—Uganda or Sir HARRY JOHNSTON. Concatenation of circumstance makes a fascinating book. Nearly every page illustrated with black-and-white pictures of man and beast, or reproductions of paintings from the author's brush.

Business done.—Licensing Bill in Committee.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

["No doubt the unstarred question is useful for members who simply want to extract information of no immediate public interest from the department."—*Daily Paper.*]

Lo! we are those who, day by day,
Make it our laudable ambition,
By countless questions to display
Our energy and erudition.

To us whose aim it is to search
For methods of self-advertising,
The war, the parish-pump, the church
Avail alike for catechising.

Though printed answers haply are
Sufficient for the servile Tory,
We scornfully our questions star
To add fresh lustre to our glory.

And harassed Ministers in vain
Strive in official dust to smother
Our points, for up we pop again,
Since one good question breeds another.

Thus, thrusting modesty aside,
With notes of loud interrogation,
Those harmless idiots we deride
Who only ask for information.

Alix (aged five, to parent who has been trying to inspire her with loyal sentiments). And was the QUEEN weally named after me?



"ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST FACTORS YET INTRODUCED INTO CENTRAL AFRICA."

(Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, K.C.B.)

listening for the confirmation of the news that had fallen like a blight on bustling London.

After pluckily fighting against agonising disease, insistent at any personal cost on keeping his tryst with his people in the streets of London and at Westminster Abbey, the KING has fallen by the way. Already a surgical operation has been performed.

This was PRINCE ARTHUR's news, the silence broken by a cheer when he added that the surgeons had done their work successfully, "His MAJESTY going on as well as possible." Not much this, but it might have been worse. Nothing more to be said nor anything to be done, but to get on with the work of the nation. Accordingly, in wholly altered circumstances, under a cloud of unspeakable sorrow, the indomitable Britisher in Parliament assembled took up the Education Bill, and for the rest of the sitting discussed it as methodically and thoroughly as if nothing particular had happened.

All the same under this stoical nature, incomprehensible to some of our visitors from foreign parts, there lay sharp abiding anxiety, leaping to the front when on the suspension of the sitting, and again on the adjournment at mid-

note of final preparation for the pageant of the Coronation.

Friday.—As usual on Friday small attendance: close study of *Bradshaw* by week-enders. *Quant à moi*, I settle down in Library to read HARRY JOHNSTON's *Uganda Protectorate*, just published by HUTCHINSON in two massive handsome volumes. The erudition would be appalling but for its lucidity. Meteorology, geology, anthropology, mineralogy, botany, all come easy to the author. In addition he is a linguist, and, as the walls of the Royal Academy have from time to time testified, a painter of high merit. These gifts are concentrated upon production of one of the most comprehensive and important works of modern times.

Three years ago Sir HARRY (the diminutive seems frivolous in presence of his monumental work) went out to Uganda as Special Commissioner. Succeeded in ratifying a Protectorate that practically adds to the British Empire a trifle of 150,000 square miles. Within that border are found nearly all the wonders, most of the extremes, the most signal beauties, and some of the horrors of the Dark Continent. Portions of the land enjoy the healthiest climate in tropical Africa. Others are deadly in



BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

“**B**UT how do they propose to run the Government without your services?” asked the War-and-Peace-Maker, after a hearty exchange of military salutes with the Bouverie King of Arms.

“They do not,” replied Mr. PUNCH. “The bird-like ubiquity which was ever one of my most salient features has been greatly enhanced by the purchase of the most recent type of Auto-Marconibile. Only yesterday I was myself arranging the details of my Overflow Fête in London; and here I am to-day, come to join you on the eve of your departure for England. There were enthusiasts, my Lord, who clamoured for your appearance in the King’s Procession when we were still anticipating that event. But I was never one of those who imagined that you were likely, for the sake of immediate applause, to spoil the results of your splendid labours, just when you were most needed to give them the finishing touches. And the few silly people, chiefly makers of headlines, who thought you likely to hurry home for this purpose, must have understood your value and the nature of your work pretty poorly. Besides, I wanted you, when you come, to have a Procession all to yourself.

“How good a turn of Peace-making you did, and how well your time has been occupied in the interval since that operation, is plain to the rudest intelligence in the readiness with which our late enemies have accepted your magnanimous conditions. You have by now practically shepherded all the outlying flock within the lion’s fold. I see that a rough reckoning of the forces that at one time or another have been engaged against you brings their numbers up to some seventy or eighty thousand. These are what the Continental Press has agreed to describe as the mere “handful of farmers” that has had to withstand the full shock of the British Empire. In point of fact, they amount to at least half as many again as our original fifty thousand absent-minded horse and foot going to Table Bay. I say this with no desire to under-rate their prodigious pluck and cleverness, but rather in recognition of the greatness of the task that you have brought to so happy a conclusion. But Peace, or the making of Peace—for we have yet to prove it, though for myself I entertain no apprehensions as to its complete success—Peace, in your case, has had its victories no less renowned than War. Just as we recognise the astonishing patience which your sapper instinct has shown in the steady chaining off of so vast a tract of territory—a patience which is no less genius because it does not contain the showy elements that appeal to the popular imagination—so we recognise also the high qualities you have exhibited in that diplomacy for which your energy in the field was the necessary preparation. Those of us who remembered your part in the affair of Fashoda were never doubtful of the issue of a conference in which your tact should have full play. We understand, too, that you displayed in the Peace discussion a pretty turn for humour, a quality most desirable even in the highest ranks of the service.

"Well, my Lord, we are very conscious of our obligations to you; and I, for one, while fully appreciating the services rendered by the Earl Bos at a crucial point in the campaign, would be inclined to place yours, rendered, as they mainly were, after the war "was practically finished," at as high a value as his, so far as the Nation's testimonial can represent such service. But you are still young, and your work but just begun. India has need of you: though we rather grudge her those gifts for organisation which are so badly needed in Pall Mall.

"Meanwhile, do not imagine that we have been idle at home. Reform is in the air. By our new system of military education, the cadet is to be taught to place the practice of War above even that of Polo: and the cavalry-officer to hold the correct art of letter-writing in higher regard than the more obvious claims of the regimental drag. Further, we have already adopted a new Teutonic service-cap something like a depressed soufflé. We have devised a new Infantry Drill. We stand at ease now on two legs instead of one. We turn right, left and about by pirouetting on one heel and one toe, without moving the foot back. There is a gain here in point of picturesqueness as well as instability. We have abandoned the practice of shouldering arms, and now do everything at or from the slope. Under the new scheme, when carrying arms, our sole method of saluting is to stare in the direction of the object of our veneration. Thus, when a nicely-bred private of the Inns of Court Volunteers (for example) is introduced, under arms, to a Peeress, let us say, of civilian instincts, this method of salute is apt to be misunderstood. How far the new practice has been derived from the methods of recognition employed in the case of Kaffir women I can only conjecture, but I have said enough to show that the lessons of the War are not going to be wasted if the Authorities at home can help it.

"And now, my Lord, for I have not come all this way merely to boast of the advances we are making in military reform, let me once more sincerely compliment you on the success which has attended your work both in the field and the debating-hall; and in view, particularly, of the reputation you have established for humour in your treatment of delegate questions, permit me to present you with a masterpiece of my own in this kind; a work, moreover, in which you will find the phases of the last chapter of your exploits presented with unfailing discernment, appreciation, and *bonne camaraderie*; I refer, shortly, to that fund of good fellowship and acumen, my

"One Hundred and Twenty-Second Volume."





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Looking Ahead.

January.



CLASSICAL SKATING.

From an ancient Freeze.

MR. NEMO'S JOURNEY TO NOWHERE.

MR. CHARLES NEMO was a most respectable citizen. He had but one failing, and that was a lack of memory with regard to names after the uncertain minutes of the night. In the early hours of the morning, when the coffee-stall keepers,

in the bleak, biting, wintry blast, were still supplying the supposed extract of Mocha coffee to the wayfarer, when the policeman on duty cast his eye on the ribald reeling home, Mr. Nemo might still be observed by the watchmen of the mansion flats of the West End padding the hoof. One day Mr. Nemo,

following the milkman, arrived at his unancestral residence, and was greeted by his wife, who was also his pursebearer, with the expression, "Charles, you are unwell, you need change of air."

"But," faltered Charlie, "what about the place, and where is the cash?"

His spouse, tremulous with delight, and



IT WAS MOST UNFORTUNATE. THE FIRST TIME MR. AND MRS. SPOOL USED THEIR NEW MOTOR CAR TO DRIVE TO THE MEET, SOMETHING WENT WRONG, AND THE WRETCHED THING BOLTED FOR FIFTY OR SIXTY MILES BEFORE IT COULD BE PULLED UP.

in her position of financial directress imperative, kissed her husband, and softly placed two crisp five pound notes in his hand, mentioning a spot where they would be happy together for, at least, a fortnight.

Charlie went to sleep, and, when he woke in the morning, his fingers still grasped the Bank of England acknowledgments. But for the life of him he could not remember the ideal spot selected by his better-half. All he could recollect

was that it existed in the "B's," as placed in the A B C railway guide. He consulted his friends. One man suggested Bognor, another Brighton, a third Bournemouth, and a wretch who had no sense of human unhappiness, Bermondsey.

Charlie finally invaded the Charing Cross office of the Underground Railway, and asked if he could book for Billingsgate. The clerk in charge recommended the Tower. Charlie thanked him, fled from the office, and returned to the rose of his

home garden. He said, "Venetia, what do you think of the Tower Bridge?"

Venetia answered, "Here are twenty-five golden sovereigns for you. Let us go to Boulogne for the Glad New Year."

Then Mr. Nemo had a glimmer of the truth (Boulogne was in the "B's"), put the gold in his pocket, and, just to oblige Venetia, had no inkling of placing himself in receipt of a Coroner's jury. In fact he was saved from himself. This is a yarn without any hempen conclusion.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

WHEN GOING OUT BEFORE DAYLIGHT AFTER DUCKS, WADERS ARE ADVISABLE. ALSO, BETTER TELL YOUR WIFE SHE NEED NOT COME DOWN (JUST WHEN YOU EXPECT THE DUCKS) AND ASK IF YOU ARE SURE YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR FEET WET.

AN OLD STORY.

THIS is the house that Jack took.

This is the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

This is the drain
That blocked the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

This is the builder, a local man,
Who came with five ladders, a horse and
van,

To clear the drain
That blocked the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

These are the days—a dozen or so—
In which the water continued to flow
In spite of the builder, a local man,
Who came with five ladders, a horse and
van,

To clear the drain
That blocked the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

This is the drawing-room ceiling white
That dripped with moisture day and night
Throughout the days—a dozen or so—
In which the water continued to flow
Unchecked by the builder, a local man,
Who came with five ladders, a horse and
van,

To clear the drain
That blocked the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

To clear the drain
That blocked the rain

That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

And this is the bill which, I'm afraid,
Will some day or other have to be paid
For mending the drawing-room ceiling
white

Which fell to the ground one sorrowful
night

Because of the days—a dozen or so—
In which the water continued to flow
Unchecked by the builder, a local man,
Who came with five ladders, a horse and
van,

To clear the drain
That blocked the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

ST. J. H.

February.



At the last hunt of the Woburn hounds, Reynard mysteriously disappeared in the rear of Updown Manor.
"Facilis descensus averno."



2 While the hounds are heating for a new scent, Betsy the parlourmaid of the Manor opens the old oak linen chest upstairs—in the room with the ancient disused chimney—but had forgotten to bring her basket, she runs down to fetch it.



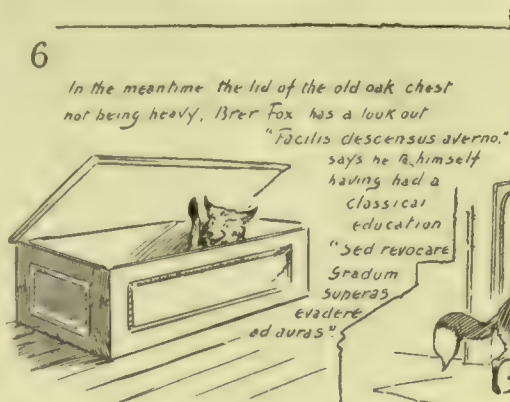
Upon returning with the article in question she makes a discovery,



And a capture



A piercing yell from the window follows as she gives her idea of a 'view hallo!' Then rushing down stairs startles the domestic circle with another.



6 In the meantime the lid of the old oak chest not being heavy, Brer Fox has a look out
"Facilis descensus averno," says he to himself having had a classical education
"Sed revocare gradum superas evadere ad auras"



7 "Hic opus hic labor est" but needs must and he climbs up the chimney



8 One desperate leap into the poultry yard & away

9 Provisioning en route

(The old oak chest — Drawn blank)



After an excellent supper with Mr. Fox, and all the little cubs, Brer Fox drinks to the health of the last day of the season & goes to rest murmuring



"Nonquam dormio"

THE LAST FOX OF THE SEASON.

THE CUNNING FOX WHO RAN AWAY
WILL LIVE TO RUN ANOTHER DAY.

March.

TROUBLES OF A NERVOUS ARTIST IN AUSTRALIA.



ALARMING APPEARANCE OF A HARMLESS GUANA JUST AS HE HAS FOUND A NICE CORNER OF SYDNEY HARBOUR FOR A SKETCH.



"WILL YOU 'URRY UP PAINTIN' THAT TREE, SIR? CAUSE I'M GOIN' TO CUT IT DOWN IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

April.



OUR LOCAL POLO MATCH.

Excited Drummer. "VAT! HE ISS YOUR ONLY BALL! ACH, DONNER UND BLITZEN! HE HAF PROKE INSIDES MY ONLY DRUM! YOU PAY ZE DRUM, YOU HAF ZE BALL!"

THE HARBOUR BAR.

REFLECTIONS OF A PATRIOT.

[Among the tests that differentiate true patriotism from its base counterfeit, the most crucial is that which awaits the home-coming Englishman on his arrival at the squalid Refreshment Bar at Dover Harbour. There, too, the foreign passenger, having avoided the fascinations of the Calais Buffet, has his first opportunity (while waiting an hour or so for the Ostend Mail) of checking a British *cuisine*. The following lines are respectfully dedicated to the Dover Harbour Board.]

"BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,"

So lost to purely English graces,
Who does not, when he deigns to tread
Among the tracks of foreign races,
Thank Heaven nightly on his knees
That he is not as one of these?

Too great to count them food for mirth,
Mere stuff to whet his Attic wit on
(Since none may pro-arrange his birth,
Or be, by taking thought, a Briton),
Our patriot's heart, from pride exempt,
Feels pity rather than contempt.

When, lapped in ease (a corridor
And luncheon-wagon to enhance it),

He reaches Paris—*Gare du Nord*—

After a swift and punctual transit,
And sees his trunks in ordered rows
Deposited beneath his nose,

Ah! then his backward fancy leaps
To old-world wobblers on the Chatham,
The baggage piled in hopeless heaps,
The public's hoarse "Up, Guards, and
at 'em!"

Nothing but tact forbids him to
Refer aloud to Waterloo!

He meets with men of narrow aim,
Unversed in speaking or in reading
The only language worth the name,
And puts it down to want of breeding;
One must be well outside the pale
Who cannot grasp the *Daily Mail*.

Brought up on British beef and fog,
He shudders through his very vitals
At *fricassées* (presumed of frog)
And "made-up" plates with fancy titles;
"What hope," he asks, "for men who take
No true delight in chop or steak?"

He roams their galleries of Art,
Calls them so French, so free in morals,
Misses the themes that move the heart,
Kittens at Play, or *Lovers' Quarrels*,

The healthy air, well worth the fee,
That breathes from our Academy.

He samples literary plays,
And finds the English version vicious,
Rashly condemns the Rostand craze
And deems D'Annunzio meretricious;
He hankers for a homely scene
Bristling with "Soldiers of the Queen."

He sits, a stalled ox, and hears,
At positively vulgar prices,
The harmony of all the spheres,
The latest Wagner-school's devices;
And o'er his soul vain longings come
For British ballads, made to hum.

But most his heart within him burns
When at the last, a home-sick rover,
Back to his country he returns
And stands upon the pier at Dover,
Watching what vision first will stir
The envy of the foreigner!

With large proprietary airs
He sees the Frenchman, pale as flannel,
Who shunned the Calais-Buffet's snares,
And fasted all across the Channel,
Now swoon with joy—his haven won—
At sight of Dover's Tea and Bun!

O. S.



OUR YEOMANRY MANŒUVRES.

"WE WERE POSTED ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, AND HAD NOTHING TO DO UNTIL THE CRITICAL MOMENT OF THE ENGAGEMENT. WE THEN ATTACKED THE ENEMY IN FLANK. OUR CHARGE ACROSS THE LEVEL WAS GRAND, AND WOULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT BUT FOR A SLIGHT CHECK AT A DITCH."



Excited Young Lady. "FATHER, DIRECTLY THIS SET IS OVER GET INTRODUCED TO THE LITTLE MAN BY THE FIRE-PLACE, AND MAKE HIM COME TO OUR PARTY ON TUESDAY."

Her Father. "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR, IF YOU WISH IT. BUT—ER—HE'S RATHER A SCRUBBY LITTLE PERSON, ISN'T HE?"

E. Y. L. "FATHER, DO YOU KNOW WHO HE IS? THEY TELL ME HE IS THE AMATEUR CHAMPION OF PECKHAM! I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'LL PLAY; BUT IF YOU CAN GET HIM JUST TO LOOK IN, THAT WILL BE *SOMETHING!*"

THE CHAPERON
CROSS-
EXAMINED.

Question. I think there has been some change in your duties of late years?

Answer. So I have been told; but I confess I do not find them growing lighter.

Q. Were you not at one time understood to represent propriety?

A. Certainly; and my presence, even now, is accepted as a certificate of respectability.

Q. But do you really think it is required?

A. Well, perhaps not. One's daughters nowadays can look after themselves.

Q. To what do you attribute this change of custom?

A. Oh, of course, to the introduction of the American element. Now the Yankee girl has come to stay, "puppas" and "mummas" are superfluous.

Q. But can you not use your influence in floating the more rich than well-born?

A. Not worth the trouble. Besides, as it certainly would be a financial transaction, the more rich than well-born



THIS IS WHAT HARRY INTENDED HIS SON TO DRAW. "SEE MY PARTICULAR FRIEND WITH A FEATHER."

May.
OUR FUTURE ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.



DRAWN BY HARRY'S SON

THIS IS WHAT HARRY'S SON DREW. "SEE MY PA TICKLE A FRIEND WITH A FEATHER."

Q. Then you think a millionaire's wealth will pass him anywhere?

A. Quite so; and not only pass him, but his wife, daughters, uncles and aunts, and even remoter connections.

Q. Then what is your vocation as a chaperon?

A. To enjoy myself instead of sanctioning the enjoyment of others.

Q. Explain yourself.

A. Why, I still accompany a junior to a ball, but I dance myself instead of sitting out as a wallflower.

Q. Does this work well?

A. Excellently, for us both, because my charge has all the advantage of old-fashioned respectability without its thralldom.

Q. And you find there is no drawback?

A. None, unless it be one of my own making. If I deliberately determine to cut out my charge, of course there may be ructions. If I take away, for instance, her favourite partners.

Q. But is this easy of attainment?

A. Depends, of course, on the appear-

would find it "come cheaper" without me.

Q. I don't catch your meaning. Will you kindly explain?

A. Oh, certainly. Money is all-important in the twentieth century, and birth consequently may—to use a classical expression—go hang.

A RECENT FIND IN GREEK "DERBY" WARE.



The Fortune-teller, or the Greek Epsom "Downy" young lady.



The three-card trick man, or just a little τετράβολον flutter.



Flight of the Ancient Greek "Welsher" from a rough δμίλος.



IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERY AT THE SALON, PARIS.

Little Dolly. "WHY IS THE HOUR-GLASS MADE SMALL IN THE MIDDLE?"

Little Elsie. "TO SHOW THE WAIST OF TIME, SILLY!"

ance of my charge. But, as a rule, dancing men prefer partners of forty to young girls. Especially nowadays, when the dancing men happen to have reached the age of forty themselves.

Q. But do men dance after they reach the age of forty?

A. They seldom dance before that period.

Q. Then your experience is that the younger men prefer to sit out?

A. Sometimes, in which cases they usually prefer the chaperon to her charge.

Q. You say "usually." Why "usually"?

A. Because, when there is a smoking-room attached to the ball-room cigars are nearly invariably preferred to chaperons.

Q. Are there often distractions in which a chaperon can indulge beyond dances?

A. Yes, many. You can go to a picnic or a theatre plus supper party, or dine at a restaurant. But this you do with the younger men, and then you can take your charge with you.

Q. From what you say it would seem that the situation is reversed. On the occasions to which you refer the charge plays propriety?

A. Well, in some measure, I suppose she does; she keeps her chaperon in countenance.

Q. But is not all this extra exertion—quite unknown to the old-fashioned chaperons—rather exhausting?

A. Very, as years will tell, in spite of cosmetics.

Q. Then is the game worth the candle?

A. That is a question I decline to answer, and as I am rather fatigued with our conversation, please ask me no further conundrums.

MISNOMERS.

You start a Company to make it go,
It fails, and so you drop it;
It didn't go but yet has gone, and so
You wind it up to stop it.

Stocks in your garden you will surely find

By want of rain are slaughtered;
Yet many stocks have languished and declined
Because they have been watered.

Suppose a Company for brewing beer
Should come to a cessation—
That is "dry up"—'tis curious to hear
It's called "In liquidation."



INDIAN RUBBER.

PLAYED BY MEMBERS OF THE SAVAGE CLUB.

June.

TOASTS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(By Our Continental Cynic.)

AMIENS—and may the Cathedral compensate for the break of the journey.

Boulogne—and may the bathing on the sands never land you in a hole.

Calais—and may the luncheon at the buffet wipe away the recollection of a dusty passage.

Dieppe—and may the comforts of an English hotel counterbalance the thralldom of foreign fashions.

Evian-les-Bains—and may the waters be worthy of their reputation.

Florence—and may the pictures soothe the irritation caused by an indifferent table d'hôte.

Genoa—and may the view wash away the recollection of Italian uncleanliness.

Heidelberg—and may the popular ruins survive the vulgarity of the personally conducted.

Interlaken—and may sunset on the mountain be not disappointing.

Jura—and may the pass satisfy general expectation.

Kissingen—and may it be worth the bother of getting to it.

Lucerne—and may its advertised "loveliness" not cause it to become impossible.

Mannheim—and may its distance from anywhere not be a drawback to its few additional attractions.

Nuremberg—and may its toys be worth the journey and the seeing.

Naples—and may it not become necessary, owing to epidemics, to die there immediately after its inspection.

Ouchy—and may it be a pleasant surprise after Lausanne.

Rome—and may its monuments be seen without contracting its fever.

St. Malo—and may it be reached



Brown (enthusiastic angler, who has brought his friend and guest out for a "delightful day's fishing"). "CONFOUND IT! I'VE LEFT THEM—I SAY, OLD CHAP, GOT ANY FLIES WITH YOU?"

Jones (not enthusiastic, and a non-smoker, wearily). "FLIES!!!"

THE MEETING OF THE AGES.

SHAKSPEARIAN QUOTATION.



"... WE BRING FORTH WEEDS
WHEN OUR QUICK MINDS LIE STILL."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2.

without running aground in the neighbourhood of the Channel Islands.

Turin—and may its departed glory revived reward the end of a tedious journey.

Venice—and may it be seen before it is spoilt by the modern improver.

Zurich—and may it be appreciated in spite of its inferiority to all neighbouring Continental attractions.

IN PRAISE OF STREET NOISES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
—I see that the London County Council, that omnipotent body of concentrated genius, intends to enforce its regulations with regard to the cry of the street hawker. Will you allow me, as a consistent invalid, to protest against this tyranny? I lie in bed sleepless, waiting for the dawn, even as Mariana waited in the Moated Grange, and I am

only happy in my little bed when the milkmen begin to ply their trade.

The fishmonger is generally the next arrival. He would make the fortune of a modern musical comedy, so piercing are his tones and so precise his refrain, "Fresh fish, fine soles, macker-èl, and live eels." A song on this subject would entrance modern playgoers as much as does the chant of the peripatetic piscine merchant the dweller in the upper circles. The seeker after "Ole clo" is a diplomatist—he knows that to hunt and run the quarry to earth is to run early with his brother Houndsditch pack; but his piteous appeal is frequently drowned by the cry of the onion, carrot and apple merchant.

Noise is my joy, despite the L.C.C. But let us harmonise the measure.

Your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY TIPCHEESE.



BEFORE AND BEHIND THE SCENES.—ITALIAN OPERA SEASON.

July.



Misguided "Comic" Man. "I WILL NOW SING MY CELEBRATED SONG, ENTITLED 'A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE!'"

JULY—TOO HOT

- For attempting to work.
- For striving to walk.
- For trying to cycle.
- For playing at lawn tennis.
- For watching cricket.
- For eating with a fork.
- For drinking from a glass.
- For perusing a menu.
- For reading a book.
- For looking at anything.
- For slumbering on air cushions.
- For dreaming a nightmare.
- For keeping awake.
- For going to sleep.
- For speaking to anyone.
- For listening to anybody.



HINTS TO GOLFERS.
MR. PUNCH'S PATENT CADDIE CAR.

- For driving in a carriage.
- For getting into a motor.
- For riding on a horse.
- For swinging in a hammock.
- For lying on a deck.
- For ascending in a balloon.
- For descending in a diving-bell.
- For climbing a mountain.
- For sampling a valley.
- For engaging in a quarrel.
- For seeking a reconciliation.
- For keeping a birthday.
- For attending a marriage.
- For seeing someone off.
- For welcoming someone home.
- For writing any more sense.
- For thinking any more nonsense.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.—THE TOP OF A KOPJE, A.D. 1950.

The aged Rip Van-Kitchener (aside to his venerable Tommies). "Aha! The only survivor 'coming in' at last!"
The Last of the Boers. "Vaid a moment! Vot derms you gif me; mein Gombled Intendeence!—odderwise I bleib always on Gommado."

OUR WAITER AT MULLIGAN'S.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY
OF TOBY, M.P.

WON'T mention where Mulligan's is to be found. This sheet is not connected with the advertisement department. But I'll tell you about the waiter.

We were driving through a remote district in the West of Ireland. The horses broke down at a point an hour distant from our destination. Mulligan's stood by the wayside. It was not an attractive hostelry. But it was *aut Mulligan's aut nullus*. So we engaged beds for seven at Mulligan's.

When we came upon our waiter he was spreading the table for luncheon. The meal was concocted of some tasty odds and ends of salt bacon, tempered by thin cuts of tinned tongue. But the magnificent manner with which the covers were laid, the air with which the banquet was served!

Some sixty winters had sprinkled snow on our waiter's massive head. Calling in Art to redress the balance with Nature, "restoratives" had evidently been applied. In places the dye had caught on; in others the effort was not wholly successful. The general result was a little patchy. However, we were too hungry to be critical.

Our waiter was arrayed in a dress suit which probably belonged to *Malachi*, when he wore the collar of gold he won from the proud invader. The trousers were shiny about the knees, and a little short over the ankles, displaying to fuller advantage the patent leather (cracked) shoes. The waistcoat had an obstreperous habit of rising above the collar of the coat at the back of the neck, apparently trying to overtake the black tie which overlapped the shirt collar. The dress coat was curiously embroidered with relics of mustard, deposits of pepper, and rich sauces.

These are trifles. It was the bearing of our waiter, his voice, his gestures, the bend of his head and the wave of his hand when he spoke, that impressed the casual wayfarer. In repose—as when, with noiseless footfall, he glided around the table frowning at importunate flies—he recalled *Mr. Turveydrop*. Aroused—as when the Member for Sark asked if anything was going to follow the odds and ends of bacon—he, for a terrible moment, realised one's impressions of John Kemble. When he had occasion to leave the room he didn't walk out like an ordinary waiter. He made an exit.

"Got any potatoes?" asked the Commodore.

Mr. Turveydrop-Kemble regarded him for a moment with reflective gaze, as if wondering why anyone could have made him a Baronet. Then, flinging open the door with his left hand, he pointed to the indeterminate distance with his right, and as he passed off the stage, said in a deep voice, "I go to enquire." After due interval he returned, carefully closed the door, and, striding up to the Commodore, stood for a moment mastering his emotion.

"I thought," he declaimed, in tone of deep resignation, "that potatoes were going. I find they are not."

"In fact, they're gone," said the Commodore, flippantly.

"We don't want much for dinner," he continued, affably. "Soup, fish and a joint, you know."

Mr. Kemble-Turveydrop, standing by his chair in the attitude of chief mourner, eyed him sidewise with compassionate glance.

"We can't promise you fish," he said, with a tear in his voice. "We have it on the premises, it is true. But I can't recommend it—at least, not to *you*."

This with a gracious wave of the hand comprehending the company. Apparently, to meet local taste, they keep fish at Mulligan's till it becomes odorous.

"You shall have ox-tail soup," he added, appropriately changing from the Kemble to the *Turveydrop* manner.

"Ah," said the Commodore, feebly smacking his lips. "And what joint?"

"Duck," Mr. Turveydrop-Kemble decisively answered. "And" (here he almost ogled one of the ladies) "for a third course, apple tart."

He was better than his word. When we sat down to the banquet we found that roast beef had been added to the *menu*. It was thrilling to hear him, relapsing into the Kemble character, breathe into the ears of the guests the hollow whisper, "Roast duck or beef?"

When all were served he resumed the place of chief mourner by the Commodore's chair. With hands clasped before him, head slightly bent, he watched, and evidently listened.

It was interesting company. But, taking into account the size of the bedrooms and some other matters, the Commodore at breakfast asked for his bill. Our waiter had begun a fresh morning in sprightliest *Turveydrop* manner. He plumped down to the infinite gloomiest depths of Kemble.

"Excuse me asking," he murmured. "I hope nothing has arisen within these premises to inoculate this abrupt decision. There has, I trust, been no incivility nor any assault?"

Evidently assault from some unknown quarter was one of the ordinary conditions of life at Mulligan's.

The Commodore assured him that we had never been better treated in our lives. Also, he tipped him on a scale that momentarily took away his breath. But nothing could rouse him from the pit of depression into which he had fallen. As we drove away I noticed that, with his quick appreciation of a situation, he had, as it were, gone into mourning. Ordinary people in such cases use black-edged writing paper. As Mr. Kemble-Turveydrop sadly waved farewell with his hand I observed that it was black-edged at the finger-nails.



"I MADE UGLY FACES AT YOUR STUCK-UP SISTER THE OTHER DAY, BUT I S'POSE SHE DIDN'T SEE ME?"
"OH, YUS, SHE DID. BUT SHE THOUGHT THEY WAS NATURAL."

Mr. Kemble-Turveydrop (tragedy now predominant) mutely bowed his head. He had spoken his part at a particular cue. There was nothing more in "the book," and, like all leading actors, he abhorred gag—by others.

"Now what can you give us for dinner?" said the Commodore, leaning back in his chair and folding up somebody else's serviette. (We all had someone else's napkin. By taking thought, one or two of the party managed to find a comparatively clean inch on the one dealt out to them.)

Some bits of cheese, apparently broken up by a hammer earlier used in the coal-cellar, followed the odds and ends of bacon. The Commodore, kindest-hearted of men, anxious not to hurt anyone's feelings, assumed the satisfied air of one who had lunched off a plate of turtle soup, half-a-dozen oysters, and a young grouse.



C. E. Brock 1901

The Man in the Boat. "I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT IT WAS YOUR OWN FAULT. WHY DIDN'T YOU GET OUT INTO MID-STREAM?"
The Victim. "WHY, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE DONE!"

LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE



HE was a dream of innocence, like other little boys;
He played, between repose and meals, among his childish toys;
One was a glass wherein he watched the fleeting sands of Time,
And one a strange amorphous beast, some rabbit of the prime.

Judged by the average bulk to which the mass of infants run,
He looks precocious for a babe whose total age is one;
Perhaps the exigence of Art, which sees with larger eyes,
Is partially responsible for his abnormal size.

Behold him, then, his placid brain, beneath the curly hair,
At present unaffected by a solitary care;
Until the fateful hour arrives when he must undergo
A course of lectures on the truths an infant ought to know.

It is the dame EXPERIENCE from whom he has to learn;
The epithets applied to her are "bitter," "rude," and "stern";
But in the picture she's a dear, and wears a Greekish dress,
And seems in all respects a most attractive governess.

The room to which our little friend reluctantly was brought
Was rather like the lecture-hall where Princess Ida taught;
The furniture embraced a globe, an owl, an astrolabe,
And much that might have petrified an ordinary babe.

Two pair of damsels stood beneath the late Minerva's bust—
SCIENCE and ART and likely types of what is True and Just;
With mirror, scales, and microscope, and harp of ancient pitch,
And also private labels on to show you which was which.

I cannot say if they were there as Members of the Staff
Who had to turn the audience out in case it chose to laugh;
Perhaps for private motives they decided to assist
At the discourse of which I now propose to give the gist.

"Come, put your hands behind your back, and listen like a man"
(These, roughly, were the terms in which EXPERIENCE began);
"While I proceed to talk of Life, its dangers, snares and shams,
As illustrated by a set of speaking diagrams."

At this she called attention to her *répertoire* of prints,
Driving the object-lesson home with exegetic hints;
But nothing fixed his mobile eye or caused his flesh to creep
Until he struck a work of art called *Look before you leap!*

The scene portrayed a careless frog that would a-swimming go
Without enquiring if the pond was occupied or no;
Already launched in middle air and impotent to stop,
He notes a duck about to take and eat him on the hop.

The boy, however, overlooked (his judgment being crude)
The truth imbedded in the frog's insensate hardihood;
His mind, impervious to what the picture-tale implied,
Was wondering how the duck would bear the awful strain inside.

"Learn from the frog's appalling fate," his gentle teacher said,
"How full is life of yawning pits, how well to glance ahead;
I do not say that ducks abound in everybody's bath,
But other perils, quite as great, are sure to strew your path.

"I've noticed older men than you repeatedly collapse
All through the fatal habit of ignoring booby-traps;
But you, if you should go to war and have the faintest doubt
As to the enemy's designs, *don't hesitate to scout!*"

So for an hour the lady sought to swell the infant's brain,
He being still intrigued about the duck's internal pain;
Till with a touch of cloud upon his former reckless joy,
He left the place, a sadder and no whit a wiser boy. O. S.



August.



"THE HAT TRICK."

BOWLES'S LAST DRIVE TO THE BOUNDARY WON THE MATCH, COMPLETED HIS CENTURY, AND RUINED HIS WIFE'S NEW HAT!



Diana. "I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU CALL THIS OTTER-HUNTING, MAJOR. HERE I'VE BEEN OUT FOUR TIMES, AND NEVER SEEN AN OTTER."
M. O. H. (an enthusiast). "AH, THERE YOU ARE, YOU SEE! THAT'S JUST WHERE THE HUNTING COMES IN!"



ARRY & ARRIET
start for a days trip to Boulogne
and back.



on the Boat

ARRY "Buck up
Arriet be a
man we'll
soon be there."



Arrival at
Boulogne

ARRY "I wonder if there's
any dooly on bacca?"
ARRIET "on feathers!"



'Painting it Red' at Boulogne.

Not price this
Arriet!



The Homeward voyage
ARRIET "Buck up Arry, see
what a lovely pike I've brought you."



TIME AGAIN
'Never no more!'

September.



MR. MUGGS ON PARTRIDGE DRIVING.

"WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE MODERN SYSTEM OF DRIVING IS THE NICE REST YOU CAN HAVE BETWEEN THE BEATS."



—Edgar Loder—

YOUNG LINKS HAS NOT PLAYED CROQUET FOR A LONG TIME. HIS FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON CAUSED QUITE A SENSATION.



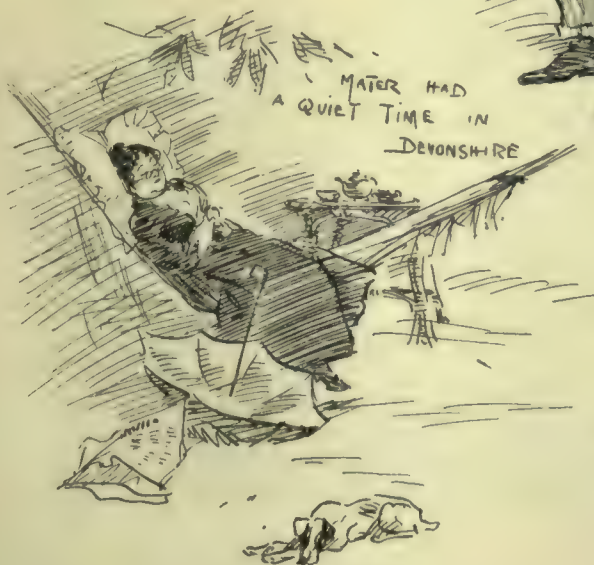
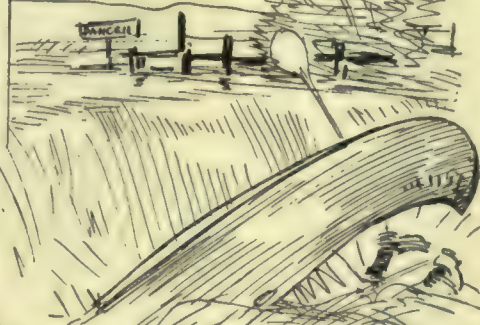
JACK TOOK
HIS MOTOR CAR
OF COURSE



PATER PREFERRED 'COOK'S'

"MY DEAR SIR, I TELL YOU THERE IS NOT A
CITY IN THE WHOLE OF EUROPE THAT IS A
PATCH UPON FLORENCE WHY I FOUND THE
FINEST ENGLISH CHEMIST'S THERE THAT I
HAVE COME ACROSS IN ALL MY TRAVELS."

MAUD
AND ETHEL
STARTED ON A
BIKING TOUR



MARY ANN HAD
A QUIET TIME IN
DEVONSHIRE



BOB WENT
CANOEING

WHILE MARY ANN
SAYS
"GIVE ME
GOOD OLE MARGIE!"

IRAVEN-HILL

THE BROWN FAMILY RESOLVE TO SPEND THEIR VACATION EACH AFTER HIS OWN FASHION,
INSTEAD OF EN FAMILLE.

LEAVES FROM A FATHER'S DIARY.

MABEL makes up her mind to go to town for the day. Shopping, or something of that sort. She says, "I've told Nurse to bring the child in to you at eleven o'clock. You said you wanted her to get to know you better, so this will be a good opportunity." Delightful, of course. I rather wanted to finish article on "A Japanese System of Ethics," but suppose it must wait. Study *The Parent's Guide*. Full of extraordinarily useful information. "A father," it says, "must remember that he is necessarily something of a stranger in the nursery. But with patience he will succeed in gaining the affection and confidence of his child. If the child shows a certain amount of shyness he must encourage it to treat him as a friend, and happy relations are sure in the end to be established." Yes, but how to proceed? There's the rub.

Eleven o'clock. Nurse brings little Alice into library: "Allie going to stay with Daddie," she says, "Allie must be good girl." Nurse departs. Howls from little Allie. Try to coax her. Repulsed. Consult *Parent's Guide*. Allie lying on floor and howling piteously. Difficult to find anything applicable to present situation. "Young girls should not be allowed to loll for hours in the mother's easy-chair." That won't help. "A sense of proportion is lacking in children." Too true. "Much harm may come of excessive severity on the part of parents. Gentle methods should always be tried, for it must be remembered that children are easily swayed by their affections." Will try gentle methods. "Come, Allie, be good. See Daddy's beautiful watch. Oh, such lovely tick-ticks." Repulsed with ignominy. "Boo-hoo! want Nana." Pick her up from floor and put her on my knee. Child makes herself stiff as a ramrod and slides off heavily. More howls. Pick her up again. Same operation repeated. Pick her up and shake her. She smacks—yes, smacks!—my face. Put her down. Meditate. Happy thought! A chocolate. Take her into dining-room. Butler in the room. Seems surprised, and evidently pities me. Explain to him apologetically reason for my entrance. Allie howling and struggling violently to

escape. Am conscious of lack of dignity. Binns produces chocolates from sideboard. Give one to Allie. Effect magical. She smiles all over. Consult *Parent's Guide*. Find the following: "It is extremely unwise to bribe very young children to be 'good' with sweets. A child soon ceases to believe in the justice of its parents if it finds that by crying or mis-

prompt reply. I give. Temporary peace. Have placed Allie on floor. Will try to converse with her:—"Does Allie love Daddy?" I ask tentatively. Immediate answer very decisively, "No, no!" Poser. "Does Allie love Mamma?" "Yes—and Nana." "But Allie must love Daddy." "No, no!" Hopeless. Give it up. Will try reading to her: "Allie fetch book for

Daddy to read." She fetches supplement of *Times* from table. Good little girl. Wonderful how that child's intelligence is advancing by leaps and bounds. So different from all other children I've ever met. She's only two years old, and when I tell her to fetch a book she—well, she fetched the supplement of the *Times*. That's not a book, of course; but it shows how the child exercises her reasoning powers. She says, "Daddy, read." Bless her heart. Read through all the births, marriages and deaths. "More, more!" says the child. Read "In memoriam" notices. One ends with couplet: "Afflictions sore long time he bore; He is not lost but gone before." Allie delighted. "More, more, gone 'fore," she shouts. Have to read that couplet twelve times. Try change by reading money article. Received with high disapproval. Read couplet ten times more. At last refuse to go on. Simply can't bring myself to go on. Child furious. Throws herself on floor, having previously seized cheque-book from table. "Allie must give Daddy his book." Silence. "Give Daddy book." Silence. Try to seize it. Foiled. Consult *Parent's Guide*. Find luminous passage:—"Violent coercion is usually a mistake with very young children. If a child does not yield immediate obedience, a parent should seek to divert its attention to some other matter. Afterwards it will be found that the child, having



GENUINE PRO-BOERS.

First Sly Reynard. "THEY TELL ME AS THERE AREN'T ANY HORSES FOR HUNTING THIS YEAR. ALL GONE OFF TO THE WAR."

Brer Brush. "AND THEY DO SAY THAT THERE ISN'T ANY MONEY TO KEEP UP THE HOUNDS."

Sly Reynard. "WHAT'S DEATH TO THEM—EH?"

Brer Brush. "IS SPORT TO US. TO OUR NEXT MERRY MEETING!"

behaving it can secure a bribe in the form of a chocolate, or something similar." Wish I had read this before. Too late now; chocolate gone, save for a few fragments plastered on cheeks and chin. Take Allie back into library. She says, interrogatively, "More choc?" *Parent's Guide* says: "A father should never deceive his child." I say, "No, no more choc." Allie drops her lip: all outward signs of another howling fit. Say hastily, "Yes, yes; more choc, if Allie good girl." "Allie good. Give choc," comes the

had its mind diverted from the idea of resistance, will readily comply." Good! will act upon suggestion. "See, Allie, Daddy's beautiful match-box." Child eyes me suspiciously. "Daddy give Allie match-box," I add. She takes it. Retires to corner, clutching match-box and cheque-book. "Now, Allie, give Daddy book." Silence. She opens cheque-book. Tears two cheques. This is too much. I seize cheque-book. Howls. Enter Nurse, and removes child. Thank heaven!

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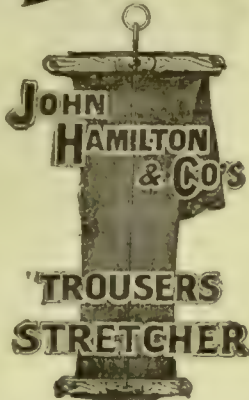
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A NAVAL AND MILITARY REVIEW.

October.



POOR MAN!

"YOU DON'T PLAY. DO YOU, MR. SOFTLEIGH?"
KNOW, ONE GETS THROWN DOWN AND COVERED WITH MUD, AND I HATE LOOKING A FOOL!"

"NO. THERE'S SUCH A LOT OF RUNNIN' ABOUT; AND THEN, YOU



Major Bunker (who has been persuaded to join in a game of Hockey for the first time absent-mindedly preparing to drive). "FORE!"



INSULT TO INJURY.

Fitz-Noodle's Harriers, after a capital run, have killed—a Fox!

Incensed local M. F. H. "CONFOUND IT, SIR, YOU HAVE KILLED ONE OF MY FOXES!"
F. N. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP! YOU MAY KILL ONE OF MY HARES!"



AN IRISH INTRO-DUC-TION.

Village Dame (addressing a brood of young ducks which she has just thrown into the pond for a first swim). "THER' NOW YOU BE LANDED!"

November.

SOMETHING LIKE A CHRISTMAS BILL.

It's just come in, with the compliments of Messrs. Tiddler, Tompkinson, Turtle, and Trumms. (Solicitors' firms usually run to many names; suspect arrangement is made with intent to remember each in the bill.) For some time have had case before Privy Council. This little account is the bill of costs; amount of money at issue under £20; but Principle

allowed charge of 10s. for "attending printer with revised proof, instructing him to strike off seventy-five copies."

What a picture this way of putting it presents to the awed mind! One of the Firm, possibly the whole alphabet, proceed in state to "attend on the printer," a varlet carrying the revised proof. On arrival, trumpet sounds, printer tremblingly approaches.

but look how it swells out in my bill of costs. "Copy summons for counsel, 2s. 6d.; attending him therewith, 10s.; attending marking counsel's brief to hear judgment, 10s.; paid his fee and clerk, £5 15s. 6d., attending paying fees, 10s."

Observe: here is one transaction, one morning call at chambers over the way. But the Firm cut up the ten minutes involved with nice distinction. The junior



PROSPECTIVE COMFORT.

Old Jollybog. "AH! JUS' TO THINK O' THAT NICE LITTLE DROP O' SOMETHIN' HOT WHEN I GET HOME!"



AWKWARD!

(Incident in frosty weather.)

involved; not going to be ridden roughshod over by a wealthy gas company, even if they thrive in Canada, where I have a small property. Fought them in Colonial Courts; lost. Brought case over to Privy Council. Won appeal, and here's my bill of costs: total £153 19s. 2d. But stay, a word more.

Would have been £22 more only for vigilance of Taxing Master. Having passed charge of 10s. for "attending printer and instructing him to strike off proof," the many T's sat down quickly and charged a guinea for "revising proof."

Taxing Master knocked off half; but he

"Strike off," says the Firm in voice of thunder — (the printer is sure it's his head; quite relieved when the Firm continues) — "seventy-five copies."

What really happened was that the office-boy was sent over with the proof. All the same I pay 10s.

Through all the stages of their work the Firm move with monotonously ordered steps. But it is more than *le premier pas* that costs. Each one is ticketed with sums varying from 10s. upward. A summons to hear judgment being issued by Privy Council, a copy of the document is sent over by the junior clerk to the counsel. That an ordinary procedure;

clerk engaged undergoes quick change in fashion excelling Dan Leno or Arthur Roberts. Having "attended" counsel with copy of summons, he wipes the perspiration from his brow and pockets half a sovereign. Next, presents himself as somebody else "attending marking counsel's brief." Bang goes another ten bob. Thirdly, he "pays counsel and clerk's fees," and gravely credits himself with a third 10s.

These only a few items from prodigious bill. Same farce repeated for every trivial action. Sounds like a joke, but it isn't. Items are copied textually from my little Christmas Bill.

THE WHISTFUL MOOD.

(An Autumnal Episode.)

"It's a blessing to feel that the summer is over and done with," remarked the King of Diamonds, with a yawn. "I can't tell you how pleased I was to hear the crackling of the fire."

"Well, it's not for want of trying," said the Queen, snappishly. "You must have an excellent imagination. I've been trying to catch sight of the blaze through the chink of the drawer all day."

"You're too impatient," purred the Queen of Hearts. "Depend upon it, we shall all of us see the fire to-night. You

heard one of the young ladies say that grandpapa was talking about a game of whist this evening, didn't you, dear?" added the Queen of Hearts, looking towards her husband.

"Distinctly," said the King, sleepily, "and as we shall be wanted to-night, I think I shall take forty winks now. The first rubber is sure to exhaust us a good deal."

* * * * *

"Here's a pack of cards, mamma," said GLADYS.

"Oh, those are too dirty, child! We must have a clean pack this winter."

"Gratitude!" growled several of the Court cards.

"Throw them away!" called out papa—and the pack went stiff with horror.

"Oh, papa," cried GLADYS, "can't I have them to play 'Draw the well dry' with, and to make card-castles?"

"The degradation of it!" murmured the Queens in chorus.

"Better death than disgrace," said the Ace of Clubs, who was a Stoic philosopher.

"Wouldn't go so far as that," muttered the Epicurean Ace of Hearts under his breath.

"It may not be so bad after all," said the Knave of Hearts generously. But he was young and susceptible, and GLADYS was an undeniably pretty little girl. At least, he thought so.



Loader (Reservist). "RABBIT ADVANCING FROM THE RIGHT FRONT AT THE DOUBLE, SIR. BEG PARDON—BEGGAR'S 'ALTED!'"

MORE ARMY REFORMS.

OUR own military specialist sends us information as to several projected changes of an important character in the Home Army.

With regard to the vexed question of uniform, it is intended in future that the area of pipeclay shall be considerably increased. As the pay will be correspondingly diminished, this will almost certainly tend to encourage recruiting.

With regard to the head-gear of our soldiers, it has been noticed with dismay by the authorities that certain helmets now in use afford their wearers some slight protection from the sun. As this

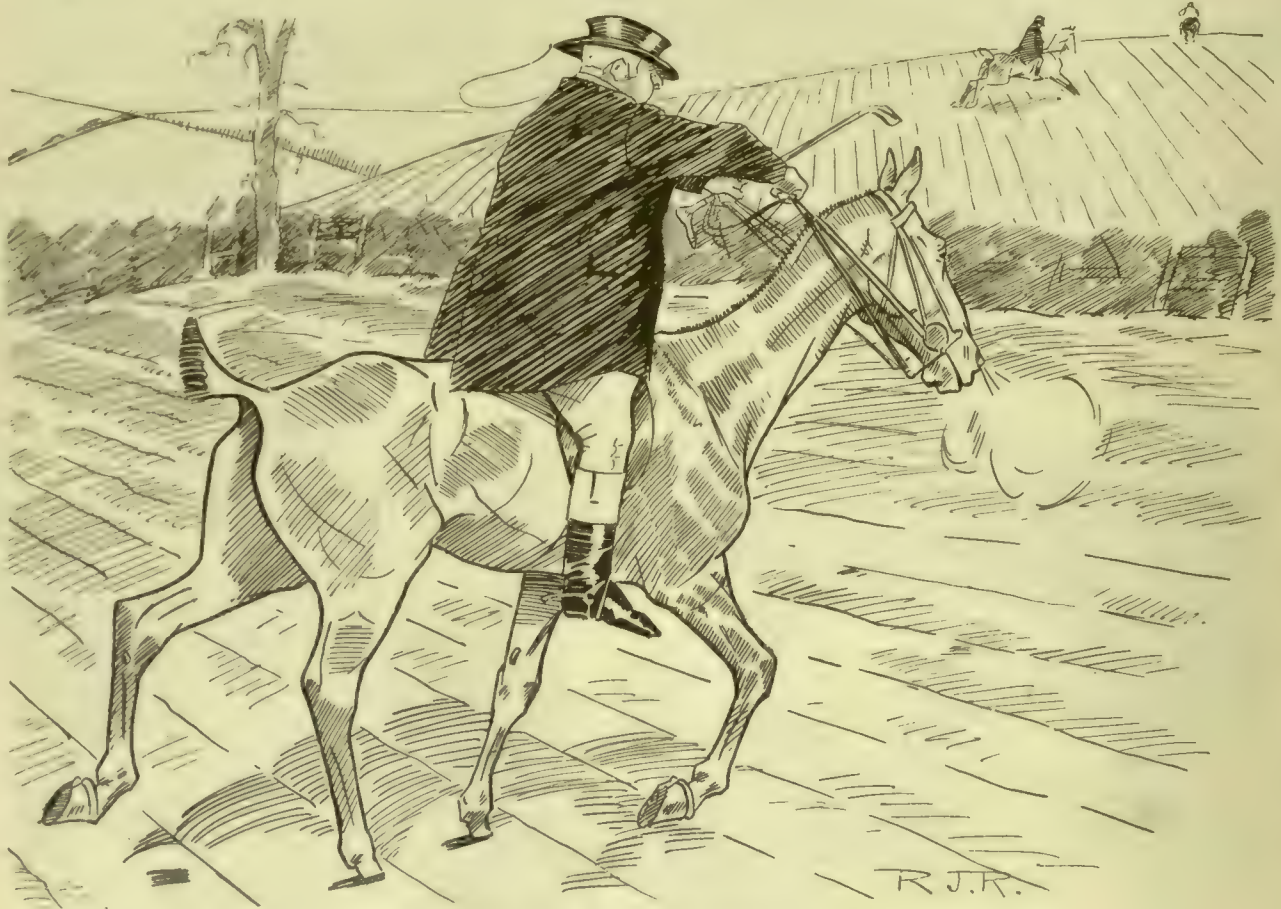
is manifestly not the purpose of military head-gear, which is primarily intended to look "smart"—whatever that may mean—a new helmet is being designed which shall not have this objection. According to present ideas the new helmet will be worn (like a forage cap) over one ear, to add to the comfort and dignity of the British soldier.

It having come to the knowledge of the War Office that some uniforms are at present made almost loose enough to eat and even walk in, this defect is to be remedied at once. In future no private or officer will be able to do anything whatever in his uniform (dress or undress) without splitting it.

Officers in His Majesty's Forces will be reminded shortly in an Army Order that hunting and polo, and not the higher tactics, are what should be assiduously studied by the modern subaltern. The Art of War, so-called, is a bookish affair which may safely be left to spectacled Germans.

An effort will at once be made to check the regrettable tendency said to be manifested in certain regiments to reduce the expenses of the Officers' mess. As it is felt that if this continues the Army will cease to attract the younger sons of aristocratic families, Commanding Officers are requested to use their influence to combat the movement without delay.

December.



"LAST, BUT NOT LEAST."

TO CHRISTINE.

[An Offering from her Bachelor Uncle, who, in default of the power to immortalize her through the intrinsic merits of his verse, consoles himself by enshrining her in the deathless pages of Mr. Punch's Almanack.]

CHILD of the silk-soft golden hair,
The sweet grave face, the hazel
eyes,

Mother of dolls, a constant care
That makes you prematurely wise ;

(Although your brother, younger yet,
Adopts an independent tone,
And begs you will not always set
Your wisdom up against his own)—

I take delight to touch with you
On divers themes, and well I may ;
It is your charming habit to
Believe exactly what I say.

When you enquire with thoughtful brow
What any given object is,
Why it was made, and when, and
how,
And other cognate mysteries ;

When by your manner you imply
That nothing known to mortal men,
Or even angels up the sky,
Eludes my penetrating ken ;

Forgotten hopes renew their bloom ;
I feel I have not wholly failed ;
"There still is one," I say, "from whom
My awful ignorance is veiled.

"As yet no disillusion saps
A faith pathetically stout ;
And several seasons must elapse
Before she gets to find me out."

So from our converse I abstract
A sentiment akin to joy,
Fleeting, I own, and, as a fact,
Not unencumbered with alloy.

For memory probes an ancient sore
Connected with my distant youth ;
I, too, should like to be once more
A quiet searcher after truth ;

Once more to learn in various schools
The things rejected by-and-by
When I discovered certain rules
Which the exceptions stultify ;

Found Nature with herself at strife
(To take a single case) and woke

To the depressing view that life
Must be regarded as a joke.

A blight possessed my eager soul ;
My fancies took a fatal twist ;
And I assumed the chronic rôle
Of what is called a humorist.

For you such fears are far away ;
Your faith and your digestion thrive ;
But then I'm forty, if a day,
And you, of course, are only five.

Still, here's the best I can in rhyme ;
And when (how rare the angels' calls !)
You come again at Christmas-time
To greet the dear familiar walls,

You'll take my verse for what it's worth,
And, though you find it barely sane,
You'll raise a decent show of mirth
To spare the author needless pain ;

And lift your tiny silver mug,
Graven with mine, the giver's, name,
And toast my health, and bid me hug
The patient hope of coming fame ;

And I shall answer, "Dear, you see,
My future lies behind my back ;
But here's your immortality
In Mr. Punch's Almanack !" O. S.



ALFRED LEACH

"THE SMILE CURE"—FOR NERVOUS MELANCHOLY AND DEPRESSION.

[It must not be hastily inferred from their expression that the above gentlemen have just received news of any great military or diplomatic success in any quarter of the world: they are simply trying the prescription of a doctor in Minneapolis for those suffering from chronic depression of spirits—"Smile, keep on smiling, don't stop smiling." "It sounds ridiculous, but just try turning up the corners of your mouth, and see how it makes you feel." He advises a patient to "remain in his office and smile."—See *Westminster Gazette*, September 13.]



Ballet-Master Time directing the Pas de Quatre Saisons.

PUNCH

Vol. CXXIII.

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NO. 123



WHERE SHALL WE GO?

IN answer to this seasonable question *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in calling attention to the claims of a health resort (in the neighbourhood of Geneva), from the prospectus of which he extracts a few luminous passages. (Address on application.)

"— a climateric station . . . beneficial for patients suffering from anomia and overwork. What does the jaded citizen ask for when, in his office, he is surfeited with figures, ink and papers? Is it not to wander

under the forest's verdant vault, to hearken to the sighing of the wind through the foliage, to inhale the aromatic perfume of plants? . . . Here leisure is so sweet, that it tempts not the visitor to risk life or limb in perilous mountain excursions. The — is the only alluring peak, but it is generally neglected by the fascinated stranger . . . Here and there in fancy places benches of cythian bedraggle their golden flowers . . . Protected and overshadowed by the wet foliage, the forest seems unruffled by the hand of Man. Trees, plants and wild flowers in pugnacious entanglement give one the feeling of Prehistory Liberty . . . The numerous guests that yearly visit — leave it strengthened in body and soul. Those, whose blood is poor and nerves weak become ruddy and vigorous . . . rollicking joy becomes their second nature."

DUCI REDUCI.

AIR—"Une Marquise" (Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON).

I.

Homeward bound from overseas.

K. of K.!

Lightly let the sequent breeze

Round you play;

You who know what danger is, K.,

Yet have never learned to swoon,

May the bounding deeps of Biscay

Find your martial maw immune!

Do not dash anticipation—

So they pray

Who have sketched your debarkation

Ere the day;

Who with eagle nerve have nicked you

By a fine prophetic swoop,

And (for Friday next) depict you

Sternly gazing from the poop.

Come before our joy is jaded,

K. of K.,

And the flush of Peace has faded

Into gray!

Shall the poet's faith be stamped on

Who accosts your urgent keel?

Will you stultify Southampton,

Where the Mayor has booked a meal?

Where in terms profuse and brainy

He prepares to greet you thus:

"Scipio South-Africane!

Welcome! you are one of Us!

Take our freedom: we adore you!"

He will say:

All of which is bound to bore you,

K. of K.

Yet, because we want you home,

Do not dally with the foam;

Though our love is pure asbestos

Let delay no longer test us;

Rise like VENUS in her cestus

" 'Crost the Bay; "

II.

You're a worker from of old.

K. of K.

Pomps and pæans leave you cold,

K. of K.

You would like to land in mufti,

You would hurry down the dock

Not in trappings, plumed and tufty,

But in checks and billycock!

And you haven't, now It's over,

Come to stay;

Nor to lie at length in clover,

But to change your train for Dover,

K. of K.

For, although the work's appalling

Which should have you here at hand,

Yet you've heard the East a-calling

Out of India's coral strand;

And, as soon as time and place

Let our feelings find release,

And we've called you, to your face,

First in War and first in Peace;—

Thither where the Empire needs you,

K. of K.,

And your own "Ubique" leads you,

Lies your way! O. S.

A GRAND NIGHT AT THE LYCEUM.

WHAT a transformation scene! Within half an hour after *Mephistopheles* had taken *Faust* off to "another place" (not the Upper House), the Lyceum stage and auditorium were transformed, as by magic, into one gorgeous Hall of Audience, brilliantly and tastefully illuminated, where hundreds of distinguished guests of all colours, and a large number, such as the Rajahs and Imperial Stars of India, in glittering and bewildering costumes, thronged the house, and were received by Sir HENRY IRVING, our Sir HENRY, in most courtly style. Whether the language used were the classic Hindostanee, elegant Gum-Arabic, Royal Rajputanik, Gracious Golliwoggie, Curious Cooch Beharrie, or any other of the rare Indian dialects, Sir HENRY used them all up in complimentary speeches, with more than a word and a bow for every one of the Distinguished Foreigners as they mutually salaam'd and saluted, and, with hand on heart and head bowed low, made protestations of sincerest admiration and compatriotic affection.

American cousins, brothers, uncles and aunts were there, headed by their witty and cheery representative, Mr. CHOATE, U. S. A. Ambassador; then came our stalwart Colonials in and out of uniform, diplomats with stars (and perhaps garters), and general warriors ready for another champagne at the supper table; artists, authors dramatic and undramatic, beautiful ladies, pretty and joyous girls—in fact, everybody one has ever heard of or thought of, "all there," and "all in to begin" supper whenever Mr. BRAM STOKER, who keeps the Lyceum engines going at high pressure, as Master of Ceremonies and Professor of Oriental Languages, might direct the supper-numerary guests to the pastures of Refreshment-Table Land. It is a memorable night, and all, heartily fraternising, toast with heart and voice the health of KING and EMPEROR. And as among the Cavaliers, in Puritan days, so now, in a somewhat different sense, we hopefully drink to "The Restoration!"

MAKING GEOGRAPHY.

[It is proposed to alter the frontiers of the Boer States in order to smother the past.]

Christian van Mauser. Back from Ceylon! And is not this my old friend JACOBUS DE SJAMBOK, of Krugersdorp?

Jacobus de Sjambok. Oblige me by calling it Jonesdorp, and address me as WILLIAM BROWN (Citizen No. 14,591). We wish to obliterate—

Van M. Anything happened to Pretoria?

De Sj. Moved 600 miles south into East No-man's-land. Whatever tends to eradicate—

Van M. But is not the Orange Free State—

De Sj. (nervously). Hush! It was transferred to Central Australia at midnight by a special Act of Parliament.

Van M. (cataleptically). Ha!

De Sj. So I thought at first. What with the revised version of the postage stamps, decimal coinage, pale drab military uniforms, and Volapuk as the compulsory language, it is a little puzzling. A new map comes out nearly every week.

Van M. Why not dig out the principal mountains and drain the rivers?

De Sj. The extreme Progressives thought of that, and of changing the days of the week. The objectionable old associations—

Van M. (formally). Here, BROWN, take this. (*Shouts.*) Doornspruit! Thaba Nchu!! Magaliesberg!!! Now lead me before the Governor and let him give me penal servitude!

MOTTO FOR A CRACK COLONIAL CORPS.—"Dulce et decorum est pro patria Maori."



HAIL, KITCHENER! VICTOR AND PEACEMAKER!



MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY
INTERVIEWS.

II.—MR. BEERBOHM TREE.

I WAS shown into the Actor-Manager's dressing-room at Her Majesty's, and, while waiting for its gifted occupant, I had leisure to glance round. What a wonder-house! What a treasury of tokens of friendship, of Protean personality! Surely there is no man with so many friends as HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

I must have said something of the kind aloud, for Mr. TREE, entering at this moment, remarked cheerily, "Yes, indeed. I am truly a popular man. There is hardly an article in this room that has not come warm and palpitating straight from a Bohemian heart."



"I am perhaps the busiest of men."

"That cigarette box was from dear IRVING. Ah me! the Tabs it has held! That Tantalus—but I must stop. I have really only five minutes to give you. I am, you know, the busiest of men. Letters to write, plays to read, luncheons to attend, bazaars to open, receptions, rehearsals! It has been said of me," he added with a light laugh, "that I rest only on the stage Eh?"

"But you keep well, Mr. TREE?"

"Ah, one must, one must. But there are limits; I shall not go into Parliament."

"What is your secret of health?"

"Well, there are many specifics, but I prefer limelight to all others. I take it regularly—the true Limelight Cordial."

"Is that all?"



"I prefer limelight to all others."

"And I eat heartily. To look at my willowy figure, more suited to play *Slender* than *Falstaff*—"

I laughed politely.

"Thank you—to look at my willowy figure, more suitable to play *Slender* than *Falstaff*, you would think that I was a spare eater; on the contrary, it is my ambition to play *Falstaff* without padding."



"It is my ambition to play *Falstaff* without padding."

I expressed my admiration of the courageous sentiment.

"And now," he said, "I must turn you out. I have much to do. I expect Mr. PHILLIPS himself. Mr. PHILLIPS," he added, "I would I had him here always. Poetry and the drama should never be parted."

LADY CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE.

(With acknowledgments to the "P. M. G." for suggesting the title.)

["A Peer's Daughter" in the *Lady's Realm* for July gives a glowing description of what she saw of the Coronation and the next day's procession, and then goes on to criticise the Gala Performance, which is still in the future. "The gala night at the Opera," she says, "was a disappointment to many, no doubt, but certainly not to all. Seldom have we had a worse chorus . . . the unrivalled JEAN has not the wonderful power he had once, and if MELBA is as delicious as ever she is no better. As for CARUSO, he is a distinct disappointment!"]

A Cautious Editor sings:

LADY CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE,

Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to palm me off some "pars"
Of gossip when you came to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
From your acquaintance I retired:
Soi-disant daughter of a Peer,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE,

Some smarter journal you must find,
For were you queen of Paper-land,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to make a "scoop" and
fake

Some "copy" ready for July,
Describing things that ne'er took place
As if they'd met your previous eye.

Lady CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE,

You put strange fancies in my head.
A great *clairvoyante* you may be,
But are your comments quite well-
bred?

A picture gay of Crowning Day

With many a purple patch you drew;
The jewels; orders, all within
The Abbey charmed your private view.

Trust me, CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE,

Had you but stuck to praise, 'twere
But when you come to criticise [well;
What never happened, I rebel:
The Gala Night with petty spite
You slated weeks ahead, I fear;
Your manners have not that repose
Which stamps the caste of VERE DE
VERE.

CLARA, CLARA VRAIE DE VRAIE,

Was it indeed so just and wise
The "stars" and chorus ere they sang
As failures all to stigmatise?
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
Such journalism's hardly good;
Plain facts are more than coronets,
And honesty than Norman blood.

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

VI.—FROM THE POET LAUREATE.

No collection of National Dramas would be complete without a play from the pen of Mr. AUSTIN. Unhappily, Mr. AUSTIN does not write plays. But it is always possible to "adapt" one of his works for the stage. The poem selected for this rather drastic treatment is *A Tale of True Love*, which adorns his last volume of verse, and the adaptation is carried out on the most approved modern lines; that is to say, the adapter has embodied in the text of his play as much of his author's verse as he could conveniently lay hands on, thereby saving himself the trouble of original metrical composition. He has then filled in with lines of his own where this source failed. The result is a sort of dramatic suet pudding in which the dough is the adapter's, while the plums are, of course, Mr. AUSTIN's. In order to distinguish the dough from the plums the former is printed in italics, while the latter, being the Laureate's *ipsissima verba*, appear in all the dignity of Roman type.

ACT I.—SCENE—*The Hall at Avoncourt, a venerable mansion greatly out of repair. As the curtain rises Sir ALURED, a young man of feudal appearance, enters by the front door, followed by EGERIA, a lady whom he has just met trespassing in his park.*

Egeria (pausing on threshold). Forgive, I pray, an overbold intruder.

Sir Alured. I doubt if anywhere you would intrude! (Gloomily.) But sooth none do on this survival Tudor.

Egeria (aside). His notions of a compliment are crude. (aloud) Tudor! No, no, I never saw a man more unmistakably Victorian.

Sir A. (annoyed). I meant the house.

Egeria (in some confusion, to judge by her grammatical construction). Indeed? I never saw

Aught that I so admired or felt for so much awe.

Sir A. (incoherent from gratification).

Will you, I round it willingly can guide you,
Unless—and, told, shall fully understand—
Wander you rather would with none beside you
To mar the silence of the windless land
Saving Spring's choristers, whose constant trills
One hears, or does not hear, according as one wills!

Egeria (aside). How very odd he is! (Aloud.) You mean, in short,

That birds are plentiful at Avoncourt?

Sir A. (bowing). Just so.

Egeria. You know the house?

Sir A. (proudly). I ought to know it.
Here was I born, here grew to boy's estate,
Pored o'er the page of storier and poet,
All that is big, magnanimous and great,
Hardened my own, tried my dear mother's nerves,
Robbed the home orchard, poached my father's own preserves.

Result: some painful scenes at which I hollo'd'd.

But I would rather not describe what followed.

Egeria. And are you now its occupant and possessor?

Sir A. (bitterly). So called, alas! whose ancestors have paid
The final tax, by Death the stern assessor
On all poor mortals equitably laid.

Egeria (prosaically). Death and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, if you mean them,

Have ruined scores of landowners between them.

Sir A. I have a leasehold (mournfully). No one can have more

This side at least the vague, still undiscovered shore!

Egeria (pricking up her ears). A leasehold?

Sir A.

It's entailed.

Egeria.

Oh, what a bore!

Sir A. To strangers Avoncourt must never pass,

I may not sell it, much as I regret it,

So, as I'm pressed for money, I must let it.

Egeria. How very sad for you!

Sir A. (thinking aloud—the stage direction is Mr. AUSTIN's).

Withal, alas!

Sit by its hearth they must, and much I fear

That there they must abide for many a coming year.

Egeria. The tenants?

Sir A. Yes.

Egeria. The sentence was obscure.

I thought you meant them, but I wasn't sure.

Sir A. It seems the only way to meet the case.

Egeria. No, no, I'm sure you needn't let the place.

(coily) There is another way, some deem a duty,

None call unworthy, or would dare to chide.

Women there are, gifted with charm and beauty,

On whom hath Fortune lavished wealth beside.
(Stops, blushing.)

Sir A. A friend of mine, when we discussed this question,
Made a precisely similar suggestion.

"I am not made like that," I firmly said,

"I but for love alone should ever woo or wed."

Egeria (aside). Ass!

Sir A. (primly). I was greatly shocked at his advice,
And murmured hoity-toity once or twice.

Egeria (politely). Your sentiments did you the greatest credit.

I wish I had been present when you said it.

(coquettishly) But are you sure that you will never find

A lady who will make you change your mind?

Sir A. (stiffly). The thing is most unlikely to occur,

And if it does I shall not mention it to her!

Egeria. I see. (rising) Hark! I must hasten home before
The cloud wrack breaks.

Sir A. I'll see you to your door.

May I inquire your homeward footsteps whither?

What? There? It is on Avoncourt estate!

And I by shorter path can guide you thither

Than that you came by, fear you to be late.

[Exeunt by front door.]

ACT II.—*The Park at Avoncourt, A year has elapsed since the events of Act I., during which Sir A. has let the place and gone abroad. On his return he meets EGERIA by chance.*

Sir A. Can it be you! It's twelvemonths since we met.

I've been away, and Avoncourt is let.

Egeria. I know.

Sir A. I've had a most agreeable year,

Far pleasanter than any I had here.

I crossed the vigilant, unsleeping sea

That ranges round our Isle.

Egeria (impatiently). All this is known to me.

Sir A. (not heeding her) It had meanwhile been leased to
newly wedded

Tenants, unknown to fame but well endowed

With what could rescue it from fate so dreaded

Of slow decay and ruin-mantling shroud.

Egeria (irritably). No one who lives here can be unaware

It wasn't in a good state of repair.

Sir A. And so, to get it put right through and through,

I've let it to a wealthy parvenu.

Egeria (furious). I've ne'er been so insulted in my life.

Sir ALURED, I am your tenant's WIFE!

Sir A. You living here! Well then, I beg to state

Your conduct has been most indelicate;

Your whole behaviour disappoints me sadly.

Egeria (sobbing). Yes, yes, I've treated you extremely badly.

Ask me no more, I beg, than what I tell you.



THE DANGERS OF HENLEY.

Voice from the bridge above. "OH, LOR, SARAH, I'VE BIN AND DROPPED THE STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM!"

I am your tenant, at another's will,
How, wherefore, when, on that which then befell, you,
Though I be mute, will understand me still.

Sir A. (crossly). Oh no I shan't, not in the least degree,
That sort of sentence simply baffles me!

Egeria (sadly). Then there's no more to say, as far as I can
see.

[Exeunt severally.]

(Curtain.)

THE TRUST REPOSED IN AN ENGLISHMAN!

[In the July number of the *National Review* Mr. ARNOLD WHITE describes how he was recently a guest in the Captain's cabin of a German battleship at Kiel. "The Captain's private papers," he says, "were lying about. I was often left alone, such is the trust reposed in an Englishman."]

I WARRANT you've heard of ARNOLD WHITE,
Whose duty it is to set things right;
If anyone ventures to doubt A. W.,
He'll frighten you, rouse you, spur you, trouble you,
Still writing away with a zeal Titanic
Till he writes us into a perfect panic
About our country, its wreck and ruin
(Lord ROSEBURY not being up and doin'),
Or about our Navy, its sad condition,
All caused by the grossest exhibition
Of fatuous sloth on the part of Sea-Lords,
Who, to put it plainly, ought not to be Lords—
At any rate not of the Admiraltee,
But should rather be hanged from the nearest tree.
Well, ARNOLD recently went to Kiel,
And he took his notes—he's a right-down chiel—
But, ah, he implies that he cut no capers
With the German Commander's private papers,

Lying about by day or night—
And nobody there but ARNOLD WHITE!
There were German schemes, all open and undone,
For seizing Dover and smashing London;
There were lists made up with a care astounding
Of every channel and shoal and sounding
That a man can find on the billowy main
From Kiel to Portsmouth and back again.
There were plans, signed W., I. et R.,
Showing precisely in knots how far
A ship must sail from the German shore
Before it can sight the man at the Nore;
There were tables of guns, and catalogues stating
The strength of the German armour-plating;
Papers that would have rejoiced, I know,
Our Naval Intelligence Bureau—
At least I suppose such things lay scattered,
For otherwise it wouldn't have mattered.
By leaving about a washing bill,
A family letter, a lease, a will,
He couldn't have proved himself so apt in
The highest politeness, that German Captain;
So he left what he could of List and Plan
To show that he trusted an Englishman.
Oh, Briton born 'neath a lucky star,
To be trusted so by a German tar,
Think how mighty a privilege this is,
Which everyone but a Briton misses,
To be left, though the sea you're a perfect dab in,
Alone in a German Captain's cabin!
"Look at their plans?" you say. "No, bust me!
They know I'm an Englishman, so they trust me."
"Tis."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

V.—"THE MATERNAL INSTINCT."

FOR some reason or other—not that it need be regarded as unnatural—people seem to be in a hurry to leave Islington to-night, for the King's Cross trams are filling up almost as fast as they arrive. I am forced to take a seat inside. There is a thin-legged young man opposite in a collar like a cuff, and exceedingly narrow trousers, and I notice that he is having some difficulty in repelling the advances of his neighbour, an elderly female bearing a strong resemblance to Mr. DAN LENO. He has three times turned a deaf ear to her attempted confidences, and is now rejecting with a somewhat self-conscious hauteur her proffered bribe of peppermints. The tram, which appears to be full inside as well as out, is about to start, when the conductor earns the resentment of half the inside passengers by informing somebody in the road that there is room for one on the left. Forthwith the entrance is darkened by a stout lady in a lop-sided bonnet, unescorted, and joyfully warbling the following *napodos*:—

"We'll all be merry,
Drinkin' whisky, wine an' sherry,
We'll all be merry
On Coronation Day."

I should hitherto have thought that to execute a step-dance inside a crowded tram was a well-nigh impossible feat. The stout lady, however, performs it with confidence, repeats her chorus, and sits down heavily next to me. It is borne to my senses that, whatever may be the stout lady's proposed menu for Coronation Day, her choice has, for this evening at any rate, fallen upon gin. The occupants of the tram have been for the most part scandalised at the newcomer; in particular the thin-legged young man opposite is staring at her in astonishment. She returns his gaze.

"All right, BERTIE," she remarks, defiantly, "yer needn't look at me so old-fashioned."

The young man, scared at the sudden publicity thus thrown upon him, reddens and looks away. But the elderly female next to him champions him immediately.

"And why shouldn't he look old-fashioned," she returns sturdily, "if he is old-fashioned?"

This is a startler for the stout lady. The urbanity of her expression vanishes immediately, and she directs a cold stare at the elderly female.

"I wasn't speakin' to you at all," she observes, with dignity. "I was speakin' to that gentleman."

"An' I answered for 'im," returns the elderly female, cheerfully, "because I'm 'is mother."

There is something of a sensation in the tram. Two navvies by the door show a disposition to applaud. As for the young man, he gasps and turns an indignant look upon his neighbour.

"I answered for 'im," repeats the elderly female, imperturbably, "because 'e's my son."

The stout lady becomes infinitely scornful.

"'Im?" she says, with feeling. "'E ain't no son o' yours."

To endorse this the young man, who has become the cynosure of all eyes, attempts to assume as unfilial an expression as possible, only succeeding in conveying an impression of acute dyspepsia.

"Yes 'e is," declares the elderly female good-humouredly—"ain't yer, sonny?"

The young man, very flushed, affects to be interested in an advertisement. The stout lady looks towards him compassionately.

"Don't you worry, BERTIE," she says; "she don't tike me in. She ain't the mother o' the likes o' you."

"'E's my son, 'e is," maintains the elderly female cheerily. "'E wouldn't disown 'is ole mother what nursed 'im in 'er arms."

"Chuck it," responds the stout lady with superb contempt; "'e ain't no son o' yours."

The occupants of the tram are patently splitting up into factions. The larger side, dominated by the two navvies by the door, are apparently shocked and disgusted that the young man should deny his own mother because she is poorly dressed and looks like DAN LENO. The other faction, probably drawn towards the stout lady out of sympathy with her Coronation projects, become the confidants of her further arguments.

"'Er son!" she snorts. "She wouldn't never 'ave a son to look like that, not if she lived to be ninety. Look at 'is gile watch-chine. 'E's a nob 'e is. Shave an' a clean collar ev'ry dye? Not 'arf. One o' the toffs."

The elderly female for her part repeats her declaration to her own sympathisers, at the same time looking with astonishing good-humour on the young man's not very flattering agony. From addressing their respective supporters the two ladies return to each other, and the liveliest of debates ensues over the person of the young man, still reading advertisements with a face the colour of beetroot. Gradually the circle of controversy widens. The stout lady is just engaged in elaborating a statement of her course of action in the contingency of ever possessing a face like that of her opponent (who maintains the utmost cheerfulness throughout), when there is an interruption.

"Fez, pliz."

The conductor has begun his round. In due course he arrives at the thin-legged young man, who fumbles in his pocket for some time, and at last produces a sovereign and a half-penny. He tenders the sovereign for a penny fare. The conductor eyes him with weary disgust.

"'Aven't yer got nothing smaller?" he queries.

The young man has not.

The conductor remarks sourly that he will have to wait till King's Cross. Does the young man take him for BARING ROSSCHILD?

But the stout lady has a word to say here. She plucks the conductor's sleeve.

"That's all right, young man," she says; "'is mother 'il pye for 'im."

A flutter of triumph pervades the stout lady's faction. But they have underestimated the amount of spirit in the elderly female. She hands the conductor sixpence.

"Two," she observes genially; "me an' my son."

Jubilation of the elderly female's faction, confusion of their opponents, and scarlet protest on the part of the young man.

"Two," repeats the elderly female; "to Clerkenwell."

The conductor lowers his bundle of tickets.

"Where d'yer wanten go to?" he demands stolidly.

"Me an' my boy to Clerkenwell," beams the elderly female.

The conductor forces the coin back into her hand, strides down to the door and jerks the bell.

"Come on," he calls wearily; "you're goin' away from Clerkenwell."

Jubilation of the stout lady and her faction. The elderly female leaves the car in the best of spirits, after an unsuccessful attempt to kiss the thin-legged young man. The conductor stands with his hand on the bell-cord.

"Are yer goin' on?" he calls impatiently to the young man.

"What are you waiting for?" snaps the latter, very red in the face. "Of course I'm—"

Ting!

The stout lady exults loudly. She is interrupted soon by the conductor ringing the bell.

"Cumming Street," he announces impolitely; "come on!"

"Don't you worry, BERTIE," she observes protectively. "She never kidded me."

"Come on, if yer comin'!" calls the conductor.

The stout lady makes her way to the door, resuming her monarchical ode on the step:

"On Coronation Dye,
On Coronation Dye,
We'll 'ave a spree an' a jubilee,
An' we'll—"

Ting!—Clink, clank, clinker, clanker

The tram moves on. Gradually the thin-legged young man's countenance resumes its natural pastiness. Party spirit dissolves in the absence of leaders. There is peace, save for the clink, clank of the tram, as it forges on down the slope towards King's Cross.

TO YOUNG YACHTSMEN.

HAVING just returned from my first—and, I trust, last—trip on a friend's yacht, I am enabled, with the experience born of long suffering and acute ag—observation, to evolve a few simple rules for the guidance of those who rashly meditate following my example. It was a steady calm from the N.W. when I got on board, and my host welcomed me genially as I fell up the steps on to the deck. I apologised for my clumsiness by saying that I had had no experience of yachting.

The skipper—a gloomy man—looked up at the black cloud hovering overhead, and remarked grimly:

"Ah, you'll get plenty o' that, Sir, before to-morrow."

Rather discouraging.

But the skipper was right: and when, that afternoon, we were plunging bowsprit under, with our rudder feebly waving in the air, I remembered the ominous words with a groan.

"This is jolly, old man, isn't it?" exclaimed my host, BACKSTAY, cheerily patting me on the back—a most unwise proceeding, as it almost immediately proved.

I answered faintly, "Oh yes, it was awfully jolly," and asked "When were we likely to reach harbour?" BACKSTAY replied:

"We'll get down to Portland and bring up there."

Horrid! I wish people wouldn't talk like this on board a yacht. So thoughtless of them.

* * * *

The storm blew itself out that night, and the remaining three days of my stay, we had light breezes only. During that time I was able to glean much nautical information, and to write these plain directions for the use of my fellow-suf—sportsmen.

1. Praise everything connected with the yacht you are on, and always disparage every other you see.

2. If on a sailing vessel, allude contemptuously to steam yachts as "tea-kettles," "coal-hulks," or "steam-rollers."



"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS."

First Lady. "ARE NOT THESE PICTURES BEAUTIFUL?"

Second Lady. "YES. AND I WONDER HOW THEY CAN POSSIBLY DO IT FOR A SHILLING!"

3. If on a steam-yacht, never omit to speak of a sailing vessel in pitying tones as an old "wind-jammer."

4. Take care not to get out of your depth in using nautical terms. Why should one feel so friendly towards cabin-stairs as to call them "companions"? As a rule repeat expressions used by sailor-men—beg pardon, "hands."

N.B.—Curious fancy picture suggested by the term "hands." All mariners aboard are only "hands with sea-legs on!" Weird!

5. A yawl is the most mystifying of all rigs to understand. It has a bowsprit at each end, and confusing these two would inevitably end in sorrow.

6. It is rude to lean one's elbows on any dinner table. On a swinging table it is not only rude but disastrous.

I cannot more usefully conclude these directions than by giving a brief glossary of the terms most in use aboard, together with their translation into the vernacular.

"Borspret" means bowsprit.

"Main-sheet" has nothing to do with the bedclothes, but signifies a rope attached to the boom (at least that is my present impression).

"Torps'l" means the thing they hoist on to the extreme summit of the mast.

"Gig" means, not a two-wheeled vehicle, but a boat.

"Rotten old tank" means someone else's yacht.

"I-must-just-go-below-and-see-the-steward" means a whiskey and soda.



*Lady Visitor (at Work-girls' Club, giving some advice on manners). "AND YOU KNOW LADIES NEVER SPEAK TO GENTLEMEN WITHOUT AN INTRODUCTION."
'Liza. "WE KNOWS YER DON'T, 'MISS, AN' WE OFFEN PITIES YER!"*

THOSE CORONATION SEATS.

[Mr. PUNCH is unable to publish all the correspondence he has received on the vexed question of Coronation liabilities. The following are samples.]

DEAR SIR,—*Re* Coronation Seats. I think in such matters there should be give and take. I am quite prepared to take.—Yours, &c., A SEATHOLDER.

DEAR SIR,—In this question of the seats, let us consider what His MAJESTY himself would have done. He is generous. I feel sure he would have decided to refund the money to the seatholders. Yours, &c., A SEATHOLDER.

DEAR SIR,—What would His MAJESTY's wish have been in respect of the seats? There can be no doubt. He would surely have said to the seatholders, "Be generous and pay the money." Let us be guided by this.—Yours, &c., A STAND-OWNER.

DEAR SIR,—All right-minded persons must agree that litigation in the circumstances would be unseemly. Let the owners of the stands give us back our money at once.—Yours, &c., PAX.

SIR,—If the stand-owners won't pay up, sue them.—Yours, &c.,

A BARRISTER.

[We have received a similar letter signed "A SOLICITOR."]

DEAR SIR,—I offered a free luncheon to all persons who took my seats, and, at the time of the postponement, the luncheon was already on the premises. I wish to announce that I shall keep it for them until the Coronation takes place.

Trusting that the present hot weather may soon cease, Yours, &c.,

K. TERER.

SIR,—In my opinion this wrangling over the seats is disgusting. I would make both sides pay. I would force

the seat-holder to pay the stand-owner, and force the stand-owner to refund to the seat-holder. That would be a good lesson to both. Yours, &c.,

A LOYAL IRISHMAN.

SIR,—Here is everyone anxious to have legal advice. Your solicitors tell me they have not been doing wonderfully well this year. They do not deserve to do well. Enterprise with them seems dead. Why did they not, on the morning after the postponement was announced, line the pavement in Chancery Lane and offer advice at moderate rates to all passers-by? Wake up, England. Yours, &c.,

AN AMERICAN.

DEAR SIR,—I bought ten seats at £5 each for my family. I am a poor man. It will be hard if I have to pay.

Yours, &c., VERITAS.

DEAR SIR,—I bought some seats at a draper's shop where I have been a customer for many years past. The man now refuses to give me back my money. I am so indignant that I have half a mind never to deal at his shop again. Anyhow, I would like him to know that the only reason why I continue to patronise him is that he is cheaper than anyone else.

Yours, &c., CAROLINE FLINT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—A few months ago I bought, at a sale, a Union Jack handkerchief, a Union Jack ribbon for my hat, a Union Jack blouse, a pair of Union Jack shoes, and a Union Jack air-cushion—and a Union Jack. It is true I did not in so many words say they were for the Coronation, but one does not wear such things on ordinary days, does one? I presume I can force the shop to take them back? If not, I would really like to know what is the use of the Law.

Yours, &c., ELIZABETH JANE.

DEAR SIR,—I had arranged with a cabman to take me down to my seat for £3. He did not turn up. Please let me know this: Am I not entitled to damages against him for breaking his contract? Yours, &c., JUSTITIA.

DEAR SIR,—I asked several poor relations to my house for the Coronation. They refuse to leave till the Coronation takes place. Can you help me?

Yours, &c., WORRIED.

A MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Small Boy (reciting "Casabianca").

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence SAWBUTY had fled—

Smaller Brother (showing intelligent interest). Who was SAWBUTY?

Small Boy. I spose he must have been the Captain.



PROTECTION MASQUERADING.

RIGHT HON. SIR M. H-CK-S-B-CH, M.C. "MAY I ASK THE LADY'S NAME? WE HAVE TO BE SO VERY PARTICULAR HERE."

RIGHT HON. JOE (as PIERROT). "OH, WELL—ER—PUT HER DOWN AS BARONESS VON ZOLLVEREIN."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 30.—
No one can say what would have happened if the DOOK (second title COUNTY GUY) had not turned up in the very nick of time. By the hands of the

So sat and waited in solemn silence till Big Ben, plaining through the thunderous air, chimed the half hour.

Then Clerk rose and read Orders of the Day. There were two. First the Educational Provisional Order in personal charge of President of the Council. Where was COUNTY GUY? Not yet in

a district unfrequented by the mussel, where the oyster is familiar only in certain months of the year (when it arrives in small casks, usually holding one hundred), DUDLEY lacked that intimate knowledge of the subject that is at the bottom of all Parliamentary success. Still it was an enticing occasion, not lightly to slip through ambitious fingers. True the attendance was not large. But the hour was early. In the Press Gallery the ear of the universe was alert, attentive.

Though ranking among Under Secretaries, the fortune of the hour gave the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade supreme position. He was sole representative in the House of the strongest Ministry of modern times, one that had just concluded a great war, signed a memorable peace. WALDEGRAVE had, for company's sake, dropped into a seat near him. That was merely the ingrained habit of a former Lord-in-Waiting. WALDEGRAVE was waiting to go home, and the Ministerial Bench is nearer to the door than most others. With the recklessness of comparative youth DUDLEY resolved to seize opportunity by the hair. The Oyster and Mussel Bill called on he rose; drew himself to his full height.

"My Lords," he said, "the world is mine oyster, and with this—"

Here the LORD CHANCELLOR turned upon him an awful frown.

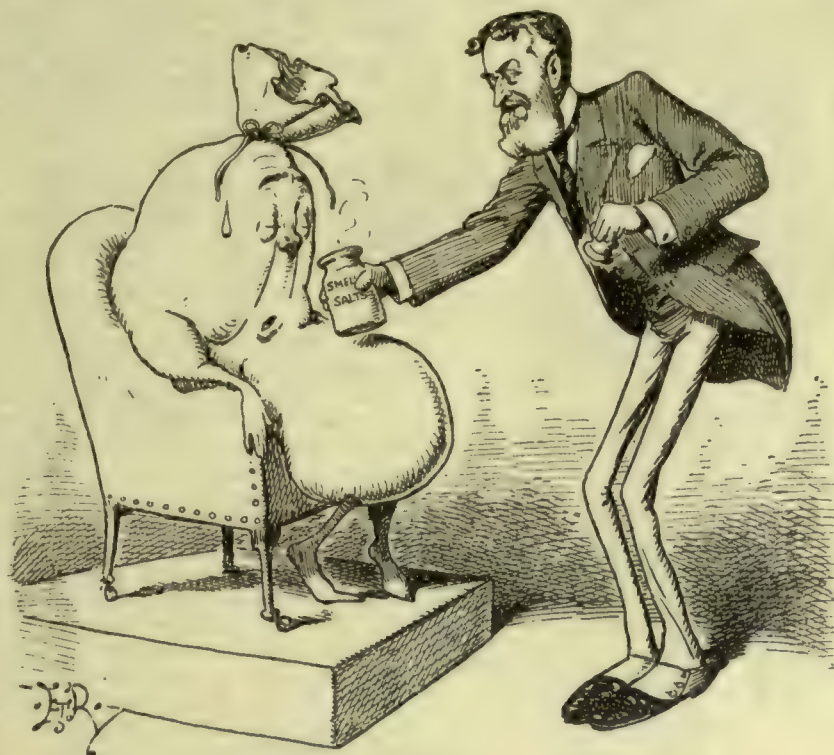
"No, really, you Mussel—I mean you'd better not," said WALDEGRAVE, tugging at his coat-tail.

DUDLEY hesitating, LORD CHANCELLOR in a breath observed "Question-is-that-this-Bill-be-read-a-third-time—Those-of-that-opinion-say-Content-the-contrary-Not-Content—the Contents-have-it."

This the end of appointed business of the day. There followed pained pause. It was the duty of the Minister to move the adjournment. DUDLEY's nerves so shaken with the little contretemps that he made no sign. At this critical moment the DOOK, his right hand deeply set in his trouser pocket, strolled in, looking exactly as he did when going through the private rehearsals in the Abbey for the Coronation ceremony. Of course he did not wear his coronet, which in the Abbey looked a trifle incongruous with morning dress. But he had the same bored look.

His lethargy only apparent. In an instant he seized the situation; quickened his step; seated himself on Front Bench; whispered a word to the still comatose second EARL OF DUDLEY; on his feet. In a voice distinctly heard in all parts of the Chamber he said, "I move that the House do now adjourn."

Since the fairy Prince, with joyful eyes and lighter-footed than the fox, arrived in the Sleeping Palace, there



"REVIVING THE SINKING FUND."

clock he was two minutes late. That a not unfamiliar incident.

Bird, beast and flower proclaim the hour,
But where is COUNTY GUY?

Situation critical. LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, advancing with pomp of such circumstance as Black Rod and Purse Bearer, took seat on Woolsack at a quarter past four. Public business in Lords does not commence till 4.30. Interval spent either in meditation or in advancing private Bills. To-day no private business to fore. Accordingly meditation prevailed; in the sultry afternoon air it was occasionally suggestive of forty winks. Few to share the luxury. Muster of nine all told.

"Odd," murmured SARK, his eye lingering on the Woolsack; "that's just the number of the Muses."

In the Commons situation would have been seized to put Ministers in a hole. As soon as Educational Board Provisional Order Confirmation (London) Bill was reached, Opposition would have challenged division and given Ministers a shock. Such low tactics well enough in the Commons; don't suit the Lords. Besides, it was too hot.

his place. Fortunately DUDLEY on guard, primed with particulars about Oyster and Mussel Fishery, with which second Order of Day was concerned. He moved that the House resolve itself into Committee on the Educational Bill. LORD CHANCELLOR put question.

Now was the time for Opposition to strike. Aggregate number had run up to eleven. Counting heads, LORD CHANCELLOR observed that in case of instant division Government would be in minority of two. Must dissemble. Having put the question he hurriedly declared, "The Contents have it"; with remarkable agility hopped two paces to right of Woolsack; Chairman of Committees popped into chair at Table; and before TWEEDMOUTH, who had now come in to take his seat on deserted Front Bench, had completed hasty review of situation, the Bill was through.

Then came the Oyster and Mussel Fishery Bill. As Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, WILLIAM HUMBLE WARD, second Earl of DUDLEY, in charge of this important measure. Born and brought up in the Midlands,

has been no such transformation scene as hereupon happened. All the long pent stream of life dashed downward in a cataract. The eleven Peers scattered over the benches rose and made for the door. The clerks at the Table swept heaps of papers into swiftly-opened drawers. The LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR strode forth with trailing robe. The House of Lords had sat for two minutes by Westminster clock, and was now adjourned.

Business done.—Commons pegging away at Education Bill.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Two thunderstorms to-day. In mid-afternoon the midsummer sky grew so black that gas was turned on. Presently, through windows opened to sultry air, the thunder rolled. PRINCE ARTHUR'S explanation of fresh amendment to Clause 3 of Education Bill illumined with flashes of lightning that shamed the steady glare of the gas-lit ceiling.

This pretty well in its way: nothing to storm that burst when, seven hours later, WALTER LONG moved closure on question that Clause 3 stand part of the Bill. C.-B. aghast with indignation. Why, they'd been talking about the Clause for only fifty minutes, when comes President Local Government Board with abhorred shears and slits the thin-spun thread of conversation. A nice calculation; but omitted to take note of fact that five weary hours of a so-called summer afternoon had been earlier spent on this very Clause. Opposition in rare tantrum. Returning from Division Lobby, where Clause was carried by rattling majority of 144, C.-B. moved to report progress. CHAIRMAN, declaring the motion to be an



"Surveying the World from Paris to Peking."
(Sir Ch-l-s D-lke.)

abuse of the rules of the House, straightway put question without permitting debate.

The closure was whips; this was scorpions. Never before was Leader of Opposition dealt with in such drastic fashion. After moment of pained silence Opposition broke forth into howls of despairing remonstrance. No appeal from judgment of Chairman; no opportunity even of discussing it. Driven forth into Lobby again, Opposition reduced the Ministerial majority to 88; a poor consolation, but their own.

The varying figures due to action of Irish Members, who spent an hour of delirious delight. In ordinary divisions on Education Bill their privilege is limited to voting against their nominal allies, the Liberals. By promise of State subvention of Roman Catholic schools they are bought, over to the Government side. Must go into same Lobby with CHIEF SECRETARY and

JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG. But on questions of hampering Government in respect of closure and motions to report progress their hands are free. Joyfully use them to clutch His Majesty's Ministers by the throat.

Business done.—Leader of Opposition sharply snubbed.

Thursday night.—The long-cherished desire of the MAHARAJAH of KOLHAPUR is fulfilled. Dwelling in a far country, under quite other skies, his heart ever fondly turned to Westminster, where the House of Commons, stately mother of a world-compelling brood, sits in calm majesty.

At this moment the MAHARAJAH is perched in the Diplomatic Gallery, filling all his senses with delight. A colossal personage his Highness; arrayed in white burnous of soft material flecked with gold lace; over his monumental, dusky, alert head is folded a turban of dainty blue. House in Committee of Supply. Foreign Office Vote under discussion. Universe in review. The very occasion on which His Highness has meditated, expecting to see the Chamber thronged, palpitating with emotion, whilst two hemispheres timidly watch at the door wondering what England is going to do to them next.

What the MAHARAJAH looks down upon is an array of beggarly benches with here and there a member. CHARLES DILKE on his legs, by his erudition shaming the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, even with the new Supplement that recognises LIVINGSTONE'S connection with Central Africa. On the Treasury Bench is the Under Secretary for Foreign



Lobby enjoying himself.
(A lightning sketch from the Press Gallery.)



IN THE CANGUE—A CHINESE TORTURE.
W-l-l-e R-dm-nd and other "Boxers" are in the office.
(Lord Cr-nb-rne.)



ELF-LAND REGATTA.

Affairs, solitary save for JESSE COLLINGS, who sits apart with folded arms looking unutterably wise. At first the MAHARAJAH thought JESSE must be the representative of the potent, world-embracing, empire-creating Foreign Office. Poked a brown fore-finger at him ecstatically; quite satisfied with realisation of his dream.

Rather anxious moment for ALFRED PEASE personally conducting him. After some hesitation timidly corrected impression, indicating CRANBORNE as the real representative of the potency of Great Britain. Had they been in Kolhapur proceedings would have been summary; but even a MAHARAJAH can't cut off a contradictory gentleman's head in the Diplomatic Gallery of the House of Commons.

The MAHARAJAH disillusioned, and, not catching all DILKE's remarks, said he thought he would go on to the House of Lords, where he spent a pleasant half-hour listening to WELBY discoursing on the Corn Tax.

"Taking your two Houses together we've had a most interesting afternoon," said the MAHARAJAH, bending a beaded eye on the hapless member for the Cleveland Division of York, who was more than ever glad he didn't happen to be in Kolhapur.

Business done.—Foreign Office Vote in Commons: Budget Bill in Lords.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 28.—Excellent performance of LEON-CAVALLO's *Pagliacci*. Fräulein SCHEFF unable to appear, the queer weather having played the mis-scheff with her voice. May she speedily recover! Mlle. AURÉLIE RÉVY at short notice played and sang *Nedda* excellently. Signor SCOTT's *Tonio* was all that could be wished; and everybody was in a cheerier frame of mind than on Thursday the 26th, when a gloom was over the nation, and Opera and opera-habités were under the cloud of the KING's illness. But now the doctors are men of "good report," and all are sanguine; so singers and audience alike are bright, and Madame CALVÉ as *Santuzza* in MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria Rusticana* is at her very best, dramatically and vocally. Signor CARUSO grand in the part of *Turiddu*; the drinking song magnificently sung, and the encore, unanimously demanded, is accorded by Signor MANICELLI. But the one refrain that everyone is humming hopefully as we leave the Opera is "God Save the KING!"

Thursday.—"The Garden Party at the Opera," which is, of course, Mr. WAGSTAFF's exceedingly humorous way of describing the *début* of Miss GARDEN as the capricious heroine of *Manon*, grand opera in four acts, music by MASSENET, libretto by Messrs. MEILHAC and GILLE, from Abbé PRÉVOST's well-known romance. Miss GARDEN achieved an unqualified success. This deponent could write an essay on "*Manons* I have seen," some excellent in one way, and some in another; but this lady, the latest representative of the fickle flirt who ends as the contrite coquette, is "very *Manon*." As the character develops itself, from being "only a country girl," shamming simplicity, up to the full-blown fashionable courtesan, in a kind of female "Rake's Progress" from maid to mistress, and then falling from her high estate to the lowliness of a repentant Magdalen, Miss GARDEN, as actress and singer, leaves nothing to be desired. From first to last she is *Manon*, and in this part at least her triumph is assured.

M. MARÉCHAL as the *Chevalier Des Grieux*, whose wearisome sentimentality is some excuse for *Manon*'s conduct towards him, was excellent, rather as operatically singing than histrionically speaking. The three Larky Ladies or Three Disgraces, *Ponsette*, *Rosette*, *Javotte*, found charmingly sprightly and most harmonious representatives in Mlles. HELIAN, McCULLOCH, and MAUBOURG. As Miss GARDEN (henceforth Miss COVENT GARDEN) hails from the land of *Lucia*

di Lammermoor, it must be pleasant to her, coming as a stranger to our little village, to find a compatriot in that wee bonnie Hieland lassie Miss McCULLOCH 'of that ilk.'

M. ALLARD is a good and tuneful *Lescart*; not, perhaps, quite enough of the rollicking bully, but 'tis easy to over-colour such a picture, and his discretion is the better part of his value in this character.

Perfect PLANÇON is the *Père Noble* to the life. Of course, like Old Germont in *La Traviata*, he has bought his experience and knows his way about, rather! Even now this "Awful Dad," as played by Perfect PLANÇON, would be an awkward rival to his own dear boy, and if he only let himself go it is impossible not to feel that that arch little humbug *Manon* would go with him some considerable way. M. GILBERT, as the foolish, fat, and fond nobleman who turns uncommonly nasty when he loses his money, is excellent.

Altogether a distinguished success for everybody concerned, including M. PH. FLOX (which, when pronounced, sounds as if you were stammering with plums in your mouth) and his gallant orchestra, the curtains being opened and reclosed again and again after every Act in order to satisfy the vociferous demands of a delighted audience, determined, when there was no more to be heard, to see as much as possible of the artistes who, hand in hand, all "boo'd and boo'd and boo'd" like so many smiling *Sir Pertinax*; which reference is quoted as apt on account of the Caledonian nationality of the prima donna, Miss McMANON. At Miss CHARMING GARDEN's next appearance her admirers in the house will all take care to decorate themselves with Gardenias and Scotch heather-bloom. This flower show will give the hot house (cooled by occasional blasts from the Vonderful Ventilators) a distinguished, noble, and decidedly haughty-cultural appearance. Miss GARDEN will, of course, be the subject of many a "mot."

P.S.—In my last I referred to the production of *L'Elisir d'Amore* with the great LABLACHE in the cast. The date of this, I am informed by a trustworthy correspondent, was 1841, and in that same season was given *I Puritani* at Her Majesty's, before Covent Garden was started as the opposition, with GRISI, RUBINI, TAMBURINI, and LABLACHE. "Fancy that!" But this deponent was then among the talented Squallini Family in the Domestic Nursery Grounds.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

In *The Roll Call of Westminster Abbey* (SMITH, ELDER) Mrs. MURRAY SMITH has accomplished a labour of love. Familiar with every stone of the historic fane, she personally conducts the reader round it, chatting pleasantly of the monuments, nearly every one summarising a chapter in English history. An immense amount of toil has been bestowed upon the task, and infinite erudition is displayed in its accomplishment. A concurrent gift necessary to success is that of judicious condensation. My Baronite testifies that this also is in Mrs. MURRAY SMITH's quiver. The value of the volume is increased by a number of illustrations of the more memorable tombs, and a set of carefully prepared plans of the interior of the Cathedral.

A *Double-Barrelled Detective Story* (CHATTO & WINDUS) carries with it assurance that MARK TWAIN is still fancy-free, and that his hand has not lost its cunning. There is something almost terrible in the earlier incidents of the story, with its weird development in the person of the son of the outraged wife. The narrative is relieved by many touches of MARK's inimitable humour. A dramatic surprise is reserved for the last. The worst thing about the book is its brevity. Nevertheless—or, to put it in another way, therefore—my Baronite strongly recommends it as companion for a railway journey, say two hours long. THE BARON DE B.-W.

TWELVE LITTLE REASONS.

["King LEWANIKA is a transformed character, but he is not a professed Christian. His only reason for not becoming one is his unwillingness to abandon polygamy. He has twelve wives." *Westminster Gazette*]

A CHRISTIAN I gladly would be,
You see;
I'd like to have money *sans* end
To spend,
With a house in Park Lane
And a bin of champagne,
And Scotch of an excellent blend,
My friend,
And Scotch of an excellent blend.
Oh, fain would I idle away
The day;
Desirable Henley would be
To me,
And Ascot—oh, yes,
I am bound to confess
A Christian I gladly would be,
You see,
A Christian I gladly would be.
But I've twelve little reasons against,
Twelve black little reasons against,
Twelve dear little, queer little,
Neat little, feat little,
Sweet little reasons against.

I'd like to wear shiny top-hats,
And spats,
And collars of snowiest white;
So bright,
Instead of the beads,
Which are all that one needs
In a land where it's ninety at night,
Yes, quite—
In a land where it's ninety at night.
I would certainly fain settle down
In town,
Where I'd soon be the lion, no less,
I guess;
In the homes of the great
Quite a boom I'd create
And I'd marry a wealthy Princess,
Oh yes—
I'd marry a wealthy Princess.
But I've twelve little reasons against,
Twelve black little reasons against,
Twelve dear little, queer little,
Neat little, feat little,
Sweet little reasons against.

LLANDAFTNESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I observe that Lord LLANDAFF has been writing to the *Times*, giving hints upon the management of anthropoid apes.

Profiting by his lordship's excellent example, I propose to address a few remarks to you, Sir, upon the subject of that entertaining anthropoid, the common parodist (*poietes mimetikos*). My acquaintance with the variety is not limited, like Lord LLANDAFF's, to mere observation, but is intimate and even personal, as I am myself distantly

related to the genus. I speak therefore with as much knowledge as freedom.

These elegant animals (classed zoologically with the *cynocephali*, as showing some distinct "sign o' brain") are really quite easy to keep, though sometimes difficult to lose. It is true that in England they are more delicate than in some other countries, but even here they have been known to become hardy to the point of irreverence. They are best kept in cages, and under the control of an able-bodied keeper, but there is no harm in allowing them to exercise their tricks—which in the case of the larger specimens are frequently very amusing—when restraint threatens to endanger their health. The cages need little straw, for it is one of the chief elements of their usefulness that they can make bricks with the merest modicum of that material; but a cheap scaffolding—the commoner the better—of familiar subjects should be erected in each cage.

All indiscriminate feeding should be

strenuously discouraged, as in practice it is found that the public often in this way stimulates the least deserving to a display of their energies. Regular meals, however, are of the utmost importance, and in my opinion should be provided by the editor or other keeper himself; for they are naturally voracious and, if kept too hungry, will sometimes weaken their system in the endeavour to assimilate unsuitable material. Water should be given only sparingly: they are apt to splash it about amongst their ideas, which do not always stand further dilution.

Heat is a *sine quâ non*. On this account some authorities recommend ice and others liquid air, but these are both heresies. Personally I think the temperature of Bouverie Street (perhaps slightly raised by the warmth of your reception of uninvited hints) eminently suitable. In this belief allow me to subscribe myself,

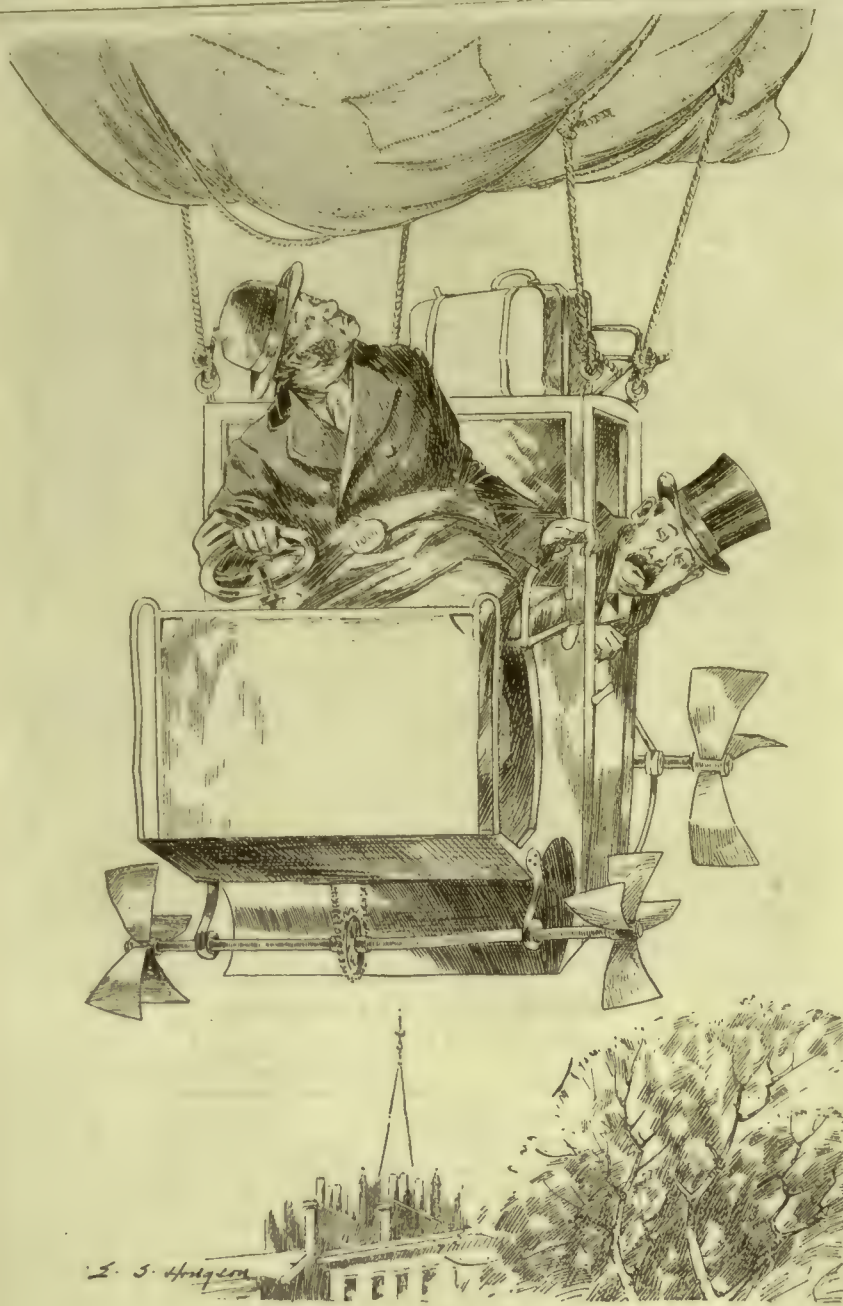
Yours obediently,
SIMIAN SCRIBBLER.



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"I HAVE YET ROOM FOR SIX SCOTCHES MORE."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Sc. 7.



A COMING TERROR.

Fare. "I SAY, WHAT'S GONE WRONG? WHY ARE YOU GOING DOWN HERE?"
Santos 1001. "GOT A PUNCTURE, SIR! ONE O' THEM 'ERE WIRELESS TELEGRAMS, I
 EXTEREC, GONE SLAP THROUGH MY BALLOON."

ART AND THE CROWD.

SCENE—*The Royal Academy.*

A Fat Lady (to her companion, a girl in the teens). Now, MINNIE, thank goodness I've found sitting room—and you tell me about the pictures. . . . There, child, the Catalogue's this side . . . what are you screwing your head round for? Why, there's that dreadful Mrs. TALBOT and her son—well, she ought to be an authority on painting, anyway.

Now turn round this way, do—the boy's seen you and is telling his mother, and I won't see them (*regards pictures with a look of petrified interest*). What's that? (*points to "La Belle Dame sans merci"*). You learn French at school, don't you? Tell me what it's all about!

A Girl in the Teens (*obviously embarrassed, though unwilling to show her ignorance*). Well, it's got to do (*with a brilliant inspiration*) with a sister of mercy—a beautiful sister of mercy.

Belle means beautiful (*this with conviction*).

A Fat Lady (*dubiously*). I didn't know they wore that costume. What's she doing?

A Girl in the Teens (*reading from Catalogue*). She's singing to him, I think. You see (*eagerly*) it's got to do with the Middle Ages—he's a knight—and they dressed differently then, and all the customs were—not a bit like ours.

A Fat Lady (*sniffing*). H'm—I think we've changed for the better.

An Over-dressed Lady (*with a spoilt boy*). RUPERT, that's the fifth old gentleman you've kicked—now, do behave . . . Oh! how are you, dear?—(*to another Over-dressed Lady*) No! I'm only going to see the Sargents. It's too hot to do anything else this afternoon.

[*They rapidly take stock of each other's gowns.*]

Spoilt Boy. Oh, Mama, let us see the sergeants . . . do they walk about in proper uniform?

An Under-dressed Lady (*wearily*). Art and headache seem indissoluble.

Male Companion (*with conscious sarcasm*). Art?

Under-dressed Lady (*with unconscious sarcasm*). Never mind, JOHN; better luck next year!

A "Society" Lady (*to good-looking youth, complacently*). Not a bad exhibition . . . I've met all the portraits in that room.

Youth. Really! (*Sees some pretty girls whom he recognises.*) A rippin' good show . . . excuse me . . . etc., etc.

A PÆAN!

OH what an honour 'tis to be
 The Premier of a Colony!
 Who is there wants to hear a speech
 From B-L-F-R, CH-M-B-R-L-N, or B-CH?
 But all eyes fill and all cheeks redden
 At every speech from Mr. S-DD-N!

When during this Colonial week
 Anyone else essayed to speak,
 A deep depression settled down,
 I noticed, upon London Town.
 Our hearts were cold, our spirits leaden—
 Until aroused by Mr. S-DD-N!

When in the streets a Prince drove by
 We looked at him with careless eye,
 Even the most distinguished Peer
 Passed through our midst with scarce a
 cheer,
 But nothing in the world could deaden
 Our interest in Mr. S-DD-N!

Since this is so—and so it is—
 Since only eloquence like his
 With our Imperial needs can cope,
 I venture to express the hope
 That England, at her Armageddon,
 Will have the help of Mr. S-DD-N!

HINTS TO JOURNALISTS.

[It is stated that a movement is on foot to start a college of journalists. Compressed extracts from some of the possible lectures may be of interest.]

Lecture on Writing Leaders.

" I cannot too strongly insist on the necessity of information. A journalist need not always be well, but he *must* be plenteously, informed. If he can detect the line between information and imagination, so much the better, for he will then be able to conceal it. He must also be able to discriminate, for there are times when different kinds of information, intrinsically of equal value in themselves, have a different face value as regards the public. For instance, let me put the case that a journalist has ascertained: a. That the French army is landing at Dover; b. That an enormous gooseberry has been found in Cheshire. From the point of view of the journalist these facts are equally important, but—and here is the difficulty—he must be able to detect which has the more immediate interest for the public. One of them is worth a column, the other merely a note, and with his hand on the public pulse he must find out which to emphasise. Public taste varies, and it may be that on a Monday it will be interested in the French army, while on a Thursday it may prefer to read about the gooseberry"

Lecture on Social Topics.

" It is impossible to overestimate the value of a duchess. She is always worth mentioning, even if there is no apparent reason for doing so. Make a reason, and if she is writing a book, or going on the stage, or opening a shop, say so. A quarter of a column at the least. . . ."

Lecture on The Complete Critic.

" Music and art are things which come naturally to a journalist. Remember that TSCHAIKOWSKY is the embodied spirit of modern unrest, and that Mr. WHISTLER once wrote a book, from which you should quote. The Royal Academy exhibition of any given year is not conspicuous for anything of surpassing excellence, but. . . . The Salon of any given year displays several new and attractive features. . . . M. RODIN is the master of the great incomplete, and Dr. ELGAR is the hope of English music, as Mr. NEWMAN is the hope of English musicians. . . ."



"I SAY, YOU GIRLS, WE SHALL BE OVER IN A SECOND, AND IF YOU CAN'T SWIM BETTER THAN YOU PUNT, I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SAVE BOTH OF YOU!"

Lecture on Reviewing.

" Comparisons should be drawn between M. ROSTAND and Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS to the disparagement of either, and between Mr. HALL CAINE and Miss MARIE CORELLI to the disparagement of both. Mr. KIPLING is a force and Mr. MEREDITH an expression. M. GORKY will be worth mentioning for about a year, and M. MAETERLINCK for only a few months—he is going, as IBSEN has gone, out of fashion. There are two WINSTON CHURCHILLS and two LEO TOLSTOYS. The Poet Laureate should be quoted without comment . . ."

Lecture on Serious Writing.

" It is not absolutely necessary for the writer to think himself, but he should give due prominence to the thoughts of others. He should be acquainted with some one tenet, or more, of PLATO, EMERSON, CARLYLE, KANT, PASCAL, SPINOZA and SCHOPENHAUER, and—to meet modern requirements—NIETZSCHE. These, judiciously employed. . . ."

Lecture on Practical Journalism.

" How to deal with editors is

only to be learnt by experience, but it is well to remember that they too are human, and to enclose a stamped envelope. . . ."

ESSENCE OF WELCOME.

PROPOSED labour-saving contrivances for Lord KITCHENER, who is reported exhausted:—

Metal chute outside his residence for reception of congratulations, silver caskets, begging letters, swords of honour, advice on military tactics, poetry, etc.

Conveyance of freedoms of the principal cities *en bloc* by telephone at rate of ten per minute by extension of the duplex system.

Street phonographs. Cheers to be repeated verbatim by enthusiastic citizens, and the drums forwarded to head-quarters.

Simultaneous sitting to a mass meeting of portrait-painters.

Express train, with Post-Office net attached, to tour England, collecting addresses at full speed.

SHYLOCK AND THE POUND OF SOUL.

(Reflections on the Education Bill Debates.)

DEAR human child, whose woolly head
Closely recalls the unweaned lamb;
You with the lips whose native red
Is stained with inexpensive jam;

O virgin soil, O plastic clay
Within the primary potter's grip,
To whom, for moulding, day by day
So unsuspectingly you trip;

When I remark the limits set
About your elemental lore,
As that from two and two you get
A total tantamount to four;—

When I perceive your nascent nerve
Engrossed with dates of Britain's Kings,
The pothook's iterated curve,
And other non-contentious things;—

I fondly hope you never dream
That your prospective moral state
Still constitutes the steady theme
Of loud and bellicose debate.

It lies, I trust, outside your ken
That nightly, till the senses reel,
Six hundred heated Christian men
Wrestle for your immortal weal.

Yes, when on Heaven's name they call
And knock each other's doctrines flat,
You are their object; it is all
On your account, unconscious brat!

Summer will pass, and Winter's hand
Of dying Autumn take his toll,
And still, like SHYLOCKS, they will stand,
Claiming their punctual pound of soul.

I wonder, should you come to know
The facts about this deadly feud,
Whether your little heart would go
And burst with speechless gratitude;

Or rather, being made aware
What means they use to reach their ends,
You would compose a tiny prayer
To be delivered from your friends;

And crave permission of the star
That on your recent advent smiled
Just to continue what you are --
A simple, bounding, heathen child. O. S.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to the following stupendous statement in a Gloucester paper:—

"Five hundred and sixty pounds was the weight, and ten feet six inches the length, of a Royal surgeon landed on Monday at Lowestoft."

We are thankful to know that the KING goes on "swimmingly," and we had also hoped that the same applied to all the KING's physicians; but in this connection our optimism has received a profound shock.

NOTE FOR NEXT EDITION OF LEMPRIÈRE'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.
—Hasty person, ÆOLUS. With him 'twas ever a word and a blow.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



MISS ATHERTON, attracted by the strong personality of the American statesman ALEXANDER HAMILTON, whom TALLEYRAND ranked with NAPOLEON and FOX, placing him at the head of the trio, determined to write his biography. No sooner did she take pen in hand than, as she confesses, she determined to make the book a novel, whilst preserving the accuracy of detail befitting a biography. It is an attractive idea. But the measure of success attained in *The Conqueror* (MACMILLAN) will not inspire imitation. No man (or woman either) can in the same volume serve the two masters of biography and fiction. Miss ATHERTON has met the proverbial fate of the adventurous person who attempts to sit on two stools. She has come to the ground with a somewhat tiresome book. The reader is bewildered and repelled by the continuous difficulty of deciding which page or paragraph is fiction and which biography. In the midst of a lengthy matter-of-fact description of difficulties in connection with the framing of a Constitution for the emancipated Colonies, my Baronite comes upon the following:—"What imperious method are you devising, HAMILTON?" asked LIVINGSTON. "Your lips are set, your eyes are almost black. I have seen you like that in Court, but never in good company before. You look as if considering a challenge to mortal combat." The best passages in the book are descriptions of sea and land by HAMILTON's birthplace in the West Indies. And that is neither biography nor fiction. "To which sentiment of my Baronite's, 'Ditto'" says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

CHACUN À SON GOÛT.

[According to the *Daily Chronicle's* report of an interview with NAWAB FATEH ALI KHAN of the Punjab, what the NAWAB most admires in this country is its excellent climate.]

In the chamber of gold I have listened with awe
To the voice of your great legislators,
And my feelings were mightily moved when I saw
Episcopal aprons and gaiters.
I thought what a wonderful scene this affords,
The throne and the robes of the Primate—
But though I was vastly impressed with the Lords—
They were nothing, I thought, to the climate.

The War Office, too, I have seen. What a sight!
What a triumph of organisation!
Ah! well may it be the commercial delight
Of a business-like, shop-keeping nation!
I was lost in admiring its wonderful ways,
But of course, though the system's sublime, it
By no means is worthy the tribute of praise
Which I bring to your temperate climate.

I've visited Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's,
And Ascot and Henley; I've been to
The Opera, plays by the dozen and Halls;
The Zoo and the Waxworks I've seen too.
But in all (I must draw to a close, for I find
It is growing less easy to rhyme it)
I came upon nothing so much to my mind
As your wonderful, temperate climate.

ON DIT.—The piece selected for performance in aid of the funds of an old-established Dental Hospital is to be *New Men and Old Achers*. A great draw.



EASTWARD HO!

Britannia (to India). "WE CAN ILL SPARE HIM; BUT YOU SEE WE GIVE YOU OF OUR BEST!"

MY NEIGHBOUR.

NEXT door the summer roses bloom
And breathe their hearts out day by day

To please a gentle gardener whom
'Twere happiness to thus obey :
For her each rose a fragrance gives
That roses grudge to common labour,
And there, next door, among them lives
My neighbour.

I watch her in her garden fair,
And think what joy my life would bless

Could she and I but wander there,
A shepherd and a shepherdess,
As blithe as those of ancient myth
That danced and sang to pipe and tabor :

Who would not thus be happy with
My neighbour ?

Blue eyes, and hair of sunny brown,
A form of such exceeding grace,
And features in whose smile and frown
Such tender beauty I can trace
That here to sketch her free from flaw
Defies the pencil of a FABER,
And yet I yearn so much to draw
My neighbour !

I'm keeping one commandment—an
Epitome of all the ten—
So if I, when my life began,
Was born in sin like other men,
To innocence that shames the dove,
I've mellowed since I was a babe, or
How could I so devoutly love
My neighbour ?

THE MUSICAL TREATMENT.

[Discussing the healing powers of music, a medical man has declared that a beautiful melody, even when badly played upon a barrel-organ, will frequently suffice to mitigate or charm away pain.]

Mus. Doc. (who has been summoned to exercise his new vocation on a gouty patient). Let me see, you say that you have tried WAGNER three times a day after meals, GRIEG before breakfast, upon alternate mornings with BACH, and SPOHR on Sundays before bedtime ; yet the toe still gives great discomfort ? Gouty Patient (writhing rhythmically in bed). Pain, doctor, not discomfort—red-hot pain.

Mus. Doc. (producing a tuning-fork from the crown of his hat). Dear me, dear me ! Let me sound your A. (Strikes the fork delicately on the bridge of patient's nose). Now then, bravely, A-y-y.

[Gouty Patient moans dismally in A flat.

Mus. Doc. As I thought, treatment completely wrong : WAGNER too heating, GRIEG too irritating, BACH too chilling, and SPOHR too narcotising. One question : Does the mention of the word



THE OPTIMIST'S.

There's always something to be thankful for.

WELL, ANYHOW, I'M GLAD WE AIN'T GOT NUFFIN ON THAT'LL SPOIL !"

"Philharmonic" produce a sense of utter weariness, loss of appetite, and nausea ?

[Gouty Patient nods his head weakly, and groans alarmingly in diminished sevenths.

Mus. Doc. (cheerfully). Precisely. What you want is the Popular not the Classical treatment. I shall just run you through a light course of SULLIVAN and GERMAN, alternated with MONCKTON and CARYLL, and, as you gain strength, perhaps just a dash of SOUZA.

Gouty Patient (in a slightly improved pitch). Doctor, I think I may recover.

Mus. Doc. (beaming). Capital, capital ! And what do you say to going for a little change of airs to the Empire or Alhambra, when you are up again ?

Gouty Patient (sighing mezzoforte). How beautiful, Doctor ! If I could only hear them now !

[Suddenly a barrel-organ bursts into "Good-bye, Dolly Gray." Gouty Patient springs staccato from the bed, and insists on executing a cake-walk with Mus. Doc., who subsequently retires, undaunted, to practise his newly-acquired art of composing a little bill.

SNUFF AND NONSENSE.

["Le premier événement important du règne de Sa Majesté britannique EDOUARD VII. est en train de s'accomplir: la mode de priser s'installe, paraît-il, en Angleterre, dans la meilleure société."—*Le Gaulois*.]

Que vous êtes drôles, vous Anglais!

You tell me zat you are

Ze premier nation of civilisation,

Ze van of ze world?—*Barbares!*

I tell you such brag is—ow say you?—stuff!

Sauvages of ze vildest—you take ze snuff!

Ah, vy 'ave you revived 'im,

Zis 'orrid, dirty trick?

Zis 'orrible custom, vy, vy 'ave you thrust 'im

On zose who would fain be *chic*?

Vy love you to run at ze nose? *Ma foi!*

I cannot conceive 'im, zis strange *Pourquoi?*

Some tell me your War-Office

'Ave 'eard zat snuff vill clear

Ze brain ze most muddled and foolish and fuddled,

And zerefore it would appear

Zey 've reason to practise ze 'abit vell

Before zey begin to reform Pall Mall.

Some say zat snuffin' causes

Ze memory to die,

And nobody wonders about all ze blunders

And whom zey was blundered by,

And you snuff in ze 'ope you will soon forget

'Ow oft you was beaten by Monsieur DE WET.

Que vous êtes drôles, vous Anglais!

Ah, vy are ve such fools

As to follow viz passion each barbarous fashion

Zat's set in ze Eenglish schools?

You say it's *la mode*? Vell, one must not flinch.

Merci! I will take, at a pinch, just a pinch!

THE WAY THEY HAVE AT THE WAR OFFICE.

SCENE—A room at the War Office. Two High Officials are engaged in a discussion as to whether top-hats should be worn by Highland regiments on parade. To them enter Nervous Inventor.

First High Official. But, my dear General, if, as you suggest, the Highland regiments were to wear top-hats, only think of the very undesirable effect that a shower of rain would produce!

Second H. O. My dear Colonel, you misunderstand me. I never suggested that the hats should be made of silk. Now, hats of a shiny material, such as those affected by bus-drivers, or even opera hats, would, I take it, add very greatly to their general effect on parade. But whom have we here? (*Fiercely to Nervous Inventor.*) Your business, Sir?

Nervous Inventor. I ventured to intrude, gentlemen, with the plans of a new gun which—

First H. O. (interrupting). While on the subject of hats, General, perhaps you have not seen the latest pattern served out to the Kamschatkan Light Infantry. It is something after this style.

[*He sketches the new Kamschatkan cap on the back of an unopened letter marked "urgent." Twenty minutes are spent in discussing the relative merits of the top-hat and the Kamschatkan cap in all their bearings.*]

Second H. O. Well, Colonel, we must thresh out this important matter at our leisure. Now, Sir (*to Nervous Inventor*), we must beg you not to waste more of our

valuable time than is absolutely necessary. Once more, what is it that you want?

N. I. As I was saying, gentlemen, I venture to bring before your notice a new gun which I have just completed. Worked as it is by electric power, the gunner has only to touch a button—

First H. O. *À propos* of buttons, General, I hardly feel that the button you designed for the Third Life Guards is calculated to maintain the traditions of the British Army. I am certain that it would be infinitely more effective, not to say artistic, if its diameter were increased by a thirty-second of an inch.

Second H. O. No, no, my dear Colonel. The change you propose would, to my mind, ruin the general effect of the uniform. Now, if you had suggested a decrease of a sixteenth of an inch—

[*For twenty minutes they discuss the knotty question of buttons for the Second Life Guards, without arriving at any definite conclusion.*]

First H. O. (to N. I.). Now, Sir, you have wasted nearly an hour of our valuable time, and if you have anything further to tell us we would beg of you to do so at once.

N. I. (thoroughly exasperated). Well, gentlemen, I had intended to describe to you, with the aid of diagrams, the size of the breaches which my gun would make in the walls of any town that you happened to be besieging. But as I know that the mere mention of the word would be sufficient to give rise to a discussion as to whether knee-breeches should be included in the mess kit of regiments in the field, what should be their colour, material and cut, whether they should be fastened above or below the knee, with gold, silver, platinum, or pewter buckles, and whether they should be terminated with button boots, lace boots, shoes with buckles, shoes without buckles, sandals, clogs, pattens, or buskins, I feel that it would be a waste of breath. Good morning.

First and Second H. O. (aghast). Well, the impertinence of these inventors passes all bounds! And after we had given him so much of our valuable time, too!

[*They fall back into easy chairs, and, after lighting their cigarettes with a plan of the latest thing in rifles, they soon become immersed in the pages of the "Tailor and Cutter."*]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday, July 9.—*La Princesse Osra* (music by HERBERT BUNNING to a French libretto by MAURICE BERENGER, adapted to English understandings by R. H. ELKIN, the plot being found for them by ANTHONY HOPE in his *Heart of Princess Osra*, so that the opera, as announced, is *Princesse Osra* without her heart) was to have been produced to-night. But the Princess wasn't ready, and so she may perhaps appear before these notes see daylight; anyway, too late for Mr. *Punch's* Operatic Representative to say anything about her in this present number. So instead of the Princess we greet *Signora Lucia di Lammermoor*.

In consequence, perhaps, of the *Princesse Osra* being absent, the house was by no means inconveniently crowded. And the absentees lost, as I am informed (your Representative being, like the Princess, unavoidably prevented from re-presenting himself), a great treat by not witnessing the performance of Mlle. REGINA PACINI, who, good throughout, was especially strong in the mad scene, receiving an enthusiastic encore. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Alice*, not "in Wonderland," was the heroine's sympathetic *confidante*, who could safely advertise as "companion" to any lady, and be perfectly certain not only of immediately obtaining a situation, but of giving the most complete satisfaction.

Signor CARUSO, as perfect as the romantic lover *Edgardo*

should be, makes "a swan-like end." Signor SCOTTI, without whom of course no North British opera could be complete, was as perfectly at home in his Highland costume, kilt, philibeg and all, as he was in the music of the part. Not much work for M. JOURNET (*Journey Due North*), Signor MASIERO and Herr REISS to do, except to show how the freemasonry of music can unite three different nationalities—French, Italian and German—in one common musical language, that of Signor MASIERO.

The termination of the season is already announced for July 28. Let us hope it has been successful; though the advertisement that Mr. FRANK RENDLE and Mr. NEIL FORSYTH have associated themselves with "Moody Manners" for five weeks sounds as if these two gentlemen were not quite so lively "after the opera's over" as might have been expected.

"SI TORRERE JECUR QUÆRIS IDONEUM."

WHAT? EDITH married! FRED, I know
Your selfishness is monumental,
But even you might deal a blow
With some pretence of being gentle.
Didn't you hear old Dr. GRIND
Say that I needed perfect quiet,
A holiday, a vacant mind,
And carefully selected diet?

Sweet EDITH married! Cruel fate!
No other news could stir such feeling
(Just as I'd had my opiate
And felt a languor o'er me stealing).
It tears my heart strings. Really,
FRED,

I think you might have recollected
My pericardium is said
To be the very part affected.

Alas for EDITH! It was she
Who won my love that last December
When I was ordered to Torquay—
(A lung was faulty, you remember).
I used to lend her my bath-chair,
She liked the arms—my own invention;
I let SMITH push her anywhere,
And lost myself his whole attention.

I never knew a better nurse,
She wheeled her father any weather,
Always remarked when he was worse,
And watched him doze for hours together.

I loved her, FRED, I love her still;
I should have put the fatal question
If she had had the slightest skill
In paroxysmal indigestion.

I hoped in no far distant days
Her father, or some near connection,
Might fall into dyspeptic ways,
And so remove the sole objection.



THE DOG DAYS. WHY NOT?

(A Suggestion in case of tropical heat.)

'Tis hard of fate: it might have been,
And now—Pray reach me down
that phial;
Perhaps some tincture of quinine
May give me strength to bear this trial.

STERN REALITIES!

THE Hippodrome has surely out-Heroded Herod as regards realism, for we are told that in its "new sensation" "real" horses and "real" people are swept away by a "real" torrent of water. Verily the modern actor in such vivid representations must be a hardy fellow! We may shortly expect something of this kind to be announced as an attraction:—

In the forthcoming Prehistoric Melodrama, the gentleman who plays the part of *Ichthy O'Saurus* will be clubbed in the third act with a real stone axe. To guard against disappointment to the public several understudies will be provided by the Management.

At the Blankville Theatre a real soda-water bottle will be broken on

the villain's skull in the race-course scene.

The heroine, in the new society drama about to be produced, will positively be thrown across the orchestra into the front row of the stalls. Every evening at 8, matinées 2.30 Saturdays.

Real swords will be used in the duel scene in the new opera, and the tenor or baritone will probably be wounded each evening.

N.B. Nothing to hurt: a mere "pin prick" to make the vocalist, if tired, sing out a bit.

The Management of the Vivacity Theatre, not to be outdone in the rage for realism, have provided their patrons with a genuine surprise. In the Tropical Island scene, real pythons and boa constrictors will wreath themselves about the stage, and possibly escape into the auditorium; whilst, should the weather be tropical, the firemen who rush on to extinguish the fire in the Liverpool warehouse (Act IV.) will be instructed to turn the hoses on to the orchestra and the first three rows of the stalls.

RUS IN URBE.

["The invasion of London by wild country life makes progress annually. You may roam many miles of rural hill and dale without seeing timid birds, such as magpies and moorhens, living their wild natural life on such close and easy terms as in St. James's Park."—*Country Life*.]

Chorus of Country Birds:

SWEET, oh sweet the Surrey lanes,
Where the wild rose blushes;
Sweet the thicket filled with strains
Sung by tuneful thrushes;
Sweet the lakelet when the West
Rains upon it golden rest,
And the moorhen builds her nest
Deep among the rushes.

But behind the rosy bower
Stalks a ruthless ranger,
Seeking whom he may devour—
Save us from the stranger!
While upon the lakelet fair
Lo, the fowler sets his snare—
Cruel man is everywhere
Dealing death and danger.

Chorus of Town Birds:

Leave, oh leave your Surrey lanes,
Where the wild rose blushes!
Fill this Eden with your strains,
O ye tuneful thrushes!
Moorhens, here are havens blest
Where your little ones may rest—
Undisturbed shall be your nest
Deep among the rushes.

Round about this shady bower
Lingers many a ranger;
But we need not flee nor cower—
Here we fear no stranger.
Never on this lakelet fair
Does the fowler set his snare—
Friendly man is everywhere
Guarding us from danger.

Omnes:

Empty are the Surrey lanes,
Where the wild rose blushes;
In the thicket ring no strains
Sung by tuneful thrushes.
But St. James's now may see
Fowl of high and low degree—
Magpies build in every tree,
Moorhens in the rushes.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

If, at Aix-les-Bains, on a glorious summer afternoon, when everyone is taking a siesta or is sitting in the shade half asleep, blinking at the blue sky, the white houses, and the brilliant foliage of the magnolias and acacias, all gleaming in the southern sunshine; if, on such an afternoon, you should perceive a haggard and dishevelled man—or he may even be a woman—grasping in one hand a *Baedeker* and in the other the *Livret-Chaix*, turning the pages with feverish eagerness, and

finally—with the fingers of one hand marking four places in the *Baedeker*, and the fingers of the other clutching four openings in the *Indicateur*—seeking out the *concierge* of the hotel, with whom he, or she, consults other guide-books and time-tables; the *conducteur* of the omnibus, the head waiter, the manager, and finally some of the drowsy visitors from the garden, one by one joining the group, all speaking excitedly, and all gesticulating and waving books of reference and railway guides; you may know that the man, or woman, has not discovered the whereabouts of Madame HUMBERT, but is only planning an excursion on the following day to the Grande Chartreuse.

It is, in fact, a tremendous undertaking. The Monastery seems at no great distance on the map, but you have to go all round it and start from the other side, wherever you begin. Some enthusiasts go the whole way by road, which saves mental wear and tear, but they have to start at six in the morning, or earlier, and they get back at eleven at night, or later. The best way, according to all authorities, is to go from Aix, due north of the Monastery, to Grenoble, due south of it, and start from there. But the people of Grenoble have complicated matters still more by constructing a tramway which goes in a straight line from their city to nowhere in particular among the mountains, but happens to pass within about five miles of the Monastery. It is possible that some rash travellers have been tempted to go by this route, but in that case they are still trying to get from the tramway to the Chartreuse, for no one has yet heard any particulars of their journey or of their arrival.

Moreover, from wherever you go, you must start at six in the morning. This, as everyone knows, is not difficult to manage in a modern foreign hotel, because at the other side of one of the *portes de communication* in your bedroom someone always talks, or walks, or coughs, or packs up with terrific bangs at five in the morning, or earlier. At Aix he gets up at four to be in good time for his douche and massage at the *Établissement*.

In fact at Aix in summer, where you can be so deliciously idle in the charming little town, all trees and gardens, sweet with scents of innumerable flowers, there is one crumpled rose-leaf, and that is the excursion to the Grande Chartreuse. It is a thing one must do. *Baedeker* says so; everyone says so. And one doesn't want to do anything, except to smoke a cigarette in the shade.

The present writer, goaded to this effort, but unwilling to start at six, resolved to go to Grenoble over night. There was a train at 4.35 in the after-

noon, which seemed convenient. It is a *train-omnibus*, very unlike the admirable expresses of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée, and the time-table allows it three and a-half hours to go forty-seven miles. It took nearly four.

It was a blazing afternoon. I stepped into a compartment where sat a solitary Frenchman, a southern Frenchman, a man of the province next to that of TARTARIN. The compartment was like an oven, but its occupant seemed as cool as a cucumber. For nearly four hours that Frenchman, that southern Frenchman, sat silent and motionless. The train shook, and jolted, and stopped, and wherever it stopped our compartment always came opposite that fiendish electric bell which rings throughout the stoppage in every French station, and, after tremendous delay and loud shouts and shrill whistles, it started again; the dust and smoke came in upon his face, and the temperature of the carriage, with all the windows open, continued at about 90°, but nothing disturbed his perfect equanimity. I asked him if I might smoke, and he bowed without a word. He could not have been deaf and dumb, for he heard what I said. He may have been disappointed in love, but he seemed past the age for that. Never more shall I read of the *flegme anglais* without thinking of that man of Southern France.

About an hour after we started he quietly took from his pocket the *Journal*. Now that is a newspaper which most people can read through in half-an-hour or less. For nearly three hours my placid companion read on. He was still reading it—he must have been going through the advertisements for the second time—when at last the train reached Grenoble. Then he silently folded up his newspaper, which apparently he had not yet finished, and stepped from the carriage without a word. I, the Englishman, bounded out, and ran to the station door as fast as I could, just to relieve my nerves. May I never ride in a *train-omnibus* alone with a Grenoblois again!

I have not yet reached the Grande Chartreuse. As I have already explained, it takes a long time to get there.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

"BEN-HUR" HE WAS A NICE YOUNG MAN.—"Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," was the stage direction of the great DUCROW, given to the author of an equestrian melodrama. The 'osses are to cease running this week at Drury Lane, and *Ben-Hur*, a son of the most ancient race, is about to join a wandering tribe (Dramatic) advertised to "do" the States. *Ben* must get up early for this.



Major Peppercorn (tenant of the other side, to Brown, who has slipped in). "CONFOUND IT ALL, SIR, IF YOU MUST FALL IN, YOU NEED NOT SPOIL THE BEST CAST IN THE RIVER!"

CHEMICAL FOOD.

["Professor BERTHELOT of the College of France foresees in the 'Chemical Synthesis of Aliments' the economical emancipation of the human race." Paris Correspondent of the "Daily News."]

You who now in pain and sorrow
Life's sad sufferings must rue,
Courage! for a glad to-morrow
Science has in store for you;
Lo! it gives, for your content,
Scientific aliment.

Now no more with irksome labour
Need his bread the peasant earn;
Jocund strains of pipe and tabor
For the future he may learn.
Wherefore should he till the field?
Science all he needs will yield.

Sweets from Hybla or from Narbonne,
Luscious bowls of Samian wines—
Revelling in hydro-carbon
These the epicure declines;
While he fills his aching void
With some choice albuminoid.

Yes, henceforward shall the glutton,
Out of humour now with beef,
Jaded with insipid mutton,
To his infinite relief,
When his former diet palls
"Victual free" on—chemicals.

CHARACTERS OF THE ELEVEN

(At Mr. Bull's School).

MacLaren (captain). As a captain is inclined to bold experiments. When they come off he murmurs, "I told you so;" when they don't, other people mutter the same remark. But it's a wise captain that knows his own mind.

Jackson. Has served both his country and his county with distinction. In consequence of his performances at his last school a near relative was given an important post in Ireland, and since then his feats as Captain in the 3rd Lancaster Regiment have earned a peerage for the same gentleman. The JACKSON is father of the man.

Fry. A disappointing bat, but when set can cover the distance between the wickets in two long jumps. Was once a most prolific contributor to the *Century*, but too much writing at express rates has spoilt his eye. However, perhaps the pen is mightier than the bat.

Lilley. A delicate plant, never to be seen in the open field except when propped up by three sticks, both behind and in front of which he is deservedly unpopular with the other side.

Braund. A leg specialist, with an eye

as sharp as a bat's and a bat as straight as an I.

Hirst. On his day has an ugly swerve through no fault of his own. When the ball comes "with his arm," it is very awkward, as the batsman does not know which to hit at.

Rhodes. Looks simple, but is dangerous to batsmen, both pitch and direction being deceptive. Still, it's a long lane that has no turning, and all roads lead to the pavilion in time.

Abel. A neat little bat, considering his age. According to public opinion (off the select few) can neither play fast bowling nor hold catches. Still, able is as ably does.

Tyldesley. Another promising little bat, and can field. Not very big, but what there is of him goes a long way.

Barnes. Has garnered many a corn-stalk, though he depends on fine weather for his harvest. Can generally make hay (off the other side) when the sun shines.

Jessop. Crouches like a tiger, and lashes his bat like a tail. Bats on the theory that no one but himself can field. If he wouldn't hit at everything might make an orthodox player. Would never get out—if he could hit harder. For a hit into the Bush is worth two in the hand.



Instructor (to almost inaudible Sub. instructing squad). "NOT QUITE SO MANY OF THESE CONFIDENTIAL ORDERS, SIR!"

TO A WINNER AT HENLEY.

SIR,—The thunder of the cheering, the congratulatory voices and handshakes have by now become a memory; they are gone with the winds that blew in vain down the course to baffle your efforts; but even at this late hour you will not take it ill that *Mr. Punch*, the friend of all gallant men and the admirer of all honest, manly endeavour, should add his words to those by which your victory has been already acclaimed. When with a last effort you helped to drive your boat past the winning-post, when you realised that the flag had fallen, and that your crew had really won the final heat—then, of course, was your great moment. What a dim, perplexing dream the race itself had already become in your mind! You remembered your efforts to straighten your boat at the starting-post, you recalled the eager, anxious face of the coxswain, you still seemed to hear the callous, unmoved voice of the umpire as he issued his final directions before the start—then came the intense pause, and at last the word that released you for the desperate race, but all else was vague and unsubstantial. The actual race, what can you remember of it? You knew you were rowing; you caught glimpses of the other crew out of the corner of your eye; the posts flashed by you in an endless succession; here and there a shout rang out to you strangely distinct above the rest; the back of the man in front of you was swinging relentlessly, and somehow you felt by the swing and dash of your crew, by the slowly receding forms of your opponents, and by the coxswain's delighted words that you were winning. Then came a gathering, swelling roar of innumerable voices all shouting together. The tents, the stands, the pleasure-boats behind the booms flew past your eyes and—"Easy all!" came from the coxswain, and

the race was over, and your name was added to the roll of Henley heroes. It was a glorious, an unapproachable moment.

That first fine careless rapture is past, but the sense of glorious accomplishment, of toil and discipline and zeal and abstinence rewarded a thousandfold, of honour secured not for yourself alone, but for the crew you rowed with and for the beloved Club whose colours you wore—that remains with you a possession for ever. You may win again, but the zest and freshness of this first triumph can never be rivalled. And in after years when you revisit Henley as a portly veteran, pleased with the efforts of the youngsters, but firmly convinced that rowing is not quite what it used to be, *te puero*, you will call up again that great day and will embroider, as veterans sometimes do, the story of the race with all the embellishments of a vivid imagination. Well, it may not be quite accurate that you spurted at the particular spot you point out, or that your stroke was at the rate of 48 to the minute, or that no single drop of water was splashed into the boat during the race—but what of that? You won. That is the great fact; it stands on the imperishable records of the Regatta, and sheds a lustre on you as you go through life. And in some other year, too, when victory may not have perched upon your banner, you will learn perhaps to appreciate how those feel who lose a race. They also have striven and endured, and a share of honour must be theirs, for, after all, the game itself, with the effort and energy that accompany it—that is the thing. Victory is delightful, defeat is, or seems to be, intolerable, but the noble pursuit of a noble, healthy exercise is greater even than victory, and makes amends for defeat. So here's good health and a long life to you, whoever you may be!



THE RESTORATION.

DR. NEPTUNE. "THE LAND DOCTORS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK SPLENDIDLY. NOW, YOUR MAJESTY, A WHIFF OF MY BRINY
WILL PUT YOU ALL RIGHT!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 7.

—Some doubt in mind of the interested observer as to whether in matter of the Sandhurst rustications HUGH CECIL was leading WINSTON CHURCHILL, or whether WINSTON was captaining the Head of the Church at Westminster. To put it in another way, was the dog wagging the

tail. HUGH CECIL and WINSTON, burning with the concentrated energy of twenty thousand Cornishmen, resolved to know the reason why. When Questions called on to-day, WINSTON was discovered in corner seat below Gangway sacred to the presence of JEMMY LOWTHER. That right hon. Recluse, informed that attack on his friends on Treasury Bench was pending, cheerily contributed his seat to the fray. LORD HUGH moved up a



Winston. "I say, HUGH, old man, what a mess you are making of this Sandhurst case!"

Lord H. C. "Well, I like that, WINSTON. Hanged if I wasn't just going to say the same thing to you! We shall be getting 'rusticated' ourselves next!"

tail, or was the tail by exercise of unwonted vitality and energy operating upon the dog? If so, which was who?

The attack, howsoever ordered, would have proved more successful if WINSTON had kept his old seat behind the Treasury Bench, or had even, as is his wont on dress parades, [borrowed the CAP'EN's pitch. This was, however, a great occasion, and he felt he must rise to it. Opportunity presented itself of making damaging attack on Sr. JOHN BRODRICK; that a temptation no good Unionist, whether above or below the Gangway, can resist. During the last eighteen months the War Office has distinguished itself by high-handed proceedings. "The first to go," as WORDSWORTH's little maid put it, was HENRY COLVILLE. Then REDVERS BULLER was smashed. Now twenty-nine cadets at Sandhurst have been rusticated, their professional prospects blighted in the bud because some humourist, either among the lads or domestic staff, lit a chest of drawers instead of the fire in the grate.

seat or two along the second bench in order to sit immediately behind his young friend. Amid jeers from Irish Members, jubilant at prospect of internecine war opposite, BRODRICK read long answer in attempted justification of Commander-in-Chief's action.

"BOBS again!" said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "BOBS in a new character. Whenever things went wrong during his command in South Africa, and awkward questions were put in the House, BOBS always dragged on scene like a movable target, from behind which the War Office fired its replies."

LORD HUGH and WINSTON bubbled with excitement like a couple of SWIFT MACNEILLS; jumped up, sometimes both together, occasionally one before the other, breathlessly piling up questions; in turn both called to order by SPEAKER. WINSTON, so excited, committed fresh outrage on order, remaining standing whilst SPEAKER on his legs.

Effect of scene on generous soul of SWIFT MACNEILL extraordinary. Threw himself about in paroxysm of excitement;

reared inconsequent interruption. Once he bellowed "Irish Resident Magistrates!" They had no more to do with the matter than had VELASQUEZ; dragged in all the same. This too much for SPEAKER, whose patience with this well-meaning but volcanic gentleman is marvellous. Sternly warned him he "must really" keep order.

WINSTON played his trump card. Amid shout of delight from Irish Members, asked leave to move adjournment in order to discuss Sandhurst rustications as matter of urgent public importance. Irish Members already almost on their feet in support of claim, when SPEAKER pointed out that, there being on the Paper a Resolution referring to same subject, WINSTON's motion was blocked. Sudden calm followed tumultuous storm. House went into Committee on Education Bill.

Business done.—Not much.

Tuesday night.—DON JOSÉ's birthday. Won't do to follow first impulse and wish him many happy returns of the day, for he is spending it in Charing Cross Hospital. Removed thither last evening, having met serious cab accident. By dramatic stroke disaster befell under shadow of triumphal arch Canada has erected in Parliament Street as outward and visible sign of the drawing together of the Colonies towards the old Motherland, an achievement to which DON JOSÉ has mainly contributed. In a historic passage in speech delivered when his Ministry fell in the very hour of triumph, PEEL said: "It may be I shall leave a name sometimes remembered by men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice." DON JOSÉ's name will ever glow in history as that of the statesman who perceived the latent prowess of a nation separated from itself by seas and continents, and welded it into one mighty force.

In the House DON JOSÉ, among other evidence of personal supremacy, is the mark of fierce personal hatred. The Irish Members snarl at sight of him standing cool and collected at the Table. The Radicals seize every opportunity to snap at their Lost Leader:

We that had loved him so, followed him,
honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear
accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die.

DON JOSÉ cannot, indeed does not, repine at this. A man who plays bowls (including TOMMY) must expect rubbers. A hard hitter himself, he doesn't whimper when his strokes are returned. To-day in his adversity, tripped up by

a vulgar accident in the full course of strenuous work, personal animosity is softened. Ancient foemen think kindly of him spending his birthday in a hospital ward. As for the patient he, cigar in mouth, is indomitably cheery.

"Yes, Toby, dear boy," he said in response to my condolence, "it is awkward to be knocked over in this way, as if you were a mere ninepin. But, you know, in the midst of life we are in a Hansom cab."

"A safety cab," I said.

"Exactly. I beg the inventor's pardon," said DON JOSÉ, smiling; "a Hansom safety."

Business done.—All day with Education Bill.

Friday night.—Imperial PERKS relieved monotony of debate on Education Bill by profound observation. Question arising as to proficiency of school teachers, he mentioned he was assured on high authority that the chief qualifications of Head Mastership are, first to be in Holy Orders, second to be slightly bald. His authority, he added, is one of the few Head Masters who are laymen.

This suggests prejudice in respect to reference to Holy Orders. But the second qualification remains, so to speak, in bald prominence. The case is full of interest; suggests extensive amplification. The MEMBER FOR SARK thinks it would be a pleasant occupation for the boys at our public schools to devote a portion of their leisure time to its elucidation. The *Spectator* would doubtless cheerfully open its correspondence columns to the matter. Fourth-form



A thumb-nail sketch of Mr. Lunden.
The "Emerald Green Incomprehensible."

boys will remember how the Head Master of the Roman Empire, JULIUS CÆSAR, was bald. "Whereof," as it is written in the old chronicles, "he had displaisir." Communications should be confined to personal observation: e.g., Is the esteemed Head Master (at the school to which the correspondent lends lustre) bald? If so, to what extent?

It will be noted, on the testimony cited by the hon. Member, the qualification is *slightly* bald. Obviously the Pilgrim in the *Canterbury Tales*, of whom it is written, "his heed was balled and shone as eny glas," would be disqualified. That is a detail, merely mentioned to show how interesting might be the research and with what care it must be conducted. The postal address of the *Spectator* is 1, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.

Business done.—London Water Bill.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

(Mr. Punch's Apocryphal Autobiographies.)

I.—MR. H-LL C-NE.

My earliest recollections are of a fair-haired serious child, with a beautiful Elizabethan face and Renaissance profile, reciting SHAKESPEARE'S sonnets on the hearthrug. My parents idolised—possibly spoiled me, and the sturdy Manx fishermen would walk hundreds of miles and wait breakfastless for hours on the off chance of an interview with the *Wunderkind*, the *Enfant Prodigue* who had already cast an aureole of fame round their beloved island. Excursion trips were even then constantly organised from Dublin, Manchester, Liverpool and Bootle—whose famous Baby is so well-known to P. A. P.—to see the little Deemster, as I was affectionately called.

At school I was renowned for a lovely voice and a fiery temper. My favourite

chum was a young Irish chieftain, in collaboration with whom I wrote a comedy called *The Devil's Delight*. His name was Pete of the Reeks—the Mac-Gillycuddy's Reeks. I soon fought my way to the front in tipcat (a favourite Manx game), mandolin-playing, elocution, the Atomic Theory, and Christian Science. In my leisure hours I cried over JEAN-JACQUES, corresponded with the POPE, and wrote to encourage DICKENS, then, I fear, somewhat on the down-grade. Dear old DICKENS! Even in my boyish days I had already conceived the notion of resuscitating *Household Words*.

From school I went to Oxford—not that I needed culture, but merely to complete my equipment as a man of two worlds—the world of the imagination and the world of tingling actuality. It was a lurid time, and C-NE of Brazenface was a name to conjure with. My record was unique. As a freshman I won the three-legged hurdle race in the 'Varsity sports; I was beaten by a short neck in the Grand National in my second term—you will remember, of course, the classic chapter in *The Master Pagan*; I was unanimously elected Bulldog in my second year, and tied for the wooden spoon at the Amateur Golf Championship before I was twenty-one.

After these unparalleled efforts the Dons thought that it might be well for me to rusticate for a while. Yielding to their kindly persuasion I consented, and while undergoing a rest-cure at Putney discovered D. G. ROSSETTI, A. C. SWINBURNE, THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, EDMUND GOSSE, HOLMAN HUNT (whose *Scapegoat* was dedicated to me) and WILLIAM HEINEMANN. For these services I was given the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. The rest of my career is public property. To tell it here would be to repeat a twice-told tale. But I may mention that I have been so pleased by the reception of my recent historical work on Rome, that I am seriously thinking of learning Italian. My next novel, however, is to have a Latin sub-title: "*Spiritual Power*; or, *Christianus ad Leonem XIII.*"

H. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

INNOCENT ABROAD.—You are misled in your view that the *Cours de Cuisine*, mentioned in the prospectus of a French school, means the run of the kitchen.

MONOGAMIST.—No, you are wrong in supposing that bigamy is habitual among fishes. The only known example is that of the Jack, which possesses two gills.



"Imperial Perks."



EQUIVOCAL.

Mrs. Blobs. "I QUITE THOUGHT YOU HAD FORGOTTEN US, MISS GUSHER."

Miss Gusher. "WELL, I HAVE A BAD MEMORY FOR FACES AS A RULE, BUT I SHOULD NOT BE LIKELY TO FORGET YOURS!"

Cecil Beaton

THE SILENT WOMEN.

["One hundred Society women (in America) are not going to speak for three days. They are to rest at St. Gabriel's Convent at Peekskill from the fatigue incidental to the pursuit of their social activities. After three days of perfect peace they think they can successfully tackle the summer campaign in the mountains or by the seaside."—*The Morning Leader*.]

If men, dear Ladies, make your plan
A target for their shafts of wit,
We beg you'll let no critic's ban
Persuade you to depart from it;
You wish, we understand, to live
For three whole days entirely mum—
Well, that's a scheme that seems to
give
A glimpse of the Millennium.

Of course we're perfectly aware
The best laid schemes gang oft agley,
And whether this is not too fair
To prosper, we can hardly say;
At any rate, we feel your true
Intent is all for our delight,
So it's our bounden duty to
Encourage it with all our might.

Then pay no heed while cynics scoff
About the strength of female lungs,
And think to hear a furlong off
The silence of those hundred tongues;
But rest assured, if we come near
The Convent of St. Gabriel,
We'll do our utmost not to hear—
And if we do we'll never tell.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

VI.—A STRANGER TO TEA.

I WAS opening the door with my latch-key when he first addressed me. I heard the sound of a hiccup behind me, and, turning round, encountered the gaze of the most genial pair of eyes I think that I have ever seen. For the rest he was unshaven, unwashed, and was wearing a frowsy serge suit that gave the impression that its owner had been caught in the open some time before in a sudden shower of gravy.

"I should be glad," he observed jocosely, "of a cup o' tea."

I stared at him.

"I've just got a job at Brown's Stores," he informed me; "so I should be glad even of a cup o' tea."

Without altogether seeing the connection in this, I invited him into the hall, and returned in a moment from the dining-room with a cup of tea, and a slice of cake. He accepted them with a kind of amused gratitude, carefully hanging a battered bowler hat on a peg next to my own.

"Sir," he remarked with a confidential grin, as he sipped his tea, "I'm not an ordnery feller, yer know."

I assured him that I had gathered as much.

"Just becos yer get yerself up

respectable," he continued, "an' take some pride in yerself yer know, people don't believe that you're in want."

I admitted the unfairness of such an attitude. He took a long drink at the tea, and hiccuped at me.

"I'm down on my luck, Sir," he remarked jovially, "reg'lar down."

I felt myself bound to smile encouragingly.

"But I've just got a job at Brown's Stores," he continued, "so I thought I'd ask you for a cup o' tea."

He munched away at the cake.

"Been in the army," he remarked, benignly.

I was sorry for this. It was the first departure from originality.

"Eight years," he continued; "Roy'l Artillery—driver. Got my discharge—varicose veins."

The thought of the latter seemed to afford him the keenest amusement. He finished his tea, and put the cup down on a chair.

"Not 'avin been introduced to you," he observed, "I'm afraid I don't know 'oo you are—GARVEY, my name is, ROBERT GARVEY"—he beamed at me. "They call me Bob for short."

I nodded, and glanced towards his hat.

"Reg'lar down on my luck I am, Sir," he observed, with increasing joviality. "Lost my missus."

He paused, then took up his hat.

"I'm very much obliged to yer, Sir," he said, "for the tea."

"Your conversation," I answered, "has been more than worth it," and I opened the door.

"I start at Brown's Stores termorrer," he remarked. "Van-driver."

I nodded.

"I shall finish work termorrer night at nine," he resumed. "D'yer think you'd be in then, Sir?"

"I fear not," I answered, and opened the door wider. He did not move, but motioned to me mysteriously.

"I should like," said he, with a sudden gravity, "to speak to you personally."

I assured him of my material presence.

"I'm down on my luck, Sir—reg'lar 'ard up. If you could oblige me with a small loan—I could bring it back termorrer—it'd 'elp me a bit. I'm askin' you, Sir, ter save me troublin' anybody else."

This struck me as a somewhat broad view of my philanthropy. However, I did not disappoint his opinion of me. Besides, it was not altogether a gratuity.

In an instant he was his genial self once more. He wrung my hand.

"You've 'elped someone that deserves it," he said.

"The service," I answered, "has been reciprocal."

"You're right, Sir," he returned intelligently, and stepped out on to the

doorstep. "Good-night, Sir. You've 'elped someone that—"

"Well, you haven't far to go," I interrupted, stepping out after him.

He stopped, and looked at me questioningly.

"The 'King's Arms,'" I explained, "is only just round the corner."

He smiled at me sadly.

"It will soon take away the taste of the tea," I continued, encouragingly.

"Sir—" he began with a reproachful hiccup.

"Come, get along!" I said.

He met my eye and grinned broadly.

"You're a gentleman, Sir," he informed me, and touched his hat. "Good-night."

And he limped off down the street, leaving me standing on the doorstep, regretfully mindful that an additional twopence might have elevated me to the military.

MOROCCO BOUND.

["England is a great country, but I am glad to be going back to civilisation again."—*Kaid Abderrahman Ben Abdersadek, the Moorish Envoy*.]

I've roamed through your infinite Babel,

I've wandered, with guide-book in hand,

Through the Strand,

And riches undreamt of in fable

I've seen in this barbarous land.

And over a rose-bedecked table

At the Carlton, the Cri. and the Grand,

I've dallied with countenance sable

But bland.

I've heard the great roar of your traffic,

I've trembled in perilous plight

And affright,

As motors, with speed telegraphic,

Flew by me to left and to right.

I've seen how you English can "maffick"

And blow penny trumpets all night

With a glee that is almost seraphic,

Not quite.

I've seen what you call decoration—

Such colours as happily we

Never see,

Gilt lions unknown to creation,

Sham roses that grew on no tree.

Ah, England may boast she's a nation

Almighty by land and by sea,

But Morocco and civilisation

For me!

MR. ALFRED CAPUS' Comedy, *La Veine*, has been advertised in a contemporary as *La Vienne*. This transposition constitutes a very mild Spoonerism; it would be, of course, far worse to speak of Mr. PINERO's play as *The Guy Lord Quax*, or of the romantic religious drama at Drury Lane as *Her Bun*.

A TRIP TO SCOTLAND YARD.

It all arose out of a remark of GWENDOLEN'S. "Don't you think cabmen have the most charming manners, JACK?" she asked. "Miss SKINFLINT says she is always having disputes with them about fares; but when I pay them, they always take off their hats and say, 'Thank you, Madam.'"

Though I do not take an unduly pessimistic view of cabmen's nature, this statement roused my suspicions; and asking for further particulars, I elicited the fact that GWEN had taken a hansom that morning from Charing Cross to Piccadilly Circus, and given the man half-a-crown. "He seemed quite satisfied," she added.

I went across to my desk and began to write a letter.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked GWEN, puzzled by my behaviour.

"Writing to Scotland Yard, my dear. I understand they publish tables of cab-fares which may save us about half our income."

GWEN was much interested to hear this, and eagerly awaited the reply to my letter. When three or four days had passed and it had not yet arrived, and GWEN was continuing her payments at her old rate, I decided to call at Scotland Yard myself and procure a table.

On arriving at the door I explained my errand to a constable, who escorted me into an office, where I re-explained it to another policeman. The second officer made some notes in a book, looked grave, and rang for a third officer, whom he directed to conduct me to Mr. CARTER in the next department. No. 3 then conveyed me along a passage to a lift, where he handed me over to a porter.

"Aren't you going to see the thing through?" I asked.

"Not allowed to move off my own beat, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

The lift soon brought me up to the top of the building, and a fourth officer appeared who led the way to Mr. CARTER'S. For the third time I explained that I wanted to buy a shilling table of cab-fares, and at last it looked as if I was beginning to get on the right track. Mr. CARTER admitted that there were such things—nay more, he promised to give me an order for one, which must be taken to Mr. PHILIPS in the basement, who would initial it. But just as he was about to sign the order, I had the misfortune to mention that I had written to the office and received no reply.

"Oh, you've written, have you?" said Mr. CARTER. "Well, you had better find out what has become of your letter."



MR. PUNCH'S PATENT COOLER DURING A HEAT WAVE.

I protested my indifference as to its fate; I only wanted my shilling table.

"But suppose the letter has been answered by this time? Then you would be getting two tables."

"Well, I'll bear the loss and pay for both," said I.

But I could not prevail on Mr. CARTER to accept this simple solution of the problem. He rang for a fourth constable, and instructed him to take me to the Controller's Department in search of my letter. Down the lift again I went, and through many passages to a different part of the buildings, where the Sub-Assistant-Auditor-General received me in his office. Personally he had no knowledge of my letter, but he begged me to take a seat whilst he inquired into the matter. For half-an-hour I listened to the ring of the telephone-bell, and then at last a clerk came from a distant office with my letter. It was covered with the initials of various officials, and the Sub-Assistant-Auditor-General explained that the reply had been delayed because it had been initialled by the Acting-Sub-Inspector-General of the Audit and Account Office instead of by the Chief-Managing-Assistant-Director of the Income and Expenditure Department. The mistake had now been rectified, and if I took the letter down to Mr. CARTER, all would be plain sailing.

With the aid of a fifth constable I retraced my steps to Mr. CARTER'S office. He seemed much surprised at my speedy return. "Well," he asked, "wasn't it much better to go and get the letter?" "My time," I ventured to suggest, "is generally worth more than a shilling a day."

This remark was not worth answering.

"You will take this down to Mr. PHILIPS," said Mr. CARTER, when he had written me out an order, "and when he has initialled it, please bring it back to me."

As I was leaving the room, a gentleman entered it. "Ah," said Mr. CARTER, "this is Mr. PHILIPS."

Now, thought I, I shall be saved a trip to the basement and back. Not at all. Mr. PHILIPS had no authority in Mr. CARTER'S department; but he promised, if I would go down to the basement, to follow me as soon as he had consulted Mr. CARTER on a matter of pressing importance.

A sixth constable now took me in charge. Being new to Scotland Yard, he had still a remnant of human nature left in him. "If you wants to get that table to-night, Sir, I should advise you to give that there letter to the porter in charge as soon as you gets to the basement, and then perhaps it will be ready for Mr. PHILIPS to sign before he goes home for dinner."

I took his advice, and as soon as I reached Mr. PHILIPS' office, handed the letter to a porter, who presented it to an office boy who passed it on to a junior clerk, who gave it to a senior clerk, who showed it to the Sub-Assistant-Manager, who informed me it would have to be initialled by Mr. PHILIPS. I thanked him for this piece of information, and he said he would get it put through for me. Pressure being thus brought to bear on the staff, the letter was ready by the time Mr. PHILIPS returned, and hardly a moment was lost in securing his initial. Seldom had



BACILLI OF SUMMER SALE FEVER.

A COMPLAINT VERY PREVALENT JUST NOW AMONG THE WEAKER SEX.

Scotland Yard done so smart a piece of work.

I returned in triumph to Mr. CARTER, who said he would now send up to get me the table. Half-an-hour passed, and then a telephone bell rang. A long conversation ensued between Mr. CARTER and an unknown voice, at the end of which Mr. CARTER turned to me to explain the situation. It seemed that my house was mid-way between the hackney-coach stand in Kensington High Street and that in Edwardes Square. I said I did not care which table I had. Unfortunately, however, I had stated in my letter that I wanted the table measured from the spot nearest to my house, and that table or nothing I must have. Two experts were at work measuring the distances on a map, but they could not agree which was the nearer; perhaps if I would step up I might help them to decide.

As Mr. CARTER was speaking, Big Ben struck, a constable appeared at the door, and a general stir was perceptible through Scotland Yard. "Closing time," announced Mr. CARTER. "Perhaps if you will call to-morrow—"

"Impossible," said I.

"Well, if you will leave me a shilling, the table shall be sent you as soon as the experts decide which it is that you want."

A week later a constable arrived at my house with a long package marked "URGENT." As the table is some 6 feet long by 4 feet wide, GWEN finds it very convenient to carry about with her, and of course always has it in her pocket when there is any likelihood of wanting a cab.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, as you lie

Where the green leaves quiver,
And the stream flows by
Of the cool, sweet river!

While of you I think—

Wondering and dreaming—
With cool cups to drink,
Strawberries-and-creaming;

Spare a thought for me,

PHYLLIS, of your pity,
Doomed all day to be
Sweltering in the city.

NOTHING NEW.

[M. JULES VERNE has confided to an interviewer his opinion that fifty years hence the novel will be wholly supplanted by the daily paper.]

'Tis said when you and I are old

There will not be the smallest chance
To seek in fancy's realms of gold
The charming sprite of old romance;
The world will cease to care a jot
For any heroine's dilemma,
And *Waverley* will be forgot,
And equally neglected *Emma*!

Nor *Weller's* quips nor *Carton's* grit

Will save our *DICKENS* from decay;
And all that play of mordant wit
Will not avail poor *THACKERAY*;

No more shall I, when fancy yields
To the charmed spell of my *Havana*,
Wander with *Tess* through Wessex fields,

Or, at the Crossways, meet *Diana*!

We move so rapidly, they say,

And life 's so full of storm and stress,
We needs must get, when we are grey,
Our fiction from the daily press;—

And yet it 's difficult, I vow,
To see at what the prophet 's driving;
For fiction fills the papers now,
And still the firm of *MUDIE* 's thriving!

FLOREAT ETONA!

THE Etonian dinner given by Old Etonians (but Etonians, like the visitors to Bath in *Mr. Pickwick's* time, are "never old") to the Lord Mayor, Sir J. C. DIMSDALE, in the Grocers' Hall, on Friday last, was an unqualified success. Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR was at his best, and Lord ROSEBURY in his very happiest vein of humour. The KING's health—his best health—was enthusiastically drunk, and the toast of "Eton," naturally associated with drinking, was cheered to the echo by all who, "with heart and voice," there and then joined in the Etonian boating chorus of "Swing, swing together." This was given in such perfect unison as could only be attained by men who, whatever allowances might have to be made for differences in age, weight, and opinions, felt that for the time being, and for the tune, they were "all in the same boat." The entire evening was thoroughly Eton, and so was the excellent dinner. Such a gathering is unique, even in the banqueting annals of the much feasting City. The chorus aforesaid went with a lift, and, as cars through the water, with a swish . . . but, Dr. WARRE being present, this word was not used out of deference to the Head Master's wish.

MOTTO FOR THE USQUEBAUGH FAMILY.—
Scotland, with all thy faults, I love thy still.

THE CYNICS.

WE'RE cynics, you and I,—and slow at that!

And yet—if kindly Fate should so determine—
We both, I think, might wear the shovel-hat,
Or don the ermine.

We hint at "favour," and we talk of "fudge;"

The sour complaints are legion that we dish up;—
But—really now—imagine me a Judge!
And you a Bishop!

Just think of all the stately dignity!

The splendid income righteously begotten!
The fitness, and—but that will never be,—
The world's so rotten!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN the Comte DE MERCY-ARGENTEAU sat down daily to write his secret letters to MARIE-THÉRÈSE, Empress of Austria, he little thought he was penning pages that nearly a century and a half later would be eagerly read by the student of history. He was Austrian Ambassador at the Court of Versailles between the years 1766—1790. That was the outward and visible sign of him. Apart from his official position he was the spy of the Austrian Empress at a friendly Court, the secretly appointed guardian of her hapless daughter, MARIE ANTOINETTE. Every day through ten years the Comte wrote to the EMPRESS, giving her minute accounts of her unsuspecting daughter's doings and of the Court in which the young girl passed her life. It was part of the Comte's success that, living under a régime where espionage was cultivated as a fine art and practised as an hourly avocation, he succeeded in getting his correspondence safely delivered into the hands of the EMPRESS. Thus protected, he felt at liberty to write with the freedom of conversation with a trusted friend. The letters, preserved in the Imperial archives of Austria, were some years ago unearthed and published in three mighty volumes. Miss LILLIAN SMYTHE has translated the most interesting of them, stringing them together in a brightly-told historical narrative. They are published by Messrs. HUTCHINSON in two handsome volumes, illustrated by many portraits and photogravures of pictures to-day hung on the walls of the chateau that once was the home of the Austrian EMPRESS's correspondent. It would be impossible to exaggerate the interest of the work. Here, drawn from life, snapshots taken whilst they, unsuspecting, talked and laughed, ate and drank, gambled and conspired, sinned and went to church, are pictures of the men and women who made the Court of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH. My Baronite has marked many passages for quotation and comment. But the book is long and this page is brief. If any would learn how vile was the Bourbon Court that led straight up to the Revolution, what poor creatures were the men, what soiled butterflies the women, how mean a thing a king may be, and how downtrodden a people, he should straightway study *The Guardian of Marie Antoinette*.

Mr. FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., has, in his *Reminiscences*, recently issued by the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., given us a pleasantly-written volume, full of varied and attractive material. Mr. GOODALL's stories of TURNER, ROSA BONHEUR, RUSKIN, STANFIELD, MACLISE, DAVID COX, LEIGHTON, and other well-known representatives of whatever is best in Art, Literature and the Drama, are generally amusing and always more or less interesting. Mr. GOODALL tells how, on one occasion, he was introduced to Colonel NORTH, the millionaire, and how the Colonel bought a picture of his and insisted on binding the bargain with a tumbler of champagne. "He gave instructions to the waiter," recounts the



H. Ford
1902

MODERN BATTING.

One reason why the University Match is so exhilarating.

Mr. Punch says—"TAKE AWAY EITHER HIS BAT OR HIS PADS,
IF HE DOESN'T USE 'EM PROPERLY."

modest artist, "to make no half-measures—a thing I had never done in my life before or since. After that," he adds, "I hurried away to tell my wife the pleasant news." This conveys a rather confused and tumbler-of-champagne view of the jovial incident. Even at this distance of time there is a jovial muddle in the narration, just as if the Colonel's "fizz" had not quite got out of the temperate artist's head. It is characteristic of Mr. GOODALL's generous appreciation of the smallest scintillation of wit that he should record how ROSA BONHEUR "said she was 'Bonheur,' but that I was 'Bon tout,'" which *jeu de mot* Mr. GOODALL, in a sort of jocular Pepysian vein, considers "a pretty play on my name." This "appreciation" entitles the genial artist to take rank among the easily amused friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, who, his initials being P. M., used to sign himself "Afternoon," to their great delight. Altogether it is the good-naturedly chatty work of a kindly man, who needs no apology for being less skilful with the pen than with the brush. "Ad multos annos, Mr. GOODALL, R.A.," says

THE BARON DE B. W.

Q. What is sharper than BALFOUR's bill?

A. COWPER-TEMPLE's clause.

A Hardening Process.

WANTED.—A good soft stone Mason; wages 8d. per hour.

Peterborough Advertiser.

THE BOOK OF KING ARTHUR.

A Fragment of Malory.

"How King ARTHUR was crowned, and how he made officers."

THEN ARTHUR that was sister's son to Sir ROBERT OF CECILY (he that had great lore of alchemy and well knew the use of vials and retorts, courteous or other) did do call a great assay of knights. And it was about the feast of St. Swithin. And challenge was made that whoso should assay and had most force to wield the club Ex-Bulger he should have mastery of the knighthood.

But of all the lords and commons was none but ARTHUR that might avail to wield it; save only Sir ORCH the chamberlain, and he was sick of a passing sore *alibi*. Wherefore he let send his son Sir AUSTEN the treasurer, saying: "Sir and my rightwise liege, I would not, and if I could, assay against you. Count me, I pray you, of your vassalage; me contenteth to abide constable of the Outland Britons. Be right sure of my allegiance so long as I be on live."

And when Sir AUSTEN had been well delivered of this word, then the most part of the knighthood sware fealty, and with so loud a voice that the young bloods, that would have had Sir ORCH for king, stood abashed and refrained themselves. And duke CHATTESWORTH, waking from a great swoond, likewise sware fealty by the faith of his body, and fell again heavily on sleep. And the haut lord SEDDON of the Isles, that was not bidden to this assay, gave audience to a chronicler, and bad make public asseverance of his good-will. And so by choice of the knighthood, and by assent of the haut lord SEDDON of the Isles, was ARTHUR crowned king.

And thereafter, at the lists of the West Minster, Sir BELCHAMP PORTE-DRAPEAU, that had right often justed with ARTHUR's company, spake exceeding pleasaunt words, very spontaneous, so as ARTHUR grew red of cheek like to a shame-faced damsel. And the knights had great content each of other.

And I shall tell you how that ARTHUR must needs have new officers of his Table. For Sir MIKE LE DÉSPENSER that was over the tolls, and had made them more grievous than ever had been heretofore, pleaded eld, and would withdraw him into hermitage. And thereto, as the word is, he made as if to send in his checks. Yet was he still well beseen and debonair, and a mark for ladies to look on at the trellis.

And the choice of some, not being asked, fell on the lord GEORGE, of Hamiltoun and Inde, for that he would come to the matter with a free wit untainted by knowledge of any such manner of thing. But some there were that held that Sir BROADRICK DE SANDHURST stood in parlous need of new employ, and would deal no worse in this wise than elsewhere. And other some would have Sir HANBURGH summoned like duke CINCINNATUS from the plough. And there were certain few that would let recall the overlord of OUTREVALLES from nether Afric, for no cause save that he knew, better than most, what he would be after; and make place for another that should be a babe in such business.

But so many and great were shown to be the deserts of other knights that there was rumour how a new leaf should be added to the Round Table. And of councillors that made choice aforehand in the king's behalf was no sort of lack; and, namely, of chroniclers that have presage of all things or ever they come to pass.

But against every each need did ARTHUR devise as seemed him good.

So here leneth of the Historpe of Arthur's Crowning. And here foloweth the five hundred and ninety and seventh chapter of the Ylle for the better teachynge of yonge childeren.

O. S.

THE CORK REGATTA.

THERE was Lord O'BRIEN,
That Four Courts lion,
Says he, "You must enter, you must," he says.
He's the boy to coax,
Wid his stories and jokes,
Ould PETHER, the Lord Chief Justice, is.
And, upon me soul,
He's bought 'em a bowl
Subscribed by a mighty fine gentry list;
And he wheedled the crews
Till they couldn't refuse,
And packed them into the entry list.

Leander came
Wid their roll of fame,
But Henley had made 'em look crazy now.
Wid their caps of pink
They could make you blink,
And their cox sayin', "Arrah, be aisy now."
They were cheerful and gay
In their English way,
And they never looked to be troublin', boys,
Till they caught a sight
Of the black and white
Of the Trinity College Dublin boys.

The *Ruderverein*
Looked mighty fine,
And, oh, but it's confident still I am
That they'll make us blow
When they start to row,
These lads of the Emperor WILLIAM.
They smoked no pipes,
But they drank their swipes,
And they ate their mutton and chicken up;
And *Donner und Blitz*,
But they gave us fits,
Wid their German moustaches stickin' up.

Emmanuel too
Looked neat and new:
From the banks of the Cam, where the willows are,
They had travelled to see
The river Lee,
Where the currents and tides and the billows are.
There were Oxford Blues
In their College crews,
And they didn't mean to be dawdlin' there
In the head of the Is-
-is dressed up nice,
And the Scarlet College of Magdalen there.

From the South and the North
Of the isle came forth
The Irishmen full of devilry:
They were broths of boys
For the fun and noise,
And good at rowing and revelry.
And when they had done
There was one crew won,
And eight of the rowers were frisky there;
But none of the rest
Looked much depressed,
For they knew there was plenty of whisky there.
"Tis."

MOTOR CARCASSES.—Mr. Punch compliments the *Essex County Chronicle* on the happy accident which is responsible for the above title of an account of Motor Car Cases brought before a local Court. Most suggestive.

**AMONG LIONS.**

Trafalgar Square Lion (to St. Mark's Lion). "WE ALL SYMPATHISE WITH YOU IN YOUR LOSS. I ONLY WISH SOME OF OUR LONDON MONUMENTS WOULD COME DOWN AS EASILY!"

[The Campanile of St. Mark's fell Monday, July 14.]

AN EDUCATIONAL PRODUCT: NEW STYLE.

MY DEAR GUY,—Isn't it *ripping*? I've got my colours for the Eleven after all, just when I thought I was going to get kicked out, as I hadn't made many runs lately, only 7 and 11 and 0 and 17 in the last two matches. But last night GRACE (our Captain, you know) came into my room after House-prayers and said, "I've very much pleasure in giving you your colours." I never felt so like crying in my life. Won't Father be pleased! It's all his teaching me to catch got me them, because GRACE said it was specially for my fielding. And I've been made a Prefect, too, though I'm not in the Sixth yet, which is very lucky for me. At the end of this term the Eleven goes to St. Nicholas to play our great match. It takes us a whole day in the train to get there, and we shall sleep there two nights. Won't it be splendid? Do they let your Eleven go as far as that to play matches? I do hope we win. I know I shall be jolly nervous. Fancy reading, when the account of the match comes out in the school magazine, that I had made a duck, or missed a catch, or let a ball through my legs! After the match I've asked our captain to come home with me for the holidays. There's no one in the *world* I like so much, though I didn't use to, except, of course, Mummie and Father and you. I do hope you two will hit it off. I do like people to be strong, and there's no one in the school can throw half so far, and as for batting I really believe our GRACE is nearly as good as W. G., besides being Al at hockey and swimming and everything else. Oh, dear! I do wish you were better at cricket. We three might have had such fun together if you were. Of course it's very jolly your being so clever. I told GRACE you were top of the school, and I'm very proud of you, dear old boy, but I had to say you weren't in the Eleven. Still, I never can help wishing that you didn't take after Mummie so much—not in that respect, I mean. Of course, I know it isn't her fault. They used to do *calisthenics* when she was at school, and wear *back-boards*, and sew, and go for walks two and two, so it's no wonder she doesn't know one end of a bat from the other! And even then she was luckier than most girls, because generally they didn't go to school at all, but just sat in the drawing-room with their mothers all day. I must go now, I've got some beastly rep. to learn. I'll try and finish this to-morrow.

An awful thing happened here this morning. Someone in my form drew a



THE FIRST TIME CAPTAIN F. TRIED TO PLAY THAT PONY HE PICKED UP SO CHEAPLY, HE FOUND IT TRUE TO THE DESCRIPTION GIVEN OF IT BY THE LATE OWNER, WHO GUARANTEED IT NOT IN THE LEAST AFRAID OF THE STICK.

picture of old ORATIO OBLIQUA, who comes to teach us drawing. We call him that because he drops his H's, and his name is HORACE, and one leg is shorter than the other, or else one's too long. And the Head saw it stuck on the black-board, and says if whoever did it doesn't confess the whole form will have to go home, and I and our best bowler won't be able to play in the match! Isn't it *horribly* unfair—like they did at Sandhurst. I'm perfectly miserable about it. I've been looking forward to the chance of playing the whole of this term. I believe I know who did it too, only of course I don't want to tell. At least I'm not sure yet. Do you think—considering how awfully important it is that we should win this match—I might? Goodness! There's 3 striking, and my net practice is at 3.10. I must fly. I'll let you know what happens. So long, old boy. Heaps of love and write soon to

Your loving Sister, MAY.

P.S.—It's all right! She's confessed! I'm awfully glad I didn't

sneak now. It was the girl I thought it was all the time. I told GRACE, and she asked her point-blank if it was her, and it was, and she's awfully keen on games, though she's too small yet to be much good, and directly GRACE put it to her about the match, and how important it was for the school, she saw it at once. I don't think she'll get into much of a row, only have to apologise to old ORATIO most likely, I expect.

P.S. 2.—Bother! I've lost one of my batting-gloves. And you might tell someone to have the nets up and a decent wicket ready for GRACE and me when we come.

MAY.

DR. KITCHENER.

PORTRAITS of K. of K. in his Honorary Doctor's gown are familiar. This is the Hood that goes with it:—

"Immortal KITCHENER! thy fame
Shall keep itself when Time makes game
Of other men's."

Tom Hood's Ode to Dr. Kitchener.

THE COMPLETE SPELLER.

["It is no longer necessary that a gentleman should know how to handle a rapier, but spell he must."—*Monthly Paper*.]

THE courtly grace of bygone days

Is, my CLARISSA, now no more;
The stately bow, the well-turned phrase

That pleased our ancestors of yore
No longer added honours bring

To rank that's high or blood that's
blue,

And he who'd reign a social king
Must know his Nuttall through and
through.

I am not famous for the grace

With which I twirl my clouded cane,
I seldom trim my shirt with lace,

Holding such fripperies as vain.
If that your praises I would tell

From high-flown compliments I flee,
And shun the thing that I can spell,

Apothegmatic eulogy.

I am not naturally fierce,

Though far from craven is my heart;
I little know of thrusts in tierce,

Nor can I disengage in carte;
For fencing care I not a jot,

Nor thirst to slay my mortal foe,
Yet I can spell what I am not,

That is a braggadocio.

Yes, though in lists I may not ride

To champion her I fain would wed,
In lists examiners provide

My name is always at the head.
And, as I know my Webster pat,

As fits a man of pedigree,
Dear, let me wear your favours at

The next All-England Spelling Bee.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

WHEN you have reached Grenoble from Aix-les-Bains you discover that you are about as far from the Monastery on the other side. But that only makes you more eager to get there. People who have never been to Aix can have no idea how the excursion to the Grande Chartreuse grows upon you. The difficulties of the journey increase your expectations of the beauties at the end. The exploits of those who have got there, and back again, fill you with envy. It occurs to you that, ever after, if you are offered a glass of *chartreuse jaune* or *chartreuse verte*, you will think, or say, "I have tasted it at the Monastery itself." The Monastery! The very name suggests something ancient and beautiful. Why the one at Haute-combe, just across the Lac du Bourget, in a building of no historical interest, and for the most part of contemptible carpenter's Gothic, which only Baedeker could admire, is a delightful place, amidst charming gardens sloping up from the blue waters of the lake. At last you feel that you must see the

Grande Chartreuse and die, even if your death is caused by undue hurrying at six in the morning.

Nevertheless, at Grenoble, I still cherish faint hopes that it may be possible to leave at a reasonable time. Before I finish dinner I ask the head waiter if it is necessary to start early. "Ah non, Monsieur," he replies, with the air of a man who had never heard such a thing suggested, "*pas du tout. Vous partez à six heures.*"

But further investigation in time-tables reveals the unsuspected fact that there is a late train, a sort of *train de luxe* for invalids or sybaritic millionaires, which starts at 8.5 A.M. Supposing that anyone in ordinary health and of decent poverty is allowed to travel by this, it really would be pleasant to linger in bed till half-past six just for once. The station is far away, and the hotel omnibus starts before half-past seven. I remark to the *concierge* that at that hour one could not of course obtain a cab. "*Mais si, Monsieur,*" he answers, almost indignant at the implication that his fellow-citizens are sluggards, "*les voitures de place sont là à partir de sept heures.*"

The next morning, waking earlier than necessary, I almost startle these early risers by demanding a cold bath at half-past five. The *garçon de l'étage* struggles in, hauling a *bain de siège*, places it on the floor, and contemplates it with an expression of thoughtful anxiety. Suddenly a bright smile comes over his face, and he exclaims, with his Southern accent, "*Maingtenaing il faut de l'eau.*" So, having had a cold bath with water in addition, I have time to drive round Grenoble, and see its pleasant gardens and fine streets, before I catch the train at eight.

This train does not take you to the Grande Chartreuse. It does not even take you to the place whence you start to go there. It takes you in an entirely different direction, towards Lyons, and it drops you at 8.55 at one little town, where you find a little tramway train starting at 10—so, if you wish, you can snatch an hour's sleep in the *salle d'attente* before it goes—which takes you in another hour to another little town, whence finally *un break* conveys you, all eagerness at approaching your destination after these changes, to the Grande Chartreuse. The little tramway passes through fine hilly scenery, the *break* mounts slowly through delightful woods and precipitous gorges, and at last, after this tremendous journey, the Grande Chartreuse, the goal of all your efforts, bursts upon your astonished gaze.

Astonished, with good reason. It may be a goal, but it looks much more

like a gaol. Its plainness cannot be due to any rules of the Order, for—not to mention the one at Pavia—there is a Certosa near Florence which is delightful and beautiful, and as easy to reach as it is difficult to tear oneself away from. The Grande Chartreuse is an absolutely uninteresting building, in a valley, high among mountains, with no view in any direction. There is nothing whatever to see, inside or out. As for the *liqueur*, some small bottles for sale are the only things that remind one of its existence. When, after infinite difficulty, one has arrived, one's only idea is to get away again as fast as possible.

So, if ever, on a summer afternoon, you should think of this excursion while sitting in the shade at Aix, I advise you to snap your fingers at Baedeker, and go to sleep comfortably where you are. ROBINSON THE ROVER.

WAKE UP, ENGLAND.

"CONVICT" writes:—May I encroach on your valuable columns to raise my voice against the strangling by red tape and officialism of the burgling, Hooligan, and welshing industries, to say nothing of child-beating and bigamy? The attitude of Jack-in-office sanitary inspectors has practically arrested house-building in the suburbs. This free-trade craze, again, bears terribly hardly on the British smuggler. Industry is being driven abroad; can we afford to lag behind Turkey, Morocco, China, and other countries, where it has fair play? Will the new Premier adopt a broader, more progressive programme? I enclose my alias as a guarantee of good faith.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.—I.

(Being the correspondence of JAKE P. HUNTINGTON, Senator, newspaper proprietor and storekeeper, of Clamville, Nebraska, U.S.A., now on a visit to England.)

June 18, 1902.

... AND when you write by the next mail, ELIZA, do tell how the Jersey cow pulled through. That matter of the beans for next fall can stand over till after the Session. Better see that ELI totes the whisky casks with the molasses labels on over to the barn before the Revival man happens in. He's got a mighty keen nose for whisky, and any suspicions of that sort wouldn't fit in with my prohibition views. But if he wants it badly, tell him to go out and fill the jug after dark. As you say JONATHAN Q. ROEBUCK is going to get married, see that he don't run any more credit. I don't believe in a man marrying in debt—leastways not in mine. Marry in debt and repay at leisure ain't

good business. Show him the old motto behind the door:—"In Providence we trust. All others cash."

I've been having a look round London as well as I could, allowing for the weather, which, in a manner of speaking, has been spotty. Just now I've got as far as the Strand and the policemen. The Strand, you know, ELIZA, is one of the principal thoroughfares in this City, like Ninth Street in Clamville, and when it's tidied up I dare swear it'll be all right. At present it's a bit jagged, and the language of the car drivers has scorched a deal of the paint off the lamp standards. I will allow, ELIZA, that for real glowing words the London car driver gets a fine hold of possibilities when he's thick in a jam for twenty minutes. Remember how RED RUBE held forth when he shot his finger off at the barbecue, and the remarks of TIM MCGINTY when his daughter skipped with a vaudeville crowd? That was just a mission service compared to a car driver's oratory when he finds he'll be ten minutes late on the scheduled time.

I was yarning to a Britisher the other evening on the stoop of the hotel. He was an intelligent sort of a dude, and stepped out of his national ice-safe manner for quite five minutes when he'd persuaded himself that I wasn't selling him a gold brick or buried dollars in Spain.

"Now this Strand of yours," I said; "I'll allow it's a mighty pretty street, but do tell why you're making claims on it? Anyone lost anything, or is it for the sake and health of the unemployed?"

"Well, you see," said the Britisher, slowly, "it appears there's going to be a Coronation. When the authorities heard of that fact through the low common newspapers they started the celebrations early, and just dug up the Strand to give us something to look at." (I believe a Britisher has been known to joke, so I took it that way.)

Fancy that in Clamville, 'LIZA! There'd be some smart play with the guns, I reckon.

But the policeman, 'LIZA! Oh! he's a bute! I saw one the other day at work. He was just great. A car had mixed itself up with a fruit lorry, the off wheel of a pair-horse shay was sharing the trouble, two old girls were in the middle of it all wanting to faint and afraid to do it, while a crowd of three hundred looked on and gave silly advice. Then the policeman, 'LIZA, came before the curtain. He pushed off the crowd, unfixed the car and lorry, took the name and address of the pair-horse shay and helped the old girls across the road into a tea dive in two minutes without so much as sweating.



"MAY THE WING OF FRIENDSHIP NEVER MOULT A FEATHER!"

"DID YOU REMEMBER TO CALL AND INQUIRE AFTER DEAR MRS. BOREHAM?"

"YES. BUT I QUITE FORGOT WHAT THE ANSWER WAS."

"THAT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE. I'M SO GLAD YOU INQUIRED!"

And when I asked him the way to the Tower of London he didn't club me on the head, he just smiled like a babe and told me which car to take, what time they opened the show, and the day when free tickets were allowed. I asked him if he'd do the usual, and he said he never took anything on duty, and then went off to arrest a drunken rough who was trying to kiss a lamp-post. He's just a picture card is the London policeman, all wool and a yard wide.

Well, 'Liz, I guess this finishes here. To-morrow I look in at Madame TUSSEAUD'S. Madame runs a picture

gallery that's mighty cute, they tell me. Tell DEAF PETE, the photographer, I'll send him the catalogue so's he can see how art is fixed over here. JAKE.

P.S.—Tell ELI I don't think the *Mail and Banner* he sent last mail is any great shakes. He didn't lay it on thick enough for MARLY P. HUMMINGTOP. "Woolly-headed Snake" ain't strong enough. He might say in the next issue that MARLY is a back-number politician, with a black heart and morals like a nigger's dog. Not stronger than that, or there may be trouble before I get back.

THE BALLAD OF THE CAUTIOUS LOVER.

FAIR she is and kind and gracious,
As my heart would fain confess,
But it might seem too audacious,
And she might respect me less;
For our friendship is so recent,
Time alone its strength can prove;
And it would be scarcely decent
At this point to hint of love.

Were she just a trifle older,
And a shade less prone to jest,
Then I might perchance prove bolder,
Yet a cautious game is best;
It will save me future worry,
Spare the cynic's mocking smile,
If I wait and do not hurry,
Weighing pro's and con's the while.

After much deliberation,
And a deal of mental strife,
I have sent an intimation,
Asking her to be my wife;
Though her beauty's not distracting,
And she has her faults, 'tis true,
Yet one must not be exacting,
On the whole I think she'll do.

(*Her Letter.*)

"Thank you for your condescension,
You are really very kind,
But this masculine attention
Must distress your peace of mind;
I'm aware that you have 'sized' me
Up for many an anxious week,
That you've watched and criticised me,
—Now at length you deign to speak!

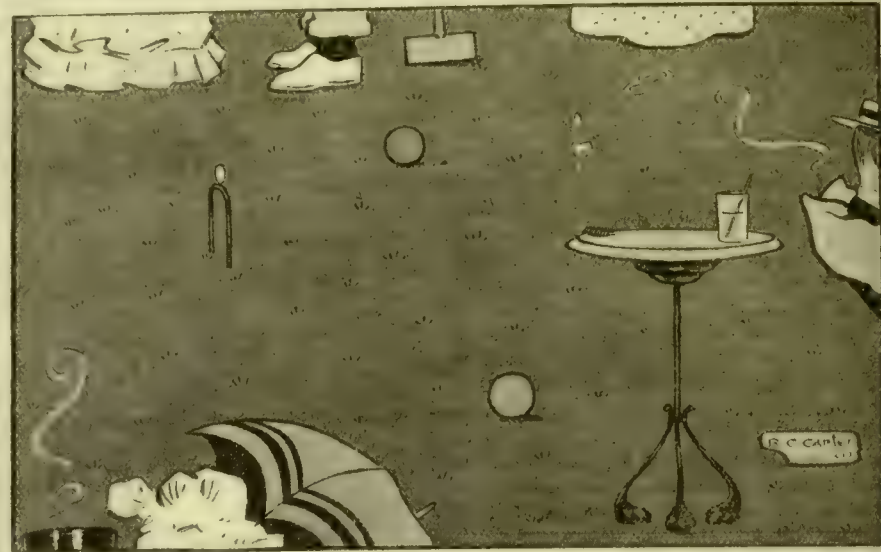
"Thank you for your condescension,
(As I think I said before,)
And 'twere better I should mention
That I feel a trifle sore.
Can it be you never question
I have anything to lose?
(Pray forgive the bold suggestion)
So I thank you and—refuse."

NOTES ON K. OF K.'S RETURN.

LORD KITCHENER's aversion from receiving addresses is well known, but the report that the General made use of an expletive after listening to the Paddington Corporation is untrue, and the misconception arose in a peculiar way. The Mayor of Paddington who presented the address was Sir JOHN ARD, and the General happened to ask him how his Dam was getting on.

The arrival platform was laid with Brussels carpet. The fact that Lord KITCHENER trod this underfoot has been taken as a personal insult by Dr. LEYDS.

History repeats itself. In the Franco-Prussian War Lord KITCHENER was on



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART—THE GARDEN PARTY.

the side of the French. It was the same in the procession the other day.

It was inevitable that some persons should be disappointed with the procession, for, up to the last moment, a comparatively brisk business had been done by unscrupulous hawkers in Panoramas of the Coronation Procession.

And the Lady from the Country who left after seeing the Prince of WALES drive by in his General's uniform, under the impression that she had seen KITCHENER, thought that very few of the Warrior's portraits had quite caught his likeness.

When the General himself passed, the enthusiasm became intense. Moreover it proved infectious, and even a German gentleman, carried away by the excitement of the moment, was heard to cry loudly, "Bravo Bors!" to KITCHENER.

In fact there was only one discordant note. At Hyde Park Corner a stout gentleman with a heavy gold watch-chain hissed KITCHENER. He had had his hat broken in on Peace Night.

When Lord ROBERTS returned from South Africa, Lord KITCHENER was given the local rank of General. After the Banquet he was a full General.

In many instances the adaptation of the Coronation devices to suit the circumstances showed considerable ingenuity. For example, in several places one noticed that the initials "E.R." had had the word "KITCHEN" prefixed to them.

The current number of *Every Girl's Magazine* contains, as a supplement, a life-size portrait, in colours, of his Lordship's moustache.

There is apparently to be a Comic History of the War. Its coloured frontispiece representing incidents in the life of Lord KITCHENER, including the signing of the Treaty of Peace in an open tent, is now on sale, price one shilling, and can be seen outside many stationers' shops for nothing.

Owing to a recent accident in the *Lady's Realm*, very few papers that appeared on the previous Friday published illustrations of Lord KITCHENER's reception on the following Saturday.

Lord KITCHENER has expressed his regret that he arrived back too late to take part in the QUEEN'S Tea to the other "Generals."

It is rumoured that there is already friction between Lord KITCHENER and the War Office. The War Office authorities, it seems, were extremely annoyed that Lord KITCHENER arrived at Paddington punctually. They accuse him of riding rough-shod over their traditions.

The real reason why KITCHENER hurried home is not generally known. He is to attempt to restore order at Sandhurst. It is realised that, if anyone can do it, it is he.

We are pleased to be able to print a full and verbatim report of the speech made by his Lordship to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES at Paddington Station. It was, "How do you do, Sir?"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

(To his peculiar friend, within doors.)

A STRONG discomfort in the dress
Dwindling the clothes to nothingness,
Saving, for due decorum set,
A huck-a-back, or towelet,
In fine arrangement, that the touch
Haply may spare to chafe o'ermuch :
A languid frame, from head to feet
Prankt in the arduous prickle-heat ;
An erring fly, that here and there
Enwraths the crimsoned sufferer ;
An upward toe, whose skill enjoys
The slipper's curious equipoise ;
A punkah wantoning, whereby
Papers do flow confoundedly ;
By such comportment, and th' offence
Of thy fantastic eloquence,
Dost thou, my WILLIAM, make it known
That thou art warm, and best alone.

DUM-DUM.

PLACE AUX "DAMES."

LADY COOK required, near town. Also Lady Help.

LADY NURSE wanted to take baby.

Advt. Daily News.

No doubt in a few brief years the status of the domestic servant will be still further advanced, and we may then expect to find even the elect reduced to inserting notices couched in terms of the most abject humility.

Thus, for a Cook :—

"The Duchess of M . . . would be greatly obliged if some gracious lady would condescend to undertake the culinary operations in her household. A brougham would always be at the lady's disposal in the morning, and the Duchess of M . . . would of course be only too happy to arrange to dine in the middle of the day whenever the lady desires to go to the theatre or elsewhere in the evening."

For a Housemaid :—

"Lady N . . . would feel greatly honoured by the co-operation of a young lady in the accomplishment of a little light housework. In return for these services Lady N . . . would be glad to give, in addition to the full salary of £500 per annum required by the regulations of the Lady Helps Association, her services as chaperon whenever required."

For a Scullery-maid :—

"A lady is invited to place herself in communication with this agency re a lucrative appointment in the scullery of a Marchioness. The Marchioness would strive in every way to accommodate her guest, and, though conscious of her own imperfections and those of the Marquis, would nevertheless hope to be not entirely unsuccessful in her efforts to please. Any suggestions which the scullery lady might



A SECRET OF THE SEA.

Passenger. "LOOK HERE, STEWARD, IF THIS IS COFFEE, I WANT TEA ; BUT IF THIS IS TEA, THEN I WISH FOR COFFEE."

make with a view to securing her own greater personal comfort would receive every consideration.—Apply, The Big Sell Agency, &c."

For a Nursemaid :—

"The Countess J . . . hopes that this advertisement may meet the eye of some charitably disposed lady, who would be willing to allow a little boy and girl (both very quiet children) to play around her for a few hours daily. A considerable selection from current fiction would always be at the lady's disposal. If, moreover, it were not making too great a tax on the lady's good nature, the Countess J . . . would esteem it a great favour if she (the lady) would occasionally hold the baby in her arms for a few minutes only. Aware

that those under whose authority children are placed are peculiarly susceptible to the fascinations of the military profession, the Countess J . . . would be pleased to entertain any officer (general or otherwise) whom the lady might honour with her notice."

For a Lady's-maid :—

"The Honourable SOPHIA B . . . is desirous of becoming acquainted with a lady who has devoted some attention to affairs of the toilet. The Honourable SOPHIA B . . . ventures to express confidence that she will be able to satisfy any lady who may be good enough to accord her an interview that she is a person whom the lady may quite properly come into daily contact with."



"ONE WHO KNOWS" (THE ORIGINAL).

Blacksmith. "YOU'VE LET THIS GET IN A SHOCKIN' STATE, MR. HODGE!"

Hodge. "NOW, DOAN'T YOU GO A-TELLIN' I AS I DOAN'T KNOW 'OW TO MANAGE THESE 'ERE MACHINES, FUR I'VE 'AD TO DO WI' 'EM EVER SINCE THEY WAS MADE—AN' BEFORE!"

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

(*Mr. Punch's Apocryphal Autobiographies.*)

II. — M. P-D-R-WSKI.

To begin at the beginning I may say that both my parents were Poles: hence my personal magnetism. I was born quite bald, but have taken care never to be so since. The earliest musical experience I can recall, is recognising a chord of the submerged tenth, struck by my father in an adjoining apartment while I was being bathed in the nursery; but all my early surroundings were melodious. My aunt was a great performer on the samovar; my uncle, who emigrated to America along with SIENKIEWICZ, the famous Polish novelist, used to imitate the bobolink to perfection; while my second cousin is a Hospodar. Hence I grew up in a thoroughly musical atmosphere.

It was not, however, decided immediately that I was to become a pianist. On my sixth birthday a family council was held. One relative was for the army, another for the navy, one for the church, another for the bar, another for the double bar. They could not agree; words ran high; a Polish insurrection

seemed imminent, and the name of KOSCIUSKO had more than once been invoked when I slipped to the piano, climbed on the music stool, and played the overture to *Manru*. Quiet was instantly restored, and music from that instant held undivided sway over me, mitigated only by billiards and ping-pong.

My education was prolonged and exhaustive. After taking a Pole degree *in absentia* at Cambridge I repaired to the University of Warsaw to complete my equipment for the battle of life. There my chief teacher was LESCHETIZKY, as is well known.

It is 'not,' however, generally understood that I worked at pugilism under POBIEDONOSTZEFF and at pianofortification under KRAG-JÖRGENSEN. I also mastered the theory of capillary attraction under my dear Auntie MAKASSAROVITCH, née TATCHOSIMSKY, whose husband was the famous explorer of the Hairy Ainus. Last, but not least, I acquired the art of hand-shaking under President CLEVELAND.

In those days I frequently practised fifteen hours a day, and had to be removed from the keyboard by wild horses. On one occasion the horses

forgot to come, and I remained hard at work until the next morning. During that night my hair turned auburn. Still I persevered—with what result the readers of *P.A.P.* need not be reminded. How well I remember my nervousness at my *début*! It was only by the exercise of the greatest self-control that I avoided a *fiasco*. Ten Cossacks of the Ukraine fainted, and the hardy denizens of the Blue Alsatian mountains were melted to unfamiliar tears. It was, as Sir LEWIS MORRIS remarks, a triumphant day.

After that I was soon able to play any piano and composer with impunity. As a mere matter of personal feeling, however, I prefer a Krupp grand, with a Harveyised steel resonator and bonzoline keys.

What more is there to tell? With that triumphant moment I left boyhood behind me. I. J. P.

THE dangers of our climate, with its sudden falls of twenty degrees, are illustrated by a barber's announcement in Kensington to the effect that "M. GAUBERT has transferred his business to the care of Mr. TRUEFIT." Or is this merely a concession to Mrs. GRUNDY?



THE LAST FURROW.

(Lord SALISBURY's resignation announced, Monday, July 14.)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 14.

—The MEMBER FOR SARK has always insisted that C.-B. is the worst-used



HIDING HIS BLUSHES.

Mr. Balfour makes his first appearance in the House as Prime Minister amid a storm of cheering on all sides.

man in public life. It may be added that it would be impossible to exaggerate the undeservedness of the situation. As far as his own side is concerned the Liberal Party owe him a debt they can never repay; to do them justice they have never made attempt to meet it. The only parallel in political history of the last thirty years is found when Lord HARTINGTON filled the gap in the leadership created by the retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE in 1874. The party was then as little grateful as it has proved in presence of the daily sacrifice made by C.-B.

Like HARTINGTON in 1875, C.-B. in 1899 would, if he had followed his own inclination and personal interest, have declined the thorny crown of leadership. From simple sense of duty, impelled by fealty to a cause in distress, he accepted the post, and has ever since lived in turmoil peculiarly painful to one of his sunny nature. Oddest feature in the situation is that, whilst he is not comforted and strengthened by the loyalty of a united Party, he has been the special mark of enmity on the other side. In the House, on the platform, in the Party press, kind-hearted, good-humoured, courteous, canny C.-B. has been the

target of contumely and scorn. This attitude was assumed in moment of heat created by a luckless phrase, criticising the conduct of British troops in the field. There has been nothing else either in uttered speech or habitual attitude to justify the personally bitter tone of the Ministerialists.

This made it all the more pleasant to-night to find from that quarter of the House recognition of the true C.-B. His simple words of welcome hailing PRINCE ARTHUR, wearing for the first time the laurel wreath of the Premiership, went straight home to every heart. His bold breach of order, making his little speech whilst questions were still in progress, added to the effect.

There was really nothing new in this; it was the same C.-B., victim of constant wrangling in the home circle, object of angry abuse abroad. His unaffectedly simple, hearty speech was heard again a few minutes later in tribute to the MARKISS. His first unconventional interposition gave the true note to an incident that showed the House of Commons at its best; party strife lulled in admiration, almost affectionate esteem, for a political foe; the recipient of the priceless honour, cynical man of the world, case-hardened Parliamentarian, making response in faltering voice with tear-dimmed eyes.

PRINCE ARTHUR's halting words, "In fact, I am quite incapable of saying what I feel," were worth more than half-an-hour's ordered speech rounded off by brilliant peroration.

Business done.—The MARKISS hands the Premiership over to PRINCE ARTHUR, and retires from the leadership of the House of Lords.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Yesterday, amid every sign of confidence and esteem, COUNTY GUY was installed in Leadership of the House, vice the MARKISS taking his rest, his Hatfield cloak around him. To-day House re-assembled with prospect of debate on the re-settlement of South Africa. And where was COUNTY GUY?

Well, not to put too fine a point on it, he wasn't here. Some men newly set in high position, fearful of being late, would have been fussing round a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. Yawning over the Orders of the Day, the Leader of the House of Lords came to the conclusion he wasn't wanted. Something about "facilities and inducements to British subjects, both male and female, to settle in South Africa." CAMPERDOWN had question on the paper; ONSLOW, representing Colonial Office, would answer it. COUNTY GUY knew nothing about it. Why anyone in this hot weather should want to settle in South Africa was, when he came to begin to think he was thinking

about it, a very extraordinary proceeding. If it was Greenland now, or Siberia, it would be pleasant. But South Africa! mention of the place sent fresh wave of heat across the room.

Let 'em talk round the subject, if they found any gratification in the exercise with the thermometer at 88 in the shade. As for COUNTY GUY, he would just stop where he was.

"The great art of leading, TOBY, dear boy," he said, politely suppressing a yawn at sight of me, "is to let your men lead themselves, or at least think they are doing so. It's wonderful how things settle down and arrange themselves if you don't fuss round them."

Business done.—House of Commons in Committee on Foreign Estimates. Cousin CRANBORNE carefully avoids reference to Japan or circumstances under which Treaties are negotiated.

Friday night.—HARDINGE STANLEY GIFFARD, Baron HALSBURY, Viscount TIVERTON, Constable of Launceston Castle, sits on the Woolsack, a LORD CHANCELLOR all forlorn. Others truly lament the withdrawal from the scene of the colossal figure which, but a week ago, slumbered on the Ministerial bench. For the LORD CHANCELLOR the disappearance of the MARKISS is the severance of a rarely close friendship. The twain were ancient cronies. As becomes his high estate, the LORD CHANCELLOR refrains from the paroxysm of regret described in analogous circumstances in *Hudibras*:—

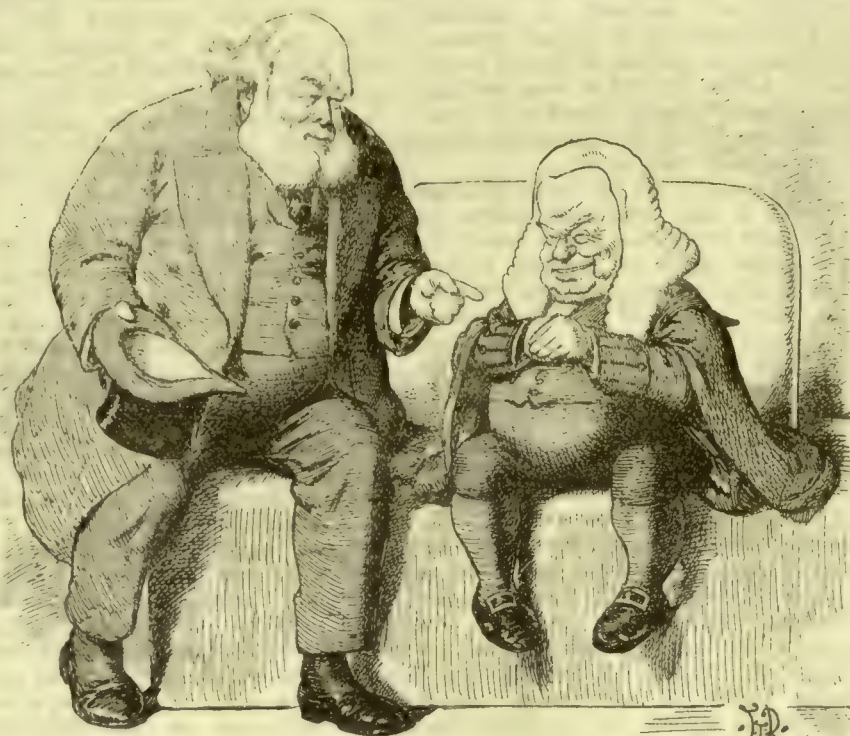
He beat his Breast and tore his Hair
For loss of his dear Crony Bear.

But the sorrow is not the less because, in accordance with stately manner pertaining to all episodes, outward and visible sign of grief is repressed.

For some years nothing has been



"Well, I haven't got much out of that!"
(Sir R-dv-re B-ll-r.)



ANCIENT CRONIES.

"Apparently telling one another *risqué* stories."

(Lord S-l-sb-ry and Lord H-lab-ry.)

more common in the House of Lords than to see the PREMIER and the LORD CHANCELLOR hobnobbing on the Wool-sack, apparently telling each other *risqué* stories. Once a scene of some embarrassment followed on the habit. The Order Paper contained very little public business. But there were two Bills with which it was proposed to make progress. The MARKISS and the LORD CHANCELLOR, seated on the Wool-sack, chuckling together for fully ten minutes, did not notice approach of the hand of the clock to half-past four, when public business begins. It was the LORD CHANCELLOR's turn to tell a story. The MARKISS was bending his head towards him, his countenance wrinkled with rare laughter, the story evidently just coming to the point, when through the silent Chamber boomed Big Ben sounding the half-hour. The MARKISS rose with surprising swiftness, ambled back to his place, and without resuming his seat said, "I move that the House do now adjourn."

"The question is," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, gravity settling upon him like a cloud on sunlit Himalaya, "that this House do now adjourn. Those of that opinion say 'Content,' the contrary 'Not Content.' The Contents have it."

Before the House knew where it was it was "up," leaving two noble Lords

in charge of Bills gasping on back benches.

Business done.—House of Commons in Committee on War Office Estimates.

CRUMBS FOR CRICKETERS.

II.—FROM OUR OWN FRYING-PAN.

THE Loamshire and Diddlesex match is admittedly an affair of world-wide importance. And so, Mr. Punch, you did well to follow the novel plan of some of your contemporaries, by obtaining an account of it from one taking an actual part in the game; one, moreover, who was unquestionably the finest player on either side. Personally, I loathe self-advertisement. There is no subject that I would write on less willingly than that of my own deeds in the cricket field, marvellous and unique as these are. And this almost morbid modesty of mine will explain the absence of any reference to myself in the following notes. Despite your own urgent wishes and those of my countless readers, I must confine my remarks to a plain and straightforward account of the Diddlesex and Loamshire match.

I was born in London on the 31st of September, 187—no, I will not give the precise year. Thousands of readers hunger to learn it, but the modern craze

for personal journalism is an unmixed evil. (Besides, you can find the date for yourself in *Wisden*.) At the age of two years and three months I made my first century, completely collaring my nurse's bowling and placing her length-balls between the coal-scuttle and the bedstead. The bat I used on this historic occasion has been presented to the British Museum. Entering the football arena at the age of three [Forty lines of autobiographical matter are unavoidably omitted. —Ed.] though I always liked French mustard better than the English variety. This last piece of news, never hitherto published, is copyrighted in the United States and elsewhere.

But it is to the Diddlesex and Loamshire match that my attention must be strictly limited to-day. My side won the toss, and two Diddlesex batsmen, quite passable players in their own styles, opened our innings. I rather fancy that they made a fair number of runs, but I'm not sure about this, and anyhow it doesn't matter. Sooner or later, however, one of them was dismissed, and I filled the vacancy. I was wearing my Free Foresters' cap, which, by the way, has a rather curious history attached to it. [Twenty-five lines deleted here.—Ed.]

To resume. Facing me was JOHN YORKE, far and away the finest bowler in England. His second ball would have turned in slightly from the off, and I should have cut it for three. His third would have gone away with his arm, and I fancy that I should have been satisfied with a snick to the boundary, placed just out of long-slip's reach. The fourth and fifth, being ordinary good-length balls, I should have been content to drive for a couple each. But the last of the over, which would have been a trifle slower and with a leg-break on it, I should have lifted clean out of the ground for six.

This would have been an enjoyable performance—though absurdly easy to me—so it was a great misfortune that the first ball of the over upset my middle stump. It curled in the air, broke both ways, kept low and bumped. I had made every arrangement for despatching it to the pavilion, when, at the last moment, its course was slightly deflected by a blade of grass, and my calculations were upset—like my middle stump. So puzzled was I by this occurrence, that in the second innings, from pure absence of mind, I gave point a catch (which he held) before, instead of after, I had compiled two or three hundred runs.

The rest of the game was quite unremarkable, and calls for no comment.



LOSING THE MATCH.

Captain Golding. "PLAY CRICKET? WHY, I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A BAT OR BALL SINCE I WAS AT SCHOOL."
Harold. "BUT THIS MORNING MAMMA WAS TELLING PAPA WHAT A GOOD CATCH YOU WERE!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, July 14.—Not a very remarkable nor particularly distinguished gathering to meet Her Highness *La Princesse Osra*, "opéra romantique en trois actes d'après ANTHONY HOPE"—why not ANTOINE ESPÉRANCE? "Poème de MAURICE BÉRANGER" (very near BÉRANGER, only a difference); "traduction anglaise de R. H. ELKIN"; and last, but not least, where an opera is in question, "Musique de HERBERT BUNNING." Difficult to Frenchify this last name: something peculiarly English about "BUNNING." Clearly an appropriate name for the composer of a "cake-walk." But

"Cease your funning,"
Come to BUNNING,

and let us know what he has done for us and for the musical world in general. Let us hope that he has not "done for himself" in this operatic effort. To begin with, it could not have had a more satisfactory cast, as MARY-MARY-contrary-GARDEN sang charmingly as the Princess, and M. MARECHAL was as good a *Stéphane* (I am supposing my reader to be thoroughly acquainted with the story as writ by ANTOINE ESPÉRANCE) as anyone could wish to hear. PLANÇON the Perfect did his best, but the part gives but small scope for an artistic basso who will be ever memorable in the recollection of opera-goers as an admirable *Mephistopheles* and perfect *Friar Laurence*.

But who can decide on the merits, for it is full of merit, of an opera entirely new to the hearer, at a single sitting?

As it takes two to make a quarrel, so ought it to take two critics, one dramatic and t'other musical, to deal, at one hearing, with the libretto and music of a new opera; and even then there should be a "third person present," who, being neither simply dramatic nor merely musical, but a master of both arts and a slave to nobody, would have the casting vote, and give his decision, from which there should be no appeal, except to the ultimate tribunal of the public.

It was well received, and HERBERT BUNNING, being called, came, and in accepting the cake of warm congratulations, looked decidedly pleased. Here's luck to BUNNING, who's in the running.

Friday night.—Second hearing of *Princesse Osra*, and first of Miss E. M. SMYTH's opera *Der Wald*, which—being translated in the programme, the title having been made in Germany—is understood as in plain English *The Forest*. Anyone wishing to learn all about this clever composeress must not consult *Smith's Smyth-ology*, as she is a very real person, about whom much that is most interesting will be found in the Musical Notes of the *Westminster Gazette* of Friday last. To-night "place aux dames," and BUNNING, who has achieved his success, yields the *pas* to the First Lady-Operatic Composer and Librettist whose work has been performed at Covent Garden. *Der Wald* is in one act and one scene, a charming sylvan "set." The plot, as illustrated by the *dramatis personæ*, may be fairly described as of the "Penny-plain-and-Twopence-coloured" order. As the entire action turns on the discovery, in a well, of a dead stag which had been hidden there by the poacher *Heinrich*, Herr PENNARINI, and his young woman *Röschen* (prettily played and well sung by Frau LOHSE), the second title of the piece might fitly have been "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" There is in it a thoroughly novel dance to a movement full of life and tune. But after this the opera seems to consist of interminable duets, the second of them being the best. Mlle. FREMSTAD powerful as the wicked *Iolanthe*, a name that recalls GILBERT and SULLIVAN, and this opera, as did that of the Savoyards, begins and ends with fairies whose presence, in the words of the immortal *Toots*, is "of no consequence, thank you." Miss SMYTH was acclaimed vociferously, the Duke of CONNAUGHT and the occupants of the Royal Box testifying their great pleasure at

what may come to be, after judicious elimination, a satisfactory success.

La Princesse Osra followed, admirably played and sung by Miss MARY GARDEN, Mlle. MAUBOURG, Messrs. MARECHAL, PLANÇON and all concerned. The *mise-en-scène* is excellent; Mr. HARKER's Throne Room perfect. Musically it is disappointing, save for accidental reminiscences.

To return for a final word to *Der Wald*. In the book there is this delightful stage direction,—"*All dance: suddenly from the wood a weird horn-blast is heard. All merriment instantly ceases. Dead silence. The Peasants turn pale.*"

This last direction is lovely. Imagine the stage-manager at rehearsal stamping his foot and exclaiming, "Now, peasants! You've not 'turned pale,' you know. Can't you turn pale? Now then, once again; you're all singing and dancing, merry as grigs; then you hear the horn—see? then you all stop dead. Then you 'turn pale.' No! no! that's not a bit like it! Try it again!" And so forth. Not even Mr. PUFF himself, in his great drama of *The Spanish Armada*, could possibly have conceived a more striking stage-direction.

MORITURI SALUTANT!

"We anticipate that within the life period of the majority of those who will read these lines America will dominate the world in literature, art, science, finance, commerce and Christianity!"—*Harper's Weekly*.]

We are the People, and wisdom shall die with Us,

Ours shall be ever the conqueror's part,

No other nation can possibly vie with us

Either in Letters, or Science, or Art!

Twenty years hence, 'tis the general opinion

(Think, only think, how the whole world will gain!)

All will acknowledge Columbia's dominion,

Both in the moral and physical plane.

None of the Peoples who flourished before us

Showed from the first such remarkable powers,

So let us sing in unanimous chorus,

"We are the People! The Future is Ours!"

We are, in fact, the fine flower of Humanity.

Where—save with us—can true Progress be found?

Morals and even, I fear, Christianity,

Scarcely exist in the nations around.

Art doesn't thrive in the Peoples about us,

But for our help it would probably die,

Painting would certainly perish without us,

Painters would starve if New York didn't buy.

Whether in poetry, drama or fiction,

Or in Philosophy, still we excel,

Note our remarkably elegant diction,

Notice the masterly way that we spell.

Mark our advance in the physical sciences,

Note the inventions we give to mankind,

Think of the many ingenious appliances

Due to the nimble American mind!

Europe, poor thing, can you wonder we scorn her,

Passed in the race and left lagging behind?

When we invented the Trust and the Corner,

Oh what a boon we bestowed on mankind!

Picture how Commerce was sunk in dejection,

Striving in vain to dispose of its wares,

Till these devices were brought to perfection

By the resource of our millionaires.

What is the hope, then, for civilisation?

What is the cure for a century's tears?

What—save the mighty American Nation?

That is the obvious answer. Three cheers!



"NOW, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHAT IS THE GOOD OF SITTING THERE ON A BEAUTIFUL MORNING LIKE THIS?"
 "AW—I DON'T KNOW—IT'S BETTER THAN DOIN' NOTHING!"

AN HONORARY GARDENER'S REMINISCENCES.

1. *The Literature of the Garden.*—I commenced my career as a gardener by a wide course of literature. There was a certain similarity of title as well as contents among these works; but what is written for gardeners, gardeners must read. There was "Gardening," "All about Gardening," "Successful Gardening," "The Garden," "My Garden," "Our Gardens," "Amateur Gardening," "Gardening for Amateurs," "Garden Plants," "The Plants of the Garden," and a work of sinister omen, "Garden Foes." I studied this last first, and trembled. Remedies were suggested for battling with the foe, it is true, but faint hopes were held out for a successful issue from the gardener's point of view.

There was the slug, who placidly consumed seedlings; the aphid, who increased at the rate of 27 billions in three generations, and supported herself and families during this tiresome operation by devouring the choicest roses. For the rose there was also the grub, mildew, and (by way of an extra luxury for the greenhouse) the mealy bug. For the ordinary flower border there was the May frost, drought, over-watering, tomtits for the polyanthus, sparrows for the crocus, a myriad host of worms, wireworms, ants, flies, beetles, earwigs, caterpillars—and, to crown all, the unspeakable cat.

I turned for consolation to the other books. They treated of the health of body, the peace—even rapture—of mind to

be gained by the amateur gardener. I read of bulbs and bastard-trenching, of mulching, of basic slag and guano, of the Dutch hoe and the trug basket. Then I rose to the more spiritual side of the subject, and read of the Countess who broke out of her own pantry window at four o'clock in the morning to see if dewdrops really trembled in the dawn; of the poet who spoke prose whenever he walked in his garden with ladies; and of the daring people who strive to bring about the downfall of the scarlet "geranium."

2. *The Work of the Garden.*—Thus inspired, I dug, I hoed, I clipped, I pruned, I mulched with manures of the most poignant odours. All the garden foes arrived with frightful punctuality, and more than fulfilled what I had been led to expect of them. I am convinced that my aphides increased at the rate of 90 billions per three generations, instead of only 27 billions. Such seedlings as were spared from sheer lack of appetite by the surfeited slugs perished by my own hand under mistaken applications of soot; while many a plant fell a victim to the virulent insecticides with which I syringed it.

3. *The Obliteration of the Garden.*—At length I rose in revolt. I engaged a man with a plough and a team of powerful horses, and caused him to plough slowly and thoroughly through every border in my garden. Then I collected the literature and sent it in a sack to the nearest rag-merchant.



V.A.L. NORTON 1902.

Dolly. "PLEASE, MISS SHARP, MAMMA SAYS, HAVE YOU REALLY LEFT YOUR SONGS AT HOME?"

Miss Sharp. "YES, DEAR. WHY?"

Dolly. "WELL, PAPA SAYS 'IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'!"

HINTS FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

On Choosing a Subject.—All the world's your oyster, especially if it be in rapid motion. No other art than yours can seize the odorous, vaporous tail of the agitated motor-car, or arrest in mid-air the brief repose of the cyclist who dives from pier-ends. You will, however, endeavour to be original. A charging bull taken end on—the business end, of course—makes a novel and spirited study, and one well within the capacity of modern apparatus, provided it be properly handled. The photograph should be taken from the other side of the hedge, otherwise the negative will probably be disfigured by holes that will require careful retouching.

Of Composition.—This is a word used by arrogant painters to describe their private re-arrangements of the universe. It is, like Poetry, not a true thing. Have nothing to do with it. Snap boldly in the face of Nature As She Is. She won't mind. *N.B.* This does not apply to ladies at the seaside who are strangers to you.

Of Development.—Bear in mind that what happens is the unexpected. If nothing happens, remember that all things come to those who know how to wait.

Of Technical Terms.—Two or more different views taken inadvertently upon the same plate may be called a composite photograph. Figures which show absolutely and uniformly black, owing to all the light having been on the far side, may be termed silhouettes. The opportune use of these expressions will be found essential in inducing your friends to believe that the respective results were intended.

Of Toning Down.—If the portrait of the girl of your heart comes out with a face suggestive of a coloured progenitor, expatiate on the beauties of the background, and regret parenthetically that she didn't take her hat off. If in any

print the horizon should show a marked tendency to assume the perpendicular, point out that only the most despicable hypercriticism would condemn a work of art upon a charge that may be entirely removed by holding the thing at a suitable angle. If a picture shows such a want of definition as to leave its subject in considerable doubt, commend its tone, and explain that the sun went in—which, of course, wasn't your fault—or label it frankly a moonlight effect.

Of Exposures.—None need be feared if a sufficient supply of explanatory remarks similar to the above be kept in stock.

THE MUSE AND THE POET.

Poet. At last! Don't trouble to explain—

The tube, no doubt, gone wrong again.

Muse. Oh, if you're nasty and severe

I wish I had not hurried here.

Poet. Hurried! I've waited hours.

Muse.

These men!

If I had made it weeks, what then?

Could you without my aid have written

A single sentence, stolid Briton?

When I am absent, well you know

Your fountain pen forgets to flow.

Poet. To work, then! Take your hat off, won't you?

Muse. You think it rather pretty, don't you?

Poet. The hat? What's wrong with it? I thought it—

Muse. I've only just this instant bought it—

Poet. Whilst I was sitting fuming here—

Muse. But tell me, don't you like it, dear?

Poet. Well, yes, it's—

Muse.

Thanks! And now, confess,

You rather like my muslin dress?

It suits me?

Poet.

Yes. But what a skirt

For Fleet Street smoke and Fleet Street dirt!

Muse. O yes, of course it's far too pretty

To wear in this disgusting city.

The scent of hay is on the breeze;

I long for fields, green grass and trees,

And cool blue waters lapping sweetly—

Come! I desire the "Swan" at Streatley!

I'll teach you to sing of the river

(Sing hey! for a heaven of blue!)

With silvery willows a-quiver

(Sing ho! for a heart that is true!)

I'll show you the Zephyrs a-playing

And setting the rushes a-swaying—

Hark! hark! I can hear what they're saying

Above our Canader canoe.

"Oh, Summer the season for bliss is

(Sing hey! for a heaven of blue!)

For laughter and courting and kisses

(Sing ho! for a heart that is true!)

Come, paddle your sweet little lady

Down backwaters sheltered and shady,

Or lie at your ease, like a Cadi,

As we waft your Canader canoe.

"There's nowhere Love dallies so sweetly

(Sing hey! for a heaven of blue!)

As under the willows at Streatley

(Sing ho! for a heart that is true!)

Here PHYLLIS and STREPHON are straying,

Here youth is for ever a-maying—

Hark! hark! I can hear what they're saying

Above our Canader—can you?

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

'Twas but yesterday we met,
Maiden fair,
And your sparkling eyes of jet
Made me stare
As you dawned upon my sight
In your gown of blue and white,
With the bow of ribbon bright
In your hair.

Yet, alas!—I fear those curls
(So 'tis said),
Once adorned another girl's
Shapely head;
While your cheeks—it gives me pain—
They would hardly stand the strain
Of a heavy shower of rain
On their red.

Still I'm smitten by your charms,
And I pine
Just to take you in my arms,
Maiden mine.
For, though some may call it folly,
Yet I only know, dear Dolly,
You should please my daughter MOLLY,
Ætat. nine.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE CROWD.

SCENE—Her Majesty's Theatre during the run of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Before the Curtain rises.

THE PIT.

A Perky Snub-nosed Young Man (with the air of one conscious of his generous enthusiasm). What I say about this place is, you may think the play a rotter, but the pit does take a lot of beatin'.

[Settles down comfortably.

His Young Lady (reproachfully). Oh, HENRY, I'm sure the plays are lovely here. Look at that last one with Mrs. BROWN POTTER, and all that lovely seaweed in—I forget who wrote it. This of course is—(with a reassuring glance at the programme)—by SHAKSPEARE. You've seen a lot of his plays, haven't you?

P. S. Y. M. (adopting the grand manner). Pretty well. I saw 'Amlet and—er—The Rivals in BENSON's company last year.

H. Y. L. (doubtfully). I never knew SHAKSPEARE wrote *The Rivals*.

P. S. Y. M. (quelling uneasy misgivings with an effort). Ah, you've got those new-fangled ideas in your head, as how someone else wrote SHAKSPEARE's plays.

Between the Acts.

THE GALLERY.

A Tommy. Those chaps put it away, eh, CHARLIE! My word, it's given me a bloomin' thirst.

Severe Female. What were the police



LABELLED!

doing of in those days, I should like to know, allowing all that to go on?

Her Husband (facetiously). Go in, you mean. Why, policemen weren't invented then, my dear.

Severe Female (witheringly). No wonder they called it the Dark Ages.

THE DRESS CIRCLE.

Anxious-looking Mother. I had thought that it would give the dear girls such an educational lesson to come and see this play, but—well—it's not quite so improving as I fancied. It must have been one of SHAKSPEARE's very early efforts, don't you think?

Non-Literary Husband. Ah, perhaps so. Plenty of fun in it, and that's the thing. Not so funny as these modern farces, but worth a dozen *Hamlets* and all those dull talky-talky plays.

THE UPPER CIRCLE.

An Ellen-Terryite (with fervour). Isn't she too sweet for words? Her voice—her movements—her humour—always so natural!

A Kendalite (critically). Oh, she's natural enough, but (superficially) her method lacks variety. Now (graciously) on the other hand, Mrs. KENDAL—

[They continue wrangling.

THE STALLS.

Lady. Yes, wonderful make up that of TREE's. You can't tell me who's in that box, can you? Splendid house; how d'ye do, how d'ye do? (Bows and smiles in various directions.) Oh, how could that woman come in a frock like that! Yes, that basket was killingly funny. Did you see *Ulysses*? Dreadfully clever, I know, but really that Hades scene—after a trying afternoon with one's dressmaker too.

Male companion (frankly). Can't say I—er—care for the classic drama much. Now this—there's something about this, don't yer know, that—er—er—

Lady (coming to rescue). Is so thoroughly Elizabethan.

Male Companion (vaguely). Yes, quite so, quite so.

A DUKE ON "NATURE-STUDY."

As some doubts have been cast, owing to the ambiguity of its title, on the propriety of the "Nature-Study Exhibition" at the Botanical Gardens, for which the Duke of DEVONSHIRE pronounced the opening address on Wednesday last, we are glad to explain that it was not an exhibition of *études artistiques d'après la vie*, in the human sense, but of preserved specimens of still life in the animal and vegetable world, and other objects illustrative of the advantages of rural observation. The report of the Duke's speech, as given by Our Special Commissioner, differs so materially from those published by the daily papers that we print it with the utmost reserve. It is as follows:

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, rising punctually on the last note of the lecture-desk alarum, said:

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, As President of the Board of Education, it is my—er—privilege to call your attention to a new departure—(of which I am credibly informed) in the direction of rendering the education of the young in our rural districts more consonant with their environment. One cannot be too much—er—awake (*here the Duke suppressed a yawn*) to the desirability of direct ocular investigation of the facts of Nature. Of the value of book-knowledge, already recognised by the Department, I will not speak with—er—disrespect. There are certain phenomena about which, whether they have ceased to occur or are still beyond the range of human observation, we are dependent upon books for exact information. Thus the—er—nuptials of the queen-bee, which take place, as I understand, in the neighbourhood of the empyrean beyond the reach of the loftiest L.C.C. fire-ladder, and have never been witnessed by the eye of any mortal wedding-guest, are described in very eloquent language in one of the philosophic works of—er—(*thank you*) of M. MAETERLINCK.

On the other hand, in a large, though—er—unfortunately decreasing, number of instances, the material of books has been derived from the immediate observation of facts. Second-hand information, however, while indispensable to the conduct of affairs, domestic as well as—er—political, is never so convincing as that which is derived from a study of the actual—er—objects themselves.

My own earliest—er—tastes lay in the direction of the pursuit of butterflies and the collating of the better class of beetles, or—er—*coleoptera*; and nothing short of the exigencies of a public career could appreciably have curtailed my—er—passionate predilection for a closer acquaintance with the habits and—er—manifestations of the natural world. The unparalleled stress of work which has recently been thrown upon me in my novel position as Leader of the—er—Upper Chamber (*respectful applause*) has precluded me from refreshing my memory in these—er—departments of rural knowledge. I am indebted, however, to my friend Sir JOHN AVEBURY—er—that is to say, to my noble friend Lord LUBBOCK, who not only is the author of the Hundred Best Books, but has devoted himself from time to time with an energy which commands my profound—er—admiration to the study of natural phenomena, for very kindly correcting this hiatus by supplying me with a few of his general observations on these and—er—cognate themes.

I cannot, perhaps, do better than peruse aloud the less recondite portions of the text of his—er—monograph. I have, by the way, an especial and almost—er—personal pleasure in calling your attention to his comments on the condition of coma which is natural to the chrysalis.

[*Here the Duke began to read from the manuscript of Lord AVEBURY.*]

"It is not generally known that insects can converse with one another. The same is only less true of flowers. But

the single established instance of conversation between these two branches of the natural world is the case of the Honey-suckle and the Bee.

It has been often said that even a worm will turn; but we are seldom told in what direction it will perform this movement. In the case of a silkworm the answer is plain. It turns into a chrysalis.

Sleep has been called the restorer of Nature. YOUNG, in his "Night Thoughts," described it as "balmy." This is the reason why you should not attempt to defeat its purposes by rousing the chrysalis before its time. In due course it will wake up and become a butterfly or a moth.

Moths are of different kinds. SHELLEY spoke of "the desire of the moth for the star." Some moths have less exalted ambitions. OUIDA has written a treatise on the latter.

We have all heard of the Sensitive Plant (SHELLEY again). Yet Nature has made the lower creation less susceptible to pain than you might imagine. It is surprising how soon a daisy will pick up after being subjected to the pressure of a garden roller.

Also, I have read, in a scientific work, of a beetle that was supposed to have died under an anæsthetic, and was subsequently transfixed by a pin and secured among other specimens in a box. Yet the next morning it was found that he had got up in the night and eaten the rest of the collection. (*Cheers.*)

Still, one should not take advantage of this apparent callousness. COLERIDGE has some true words on the right treatment of "bird and beast" (including man). The case of the Ancient Mariner is a terrible warning to any who are tempted to collect albatrosses.

Chestnuts came over with WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, who gave his own title to the game which our youth plays with them. There are eating chestnuts, and there are the other kind that are not fit to swallow. The technical name for this class is *Josephus Millerius*. I hope to furnish a few exhibits of this species.

Cricket is both a game and an insect. I was once walking down the Strand in search of a late edition of the papers with news from the seat of war, when my eye was arrested by the announcement of a poster which ran as follows:

LOCKWOOD'S
GREAT
BOWLING
FEAT.

These would, of course, be fatal to any cricket on the hearth (DICKENS).

Moral and social lessons may be learned from the vegetable world. Potatoes are an exception, as they generally take their place at table with their coats off.

As an example of the better sort, you will find many flowers that naturally shut up when they have given out sufficient beauty for one day. How well for us if their teaching were followed by our Members of Parliament!

[*Loud and prolonged applause, during which the Duke resumed his nap.* O. S.]

Lay of the Club Scandal-monger

(With Apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Lord Chancellor" in "Iolanthe.")

"And in my Club I sit all day,
Giving agreeable girls away!"

Our cousins in Canada have had another good salmon season. They propose to eat all they can, and to can all they can't.



WHEN LEAGUE MEETS LEAGUE.



NO FLIES.

[The house-fly is absent this summer.]

The fly has flown! But though at this
The hairless wag their heads to-day,
The nimble boy will sorely miss
His wonted prey.

The fly has vanished into space,
We miss his dear familiar feet,
And spiders say no daily grace
For daily meat!

The fly is not! And men who sell
The poisoned sheet, the sticky thread,
Must, sadly weeping, say, "Twere well
We too were dead."

The fly has gone! Thus sadly go—
We can but mutely wonder why—
The tokens that we used to know
Our summer by.

Yet there is balm for every ill;
All joy and comfort will not flee
The while the honeysuckle still
Attracts the bee.

And some may thank a lucky star
That good disguised is offered thus—
Who say in classic phrase, "There are
No flies on us."

THE NOVELTY SYNDICATE.

(By Mr. Punch's Imaginative Reporter.)

THIS is a remarkable venture (Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is out of the running altogether), its aim being—in the words of the prospectus—to introduce into Art, Literature and Science, those occult methods which have brought about commercial success in such undertakings as musical comedies. What is the triumph of the new century? Musical comedy, of course, as every schoolgirl knows. And why? Because, say its admirers, it provides a light, bright and attractive form of entertainment which revives the mind jaded by worry and scurry. The Novelty Syndicate, however, claims to have discovered another and the real secret of its popularity. According to this august and potent body, the success of musical comedy is due to its unexpectedness.

For is it not the work of about half-a-dozen writers to start with? Can you guess from the choruses the probable treatment of the topical songs and duets? Can you even gauge from the tunefulness of one the melody (or want of melody, maybe) of another? Of course not! They are the work of different hands. From the dialogue you rise bewildered in your attempts to discover a special point of view: there are a dozen points of view—not to mention a good many views that have no point. We have the "book" writer, as advertised—the



Charitable Person (who has been much impressed by the crudition of a plausible cadger).
"YOU SEEM TO BE A VERY WELL-INFORMED PERSON. WHERE WERE YOU BROUGHT UP?"
Absent-minded Cadger (promptly). "AT BOW STREET, PRINCIPALLY."

stage manager—the low comedian, and so on: Are you acquainted with the dramatic unities? Are you experienced in the ways of life? Don't let this trouble you. Musical comedy has nothing to do with any probable phase of drama or life, and it only resembles—*itself*. This is the secret as I have gathered it from the capitalists of the Novelty Syndicate. They intend to apply it generally. And in the first place they will run fiction on these lines.

"The publishers complain," murmured the General Manager of the Syndicate to me, "that fiction is risky and unsatisfactory from the commercial point of view. Let them wait and watch our method."

"For instance, here is a rough suggestion which the Syndicate will shortly

act upon. *Sensation, Gush and Some Glitter*. A Romance of Modern Life. Title by JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. The plot by WILLIAM LE QUEUX. Epigrams by ANTHONY HOPE, with additional epigrams by IOTA. The asterisks in Chapter XX. are lent kindly by the Antique Yellow Book Co. Adjectives specially painted for this book by CAINE, CORELLI & Co. (Unlimited). A grammatical dance of an elaborate character has been specially arranged by Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, and a few grammatical 'breakdowns' have been introduced by various popular novelists. All the punctuation appointments are by Mr. HENRY JAMES."

Other suggestions by the Novelty Syndicate will be presented in due course, but this one was sufficiently immense for my mind to grasp at once.

THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

I MET some good fellows a short time ago;
With the fire of true friendship their hearts were aglow;
And it's oh but they took of good whisky no end,
With a fist for a foe and a hand for a friend.
And my soul says, "Here's luck, wheresoever they be,
To the great men I met on the banks of the Lee."

Oh their songs on the Lee (and it's sweetly they sang),
How they went with a swing, how they closed with a bang!
They toasted old Erin, the brave and the gay,
Till the night faded out, and, behold, it was day.
And at last—oh, a louder I shall not hear soon—
Came a forty-voice chorus with twenty in tune.

If 'twas laughter you longed for or friendship you sought,
They were both to be had, but they couldn't be bought.
You were called on to pay—it was only in part—
With a laugh of your own and a show of your heart.
Oh this—and we gave it—is always the fee
That they ask for their love on the banks of the Lee.

There was one, a Chief Justice—he didn't live there,
But he came mighty grand from the County of Clare.
"Brother ANDREWS," says he, as he sat in his Court,
"I think," says old PETER, "we'll cut the thing short.
If we leave the Court now we can all of us see
The races they row on the tide of the Lee."

Another—and soon may I see him again!—
He was always on hand with a glass of champagne;
And all the blue devils that make you repine
He could drown, and he did, in a bumper of wine.
If you stopped for a moment, "I'm Sheriff," says he,
"And I'll make you drink fair on the banks of the Lee."

There was fun and diversion from morning to night,
And the smile of the girls 'twas a sunbeam for light.
Their eyes were like sapphires, their teeth were like pearls,
And it's Cork on the Lee that's the city for girls—
Oh, they spoke us and joked us so frank and so free,
That we wished to stay on by the banks of the Lee.

There was work for the glass, for the knife and the fork,
There was work for dry throats in the City of Cork;
And whatever they did at the end of their meals
There was one thing they didn't—they never tapped heels.
So here's love and good luck with a thirty times three
From the banks of the Thames to the men of the Lee.

"Tis."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Jim Twelves* (METHUEN), Mr. W. F. SHANNON has created a delightful character. Not absolutely novel in its conception, but new in several ways. *Jim* is an A.B. on H.M.S. *Pimpernel*. He finds a chum in *Malachi Eaves*, almost equally original; both redolent of the sea and the fo'castle. *Jim* is an optimist; *Eaves* a pessimist. Between them they freely discuss life on board ship, their officers, their work, and, betimes, that awful entity, a sort of deity ashore, the Adm'alty. "What's the Adm'alty for?" asks *Eaves*, in one of his moments of despondency. "The Adm'alty," said *Twelves*, slightly raising his voice so that the Admiralty might hear, "the Adm'alty is for to look after the lower deck as much as it can, because on that, wid the wardroom and the good providence of God, the kingdom chiefly depends." "Then the kingdom will be let in," said *Eaves*. There is a long story describing the A.B.'s adventures in the neighbourhood of Zanzibar. But my Baronite is not certain that the best thing in the book

is not found among the shorter tales at the end, one relating to the life and death of "A Certain Jacker."

Sladen's London and its Leaders (SANDS) is an attempt to boil down *Who's Who*, presenting it with the attraction of lower price and the addition of many portraits and illustrations. Since it was Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN who resuscitated that indispensable volume, it is obvious that no one better could take up the new task. The main idea is to give the names and addresses of the leading people in London, including officials, hostesses, Members of the House of Commons, and other "entertainers." Leading clubs and leading shops are not omitted. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

AN IMAGINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Which may be supposed to have passed between the Editor of the "Quarterly Review" and Mr. A. C. Swinburne when the proofs of the latter's signed article on Charles Dickens were being revised for the press.)

DEAR SIR,—In going through the proofs of your valuable article on DICKENS I came across the expression "Blatant Booby." As the application of this description to persons from whom one may differ in opinion is somewhat unusual in modern literary controversy, perhaps you might like to modify it? Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I utterly and entirely refuse and decline to make or accept any change or alteration whatsoever in the expression you mention. When I think a man a "booby" I call him a "booby." Yours faithfully,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

DEAR SIR,—In writing of Mr. ANDREW LANG's prefaces to DICKENS I see you say, "The offence becomes an outrage, the impertinence becomes impudence, when such rubbish is shot down before the doorstep of CHARLES DICKENS." Is not this rather too strong a description? Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—Certainly not! In this epicene age, when the cautious criticaster bedecks and beslavers the words and works of every imbecile impostor, it is utterly right and entirely necessary that such expressions should be used. A short shift and a lang drop for such fellows!

Yours ferociously,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

DEAR SIR,—In your "DICKENS" article I see you speak of "the chattering duncery and the impudent malignity of so consummate and pseudo-sophical a quack as GEORGE HENRY LEWES." You also write of the same gentleman's "insolent and idiotic impeachments." Could you see your way to toning down these expressions, as they are calculated to give pain to many? Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

SIR!—The suggestion that I should mar or modify the nervous intensity and virile vigour of my incomparable style to placate the prejudices or soothe the susceptibilities of a plethoric public is incompetent and idiotic. Nor would the public thank me for complying with that inane suggestion. To whittle away and water down my virulent vituperation and vehement invective would deprive my article of the peculiar flavour which differentiates it from the critical utterances of the groundlings. There is really nothing to say about CHARLES DICKENS that has not been said fifty times over already. All that can be done is to say it in a thoroughly trenchant manner. This I have set myself to do. And the fellow who says I have not done it is a blatant booby, an arrant ass, a preposterous pedant, and an incomparable imbecile. Yours in a towering passion,

A. C. SWINBURNE.



GOODWOOD.

(The Modern Racing Seat again.)

Country Cousin. "LOOK, UNCLE, THERE'S ANOTHER OF THESE POOR LITTLE CRIPPLES! I SUPPOSE PEOPLE EMPLOY THEM OUT OF CHARITY."

CHARIVARIA.

We are all delighted to hear that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is about again, after his cab-accident, but he still has a large piece of glass in his eye.

LORD LANSDOWNE has made a satisfactory statement in regard to Anglo-Italian relations. It seems we still have an *entente* with Italy, even if Italy has not one with us.

General BOTHA is writing an account of the War. He has had the intention for some time past, and would have ended the war long ago but for the fact that he wished the work to run to three volumes.

The City Corporation is to give a reception to Lord ROBERTS and Lord KITCHENER. The City Corporation seems to have been not quite sure of the honesty of its guests. "A band will be stationed in the Art Gallery," said an announcement, "where as many as possible of the pictures now on exhibition will be retained."

The *Lady's Realm*, which published an account of the Coronation and adversely criticised the Gala Performance at the Opera, has paid £100 to the Hospital Fund, but properly declines to publish an apology in its columns stating that the Gala Performance was excellent.

The Naval Review is, after all, to take place, but it is hardly likely there will be so many warships present as if it had been held on the original date, for meanwhile the manœuvres will have taken place.

Suggested new name for the Campanile—The I-fell Tower.

CORRECTION SUGGESTED.—At Earl's Court's Paris in London Show "a splendid pageant of costume" (well worth seeing, by the way) "from 4400 B.C. to 1902 A.D." is advertised as "The 'Clou' of the Paris Exhibition." Surely not "the Clou." Wouldn't the "Old Clo'" (and New Clo' also) be more correct?

RATHER TOO THICK.

[At Limerick Amizes, BRIDGET COYNE recovered damages for breach of promise of marriage from AUSTIN THINNE. The courtship had lasted since 1873.]

AUSTIN, he had an Irish tongue,
In name and ways was slim;
Fair BRIDGET, she was very young,
And worshipped only him.

But AUSTIN pondered: "If my heart
Rogue Cupid should purloin,
And I upon the marriage mart
Could never change this COYNE?"

Three decades swiftly fled by,
And BRIDGET, growing old,
Thought she discerned in AUSTIN'S eye
The COYNE he sought was gold.

They do not wed in other spheres,
And earthly life is short,
So having courted thirty years
They came at last to court.

There BRIDGET, being on the shelf,
Did coign of vantage win,
And now she fattens on his pelf
Instead of being THINNE.

THE LANGUAGE PARAMOUNT.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Henry Harland.)

THE deep knell of the dinner gong had scarcely ceased to reverberate round the stately marble and porphyry corners of the atrium of the Palazzo Rosso as SUSANNA skipped the last six steps of the alabaster staircase.

"Ecco!" she cried in a deep, penetrating, sonorous contralto.

"The evenin' peepers hev not yet arraigned," simpered a tall English footman, with the finical enunciation of flunkeydom.

She turned upon him her eyes—purple velvet, hazed with gold—with an expression in them at once beseeching and domineering, but full of raillery—or was it contempt? Then, taking from the golden salver which he held a tall amphora of lapis lazuli filled to the brim with drinking water, she suddenly raised it to her head and tilted it forward. The water leaped forth in a pellucid arc—like a rainbow all too young and immaculate to flaunt in prismatic colours—and presently the mosaic floor was flooded.

"Now we can talk—now that there's water between us!" she cried with a full rich laugh, which sounded like an impromptu by PALESTRINA (and the raillery still in her eyes—or was it mockery?) to her uncle, the old Commendatore, who stood the other side of the extemporised lagoon, turning up the bottoms of his *calzoni lunghi*.

"I am of age!" she exclaimed, on a key of petulance. "I was born at 7 P.M. just twenty-one years ago! So I'm off—*Zio mio*—to see the world!" And she waved in the air a tiny white hand which looked as if it smelt—faintly, hauntingly—of some Cardinal's snuff-box.

"*Confondete la mia parrucca!*" gasped the old Commendatore in his beard.

CHAPTER II.

The miasma which hung over the *pré salé* surrounding Craford Manor was blue with the language of the fly-man who had driven ANTHONY home from the station. He had been rewarded with a Roumanian three-franc piece.

"What men dare do—what men daily do—not knowing whom they do!" mused ANTHONY as he lowered the portcullis between himself and the irate *cocchiere*, and entered the oak-panelled hall.

"Houp-là!" sang out a rich baritone voice—and ADRIAN, ANTHONY'S secretary, entered by a back somersault. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with eyes like star sapphires, and bright magenta hair. He was dressed in loosely-fitting clothes with large buttons, like puff-

balls, and he wore a white pyramidal felt hat. He gave forth a genial smell of rum—which he attributed to the fact that he had recently shaved. His face was still covered with powder—all but his little pink nose, which stood forth in contrast to the white around it, like the ace of diamonds. On the gleaming tip of it he now proceeded to balance a peacock's feather, which nodded this way and that as he ambled round the room with a peculiar gait of his own, his eyes fixed on the swaying end of the lustrous plume.

"Oh, my dearie dear!" he cried. "My popsie-wopsie! No wonder I had pins and needles all last night! You've come back—I knew you would—referred to Drawer! 'Our courteous ANTHONY—whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak!' Dash my dimples! You don't know what I've done—the world knows nothing of its greatest house-agents! I've a great mind not to tell you—but I will because I'm so benevolent. I love myself with a 'B' because I am as bountiful as I am beautiful. And when I've told you, you shall buy me a bunch of brown ribbon to tie up my bonny blue eyes!"

"I can't think why you were christened ADRIAN," cried ANTHONY, on a key of expostulation. "Your name always reminds me of the clever person in *Richard Feverel*: and the contrast must be so painful for you. However, go ahead, dimple chin!" ANTHONY had inherited from a long line of ancestors the priceless gift of knowing how to talk to his inferiors.

"Go ahead, 'quo' he, as though one were a penny steamer!" retorted the other, making a *moue* as he spoke, and ignoring the allusion to the original ADRIAN. "But in wrath I'll remember mercy—and I'll take your curiosity off the rack, I've let the second floor back!"

"I stand dumb with admiration," said ANTHONY.

"And to a lady—a lady of title," cried ADRIAN; "la Duchessa di PAGGIO-BIANCO!"

ANTHONY quivered from head to foot and gave a low whinny. He had had an American ancestor who came over in the *Mayflower* on her return trip, and the very sound of a title gave him a definite, undefinable æsthetic sensation.

Meanwhile ADRIAN had seated himself at the Pianola, and was pouring his whole soul into the instrument by means of the side lever:

"D'ye ken JOHN LANE in his coat so gay,
Cardinal—yellow—and roses gray?"

he trolled, in his rich syrupy voice. But ANTHONY'S mind was far away—in the second-floor back. And he whispered to himself, "*La donna è nobile!*"

(To be continued.)

THE TYRANNY OF TEARS.

[The *Family Doctor* declares that the action of tears on the eye is beneficial.]

DAPHNE, in tears your tyranny
You long have wielded over me.

But now at length their potent sway
I am resolved to disobey,
And from your yoke to struggle free.

Why should your weeping me dismay?

Since eyes but gain a brighter ray
And lustre—Doctors all agree—

DAPHNE, in tears.

Alas! however great may be
The relevancy of my plea,

But little does its logic weigh,
For—steel my bosom as I may—
I yield directly when I see

DAPHNE in tears!

DIARY OF A MODERN "WOMAN."

[A Sydney journal prints an essay on TENNYSON by a girl of the ripe age of thirteen. In the course of it she remarks: "TENNYSON'S works are rich in legendary stories, such as the 'Lady of Shalott' and 'The Idylls of the King.' The former of these is a fairy tale I remember well in my childhood." *Daily Express.*]

POSSIBLY such examples of precocity may ere long become common, and may, indeed, extend to children of even less mature years. Should such be the case, it is possible, that, if so sacred a volume were ever to see the light of day, a modern infant's diary might be found to be something like this:—

Monday.—What thoughts crowd in on me to-day! My birthday. And I am three years old. Ah, the passing of the years! What are you growing into, you woman of three? What does your mirror tell you? Am I, I wonder, am I what the world calls beautiful? I wonder—dare I write the words—I wonder if He thinks me beautiful! Dear He! I met him this morning on the promenade. He was with his nurse, and—he smiled as we met. But it was such an enigmatical smile. I wonder if he was thinking of the old sweet days. How he used to pull my toes! Why, you foolish child, you are actually blushing! Yet why should he care? He has met lots of women in his time. Men do not live to be four and still keep young hearts. . . . But there! we women were made to suffer.

Wednesday.—I saw him to-day. Glad dear dearest day! They told me I was wet when I came in, but I had seen—felt no rain, had seen only the sun shine—my Sun. He waved his rattle to me. Oh, the music of the sound! And he said "Goo," sweetest of all words. Then he smiled! And his smile made the whole world beautiful, and the birds sang a new glad

anthem, and joy was everywhere"
 Ah, it was good to live to-day!
 Then his nurse dragged him away, and
 perhaps he has already passed out
 of my life!

Saturday.—I have lost him! We
 passed to-day. We were in our prams,
 but though I bowed he never made any
 sign. Someone—oh, bitter crushing
 thought—someone has come between
 us! Or perhaps his wicked nurse has
 poisoned his mind against me. There
 was a sinister look in her face yester-
 day. Perhaps—can it be that
 But no—that would be too incredible.
 The old duenna! She must be nine-
 teen, if she's a day!

Last night I lay in my cot and cried
 my eyes out, and all for him, and to-day
 he cuts me as though I
 were a woman he ought not to know.
 But no more tears. I will be
 brave now. Next time we meet I shall
 regard him with a cold stare, and
 perhaps then he will feel
 But what is this I am saying? Even
 now I could forgive him all for one
 single smile Ah! weakness,
 thy name is woman!

THE LORD HIGH EVERYTHING ELSE.

["King LEWANIKA has gone to Scotland, at-
 tended by his Prime Minister."—*Daily Paper.*]

A PREMIER where will you see
 Like me?
 I run LEWANIKA's whole show,
 You know;

I pass legislation
 For all his black nation—
 I'm SALISBURY, BALFOUR and Co.,
 Plus JOE,
 I'm SALISBURY, BALFOUR and Co.
 I make any niggers I please
 C.B.'s,
 And levées I've lately begun
 To run,

And, to cut matters short,
 I'm His MAJESTY's Court
 And his Cabinet rolled into one.

My son,
 And his Cabinet rolled into one.
 Such a crack little Premier I,
 Such a black little Premier I,
 Such a quick little, slick little,
 Sly little, fly little,
 Spry little Premier I.

Then His MAJESTY's wives I make bold
 To scold;
 When the KING doesn't dare intervene
 Between,

I see to their morals,
 And settle their quarrels
 With, "Pray do not give us a scene,
 Dear queen,
 O, pray do not give us a scene!"
 And should the KING tire of the lot
 He's got,



A QUESTION OF HEREDITY.

Hal. "IS THERE ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH THIS EGG, MARTHA?"

Martha. "OH NO, IT'S ONLY A LITTLE CRACKED."

Hal. "OH! THEN WOULD THE CHICKEN THAT CAME OUT OF IT BE A LITTLE MAD?"

And want them less black in the hide
 Supplied,

'Tis I who arrange
 For His MAJESTY's change,
 And a new little queen I provide
 As bride,
 A new little queen I provide.
 Such a cute little Premier I,
 An astute little Premier I,
 Such a slim little, grim little,
 Brave little, grave little,
 Suave little Premier I.

But do not suppose that my care
 Ends there;
 No nursemaid more busy can be
 Than me
 With the black piccaninnies;
 I tie on their pinnies,

And wash them all ready for tea,
 You see,
 And wash them all ready for tea.
 And when they are slumbering deep
 In sleep,
 With each little curly black head
 In bed,
 Then I bring out a box
 Of His MAJESTY's socks,
 And I darn till my fingers are dead
 As lead,
 And I darn till my fingers are
 dead.

Such a toiling wee Premier I,
 Such a moiling wee Premier I,
 Such a dutiful, beautiful,
 Able wee, sable wee,
 Stable wee Premier I.



Rec'or. "YOU'VE HAD A FINE CROP THIS YEAR, MR. GILES."

Giles. "AH, THE BEST CROP O' HAY AS WE'VE HAD THIS FIFTEEN YEAR!"

Rector. "WELL, IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET SOMEONE WHO HASN'T ANYTHING TO CRUMBLE ABOUT."

Giles. "I DOAN'T GO SO FAR AS THAT, 'E KNOW. WHY, I HAIN'T GOT A MOSSEL O' BAD HAY TO FEED THE DRY COWS WI'!"

HINTS FOR AMATEUR ARTISTS.

Of Paraphernalia.—These are quite indispensable. Any slight inconvenience caused by the carrying about of a small tent, a large palette, a complicated easel, a sketching stool, half-a-dozen canvases, a paint-box and a maul-stick, will be amply compensated by the distinction the possession of these objects confers upon you. They need not constantly be carried. Piled on the top of your travelling trunks at the railway station they should excite considerable interest, especially amongst the porters. You will of course prevent any mistake on the part of the general public as to the ownership of these articles by frequent manifestations of anxiety about

their safety. It is unnecessary to remind persons of genuinely artistic feeling that such ownership carries with it an obligation to dress in harmony with its belongings. The style of the coiffure in particular should be seen to.

Of Applied Art.—As the wall space of most houses is limited, you will not confine yourself to framed pictures. The surface of a mirror, the seat of a music stool, or the parchment of a tambourine are excellent situations for a landscape in the style of CLAUDE, an allegory after WATTS, or a realistic bunch of grapes. Take no notice of benighted people who point out that mirrors are made to reflect, stools to be sat upon, and tambourines to be thumped. Everybody knows that.

Of Portraiture.—The portrait of any friend or relative whose complacency is positively in need of shaking up may be advantageously attempted. Consideration for the sufferings of sitters will no doubt suggest to young ladies the painting of their own portraits by the aid of a looking-glass. Many great artists did this.

Of Colour.—If drawing is not your strong point, you are probably a colourist. In that case stick to sunsets and the sea. The former, as doubtless you have observed, are red and yellow, and the latter is blue and green. To a colourist unable to draw, these subjects, especially in combination, offer great scope.

Of Animal Painting.—Make copies of the stags that figure in the pictures of the late Sir E. LANDSEER. It is nearly impossible to mistake a stag for any other creature.

Of Getting Hung.—Upon all occasions when presents are customary, the gift of a work from your own brush in an expensive frame will ensure this, provided you let it be understood you intend paying the donee a visit after a short but indefinite period.

Of Finish.—Never finish anything. If you do, don't admit it.

TO A "STRENUOUS" MAID.

[*"CLARE,"* in *Truth*, alluding recently to the revival of croquet as a scientific game, remarked that it gives no time for loitering, with its subtle tactics and time limits. Old SARAH BATTLE, she added, was not more sternly set on "the rigour of the game" than is the new girl, to whatever pastime she turns her energetic attention.]

DEAR MADGE, with nerves so well controlled,

And movements vigorously bold,
With health and strength in overplus,
You're nothing if not strenuous!

What time the mid-Victorian maid
Upon the lawn at croquet played,
She did not shine—a trifle she!—
At croquet, but at coquetry!

But you, dear MADGE, have driven hence
Such dallying inconsequence;
Your prowess holds my heart in thrall,
Impetuous mallet, flying ball!

I watch at ping-pong your attack,
And tremble for my *bric-à-brac*!
In all, you have a single aim,
And that "the rigour of the game."

And yet—I trust to Time for cure—
The strenuous mood can scarce endure;
No, sweet eighteen! 'Twill pass away
In that great game you've yet to play.

That you must play—yourself the prize—
With beating heart and downcast eyes;—
Ah, MADGE! you'll be contented then
To leave "the strenuous life" to men!



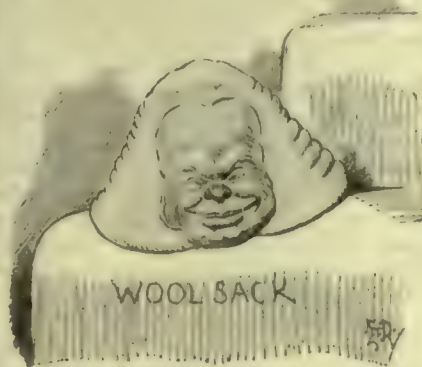
INDISPENSABLE.

A. J. B-L-F-R (Manager of T.R. Westminster, to M-CH-L H-CK-S-B-CH, Leading Actor). "SORRY YOU'RE THINKING OF LEAVING US. CAN'T YOU STAY TILL THE END OF THE RUN? WE'VE GOT NOBODY ELSE TO PLAY THE PART."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 21.
—Still harping on Education Bill. Ye
Gentlemen of England who live at home



THE LIMPET.

It is rumoured that Lord H-lab-ry intends to
stick to the Wool-sack.

at ease, little do you know what a day's work on Education Bill in Committee means. Begins about half-past two in afternoon; goes on till half-past seven; surviving Members laid out in comatose state till nine o'clock, when they buckle to again and grind away till midnight. Well enough for some of them who steal away whilst speeches are made, coming back at sound of Division bell to run up their record in the Session's divisions. But for PRINCE ARTHUR, always at his post; for JOHN O'GORST, who shares his drudgery without the refreshment of occasional speech-making; for the Chairman of Committees, always alert, never knowing what moment he may not be called upon to answer conundrum; and for mere me, faithful among the faithless found, the experience suggests comparison favourable to a term of penal servitude.

To-night the bored Committee roused itself for a moment of mad expectancy. BROADHURST on his legs, speaking disrespectfully of the beneficed clergy; suggesting dark design on the part of HUGH CECIL. His thunderous talk listened to with mild indifference till he dropped the remark, "I have brought with me a church organ."

Here was promise of sport. In flush of pleased excitement Members didn't wait to wonder how he could have got the thing down to the House, and where he had left it. At most it could only be a sort of harmonium; possibly with the *vox humana*. It is no new thing for a Member to illustrate his address by introducing samples. BROADHURST himself did it in a speech delivered some years ago. HOWARD VINCENT, pursuing his crusade against objects of domestic use made in Germany,

one night came down loaded with pans, brushes, door-mats, an assortment of cutlery, and a complete set of carpenter's tools. LYON PLAYFAIR, delivering at the Table a luminous address on margarine, temporarily fitted it up on the model of a chemist's shop.

A church organ is different, considerations of bulk hampering its removal. Yet large masses have been moved both into the House and out of it. Once a petition in favour of Missions to the Patagonians (or against the enterprise, I forget which) was rolled in with the assistance of ten stalwart messengers, whose united ages exceeded seven centuries. Then wasn't Mr. FLAVIN carried forth? Especially if scaled after dinner, he would make any barrel organ in London kick the beam. These reflections, flashing through the active mind at a quicker rate than they may be written down, encouraged hope in the breasts of Members.

"Play! Play!" they cheerily cried, whilst BROADHURST looked round bewildered, wondering what they were laughing and cheering at.

Soon disappointment followed on expectancy. "When I say a church organ," BROADHURST explained, "I mean an organ of the Church."

Very well, that's much the same thing. Finally it turned out that what he really did mean was a parish magazine, published weekly under the editorship of the Vicar. That quite a different thing, and Members, glancing angrily at the man who had wantonly raised hope of diversion, turned again to the intricacies of Clause 7.

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday night.—Two curious questions on Paper to-day. WILLIAM (not JOHN) BULL, Member for Hammersmith, wants to know when restrictions on import of Argentine beef will be removed.

"What's BULL got to do with Argentine beef?" I asked the MEMBER FOR SARK.

"Can't tell you exactly," he said; "but, you know, blood is thicker than water."

The other question stands in name of CHARLIE BERESFORD; is addressed to PRINCE ARTHUR. Wants to know "whether attention of Government has been given to need for some reinforcement of intellectual equipment for directing the forces of the Empire?"

Rather a nasty one this when you come to think of it. BRODRICK and SELBORNE, heads of the two Departments aimed at, *have* come to think of it, and resent suggestion question designed to convey. What further could be done in the way of intellectual equipment at the War Office and the Admiralty than was

achieved when, two years ago, the MARKISS, feeling necessity of strengthening his Government, appointed new heads to these Departments?

PRINCE ARTHUR airily replies that he "will be delighted, in any way, to increase intellectual equipment in connection with this or any other subject."

Sounds well, but on reflection perceived to signify nothing. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, always on the spot, with extended mailed fist points out this shortcoming.

"The right hon. gentleman," he said, "has not stated what steps he will take in that direction."

"The field," PREMIER replied, with courteous bow towards the ancient mariner, "is open to such talent as may be available."

House laughed; evidently a joke here. Before the CAP'EN could think of retort courteous, SPEAKER called on next question.

On reflection, meaning of PREMIER evident. His reply was an invitation to talent to step forward. Mr. COGWHEEL—I mean Mr. COGHILL—with great presence of mind seized opportunity. Not been heard from lately. Now the time to put his patent apparatus into action and stop the machinery of the sitting. Introduction of the COGWHEEL recalling PRINCE ARTHUR's attention to him, he would see where desired talent lay, and straightway either the Admiralty or the War Office would be endowed with that intellectual equipment hankered after by CHARLIE B.

What to do on spur of moment? Here's where native talent asserted itself; intellectual equipment shone with radiant light. Mr. COGWHEEL has heard from private sources that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England and that other revolutionary person, Mr. Justice BIGHAM,



FINANCE.

Sir Edg-r V-ne-nt has been mentioned as a possible
successor to Sir M-ch-l H-cks-B-ch.



"Some reinforcement of Intellectual Equipment for directing the Forces of the Empire."
Some of the "available talent" to which Mr. B-l-f-r so unkindly referred.
(Mr. C-gh-l-l, Cap'en Tommy B-w-l-s, and Lord Ch-r-l-s B-r-s-f-r-d.)

have got a little game in hand. Four days in advance of Long Vacation they mean to lay down their ermine and their wig and secretly depart on a premature holiday. Whether they are going off to bathe together at Margate, whether they will spend alternate happy days at Hampstead and Greenwich, or whether they are merely going on State business to South Africa, Mr. COGWHEEL doesn't know. The fact of their contemplating surreptitious departure is unquestioned, and Mr. COGWHEEL, with one eye on the Admiralty, the other on Pall Mall, crying aloud for reinforcement of intellectual equipment, asks leave to move the adjournment in order to discuss as a matter of urgent public importance conduct he described as "a dereliction of statutory duty, a grave public scandal."

The SPEAKER shut him up with directions that if he wants to indict the Judges he must adopt other procedure. The House disposed to regard this as a snub. Mr. COGWHEEL chuckled as he considered he had gained his object. If Prince ARTHUR was looking out for intellectual equipment with an eye to business he would know where to find it.

Business done.—Another night with Education Bill.

House of Lords, Friday night.—

LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, strolling about with dazed air, hasn't got over COUNTY GUY's behaviour of Tuesday night. He had called attention to the estimate for expenditure with respect to the repair of three small farms in the diocese of St. Asaph belonging to the benefice of Trefor Traian, Denbighshire, now in course of sequestration, and gave notice of his intention to move for papers. His topic presented and enlarged upon, he was preparing to carry out the intention of moving for papers when there suddenly flashed upon him recollection of Mr. Wegg's bargain with Mr. Boffin as related in *Our Mutual Friend*. The wealthy but illiterate Boffin engages Mr. Silas Wegg, "a literary man with a wooden leg," to read to him. The bargain is struck as far as prose is concerned. Then comes the question of poetry. "Would it come dearer?" Mr. Boffin asked. "Not being a regular musical professional," Silas Wegg magnanimously replied, "I should be loath to engage myself for poetry; and therefore when I drop into poetry, I should ask to be considered in the light of a friend."

LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, looking round the historic Chamber where he

has sat for more than thirty years, wherein he has made more inaudible speeches than any other Peer, felt his breast swell with friendship. He hadn't a wooden leg; but why should Silas Wegg, an obscure balladmonger, exceed him in generosity? A sudden impulse to drop into poetry possessed him. Of course in so doing he should ask to be considered in the light of a friend.

Unfortunately, in the hurry of the moment, only two verses occurred to him. One was from the Old Hundredth Psalm; the other from "Casabianca." Some doubt remains as to which was selected. The noble Lord's lips were observed to move, and a mumbling noise echoed through the Chamber. COUNTY GUY was positive he heard the line—

The boy stood on the burning deck.

However that be, when Lord STANLEY, by sitting down, intimated that he had finished his remarks, COUNTY GUY, following in capacity of Leader of the House, protested that he could make neither head nor tail of the noble Lord's enquiry.

"I notice," he added, taking up the Orders of the Day, "that the noble Lord proposes to ask for papers. I gathered from his concluding remarks that he was reciting a piece of poetry."

The Peers tittered. STANLEY OF ALDERLEY still lamenting this flippancy. How different was Silas Wegg's reception by the large-minded Boffin when he dropped into poetry!

Business done.—Estimates.

HORACE FOR GOLFERS.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus."

JONES, my boy, your barbarous innovations

Ought to be prohibited (save for ladies)—

Mischievous new-fangled abominations!
(Topped it, by Hades!)

Cleeks with leather faces I can't away with—

(Well, perhaps th' expression was hardly bible),

India-rubber balls are the deuce to play with—

(Caddie, my niblick!)

I despise with loathing I cannot utter
Yankee toys—(I've stimied you there,
you rascal;

Now produce that new aluminium
putter!)

Such as the Haskell.

* * * *

JONES, the song I've sung was conceived in sorrow;

Therefore this advice to its tail I affix—
Whatsoever metre you choose to borrow,
Heu, fuge Sapphics!



That dear old Mrs. Wilkinson (who can't always express exactly what she means to say, meeting Jones with the girl of his choice). "AND IS THIS YOUNG LADY YOUR WILSON, MR. JONES?"

A FEW DON'TS FOR HOT WEATHER;

OR, HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Don't run after a stranger's hat when blown off, unless it is a better one than your own.

Don't run up hills or bills.

Don't run down the War Office—it will run down of itself, if left to time.

Don't run to seed—in fact, don't run at all.

Similar violent exercise should be avoided; therefore

Don't *strike* a bad bargain or a faulty balance.

Don't *push* or *drive* an argument to a false conclusion.

Don't *drag* the word "strenuous" in everywhere—we can't all be ROOSEVELTS.

Don't *jump* together in this temperature, not even if you are a great wit.

Don't *rush* into print—except with good advice, as at present.

Don't *roll* logs—let the other fellow do that.

Don't *throw* good money after bad.

Don't *cast* reflections on your wife's appearance.

Don't *hurl* abuse at the actors if you dislike the play.

Don't *fall* in love.

Don't *break* a promise or an engagement—that is the young lady's privilege.

Don't *burst* into poetry—it always gets laughed at in Court.

Don't *heave* sighs at your ladylove.

Don't *ride* a hobby to death.

Don't *plunge* into a reverie or a train of thought.

All these activities and displays of energy will induce an increase of temperature, and are accordingly to be eschewed now that the dog days are close at hand.

QUELQUES SHOWS À VOIR IN BOND STREET.

ANYONE who has been lucky enough to escape being blinded by flying particles of wood-pavement by day, and by blinking electric advertisements by night, may ensure a quiet half-hour's enjoyment by dropping out of the bustling tide of New Bond Street into the fascinating "back-water" of the Woodbury Galleries. Here he may renew acquaintance at first-hand with the drawings of G. R. HALKETT—no stranger to Mr. Punch's readers—whose "Seats of the Mighty," with their marvellously ingenious fret-saw work, constitute a collection of furniture which must be the envy of Tottenham Court Road, and surely entitles him to rank as the SHERATON or CHIPPENDALE of caricature. His style is vigorous and telling, and he has an artistic quality in his work which some of his brother caricaturists, more simply rollicking and oblivious to technique, no doubt envy him. This is well seen here in some bold drawings on dark paper relieved with "wash," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

In the same Galleries Mr. HARRY FURNISS has brought together with characteristic energy and timeliness a happy collection of his political drawings under the title of "The Two Premiers." Coming at the moment when the mantle of leadership passes from the burly figure of Lord SALISBURY on to the slimmer shoulders of Mr. BALFOUR, and dealing largely with these two men-of-the-hour, this little exhibition may well hope to profit by their popularity. Perhaps the most powerful drawing is one showing the Army bound up in the tentacles of Red Tape. A sketch of Lord SALISBURY, drawn on the day of his retirement, is excellent as a likeness, and there is an interesting prophetic picture, which appeared in Mr. Punch's pages several years ago, of Mr. BALFOUR, made up as his uncle, and succeeding to the

Premiership. Some of the best of Mr. FURNISS's drawings in the Japanese manner are also included. As an additional attraction the management has provided a "haunted room" at the end; at any rate our emissary came out after a brief visit, with his hair, such as remains of it, rigidly on end, and a settled conviction that he had seen ghosts.

RÉCITATIONS À LA MODE.

THE concert? Oh, my dear, just heavenly!

I *did* enjoy myself. But where were you?

I thought you said—oh, well, I wish you *had*.

You don't know *what* you missed. Unless you've heard

What happened? Oh, dear, no, not KUBELIK,

Sweet creature! Yes, of course he played. Oh, no!

It wasn't *him*. That French girl. What's her name?

That's it. Yes! Well, you know, when she recites,

One never knows what's coming next,—at least,

Unluckily—quite so—one always *does*!

Of course you've heard her? But, my dear, you *must*!

She's simply killing! No, no! Never *that*!

Only Parisian. Such abandonment!

So *dernier cri*. But, yes! *au bout des ongles*!

And yet one has a feeling all the time

It isn't quite—exactly!—*comme il faut*.

No doubt it's insular, but—yes, of course!

It isn't for oneself, it's—yes, one's girls!

That's what I mean. And dearest ANGELA

Was with me, all in white: the sweetest thing

From PAQUIN'S. Just adorable she looked.

And, though she's such a darling innocent,

She knows as much as I do. Yes, indeed!

It's really excellent—her French. In fact I knew

That if she heard her she would understand—

But every word! So what was I to do?

My dear! Go home? We *couldn't* possibly.

Oh, no! The thing was charmingly arranged.

We *sent them all away*—the girls, I mean—

Into another room, while Whatshername

Recited. Who? The Bachelors? What do you mean!

They *stayed*, of course. Why, think, how different—

They're more like *us*. You see, they *understand*!

You dear delightful Granny! Come with me—

I'm off to see her now. I've got two seats.

No? Well, I must. Bye-bye! I'm in the vein.

"A GREAT SWIM BY HOLBEIN."—This heading in the *Daily Chronicle* must have caused a stir among Art collectors. "Why," writes an indignant correspondent, "Why is not this picture in our National Gallery? Who, I ask, is responsible for such an oversight? I have walked through the galleries and noted every picture in the catalogue, but not one entitled *A Great Swim*, by Holbein, can I find."

SPEAKING of the charms of Corea, the *Daily Express* says, "There is no such thing as a novel or newspaper in the land. No regular story-writer is known to have lived there for 1000 years." Mr. Punch would be glad to receive fair warning of any other country where they live as long as that.

O SAY NOT NÉE.—One so seldom hears of an entire house being married all at once that there is a peculiar interest in the following advertisement taken from the *Western Morning News*:—

PLEASE NOTE our Address now is 5, Bedford Street (nee [sic] 49, George Street).

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

VII.—THE NOONDAY GARDENS.

It is blazing hot—one o'clock on a July afternoon. There are blisters on the wooden doors by the turnstiles, and the bored janitors admit us with an air of hardened resignation. The Great Wheel revolves relentlessly with empty cars, forcing upon us mingled thoughts of the poetry of motion and Somebody's Malted Milk. A stall-girl by the bridge mechanically comprises us both under the cognomen of "WILLIE," inviting attention to brooches. The band has not yet started in the Gardens; the chairs are almost empty, save for an occasional newspaper-reader and some sparse needle-workers. The sun beats down upon a yellow Sahara of caf  tables with their dozing waiters. The Welcome Club is a prairie of empty chairs.

We pass into Elysia. The first shade we meet is a tired man whose lot it is to stand upon the threshold of the Liliputian M  nagerie. From within are heard the strains upon a piano of a three-year-old coon song. The Educated Birds, we are assured, are pronounced by Press and Public to be the best and most original attraction in Elysia. O spirit of Virgil! The piano ceases, and a melancholy audience of three makes its way out into the sun.

"Commence again in a few minutes," announces the tired man; "secure your seats, ladies and gentlemen."

A few people wander past him with a stony stare.

"Finest baby wolf in Europe!" calls the tired man wrathfully at their retreating backs; but they hurry on, intent on the Epicurean joys of lunch at the Automatic Buffet.

"Created a furoar in Paris," mutters the tired man, with fatigued disgust.

A mournful giant in top boots issues spasmodic invitations to a French Musical Ride, pronounced by Press and Public to be the most original attraction in the Exhibition.

"All thoroughbred 'orses," he announces in the direction of distant wanderers; he seems to have reached the stage at which he neither hopes nor cares any longer for success. Outside the Oriental concert room we encounter the first signs of vitality in the person of a swarthy man in a red cap, superior alike to the heat and to the sinister proximity of the St. John's Ambulance "in case of sudden illness." The tone of his invitation seems to indicate that he is quite ready to use force, if necessary. After this it is a relief to come to the Distorting Mirrors, whose guardians merely deliver a mechanical persuasion and relapse again into apathy.



"I SAY, BILLY, 'ERE'S A GIPSY! LET'S 'AVE OUR FORTINS TELLED!"

Further on a little group of warm people has collected round an energetic Hindoo on a platform, who is making a surprising noise in an unknown tongue, aided by a small drum. The Hindoo embarks upon a conjuring trick with a cap and an egg, continuing in the meantime his shrieks and gibberings. The group watch the course of the conjuring with a kind of blas   scepticism. Eventually he banishes the egg from the cap and produces it from a niche in the wall. There is a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the crowd; the Hindoo accordingly supplies the applause himself. Noticing defections he again applies

himself to his drum, at the same time rousing a man in evening dress, asleep at the foot of the platform, who, finding the crowd made, ascends a chair and delivers an encomium upon the attractions within. Once the ladies and gentlemen see them they will be one and all a walking and talking advertisement. They are pronounced by Press and Public to be the most original attraction in the Exhibition.

The speech ends, and the ladies and gentlemen, unambitious of these hopes, begin to melt away.

"Not that way, ladies and gentlemen," calls the orator, with a sad smile, "but this. This is the way in."



Auntie. "DO YOU LOVE THE CHICKENS, DEAR?"

Dolly. "YES, AUNTIE. BUT I DO WISH THIS BIG ONE HADN'T SUCH A FUNNY LAUGH!"

There is no response, and he addresses himself to a little group of lingering soldiers.

"Everyone in uniform is half-price to-day," he tells them.

They look at each other sheepishly and drift away. An elderly gentleman remains, gazing dubiously at the entrance. The Hindoo joins the orator in honeyed persuasion, and the solitary gentleman, finding himself the cynosure of attention, retreats in confusion.

"That," observes the orator to the Hindoo, "is all right, isn't it?" And, climbing down, goes to sleep again at the foot of the platform.

We depart from Elysia, the voice of the tired ménagerie-keeper still enquiring if there are any more for the Wonders of the Jungle.

It is very hot in the Imperial Court, and the band is not yet playing. The same sense of general dreariness prevails. Even the bars are almost empty. A mother has laid her sleeping infant at length upon a crimson couch, and is fitting an india-rubber comfort between its lips. A gramophone belches forth a nasal love song into space. The Green Dragon is lumbering slowly round the gardens with a sparse freight. A few couples, their features marked by a stoical resignation, are being taken round the lake in small launches. By a sudden inspiration we pay sixpence to take a trip along the Styx, and a cockney Charon pilots us lazily through Hades. It is the first time we have felt cool.

And so we stroll back again into the Western Gardens, conscious of a strange discordance in everything. There is a certain indecency about the place seen

by glaring sunlight; we receive the impression of a gas jet flaring in the day. Yet there is something vastly human in the way this great pleasaunce takes its mood with the hour of the day. Even now, as we make our way out through the Western Gardens, the place is beginning slightly to awake from its mid-day siesta. The stand begins to be dotted with scarlet bandmen. Already we sight the vanguard of the gay company that will hold revel here in the cool of the evening. Meanwhile, hot and dusty, we drag our tired feet towards the turnstiles. The mechanical voice of the same stall-girl still invites passing WILLIES to buy a brooch for their sweet-hearts. We push the heavy turnstile forward, and taking advantage one behind the other of the narrow strip of shade thrown by the wooden wall on to the gravel path beyond, make our weary way out into the street.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

(Extracts from the *Daily Illuminator*.)

FROM all over the country come reports of curious atmospheric phenomena which have been noticed during the last few days. At the time of the Martinique disaster it will be remembered that we advised our readers that the after effects would probably be noticed in our island, and the communications from correspondents which we publish below more than verify our prediction.

A remarkable sunset has just been witnessed by a correspondent in Upper Sloshington. He had been celebrating his birthday with a few friends, and as he was returning home he distinctly saw two suns sinking slowly towards

the horizon. We regret that we cannot furnish our readers with other details of this unusual phenomenon, as, after dispatching his communication to us, our correspondent called the attention of a policeman to the spectacle, who immediately placed him in the lock-up on the ridiculous assumption that he was intoxicated. When will our authorities learn to refrain from placing every possible obstacle in the way of scientific enthusiasts?

While on this subject our readers will learn with interest that a sunset of peculiar beauty was witnessed last night at Long Tiddenham. An eye witness states that towards eleven o'clock in the evening what appeared to be a tongue of fire darted across the western sky. With extraordinary rapidity the whole heaven seemed to change from grey to orange and from orange to crimson, relieved here and there by clouds of a dark substance, which we take to have been volcanic dust. We had hoped that our correspondent at Beorminster, which stands on a slight eminence twenty miles due west of Tiddenham, would have supplied us with further details. Unfortunately, however, his attention was entirely occupied by a terrible conflagration which broke out at about that hour in a large oil-store. His account of this disaster will be found on another page.

BALLADE OF THE DILETTANTE.

At Matinées and Picture Shows
I gaze about with languid air;
The newest "Art," the latest pose,
I greet alike with frigid stare.
Your modern trash I well could spare;
For me the status that is "ante,"
And quaintly mediæval fare—
In short I am a dilettante.

I sport the choicest ties and hose;
My orchid is beyond compare;
My hat and boots alike disclose
Æsthetic taste and judgment rare.
On Eastern gems or Sèvres ware,
On MICHAEL ANGELO or DANTE,
To contradict me few will dare—
In short, I am a dilettante.

In politics my deadly foes
Are folks with elongated hair,
Who prate about the workman's woes,
And drag discussion everywhere;
Who want my surplus wealth to share
With cads who call a house a "shanty;"
At fools like these I only glare—
In short, I am a dilettante.

Envoy.

My liege, of trifles light as air
My knowledge is by no means scanty,
But honest work I cannot bear—
In short, I am a dilettante.



A BANK HOLIDAY CIRCUS.

Horseman. "WILL YER JUST KETCH 'OLD OF THEM BLOOMING REINS AND STOP 'IM! I 'AVEN'T A 'AND TO SPARE, AND I WANT TER GET ORF!"

UTOPIA UNLIMITED.

["When I was at Norfolk Island it was the only part of the British Dominions which was under the absolute rule of a Governor—it was a sort of absolute sovereignty. Twelve damsels were told off each day as my cooks, twelve more as parlourmaids All adults over seventeen were members of the House of Commons When there was a marriage each party received a gift of twenty-five acres of land. They wanted the amount reduced to twelve and a-half acres apiece, and I immediately made a law to that effect."—*Earl Carrington.*]

O, who would be the Governor that governs Norfolk Isle?
Who could perpetrate existence
When removed to such a distance
From the pleasure
That one's leisure
Should beguile?

Sing wey! the little island in the centre of the sea,
As far away from everywhere as anywhere can be,
Where all the little islanders are *minus* L. S. D.
Sing wey! the little—wo! the little island.

O, I would be the Governor that governs Norfolk Isle,
Most desirable of spotlets,
Most delectable of dotlets,
Where the bowers
Gay with flowers
Ever smile.

Sing hey! the little island in the centre of the sea
Where every little islander can write himself M.P.
And each is merry as a grig—whatever that may be—
Sing hey! the little—ho! the little island.

A dozen little damsels would be cooking for their guest,
And be busily devising
Little menus appetising,
Dainty dishes,
Soups and fishes,
And the rest.

A dozen more, immaculate in aprons and in caps,
Would be waiting on me ever,
And with diligent endeavour
To be handy
With the brandy
Or the schnapps.

And if I didn't like a law, no need for me to waste
Precious time in agitation
To secure its alteration:
I'd just change it,
And arrange it
To my taste.

Sing hey! the little island in the centre of the sea,
As different from everything as anything can be,
It's just the very sort of place for autocratic me—
Sing hey! the little—ho! the little island.

In answer to a general complaint that poets find a difficulty in getting a rhyme for KITCHENER, *Mr. Punch* produces a specimen couplet:

South Africa has now been patched by KITCHENER,
'Twas he, in fact, that put the final stitch in her.

A PUNCH STAFF-COLLEGE.

[At University College School (Head Master, Mr. LEWIS PATON, formerly Captain of Shrewsbury) a prize has been given for a series of cartoons, the Masters being the models. It was won by a son of Mr. A. S. BOYD, whose work is familiar to the readers of *Punch*.]

PATON, your hand! I never thought
That in our midst we had a School
Where adolescence might be taught
So charmingly to play the fool!

Not since, by far Trinacria's shore,
Great DIONYSIUS held the throne,
Has Art enjoyed such license, or
So suave a "tyrant" set the tone.

Your hand, I say! and here's my heart
(Warm with the afterglow of lunch)
That yearns to hymn your glorious part
As patron of a School for *Punch*.

In one dear scene our lots were cast,
Where Severn nursed her old renown,
And still the unforgotten past
Outwears the pedagogic gown.

Else how should you so well disarm
The schoolboy at his wanton game,
And take from sin its secret charm
By stamping it with virtue's name?

But here is genius! here a touch
Of what the gods alone bestow;
For, while Salopia taught you much,
She never taught you this, I know.

Nay, if my memory plays me true,
The scheme to which your tastes are wed
Directly stultifies the view
Held by our venerated Head.

For, had our young Hellenic sense
On fancy-portraits been employed,
We should have earned a recompense
Other than that of Master BOYD.

Discovered, from his awful seat,
Limning the Chief in furtive wise,
Whatever promise marked the feat,
Ten "penals" would have been our prize!

Forgive me, if I call from sleep
Indecorous thoughts of days long done;
You have your dignity to keep,
While I have, obviously, none.

Yet though, in life's estranging maze,
At sterner tasks you toil and spin,
Our common love of laughter's ways
Leads me to hope you count me kin!

And if in "letters more humane"
You've passed my little range of skill
I like to think your ampler brain
Approves an art humaner still.

Macte! and ever may the round
Of graver duties leave you free
So to support a training-ground
Of younger TENNIELS yet to be.

O. S.

HOLIDAY TIME.—If "ignorance be bliss," then when all the schools are closed what a perfect Paradise France ought to be! Only, would it not be quite a "Fools' Paradise?"

"IL Y EN A TOUJOURS UN AUTRE."

(As illustrated by plots recently unfolded on the London stage.)

"YES," yawned BEN HUR, to whom ULYSSES, grown curiously fat and Elizabethan withal, had been relating his adventures with CALYPSO, "something of the kind happened to me." A little Egyptian person, one IRAS—understand this was before I was married——"

"My wife was at home," chuckled ULYSSES, depressing one eyelid slightly, "singing the songs of mine own land. By my troth, but that my admirable dexterity of wit delivered me, good master BEN——"

"I trust your wife was not young," interrupted the Count MALATESTA, gloomily; "my FRANCESCA, alas——"

"Sir," said Colonel BONHAM, of the Eleventh United States Cavalry, "shake hands across the sea. I just expect we've had trouble of that sort down in Arizona."

"Why in the name of FELIX POUBELLE shouldn't she have been young?" exclaimed the Marquis of QUEX, jauntily; "mine was—oh, it's you, GEORGE—GIOVANNI, I mean. I beg your pardon. Poor devil! The middle ages were no place for the middle—ahem! for those in the prime of life."

"Aha, milord! And how's MURIEL?" inquired SAPHO. "That nice young man of hers returned from Hong Kong yet?"

"You must be aware, my dear lady," replied his lordship, "that it's not the least use your paying your addresses to me."

"My wife," began the gentle voice of Mr. MARK EMBURY, "was to have been young, but unfortunately the best laid schemes of mice and men——"

"So sweet of you to furnish a house for 'em!" laughed SAPHO. "*Hélas!* why did I never meet a philanthropist!"

"I never met anyone," remarked a military gentleman, severely, "until I met the Hon. Mrs. GEORGE D'ALROY; and all the time I was in India, fighting with the sword which, you will remember, she bravely tried to buckle to my belt at the end of Act II.——"

"Please don't!" they all cried; "no doubt you're much properer than any of us, and all that—but you were only a revival, you know."

AN UNCONVENTIONAL COURTIER.

It's meself that's the subject both loving and loyal,
And it's EDWARD's me sovereign, right noble and royal,
But should he be passing—you'd wonder at that—
Begorra! it's I wouldn't take off me hat!

I love him, it's true, and I fear him as well,
But—would you believe me?—it's truth that I tell—
If EDWARD the Emperor came here to-day
Wid an escort of princes, I'd get in his way!

Now EDWARD and me, we are very dear friends,
And when he's wid me, it's himself that unbends;
But bedad it's the truth, that I never will sing,
No matter who bids me to—"God save the King."

It's familiar I am with the KING, and I dare
To reply to his glance with a good honest stare.
You others who meet him, must curtsy or bow;
Well—I only give him a friendly bow-wow!

JACK, KING'S TERRIFR.

SATISFACTORY.—We are glad to be able to report that the gentleman who one day last week, while walking on the bank of the Thames near Henley, fell in with a friend, is doing well. His companion is also progressing favourably.



Bernard Partridge

BROKEN BARRIERS.

Mandarin. "WHAT! NO MORE PEECEE LIKIN? ALLEE LITEE! PLENTY OTHER WAY CAN CATCHEE DOLLAR CHOP CHOP!"



THE CRITIC'S TEMPTATION.

["C. K. S." in *The Sphere*, complains that publishers bribe authors to write introductions to works towards which they have no special affinity. He adds: "If I were asked to write an introduction to DARWIN'S *Origin of Species*, although the subject is one on which I am grotesquely ignorant, I should not hesitate to accept the offer."]

It is the modern critic's aim

To mould his work to any sample;
He'll tackle any task you name,
If but the recompense is ample!

No field can claim his sole regard,
Through all he moves, a casual
roamer;

He'll edit any kind of bard,
From Mr. AUSTIN back to HOMER!

He's docile as the chaperon
Obtained on hire from Mr. WHITELEY;
No author, famous or unknown,
But he will "introduce" politely!

Yet blame him not because he's built
No statelier fabric of ambition;
Place on the publisher the guilt,
His sin is one of great "commission"!

Before his fat and tempting fees,
Alas! the critic's soul must grovel,
Ranging from SPENCER'S syntheses,
Through DARWIN, to the modern novel!

And thus the critic plays the game
According to the price provided;—
I wonder if his praise or blame
Is in the self-same way decided?

CHARIVARIA.

OFFICIAL news of the late Indian Mutiny has now reached the India Office, and a monument is to be erected at Delhi.

The Foreign Office has been chaffing the India Office about this. The Waima Affair has been settled by the Foreign Office within nine years of the incident.

An appeal has been published in the Berlin Press for the purpose of promoting better relations between England and Germany. The KING wishes for no better relation than the German EMPEROR.

The Continent is much upset because we will not allow Dr. LEYDS to return to South Africa. If Dr. LEYDS thinks this over he will find it is not exactly a compliment.

Mr. HEALY would rather be ruled by the SULTAN than by EDWARD THE SEVENTH. This places a new weapon in the hands of our Government. Should the SULTAN ever again prove recalcitrant in political matters, we shall be able to threaten to present him with Mr. HEALY.

Mr. HALL CAINE has signed a contract



Elderly Don Juan. 'NEXT WEDNESDAY IS MY BIRTHDAY, AND ALL MY LADY ACQUAINTANCES HAVE PROMISED ME SOMETHING. WHAT WILL YOU—AH—ER—GIVE ME, MISS BLOUNT?'
Miss Blount. "A MIRROR."

for the manufacture of a new novel by next year. One of the conditions is that it shall be another work of genius.

Our Dumb Friends' League was thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the report that a young officer in the Second Life Guards at Windsor had had his Kit wantonly destroyed.

The series of manœuvres instituted by the Admiralty to test the effect of one Destroyer colliding with another continues. By a curious paradox this time the *Thrasher* got the worst of it.

"Ruffianising Manchuria" is a misprint in one of our newspapers which is causing some annoyance in Russia.

The inquiry into the Victoria Street fire has closed. It has established the fact that at present all is WELLS, rather than well, with the Brigade.

Meanwhile the feeling is gaining ground that, until the Brigade is improved, we had better give up having fires.

The authorities, it is said, would not have been so upset at the fires at Sandhurst, had they not occurred in the hot weather, when they were entirely unnecessary.

A commission has been appointed to proceed to South Africa to ascertain whether Martial Law was Partial Law.

A DITTY OF CHAMPAGNE.

THIS is the fellow for strut and swagger :—
 With his tilted sword and his rakish dagger,
 And his breast as gay as a herald's tabard,
 And his cloak caught up on the long sword's scabbard,
 And the fine hose fashioned for summer weather,
 And the cap aflame with its red cock's feather,
 And the doublet slashed into purple gashes,
 And a fluttering hint of his gold-edged sashes,
 And the long red shoes with their pointed toes,
 Out and about and back he goes;
 Swaggers, his hair all crisp and curled,
 And the ends of his saucy moustaches twirled,
 Free to the edge of the happy world.
 And hark to the echoes rolling, rolling
 To the song that the beggar's voice is trolling :—
 "All good fellows of each degree,
 Hurry and join my company!
 Show me your souls and I'll give them wings,
 Crown them, sceptre them, make them Kings.
 Roistering, flashing, and all zig-zagging,
 Off we go with our tongues a-wagging;
 And each of our band, when he meets another,
 Salutes him straight as his heart's own brother.
 Take but a look, and, your minds on fire,
 Each of you owns his dear desire;
 Laughs for it, hugs it, always sought it,
 But never found it and never bought it,
 Until, with a smile that pierced right through him,
 And a wave of my hand, I gave it to him."
 Then swift he summons to meet your need
 A curvetting flame-eyed chestnut steed;
 And before you have time to think or stammer,
 The world flies by that his hoof-beats hammer,
 And you on his back, with your knees set tight,
 And your being a blaze of golden light,
 Off and away with the steed's mad flight,
 Reckless of all that the rush may bring,
 Off you clatter and on you swing.
 Back rolls memory's curtain, back,
 And it's gold, pure gold, that was once mere black.
 Golden visions of golden hours
 Spent in a garden of rich red flowers,
 Where warm to your throbbing breast you fold
 A wonderful girl with a heart of gold.
 This is the fellow for me, and I, Sir,
 I wouldn't change him for King or Kaiser.
 Wherever his swaggering steps go free
 He may count me one of his company.

"Tis."

MORE NATURE STUDY.

WE are moved by the present Exhibition at Regent's Park to suggest the following Objects, among others, for Study and Investigation during the coming holidays :—

1. *The Note of the Curfew.* Budding ornithologists, fresh from town, should be on the *qui vive* in remote country districts where this curious and plaintive metallic monotone may still be heard on quiet evenings. It must not be confounded with the Boom of the Bittern, the Lay of the Nest-egg, the Drone of the Battle-Dor, the Hum of the Hum-Bug, and like vespertinal sounds.

2. *The Different Kinds of Hopper.* Much instruction may be derived from a comparison of the Grass, Sand, Cheese, Dancing, and Whitechapel varieties. The last, of which many sub-families are present in Kent and Sussex during the last weeks of summer, should be studied from a distance, as they are generally unsafe to handle, and resent examination.

3. *The Length of a Rustic "Mile."* Its precise value has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained, and undying fame awaits the Nature-student who can reduce it exactly to commensurate terms. The common carrier, the wayside stone-breaker, the local fly-man, the *bonâ fide* traveller (on Sundays), and many others, all give widely discordant estimates.

4. *The Parish Pump.* There is an opportunity here for inquirers to arrive at the true inwardness of the wealth of political allusion and literary tradition with which this familiar object has been invested. It may turn out, after all, to rest upon an unsound and rotten basis, like the Village Pound, the Stocks, and other moss-grown institutions.

5. *The Rural Milkmaid.* Considerable doubts have lately been expressed, in spite of the poets, as to the continued existence of any specimens of this genus in England, and it is a point, therefore, which Nature students might take upon themselves to clear up. Light might incidentally be thrown upon the smock frock and the agricultural labourer himself, both now believed to be extinct.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

SIR GEORGE R. SITWELL, Bart., F.S.A., in one among many interesting papers by various authors contained in *The Ancestor*, a Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry, and Antiquities, No. 1 (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.), tells us how "The first gentleman to whom a monument was erected was JOHN DAUNDELION, of Margate, who died about 1445." Margate has something of which to be proud: and those who know Thanet will remember that the name of DANDELION, so spelt now-a-days, is that of a considerable farming property in the island. This is a small matter, but it happened to catch the eye of the Baron, to whom anything relating to this annexe of Kent is particularly interesting.

To commence the volume is an article written by the Earl of MALMESBURY, that ought to be of the utmost interest to everyone acquainted with Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig (in CHARLES DICKENS'S *Martin Chuzzlewit*), entitled "Some Anecdotes of the Harris Family." Do we not all remember (are not the words deeply graven on the tablets of our memory?) how Betsy Prig impugned *Saurey Gamp's* veracity, when Betsy, "shutting her eye still closer, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words: 'I don't believe there's no sich a person!'"

This article in *The Ancestor* is the vindication of *Saurey Gamp*, and puts utterly to the rout the "Bragian" audacity of the superciliously incredulous Betsy. This most interesting paper is aptly illustrated with photographs, not always of the clearest, from portraits by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, and others; while in disproof of the impudent Prigian assertion, there stands out the *vera effigies* of Mrs. HARRIS herself ("Mrs. JAMES HARRIS" she was, to be strictly accurate, "wife of JAMES HARRIS, M.P.") after the painting by JOSEPH HIGHMORE. *A propos* of illustrations, there is one excellently printed in colours "of the deepest dye," representing "*Roundel of Stained Glass, with Arms of Lyte and Horsey.*" To the superficial but ready-witted reader (who might be inclined to ask "Who was Roundel?") it may be necessary to explain that this illustration of "Arms" does not represent them as those of some jockey celebrated in his day as being the very model of a boy "Lyte and Horsey," but is one of several representations of "Heraldic Glass from Lytes Cary," pictorially instructing the readers of an article on this subject, by Sir H. MAXWELL-LYTE, K.C.B. Ancient lights could have no better exponent of their history than this modern shining LYTE. Well is it that *The Ancestor* is a quarterly; this number, issued in April, has lasted the Baron till August, and even now he has read but a third of its peculiarly interesting contents. The Baron

awaits *Ancestor No. 2*, to join the unique *Ancestor* now in his possession. He has been informed that the second *Ancestor* is already "out." The authority for this statement being unexceptionable, the Baron can only add that when he may have the pleasure of receiving it, he shall place it on an ancestral shelf in his ancestral hall, where it will only be disturbed when the maid, having tidied up the ashes of the grate, shall herself return to dust—the book-shelves belonging to

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HARD LUCK.

HARD luck! to lose the toss at first,
And, after they had done their worst,
Hard luck, once more, to have to bat
Upon a pitch as bad as that.
And then, to spoil our chance again,
Hard luck, indeed, that it should rain.
Hard luck, the catches that we dropped;
Hard luck, the boundary hits they
stopped.

And luck as hard as well could be
That we should lose at last by three;
While—hardest luck of all—the test
Proved the Australian team the best.

THE APPRECIATIONS OF ALGERNON.

[Mr. SWINBURNE's remarkable *Quarterly* article on DICKENS, referred to in the last issue of *Punch*, is to be followed, we understand, by another on THACKERAY. From the extracts appended, it will be seen that this second paper will be marked by the same graceful distinction of style.]

OF all the authors who have enriched, or might potentially have enriched—had their intellectual capacities attained to greater dimensions or had their transitory sojourn upon this planet been protracted to a date considerably subsequent to that actually marking the natural or unnatural termination of their so-called lives—the English language, to which there's a verb belonging if you hark back somewhere to the beginning of the sentence, few have evoked a more superabundant ecstasy of conglomerate and agglutinate, as opposed to distinct and individual, enthusiasm than the novelist whose works, if such a term may be employed without conspicuous impropriety, I am about, if my lungs hold out, to criticise. As any person whose percipient, æsthetic, and analytical faculties are not markedly inferior to those possessed by blackbeetles, larks, and similarly mentally deficient animals will opine, to compare, contrast, or in any measure or degree to bring into juxtaposition with the view to formulating ultimately a literary estimate which a bob-tailed baboon would not necessarily dismiss as inconsequent and absurd, the novels, tales, or other literary productions of



"BUT, DARLING, YOU USED NOT TO CRY IN YOUR BATH. WHAT FRIGHTENS YOU HERE?"
"OH, MUMMY, IT'S SO MUCH TOO FULL!"

CHARLES DICKENS and WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, would be an act of chattering duncery and blatant buffoonery, as to the full mawkishness, madness and malignity of which I will say nothing, inasmuch as the casual reader, duped by the otiose nincompoopery of ordinary punctuation, is presumably or at least hypothetically desirous of encountering a full-stop in the course of the next ten minutes or so. Babble-tongued blitherers may in the fancied exigency of fundamental data question with the inept impertinence characteristic of the reptile-criticism of the day the infallibility of my literary pronouncements and adjudications, to which I would reply by the terse, apt, poignant, and for all practical needs and purposes sufficient rejoinder, that the prose fiction of CHARLES DICKENS is great, glorious, majestic, consummate, unparalleled, be-

neficient, and invincible, while the boobishly-lauded and inanely-extolled work of him whom squirming braggarts assert to be his not inconsiderable rival is puny, weak, bad, vulgar, repellent, abominable and several other adjectives which the purely human and subjective conceptions of time and space coerce and compel me to omit. Fulsome adulations of a swinish public bruited abroad its ignorance in the present dearth of primitive sense and intellectuality above the level of a hydrocephalous ape may be the reward of THACKERAY; for DICKENS has been reserved the noble pæan of praise from the poet's mouth sounded in the *Quarterly*, and therefore published approximately when thrice the wanton moon has waxed and waned, for which alliterative line the addlepatte may turn to my poetical works, where he will not find it, *Review*.

NOT IMMORTAL.

[The latest utterance from Mr. ROCKFELLER's University of Chicago is found in a lecture on art and literature by WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE. He declared: "SHAKESPEARE and HOMER are not immortals, and I should be bitterly disappointed if they were. I hope that in the near future the human race will so improve in its tastes and accomplishments that SHAKESPEARE will be held unfit to read. I hope the literary world will advance so rapidly that SHAKESPEARE and HOMER will not only have no reason for being immortal, but will be even forgotten in their insignificance as compared with future writers."]

SHAKESPEARE and HOMER are doomed to obscurity—

GUTHRIE foretells it, and GUTHRIE should know!

He's of Chicago, that fountain of purity,

So, if he speaks, we may know of a surety

None can gainsay it; it's bound to be so.

Upward and onward with cool intrepidity

Climbs the American—first among men;

Up, while he mocks at his rivals' timidity—

Up, imperturbable in his placidity—

Up, till he passes clean out of our ken!

Then he looks down, and our mental obliquity

Moves to compassion his sensitive heart:

Pigmies, we worship the gods of antiquity,

He from his pedestal sees as iniquity

All that is ancient in letters or art.

Much that to groundlings is incomprehensible

Plainly is read by the lords of the skies;

We, though in darkness, are fitfully sensible

Weakness is wickedness, sloth indefensible—

Would we see visions we know we must rise.

Yes, we must strengthen our mental capacity,

Widen our landscape, and sharpen our sight;

Then we shall see what at first seemed audacity

Plainly revealed as the cultured sagacity

Born of a wedding of wisdom and light.

Then all the world will of course be unanimous,

Things will be weighed on a uniform scale;

None will be petty and none pusillanimous,

All will consider, *sans* bias and animus,

SHAKESPEARE a minnow, and GUTHRIE a whale.

Then, in the lowest and meanest society,

Thanks to Chicago's intelligent men,

There will be eagles in charming variety,

HOMER, in spite of his past notoriety,

Seeming by contrast no more than a wren.

Stratford will weep, and the GALLUP cryptology—

Liliput's strife—be an object of scorn;

Greece will deplore her denuded mythology,

HOMER from Hades will send an apology,

Sorrowing most that he ever was born.

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.

I.

THE first person to whom I broke the news, early in May, of my resolve to serve my country as a Volunteer was my wife. As a rule men who suffer from an abnormal craving for female adulation—the self-conscious roosters of the human poultry-yard—are my pet abomination. But the present occasion was, of course, exceptional. At the cost of much inconvenience and discomfort, to say nothing of danger, or, as I now know, of ridicule, I was about to qualify myself for the efficient discharge of one of the noblest duties of primitive man—the protection of the weaker sex. The fact that my wife is an exaggerated specimen of the early Edwardian young woman, with long loose limbs and a brainless passion for unintellectual sports, whereas I, both physically and mentally, am the very opposite, only served to accentuate the extent of my chivalrous devotion. Clearly this was a case in which I had a right to expect, if not admiration, at least grateful sympathy. But my wife, I regret to say, did not rise to the occasion. She failed to express more than the most languid interest in my announcement.

"Really," she said, "that's very energetic of you." Then she relapsed into silence.

After a short pause, during which I endeavoured to put my wounded pride in my pocket, I returned to the charge.

"You don't seem," I remarked gently, "to understand what it is that I propose to do?"

"Oh, but I do," she answered. "I understand perfectly. But you said you had made up your mind. If you had asked me first, I should have said that it was ridiculous of you at your time of life. Won't you look rather silly? They always make the uniforms so extremely tight."

I confess that this nettled me a little. It is discouraging to have your figure and your years thrown in your face, and by your wife of all people, when from a simple feeling of duty you have made up your mind to a disagreeable course of action—one that in my case ranks about midway between going to the dentist and going to the Academy. I explained this to RUTH in somewhat terse language. Also I pointed out how the country, and, indirectly, she herself, would benefit by my resolve. "Oh, ah, the French," she said.

"Well, and if they do land, you don't suppose *you* are going to make any difference! Why, you can't *see* a haystack, much less hit it. Besides, you know we are overdrawn as it is. And I suppose it will cost you pounds and pounds."

"Shillings," I replied. "Thirty-one and a-half. And I wouldn't hit a haystack if I did see it. Why should I? And, as I am going out, I may as well tell you that you appear to have been going about all day with a large smut on the end of your nose."

On the stairs I met my wife's sister. I don't know what it is in DAISY, but she always seems to understand me much better than RUTH does. So I told her about my volunteering. I daresay that I was a trifle tragic, but I think, under the circumstances, that was excusable. She put her hand to her side.

"JOSEPH!" she cried; "you're *not*!"

I nodded slowly.

"But what will RUTH say? Have you told her yet?"

"RUTH!" I repeated bitterly. "Yes, I've told her. No, she doesn't like it much. Not at all, in fact. But my mind is made up."

"Oh, but JOSEPH! dear JOSEPH!" (Here she threw her arms round my neck.) "Darling Jo!" (Here she kissed me.) "Why? Why? There isn't anything—you haven't been quarrelling with RUTH, have you?" (Here I looked pained.) "Oh, but you mustn't. I can't let you." (Here I began to feel distinctly better. This was much more the kind of thing. And how different from RUTH!) "Oh, Jo, for my sake, promise me you won't. Of course I know it's awfully dear and noble of you, and it makes me awfully proud of you, but don't you think you—aren't you a little old, and—and lame and stout and—er—short-sighted? And isn't it nearly over now?"

"One at a time," I said cheerfully. "As for my age, I'm not quite in my dotage yet. And I can still see with glasses, and walk without crutches. And isn't what nearly over?"

"Why, this horrid, horrid war. Taking all our best and bravest. Oh, Jo, darling, say you won't go—for my sake!"

"Go where?" I asked.

"Why, to Africa, of course. I know it's very selfish of me, and I ought to send you out on your shield like the what's-his-name matrons, but—"



Ducker. "WHAT'S THIS I HEAR, MAJOR! YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY AGAIN! YOU TOLD ME THAT THE LIGHT OF YOUR LIFE HAD GONE OUT!"

Gay Widower. "QUITE SO; BUT NOW, YOU SEE, I AM GOING TO STRIKE ANOTHER MATCH!"

"But I'm not going to Africa."

"Not going to Africa!"

Here her arms resumed their normal position.

"Of course not. What put that in your head?"

"Why, you did. You said you were going to volunteer."

"Well, so I am. At least I'm going to be one."

"Just a common ordinary Volunteer in London?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. Yes, in London."

"Oh!" she said. "Well, no wonder RUTH doesn't like it. You will look silly. Fancy you in a uniform! I always thought you had a sense of humour. Why, you'll look like a—like an uncooked sausage."

"Thank you," I said; "that's enough. Even the Government draws the line at ill-manners. Besides which, my personal physique is beside the question. It is quite unimportant."

"It is," she agreed.

"The days," I went on, "the days of brute force and bayonets are over. It is the mind that counts—the mind behind the trigger. Everything else is——"

"Bosh!" said DAISY, and slammed the door in my face, leaving me no choice but to carry out my heroic resolution. The Recruit may die, but he does not retreat.

A TERRIBLE DOUBT.

DEAR PUNCH,—Out here in Tenerife we are still curious about the Peace Terms. We have read the account given in the London papers, but against this we have to set the authority of our local Spanish paper, *La Opinion*, which is served by a telegraphic agency with information direct from Madrid. This is what it says:—

"Se confirma la paz entre ingleses y boers.

"Las principales condiciones de dicha paz, según telegramas que se reciben, son las siguientes:

"Autonomía completa y absoluta.

"Conservar los boers sus tropas.

"Quedar libre el territorio de la república de la ocupación de las tropas inglesas, que evacuarán inmediatamente dicho territorio.

"Los boers conservarán la lengua holandesa, que será la oficial."

What are we to believe? You see, the Spaniards can have no reason for concealing the truth, whereas the English papers might have motives.

Yours dubiously, AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

MEASURE BY MEASURE.—Function of any Opposition for the time being, described by any Government for the time being:—

"To lie in cold obstruction and to rot."

Measure for Measure, Act III., Sc. 1.



"WHEN I FIRST PUT THIS UNIFORM ON."

Second Lieutenant Softly (vainly endeavouring to master the intricacies of his new "Sam Browne" equipment. "WISH I'D GOT THAT TAILOR FELLOW TO SHOW ME HOW THE INFERNAL THING IS PUT ON!")

THE LION RAMPANT.

"Look here," said the British Lion irritably, as Mr. Punch's Representative approached his den, "you're too late. I don't care whether you want me for a poem or an article, but I'm simply full up with work. Go away and see the Unicorn!"

Our Representative hastened to explain that he did not propose to ask for the Lion's services at the present time, since, doubtless, he was fairly busy.

"Busy?" returned the Royal Beast, "that's no word for it! I'm simply worn out! Think of what I've done in the last month or so. In answer to

requests from minor poets I've brandished my mane two thousand and fourteen consecutive times. No sooner have I settled down for a nap than some wretched versifier bids me awake and guard my priceless heritage, or something equally silly."

"Yes, but what would our writers do if you refused to appear in their Coronation Odes?"

"Oh," said the Lion, "anything in reason, of course, I'm willing to undertake—but when it comes to wearing a crown and brandishing my mane at the same time, it's enough to try the temper of any beast. Nowadays, too, they interfere with my domestic life. Until lately they never meddled with

this, but now they are always telling me to 'summon my cubs'—I've had to do that in twenty leading-articles during the summer, and my family don't like it—they don't indeed. Then I promised a poetess just before you came to grasp the sceptre in my massive paw, and really I've not the least idea how it's to be done. Ten to one she'll want me to roar directly afterwards—'paw'—'roar'—that's her notion of rhyme. But I won't roar. It hurts my throat horribly."

"Couldn't you engage an assistant?" asked our Representative.

"Oh, there is the Unicorn, but the lazy beast hardly helps in a sonnet, even, all the year round. People talk about the Lion's share of the work, and well they may! I believe, however, that the Dove has had a fairly busy time of it in peace poems, though, of course, I've had to appear in them as well. But I mean to go on strike soon, and then—"

At this point a keeper appeared and coughed significantly.

"Well," said the Lion sharply, "what is it? If it's another poet, tell him to go and—"

"Very sorry to trouble you, Sir," said the keeper, "but a gentleman of the name of AUSTIN is waiting to see you on business. Says it's official and most important."

Our Representative caught sight of the Lion's expression on hearing these words, and fled.

CUM GRANO.

["At the Tunbridge Wells Agricultural Society's Show Lord ROSEBERRY was awarded first prize for 'one pound fresh butter,' while his 'one pound fresh butter, slightly salted' was 'highly commended.'"]—*Daily Paper.*

He freely spreads his Primrose butter, And, when he nerves himself to utter The fresh and undiluted unction, First Prize we grant without compunction. But at High Commendation halt [tion. When he requires a grain of salt.

A LITTLE SURPRISE.—North Britons, it is said, as we consider erroneously, "joke wi' deeficulty." Here is proof positive in print that they can at least make a neat pun with the greatest possible ease, for in the *Times* announcement concerning expressions of sympathy with the KING it was told how it was said by "an Aberdeen correspondent that it had been definitely decided that the KING will visit Deeside after the Coronation." This play on words, it is not unlikely, we have heard or seen before, but at all events the pun is happily applied. Many a true word is uttered in jest, and it is to be hoped that this forecast is correct.

dingy & numerous green

His Son . . . EDUCATION BILLY.

BULL (*aside*). "I'M SURE MY DEAR FATHER MEANS WELL, BUT ALL THIS IS VERY DISFIGURING."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 28.
—There are pained moments in the life of a Prime Minister when sense of public duty compels him to perform what at the moment seems an act almost of

MACNEILL or his attack on the Judges. What of that? Only a fresh line in advertisement.

After "with much respect" shouting disorderly speech for half an hour, throwing his arms about like an inebriated windmill, MACNEILL sat down full of content. BRODRICK made

the House of Commons. As DON JOSÉ truly said, C.-B. never allows political controversy to degenerate into personal animosity; a lesson it would be well if some would learn in their attitude towards C.-B.

In his face, pallid and a little pinched, DON JOSÉ showed some sign of his accident. His speech, an hour long, disclosed no declension of vigour. True, it was pitched on a gentler note than rang through the House when the Colonial Secretary, with back to the wall, fought for his policy and for colleagues faithfully carrying it out in South Africa.

"A little blood-letting has done him good," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, eyeing him with keen scrutiny of professional fighter.

Result proved afresh how Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War. Having won an arduous fight, his sword sheathed, his helmet now a hive for bees, DON JOSÉ breathed peace, exhaled conciliation. Characteristic of him that, midway in speech thus constructed, he pulled himself up for a word in the ear of whom it might concern.

"Our object," he said, "is to set up in South Africa that system of self-government in which we British have so much confidence. But we are not going to be hustled."

As a rule, DON JOSÉ's appearance at the Table is signal for unrest on benches opposite. The Irish incontinently go for him; the Radicals murmur resent-



"LONG LOST BROTHERS";

Or, one touch of sticking-plaster makes us wondrous kind.

inhumanity. Such ordeal PRINCE ARTHUR went through to-night.

After Questions at afternoon sitting SWIFT MACNEILL obtained leave to move the adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent public importance the appointment of Commission on martial law in South Africa, which last week Mr. COGWHEEL, from another point of view, denounced as a public scandal. Sitting set apart for Committee on Education Bill. Case so urgent that Twelve o'clock Rule suspended. Members prepared to sit up through the summer night wrestling over Clause 7. Under old Rules the scatter-brained Member for South Donegal would have been master of the situation. Education Bill would needs have been put aside; precious time occupied, whilst his inordinate vanity was gratified by delivery of a speech sure to gain prominence in newspaper reports by reason of constant intervention of SPEAKER on points of order.

Happily the New Rules stepped in. By their beneficent operation afternoon sitting rescued, SWIFT MACNEILL's self-advertisement relegated to the dull hour that follows resumption of sittings at nine o'clock. Made the most of his opportunity; succeeded several times in dragging up the SPEAKER. Newspapers always report SPEAKER verbatim in first person; so it's all right for the show in to-morrow's papers. True, the House nearly empty and altogether impatient. Also C.-B. formally washed his hands of the business; would have nothing to do with SWIFT

brief reply; C.-B. washed his hands as aforesaid; and up gat JOHN DILLON. It was a few minutes to ten o'clock. DILLON good for at least an hour; more probably would make it hour and a half. REDMOND cadet might follow, and a new day would dawn before House allowed to take up Education Bill.

PRINCE ARTHUR moved the closure.

JOHN DILLON stood aghast. Never was man's inhumanity to man more brutally displayed. Through the dinner hour been looking forward to this opportunity. The joy of wild asses in the clover field nothing compared with taking the House of Commons by one ear, holding it whilst you pour into the other illimitable flow of verbiage. Here, at the very moment when the tap was about to be turned on, PRINCE ARTHUR plugged it.

SWIFT MACNEILL chuckled. Very sorry of course: but at least he had enjoyed his fling. Nothing could mar the pleasure of that reflection. DILLON turning sharply upon him, he adroitly ran the chuckle into a roar of "Gag! gag!" Closure carried, and business reached. But not till after two divisions and the waste of an hour and twenty minutes, a loss the House querulously toiled after, making it up in the watches of the night whilst others slept.

Business done.—Very little before midnight.

Tuesday night.—DON JOSÉ back again, bringing his scars with him. C.-B. welcomed his return in one of those genuinely warm-hearted speeches that are in tune with the best traditions of



A NASTY ONE FROM NORTH LEEDS.
Liberal Majority 758.
(Mr. B.-I.-r.)



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Cap'n Tommy B-w-l-s reminds Mr. H-nb-ry of the good old days when they used to "do a bit" in the way of discussion.

ment; old colleagues on Front Bench opposite interpose contradiction. To-day, speaking on subject that has riven political parties, broken up family circles, estranged old friends, DON JOSÉ pleased everybody. Ministerialists were assured by his unflinching front in insisting on full exactment of terms of surrender. Liberal Imperialists found in the speech final discomfiture for their Pro-Boer brethren. Pro-Boers discovered in certain passages back-handed blows at Imperial PERKS.

Thus were Box and Cox both satisfied.

The House, as a whole, recognised true statesmanship in the terms of reference to the gallant foeman, and in the painstaking plans matured, already being carried out, for his resettlement in his old home, with even something more of the benefits of free citizenship than were enjoyed under the corrupt oligarchy of Pretoria.

Business done.—With reference to settlement in South Africa DON JOSÉ rises to explain.

House of Lords, Friday night.—COUNTY GUY beginning to discover that Leadership of House is not all beer and skittles. Here 's that skittish Peer. NEWTON, in open revolt because when he put a question with respect to that Imperial measure, Local Government Provisional Orders (No. 7) Bill, there was no Minister present to reply. Business pertained to KENYON, fourth Baron, who in his person combines offices of Lord-in-Waiting to the KING and representative of Local Government Board in the Lords. KENYON not being in his place, NEWTON insisted that the Leader of House was the proper person from whom information might be sought.

Delightful to see cloud of apprehension that fell on expressive countenance of COUNTY GUY. "Come now, you know; bad enough to expect President of Council to understand (in the main) what the Cockerton Bill is about. If he is also expected to explain Provisional Orders Bill it will be time to go." All COUNTY GUY could think of at the moment was to promise that, dead or alive, KENYON should be in his place at next sitting.

Promise fulfilled. Representative of



Congratulating Ak-rs-D-gl-s on "The remarkable forgery he had produced at the west end of Westminster Abbey."

(Lord B-l-r-r-r.)

Local Government Board, strategically hobbling to Table, pleaded gout. A man who has spent six years in the Diplomatic service, finishing his education in the Imperial Yeomanry, not to be taken in by excuse so transparent as that. Looking Lord KENYON's thirty-eight years full in the face, NEWTON with grave irony expressed his "sympathy with the noble lord suffering from a malady which did not usually attack one so young."

That was all right. Having set these two young cocks a-fighting, COUNTY GUY relapsed into his favourite attitude of immobile observation. Still he hoped KENYON wouldn't go having the gout again when Provisional Orders Bills were to the fore.

Business done.—House of Commons passed 7th Clause of Education Bill, leaving the battered shape to be further dealt with in Autumn Session.

THE CITY PRESSED.

"[Imagination has never, so far, ventured to contemplate a time when the City Corporation would have to consider how to make both ends meet, yet, according to the *City Press*, that time is near at hand.]—*Daily Paper.*]"

SCENE—Mansion House. Date uncertain. A newly-elected LORD MAYOR and a dejected SECRETARY consulting.

Lord Mayor. Then you mean to tell me that I have only £99 2s. 3d. to my credit at the present moment?

Secretary. Your pass-book represents the matter in that light; but we hope to raise a slight temporary loan upon your Lordship's State Bed. Your Lordship's collar of gold and diamonds, silver-gilt mace, sword and seal, are—

Lord Mayor (*hurriedly*). Quite so. Any further—ah'm—economies?

Secretary. Well, my Lord, if you could dispense with a State Coach, and use a four-wheeled cab, and substitute high tea for the Banquet—

Lord Mayor. Exactly; and the Show?

Secretary. I am happy to say that there will be no disappointment in that direction; indeed, a contract with an eminent firm of advertising agents awaits your Lordship's signature. The pageant would consist of ornate cars, emblematic of the history of various popular specifics. The firms represented to pay all costs.

Lord Mayor. Ah! I see.

Secretary. Further, my Lord, I suggest the opening of a Mansion House Fund in aid of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

Lord Mayor (*much relieved*). I must propose you for the Freedom of the City, or would you prefer a glass of port? I believe there is a sample bottle somewhere. [Scene closes.]



She. "HOW CURIOUS YOUR RACING COLOURS ARE, SIR GEORGE! ARE THEY FAST COLOURS?"
 Sir George (who is out of luck, with feeling). "NO, MADAM. CONFOUNDEDLY SLOW!"

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.—The announcement that "PEASE AND PARTNERS LIMITED" will, at their meeting on August 6th, show a total profit of £149,205 ("the halfpenny be demm'd," said Mr. Mantalini, and acting on this businesslike sentiment we allow the shillings and pence to take care of themselves), suggests that the occasion offers an excellent opportunity for altering the title of their Company to "*Pease and Plenty Ltd.*" The above-mentioned happy result the PEASE Co. will celebrate with "a regular Beano!"

LORD KITCHENER'S TITLE.—New Patent and Title registered as "The Soldier's Kit"—absolutely indispensable for War or Peace. Some extracts from the Press:—
 "Thorough throughout. For use, not for show."
 "Will stand any amount of hard work and knocking about. Always ready."
 "Packed with skill, judgment, and tact."
 "Highly approved of by the King, the Army, the Nation, and Mr. Punch."

THE LANGUAGE PARAMOUNT.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Henry Harland.)

CHAPTER III.

It was half-past four on the morning of April 27. The rising sun was ruling the country-side with rays of red—like ledger-lines, and the damp earth sent up a thick pink vapour. Above, the air full of birds, like an aspic of quails, shook and trembled with their song. The tern, the willywicket, the woodpecker, the hornfinch, the bean-crake, mingled their strenuous peans with the sad gasp of the mute swan. ANTHONY had had a bad night. He groped his way along the dark corridors, past ADRIAN'S door—outside of which lay in disorder that eccentric genius's loose white suit with the Toby collar and his sugar-loaf felt hat—down the old oak staircase, on to the kitchen. It was St. Zita's day, and the servants had decorated the *cucina* over-night with calceolaria, fuchsias, love-in-the-mist, pelargoniums, and various kinds of peonies: Mme. Tournier, rosy flesh and soft sulphur; Mme. Furtado, tinted salmon-rose; and Lord Salisbury, rich crimson—all quite distinct free-flowering varieties.

"If yesterday hadn't been Friday," ANTHONY murmured to himself, "I might have been able to hold out till breakfast!" And he steered for the red earthenware bread-basket.

"WATTEAU—she bumps!"

It was the voice of SUSANNA. She was seated aloft, on the top of the dresser. Over her night-robe she had thrown a light fawn-coloured wrap—or was it a waterproof?—which she had tied round at the waist with a sash of the Papal colours. The deep ophicleide notes of her voice quivered through ANTHONY like so many augers.

"Her voice is like a muffled dinner-bell," mused ANTHONY, "or the siren of your ship when it's coming home." Aloud he said, "How do people propose? In real life I mean; that is to say, in novels, because life outside novels isn't really real, is it?"

"It depends on the people, or on one of them," said SUSANNA. And she looked down upon him, pityingly, deferentially, wonderingly, yet with a mischievous glow at the back of her eyes.

"Her eyes are like two fire-flies in a butterfly-net!" thought ANTHONY. "I only know one of them," he said, "the male one, and I've prejudices with regard to him. If you were half a chap, you'd tell me who the other one is—I mean the girl, or the angel, or the little cherub, or whatever she is." And he looked up aloft.

"Please, I'm the new lodger," crooned

SUSANNA. And the crimson colour welled up into her face as she dropped her eyes on to her little white toes, which were looking up at her like ten tiny silkworms. "I'm the second-floor back," she added. And she laughed—in the sleeve of her *Aquascutum*. "Her laugh," thought ANTHONY, "is like the sound of Best Silkstone coals pouring into a marble cellar!" Then after a pause, he asked her, "Why are you sitting up there?"

"Look!" she said. And she pointed to the floor. "I don't know how you call them—*il scarafaggio*!"

ANTHONY looked. A huge cockroach was hurrying along the whitened pavement, his little red legs straining on either side of the polished pent-house of his tortoise-shell wings, like the oars of a Roman galley. His *antennæ* were alternately curved backwards or pointing forward towards a certain deal box ahead of him, shaped like an apexless pyramid.

"Don't tread on him!" cried SUSANNA.

"I wasn't going to," replied ANTHONY.

"He's heading straight for the trap."

CHAPTER IV.

And later the summer came. SUSANNA and ANTHONY were seated on the family tomb of the VALDESCHI in Sanpaolo's Churchyard. She had been telling him the history of the family from the earliest times—the plot, really, which nobody needed, had she but known. The sky was blue, the corn yellow, the poppies red, and a brown brook babbled and guggled close to them. The sun was hovering over the horizon—ready to rise or set at the whim of the novelist. Bees and locusts and cockchafers were boring passages through the teeming atmosphere, which was heavy with the scent of sage, cipolla, mint, thyme, tarragon and wild garlic.

"Then came the terrible persecutions in 1813—when URBAN THE SIXTH, through the machinations of SAVONAROLA, was kidnapped and carried off to Avignon by the mercenaries of GARIBALDI"—SUSANNA went on. ANTHONY lay by her side, his eyes closed, his chest rising and falling—rhythmically—to the music of her voice. "Guido's step-mother having married his late mother's first husband, his younger brother became as it were heir presumptive. Oh, it was pitiful!" SUSANNA rose as she wailed these last words, her tiny fist clenched until the almond nails became outlined—dimly—through the opalescent oyster-white backs of her hands. Her eyes rose simultaneously, skywards, like war-balloons (but Raillery sat in the car!) Then her face closed—suddenly, blackly—like a Gibus when the glass of a Hansom cab has accidentally fallen upon it, and she gave a low moan.

"Was that dinner—or only the dressing-gong?" asked ANTHONY, starting into a sitting position.

"You were asleep!" cried SUSANNA, flashing a whimsical little smile into his left eye (which he presently removed—surreptitiously—with the corner of his pocket-handkerchief).

"I was never really awake—until I met you," replied ANTHONY, evading her imputation. "It's rather rummy, when you come to think it over—" he went on—she listening with eagerness, but her mischievous little mouth twitched nervously now and then, like that of a circus horse with an uncomfortable bit. "Baby Man is lulled to sleep by the nurse-maid—and Middle-aged Man is called in the morning by the *schiafetina* who brings him his *copa di té*, and his *bagno caldo*! Woman's work is never done! I wonder how far we've got into our story?" he suddenly broke off. "You've no idea, I suppose, how many words I've said to you?"

"Why?" asked SUSANNA. And the rosy rays of the rising sun—or the crimson beams of the *tramontare del sole*—whichever they chanced to be—bronzed the bloom on her puce-coloured hair.

"Because there's something I've got to tell you—when I've said a great many more words to lead up to it," ANTHONY explained. As he spoke he threw half a brick into the brown brooklet, which sent the newts and the stickleback scudding in a thousand directions.

"Have you ever talked to any other woman like this?" inquired SUSANNA.

And her voice sounded this time from somewhere down—but right down—in the very underground depths of her heart, as though HOFFMANN were playing a nocturne to the gas-meter. For a moment ANTHONY paused and watched the fish. His mind carried him back to an open glade leading up to a castle with fir trees, and an English Princessa and cataracts, and himself on the wrong side of them. But at this moment over the brow of the hill appeared ADRIAN, ambling along in a loosely-fitting livery of the VALDESCHI, and with him, bearing his snuff-box and the marriage licence, moved the CARDINAL, wearing his rochet, alb, amice, chasuble, dalmatic, and cope, all at once.

"I knew it," cried ADRIAN on a key of reminiscence; "I have talked to just such another woman just like this. You see, there's only one really nice story in the world, and it's Anglo-Italian, and it's been told already once, but it is as gay and as dainty and as diverting as ever."

"Life is nothing but vain repetition," said SUSANNA. "*Parole! Parole!*"

"*In sæcula sæculorum!*" observed the CARDINAL.

SCOTLAND YET.

WHAT 's a' the steer? Why, man, ye see,
 Kinghorn is on its mettle,
 The connysoor o' ilka ee
 Frae Anster tae Kingskettle.
 We'll show the warl' a twa-three things
 An' let it ken the morn, man,
 What way we coronate oor kings
 In loyal auld Kinghorn, man.

There'll be the Provost, robes an' a'—
 'Twill be as guid 's a play, Sir:
 I'm tell't he's bought a dicky braw
 In honour o' the day, Sir.
 Then, dressed in a' their Sabbath coats,
 Wi' collars newly stairchit
 An' stickin' up until their throats,
 The Bailies will be mairchit.

An' next the Toon Brass Band ye'll see,
 In scarlet coats an' braid tae,
 An' then the hale I. O. G. T.,
 Forbye the Fire Brigade tae.
 There'll be an awfu' crood, ye ken,
 Sae, as we mairch along, man,
 We'll hae twa extry policemen
 Tae clear awa' the thrang, man.

An' then at nicht—why, ilka ane
 Has emptied oot his pockets,
 An' mony a guid bawbee has gaen
 In crackers, squibs an' rockets.
 Eh, but I'd tak' my aith on this—
 The KING 'll be gey sweer, man,
 Tae bide at hame the morn an' miss
 Oor collieshangie here, man.

Although I'm tell't in Lunnon tae
 They've got a Coronation,
 An' even Cockneys mean tae hae
 Their wee bit celebration;
 But eh! I doot von show 'll be
 Disjaskit an' forlorn, man,
 Beside the bonny sights ye'll see
 In loyal auld Kinghorn, man.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

(Mr. Punch's Apocryphal Autobiographies.)

III.—DR. R-B-RTS-N N-C-LL.

I WAS born in the old Kentish town of Auchterlochy fifty-one years ago. The house still stands midway between the kirk and the bookshop, and there is talk of turning it into a Nicoll or Dime Museum, to be opened with suitable addresses by my spherical friend Mr. SHORTER, and my gifted colleague Signor LAGO MAGGIORE, alias Major POND.

The earliest thing I recollect is being held at a window in Thrums to see Mr. A. P. WATT go by. He was dressed simply in a long tartan frock, with accordion-pleated sleeves; his right hand held a rattle, his left a roll of paper. He could hardly have been pinker. He caught my eye as he passed, in his nurse's arms, and we have been friends ever since.



FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Bobby. "MA, MAKE PA CARRY ME TOO"

I am told that I was a precocious child. I soon mastered the Shorter Catechism and preached sermons from a hassock in the nursery, and every Sunday afternoon I composed a piece of verse. Instead of reading the foolish books that are usually given to children I spent hours over the *Spectator* and *Quarterly Review*. Not that I gave all my time to reading; on the contrary, I was devoted to bird's-nesting, and am still a profound o-ologist.

At school there was nothing about my school-fellows that I did not know, with the result that I was known as the boy who Kent. Later I modified this old nickname into the man of Kent, but the signification remains the same.

My proficiency in journalism has not come easily. It had to be toiled for. At first I could write only one review of a book, but gradually I learned to write two, three, four, five, and even six; and this, too, without duplicating a sentence. Ah, me! Why is there no Victoria Cross for the heroisms of peace? I shall never forget the night when I finished my first sixth-review. "Henceforward," I exclaimed, "my path is Clear."

Need I say more? Is not the remainder recorded in the pages of the *British Weekly* and the *Bookman*, the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Sketch*, the *Expositor* and the *Woman at Home*? R. N.

BANK HOLIDAY STUDIES.



'Appy' Arry—

"WITH MY NEW PANAMA-A-AR
AND TUPP'NY CIGA-A-AR."

OPERATIC NOTES.

"Finals."—Opera for this season is over. "After the Opera's over," as the old song had it, then come the reflections. Good season? Bad season? Well, all things considered, including Coronational disappointments, a very fair season. At least it has produced one thing absolutely unique, and that is *Der Wald*, the work of an English composeress rejoicing in the British name of SMYTHE, which after all is only SMITH "writ large." We have welcomed—"Place aux dames"—Miss MARY GARDEN and Frau LOHSE. The work of composer BUNNING—"he's English too"—we have noticed, and can say "Glad to hear from you again, Sir—only, go one or two better." Madame MELBA is the bright particular star that brighter and brighter shines, season after season, while CALVÉ, just a wee bit uncertain in her singing, is, histrionically at all events, a joy for ever.

What more remains to be written, except that Messrs. RENDLE and FORSYTH, with Mr. NELSON, the stage manager, have temporarily joined the "Moody-Manners" Company (would for the sake of lightness, brightness and politeness in "Company manners" it would change its style and title!), and are giving a season of operas at popular prices,

to which, as a trial trip with an idea of permanency, we wish every success.

With a promising (and performing) company, these managers propose giving several most popular operas (in English); also an opera, as yet untitled, by PIZZI. If the subject of the opera be classical and can be called *Cato*, then the name of composer and opera would suggest the lightest possible touch in combination as *Pizzi-Cato*. So ends the Opera Season, and so begins another. "One down t'other come on."

HISTORY (PICKWICKIAN) REPEATS ITSELF.

LAST week the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times* gave a short account of the visit of "the distinguished Japanese statesman, Count MATSUGATA," to the Russian capital. "The Count," he wrote, "proposes to spend a week or ten days in Russia, and will devote the time to acquiring as much information as possible both from official and from other sources with regard to the foreign policy and the internal condition of the Empire." Does not this remind us of Mr. Pickwick's interview with Count Smorttork at Mrs. Leo Hunter's garden party?

"Have you been long in England?" inquired Mr. PICKWICK of the illustrious foreigner.

"Long—ver long time—fortnight—more."

"Do you stay here long?"—"One week."

"You will have enough to do," said Mr. PICKWICK, smiling, "to gather all the materials you want in that time."

"Eh, they are gathered," said the Count.

"Indeed!" said Mr. PICKWICK.

"They are here," added the Count, tapping his forehead significantly. "Large book at home—full of notes—music, picture, science, poetry, poltic; all tings."

A reference to the chapter from which this is an excerpt will show what were the notes made by the Count of "information received" and the style and manner of his entries. We wish Count MATSUGATA every success and "a good time" in Petersburg, so that, on his leaving, his favoured acquaintances may sing his praises as did Mrs. LEO HUNTER and "a chorus of bystanders." "Wonderful man, Count SMORTTORK!" "Sound Philosopher," said Mr. POTT. "Clear-headed, strong-minded person," added Mr. Snodgrass.



'ARRY'S AUNT UPON THE CLIFF.

A Study in perspective done by 'Arry with a 'and camera.

"LOOPING THE LOOP."

(Some Amended Proverbs suggested by the exploits at the Aquarium and the Crystal Palace.)

Look before you loop.

A loop in time saves nine lives.

A loop in the air is worth two in the bush.

Loop me, loop my dog.

There's many a slip 'twixt the loop and the inquest.

It is a long loop that has no turning.

Those that loop near glass houses should not throw stones.

Who loops with "DIABOLO" should have a long spoon-brake.

It's an ill loop that brings no manager good.

It's a wise child that knows his own father upside down.

A looping bike gathers no moss.

'Tis looping makes the world go round.

Brevity is the soul of loops.

You can lead a horse to the Aquarium, but you can't make him loop.

Procrastination is the thief of loops.

Half a loop is worse than no chute.

A loop is as good as a broken neck to a blind man.

ANY NIECE AND ANY UNCLE.

[The following correspondence seems to explain why three excellent seats on a stand in Whitehall were unoccupied when the Procession passed last Saturday.]

The Pines, Croydon.

DEAR UNCLE JACK,—Will you come and take ARTHUR and me to see the Procession on Saturday? Papa bought three places for us and Fräulein, but now Fräulein is ill, and Papa does not think he will be able to go with us. And we can't go alone. Papa says he's sure you'll refuse, but ARTHUR and I say you wouldn't be so unkind.

Your loving little niece,

MAISIE HILLINGDON.

Bachelors' Club.

DEAR MAISIE,—Of course I will come. It is disgraceful of Papa to say I should refuse. I shall be delighted.

Your loving Uncle, JACK.

The Pines, Croydon.

DEAREST UNCLE JACK,—You are an angel! Papa was awfully astonished to hear you'd said "Yes." We shall expect you here in time for dinner on Friday.

Your loving MAISIE.

Bachelors' Club.

DEAR MAISIE,—All right. I'll turn up in time for dinner on Friday night. Tell Papa he'll be green with envy when he hears how we've enjoyed ourselves. Where are your seats? And how do we get to them?

Your loving Uncle, JACK.



THE TWELFTH.

(Guilderstein in the Highlands.)

Guild. (his first experience). "I'VE BEEN SWINDLED! THAT CONFOUNDED AGENT SAID IT WAS ALL DRIVIN' ON THIS MOOR, AND LOOK AT IT, ALL HILLS AND SLOSH! NOT A DECENT CARRIAGE ROAD WITHIN TEN MILES!"

The Pines, Croydon.

DEAREST UNCLE JACK,—Our seats are on a stand in the upper end of Whitehall. They're just a tiny bit difficult to get to from here, but that only makes it more fun. And they're lovely seats. We are to get up at four in the morning, just like the larks, and drive all the way from Croydon, as the trains will all be too full and we must get to our seats by eight at the very latest. ARTHUR and I are taking a box of chocolates with us in case we get hungry, as the Procession doesn't pass till lunch-time. Papa says we must buy some Bovril lozenges for you. We are all to bring waterproofs, as the stand is not covered in and it may rain. Besides,

they will be useful to sit on, as the seats are sure to be wet. After the Procession has passed we shall try and get something to eat somewhere, but I expect it won't be possible, as all the shops will be crowded. Then we shall all drive back to Croydon together. Won't it be jolly!

Your loving niece,

MAISIE HILLINGDON.

[Telegram.]

To Maisie Hillingdon, The Pines, Croydon.

Sorry. Can't be with you on Saturday. Important business.

UNCLE JACK.

WHO GOES ABROAD?

Now sinks the peace of curtained gloom
On talkers lingeringly belated,
And golden silence fills the room
Of speech at best electro-plated.

Here ends the actual Seventh Clause!
And lo! our children's Educators,
Haggard with faking dubious laws,
Burst out in tweeds and sporting gaiters.

Some to the moorlands flit away
In quest of grouse or vulgar rabbits,
Intent to snatch their early prey
Before it learns elusive habits.

Others, whose taste for game is marred
By inability to fell it,
Will urge against the bunker's guard
The scarcely less innocuous pellet.

Gourmands, whose girth is witness to
The New Procedure's pause for dinner,
Will hie to Homburg and pursue
The water-course that leaves you thinner;

While some, impelled by no disease,
But just the tripper's fine afflatus,
Will seek Lugano's grateful breeze
Or lap the mists that crown Pilatus.

And there, with low obsequious bow,
Mine host, of Fatherland extraction,
Will brush their boots and disavow
His country's anti-British action.

Who would recall—so swift the play
Of flattering tongue and smile that flutters—
What filth his fellows flung our way
From Berlin's insalubrious gutters?

Or, tickled by his vocal trill,
While other Deutchers growl like thunder,
Hint reasons why he would not kill
The goose that laid the golden plunder?

'Tis true that, now the war's at close,
I catch from Germany a rumour
How her official prints propose
To readjust their sense of humour—

That's well! But I reserve my heart,
Lashed by a stout and steely tether,
For such as take my country's part
In heavy, as in halcyon, weather.

Therefore, although my native beach
Just now I think of taking root on,
My spirit flies to where the speech,
But not the local tone, is Teuton.

Thither my body too should fare,
Nor leave my ego split in sections,
Only I simply could not bear
To brutalize these Swiss affections;

For there, where Love and Nature flow
Alike with milk (condensed) and honey,
My gratitude could never go
And take the shape of sordid money!

Nay, nay, mine host, be very sure
I dearly prize your troth's persistence,
But, just to prove your motives pure,
I'll let you love me from a distance! O. S.

THE WAY THEY SHOULD HAVE IN THE ARMY.

["He was driving, when he narrowly avoided running over a man. The man swore, and the lieutenant cut at him with his whip. The man seized the whip and thrashed the officer with it about the head. He then flung the whip in his face, and made off. Upon the matter coming to the knowledge of the officers of the Hussar Regiment they formed a court of honour, and found that the lieutenant was guilty of a breach of the regulations in not cutting his assailant down, and sentenced him to expulsion from the regiment—which, of course, means from the army."—*Daily Express*.]

MILITARY honour is proverbially a tender plant, but in Austria it seems, according to this story, to be almost too tender to bear the light. Mr. Punch hopes it is not true that Mr. BRODRICK has under his consideration the following regulations for the preservation of the honour of British officers against the brutal civilian:—

1. Should an officer, meeting a civilian, observe that he looks at him too hard, he shall draw his sword and threaten the said civilian.

2. Should the civilian continue to look at him the officer shall, after warning, beat him with the flat of his sword.

3. Should the civilian utter unseemly words or otherwise retort, the officer shall use the point of his sword so as to draw blood, the amount of blood to be determined by the unseemliness of the language of the said civilian.

4. Should the civilian thereupon attempt to strike, knock, or otherwise wound the officer, the latter shall cut off the arm with which the said civilian attacks him.

5. Should the civilian, in spite of this, and in defiance of all rules of honour, succeed in striking, knocking, or otherwise wounding the officer, the latter shall at once cut him into six pieces, after which he shall spring up to attention.

N.B.—Paragraph 5 does not apply to Volunteer officers, who are only required to cut their assailant into four pieces, after which they must spring up to attention.

THE FLIRT EXCUSED.

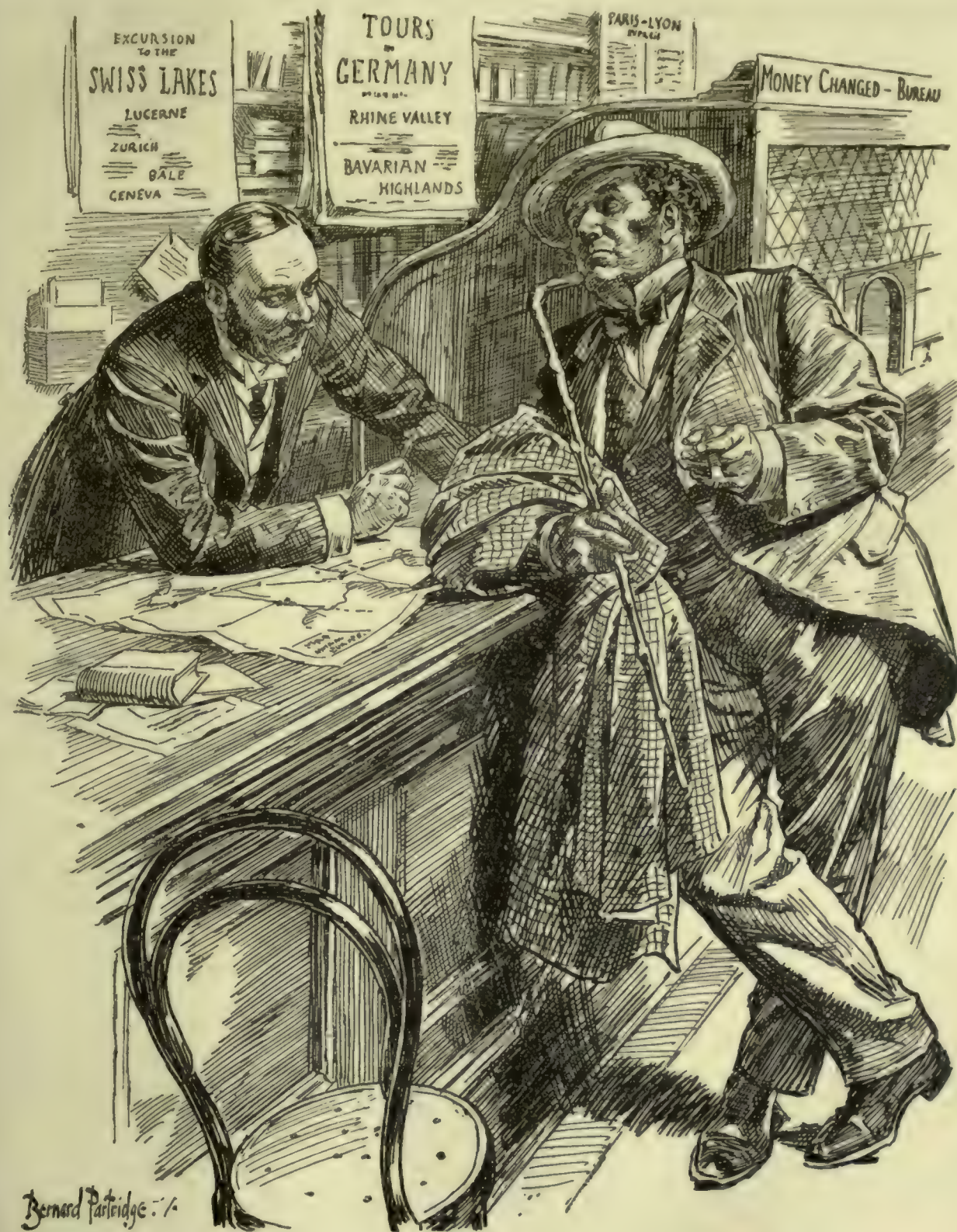
["The woman flirt is a very amiable sinner, lends new zest to the sunshine, brightens the flowers, helps to pass the time. Her sinning arises, in most cases, from an innocent desire to please the other sex. Who would be ungrateful enough to quarrel with so amiable an object?"—*The Lady's Pictorial*.]

It's kind of you, MABEL my love, to unbend
To your masculine friends and relations
And on heart-broken, world-weary mortals to spend
The wealth of your sweet fascinations.
Your sensitive nature I surely should hurt
If I treated your ways with suspicion,
For I know that, though others may call you a flirt
You are really fulfilling a mission.

There's poor Captain JONES, who is satisfied quite
That his lot is what's known as a "hard 'un,"
How thoughtful you showed yourself, MABEL, last night,
When you took him that stroll in the garden!
While CHARLEY DE VERE, at her ladyship's ball,
Seemed dullest and saddest of dancers,
Till with you he'd sat out, in a nook of the hall,
Six valse and two sets of lancers.

At dinners, at picnics, at balls you refuse
To no one your life-giving potion;
The men that you've cured of the dumps and the blues
Outnumber the sands of the ocean.
But since your *fiancé* is somewhat depressed,
And clouds o'er his happiness lower,
Oh! won't you give some of your patients a rest,
And grant him a taste of your power?

THERE is an old English family in which at least beautiful women should always be found. For what would the PEELS be without a fair number of belles?



"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

Tourist Agent (to Mr. John Bull, who contemplates a holiday on the Continent). "FOREIGN COUNTRIES QUITE CIVIL, SIR, NOW THE WAR'S OVER. GREAT CHANGE IN THEIR VIEWS!"
John Bull. "NOT IN THEIR SCENERY, I HOPE. THAT'S WHAT I GO ABROAD FOR."

CORONATION HATS AND THE
FIRST COMMISSIONER.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—It is quite likely that you will not receive this till after the Coronation, as the posts from this village are infrequent enough on ordinary occasions, and disappear almost entirely when confronted by a Bank Holiday and a Sunday. Moreover, even you will have been holiday-making, and neglecting to fill your numerous waste-paper baskets with your usual correspondence. So you may not know till it is over that I am not going to the Coronation at all.

I am by nature a brave man. I should have faced undaunted the innumerable terrors of the English climate; of the English crowds—so noisy since Mafeking night; of the English horns, whistles, squeaks, ticklers, and all the other instruments of national, if not rational, rejoicing; I should have braved the threatened dangers of fire, of falling stands, of prolonged fatigue; I should even have tried to gaze, without feeling ill, at many of the so-called “decorations,” whether English or Italian; but I could not face, from behind, the ladies’ hats. Why pay for a seat, even at greatly reduced prices, only to survey a mass of millinery?

So I fled to this secluded spot. I may remark that there is no millinery here, but that the villagers seem to be providing themselves with horns, whistles, squeaks, ticklers, &c., for the great occasion.

It was all very well for you to try your best, but I am sure every woman would say that you, Mr. Punch, are such a good-natured old dear that you could not really object to her new hat, which is only a quarter of a yard high—well, perhaps it is nearer three-quarters of a yard, if anyone is so silly as to measure to the top of the feathers.

No, Mr. Punch, there is only one man who could have secured justice for the male spectators, the responsible Minister, the First Commissioner of Works, and he was too frightened.

Poor, timid Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS, at last he and his subordinates have been defeated. He who is so meek and unassuming, and his nominal subordinate, Lord ESHER, who is of course the same, have not feared to grapple with the problems of the new Government Offices, and to design them, as they think, with greater skill than the original architects. They have not feared, without assisting the traffic in the least, to widen the widest part of Piccadilly, and ruin its appearance for ever. Last June they even



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

“BUT THOU ART FAIR, AND AT THY BIRTH, DEAR BOY,
NATURE AND FORTUNE JOINED TO MAKE THEE GREAT.”

King John, Act III., Sc. 1.

ventured to transform the front of the National Gallery into a mass of wood apparently arranged for a bonfire, but happily so soaked by rain that intending seatholders upon it were compensated for the prospect of inevitable rheumatism by the reflection that the national pictures behind it were safe. Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS and the others never uttered a word of protest against similar preparations for a bonfire around St. Paul's Cathedral. Nor have they protested against the destruction of the trees in St. Margaret's churchyard by an obstinate parson. By Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS and the other officials, equally ignorant of the arts, the new Record Office is said to be a thing of beauty. In all these matters, he, and Lord ESHER and the others have conclusively shown that they think they know better than anybody else, and

now at last they have been completely bowled over by some women's hats.

But the First Commissioner did Lord ESHER an injustice. He, at least, would never have feared to rush in and prescribe the headgear even of angels. He would have drawn up rules for hats and regulations for toques and a complete Building Act for bonnets. Is it conceivable that he would have been frightened by a feather or beaten by a bow? Never! But Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS did not give him the chance of issuing an edict, and he was too timid to do it himself.

So I have abandoned all idea of seeing the Procession, or, rather, the hat which would have hidden it entirely.

Yours obediently,

Mudby-in-the-Marsh, C. LITTLE.
August 2.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

VIII.—THE KING'S PEACE.

It is Coronation night, and I have come out—more from a feeling of dogged obstinacy than from any other reason—to see the illuminations. To tell the truth I am determined to be able to say that I have enjoyed the Coronation, and hitherto fortune has not smiled upon me. For the greater part of the day I have been standing in tight boots, wedged in between two stertorous foreigners—who seem to have breakfasted on a sole diet of garlic—this, in order eventually to be rewarded with a glimpse of two white plumes and the top of a lance. But to-night my chance of enjoyment is at any rate as good as that of the seated plutocrats of the day.

The prevalent spirit seems to be a determination to express complete satisfaction. It is well voiced, I think, by a festive navvy who, holding up his hand for a silence which is not granted, observes, "Fellow-countrymen! Peace 'as been 'claimed, and to-day the KING 'as been crowned. 'Ooray!" and promptly goes to sleep against a shop-front. It is a general feeling which has different methods of expression. A large number seem to find it an adequate reason for knocking off other people's hats. Numerous choral bands are conclusively expressing their loyalty and ratifying the Peace by aiming ingenious blows with bladders at the heads of respectable people—of whom I am one.

This does not increase my enjoyment of the evening; further, I have to submit to the ignominy of being addressed as BERTIE, and tickled in the face with peacock's feathers by muscular ladies to whom I am certain that I have never had an introduction. I am particularly struck by the irrelevancy of the song part of the demonstration. One gentleman has arrayed himself from head to foot in a huge Union Jack in order repeatedly to break the news of his impending departure from DOLLY. An unescorted lady in a tricolor paper cap is making an impersonal appeal to be buried by the old yew tree, a suggestion which, to my regret, nobody seems ready to act upon.

As I contemplate all this, a bullet-headed young man of ruffianly aspect steps up to me, and without troubling to speak, motions to me that he requires the aid of my cigarette. At this he proceeds to light what looks like half a dirty cigarette paper screwed round some sand. As he does so there is a sudden and violent interruption.

Kollop!

A bladder-wielding party have picked

off my companion on the back of his bullet head. In an instant he swings round, and lets out like lightning with his foot, and simultaneously one of the bladder-wielders sits down heavily in a winkle-stall. The next moment I am aware that another of the party has dropped the bladder of peace, and is aiming a blow with his fist at my head. There is no time for explanations; I stoop and tackle the man "low," and he measures his length on the pavement.

It seems to me that an explanation would now be out of place. The bullet-headed young man has disappeared with a completeness that borders on the miraculous. I turn and walk away from the scene of action, not without a feeling of elation. I have acquitted myself as a Briton should. It is but a few hours since I witnessed the inspiring pageant of two white plumes and the top of a lance. I am a son of the Empire. At the same time I feel that it will be advisable to take the next 'bus.

With these reflections I step firmly—and briskly—into the road. Suddenly I am seized from behind by the collar. I turn, and in a moment find myself the centre of an excited group of the bladder fraternity.

"D'you know what you've done?" yells their loudest spokesman, punctuating his remarks upon my person. "You've killed my pal, that's what you've done. You'll jest come back with us. We've sent for a copper."

I endeavour to enter into explanations, but without success. I am hustled back by a yelling group, growing larger every moment, to where the man whom I had "tackled low" is lying on his back unskillfully simulating insensibility. The loudest of my escort is becoming too vigorous in the punctuation of his remarks to suit my taste. I manage to get my back to a shop-front, and find myself facing an unpleasantly large crowd.

"You'll jest see a copper about this!" yells the *fidus Achates* of the deceased.

I assure the mob, and with truth, that I am perfectly ready to do so. It is the course that I should myself have chosen. The crowd is increasing every moment. ACHATES has circulated a report that I have knocked a man down and kicked him to death. The mob is expressing its opinion that such a proceeding is un-English. ACHATES' policy of fetching a policeman seems to be superseded by a general desire for my blood. One man on the outskirts of the crowd is original enough to suggest that my defence should be given a hearing. I catch a glimpse directly afterwards of his prudently hasty departure. It is here that I have a sudden recollection of my form-

master at school describing Public Opinion as "a splendid safeguard." I begin to have serious fears that the KING'S Coronation is about to be marred by the loss of a valuable subject, and, changing my attitude, endeavour to convey the impression of a wholesome fear of police interference.

ACHATES becomes exultant.

"Don't you think you're goin' to get orf," he yells—colon here, on my chest—"You'll spend the night in a cell, I can tell yer."

I sincerely hope he may prove a true prophet. As it is, I am more than apprehensive of spending the night with the rest of time as unrecognisable remains.

"Yer friend got away, did 'e?" continues ACHATES—double mark of interrogation—"but you won't. You'll swing for this."

At this point there is a diversion in the middle of the crowd, and I gather that my victim has returned from the land of the dead.

At the same moment I feel a tug at my sleeve. I turn, and am confronted by a wizened little man wearing a Coronation button.

"Look 'ere, Sir," he remarks confidentially, "you're in a myenority 'ere."

I am bound to admit it.

"If you take my advice, Sir," he continues, "you'll clear out o' this."

I express my gratitude for this valuable counsel. But the little man is a man of action. Taking me by the arm he begins to pull me roughly through the mob, whose attention has to some extent been transferred to the miraculous resurrection of my victim. How the little man does it I cannot altogether understand, but in half a minute he has me outside the crowd, and is walking with me down the road. A few vegetable missiles find their billet in the back of my neck. The occasion strikes me as a suitable one for hailing a cab.

I offer the little man a solid token of my appreciation, but he will take nothing.

"That's all right, Sir," he says. "You were in a myenority. You drive off 'ome, that's my advice to you."

I am unable to prevail upon him.

"That's all right, Sir," he repeats.

"Good-night, Sir. I saw you was in a myenority."

The little Samaritan glides down a side street. The cab starts off, and, leaning back with a sigh of relief, I meditate on the blessings of Peace.

First Johnnie. Hullo, old chappie, what did you do for the Coronation?

Second Johnnie. Oh, well, old man, I didn't overstrain myself: but I felt something was expected of me, so I wore a Coronation necktie.

CORONATION NOTES.

MANY 'buses had Grand Double Fares in honour of the Coronation. Others, determined not to be outdone in loyalty, trebled theirs.

One enterprising 'bus labelled "Mammoth Fares!" attracted large numbers of country people.

A short-sighted gentleman in the stand erected in Parliament Square created a scene by insisting on Lord BEACONSFIELD sitting down.

One of the most wonderful features of the Coronation was the temporary addition to Westminster Abbey. It was absolutely impossible to say where the old left off and the new began, and those who know their British Workman fear that, unless very careful instructions are given, when the time arrives to remove the temporary structure, the whole of the Abbey may be pulled down.

Business capacity was more apparent than good taste in some of the decorations. For instance:—

"HIS MAJESTY EATS JONES'S PICKLED
PINEAPPLE.
LONG LIVE THE KING!"

"MARY JANE" writes that those who did not see Kensington Gardens a few days before the Coronation missed something worth seeing. It was got up exactly like Paradise. It was one mass of soldiers.

Three fashionably-dressed ladies, who had booked seats through an agent, made a regrettable scene when they drove up in their carriage on Saturday. They then discovered they had to sit behind a glass shop-window bearing the words, "The Cheapest Hats in London."

But that was really nothing to the fuss made by the two spinster sisters whose day was entirely spoiled by the notice, similarly placed, "Must be cleared. No offer refused."

If the gentleman from the New Cut who found the Handsome Gold Watch, lost by a Gentleman from Belgravia in the crowd on Coronation Night, will call on the latter, he will be suitably rewarded.

The merry-little shoe-black who greeted one of our Dusky Visitors with the question, "Shine your face, Sir?" expects to be out of the hospital in a fortnight.

The gentleman who, on Saturday night, when out to view the decorations, climbed a creeper made of paper to pluck a xylonite apple, lies in a precarious condition.

Great diversity of opinion prevailed among noble lords as to the correct



BINKS, WHO IS THE KINDEST CREATURE POSSIBLE, HAS UNDERTAKEN TO FASTEN UP THE BOAT AND BRING ALONG THE SIPHONS. UNFORTUNATELY BOTH SCULLS HAVE GONE, AND HIS FRIENDS ARE OUT OF HEARING.

fashion of wearing a coronet at the Abbey last week. Lord SALISBURY, I hear, wore his tipped over his nose. Lord ROSEBURY's, on the contrary, was perched negligently on the back of his head, while Lord LANSDOWNE, perhaps in memory of his recent connection with the War Office, had his cocked jauntily over one ear like a forage cap.

The limited amount of seating accommodation provided for each peeress at the Coronation gave rise to inconvenience in many cases. Thus Lady PORTLY and Lady REGULAR-BIGGUN, whose seats were next one another, at once realised that the number of inches allotted to each of them was miserably inadequate. The difficulty was, however, settled in a friendly fashion, the two ladies drawing lots to decide which of them should stay away.

The problem of securing sufficient nourishment during the long hours

which elapsed between taking their seats in the Abbey and the entrance of His MAJESTY exercised the minds of several great ladies. The Duchess of ST. MAW took with her an ample supply of pemmican, Lady POULTRY hard-boiled eggs, Lady GUZZLER consumed Proteid biscuits and *pâté de foie gras*. Lady DYSPESIA TOMPKINS, being a vegetarian, supported herself surreptitiously on lentils, while Lady MIDAS ate meat-juice out of a tin with a gold spoon.

GOOD OPENING FOR AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

"To-night we have swollen altogether out of our original proportions."—*Report of Lord Rosebery's Speech at the Liberal League Banquet.*

An order appears in the *Gazette* to the effect that August 9 is hereafter to be observed as a Collar Day. Why not as a Bank-Collar-Day?



Trippler. "'ERE! 'ARF A MO'! WHERE'S THE CHANGE OUT O' THAT BOB I GAVE YER?"

Bystander. "DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, COCKY, AIN'T YOU GOT THE BLOOMIN' 'OSS AS SECURITY?"

A CANTO OF CLARET.

(To W. J. J.)

ON an evening—oh, it was long ago
In the years when life had a rosy glow,
When each black cloud, though we never feared it,
Yielded and faded the more we neared it,
Like a thin wan mist by the sun's rays scattered;
And nothing at all in the wide world mattered,
Nothing but joy and the right to choose it,
And the strength of our arms and the right to use it;
When gold, not ingot or coin or bar,
But better and richer and rarer far,
Was ours, not toiled for or snatched for or groped for,
In the friends we had and the friends we hoped for,
All of them tested and staunch and truthful,
And all, like ourselves, immensely youthful—
On a certain evening in mid-November
We sat and we talked—do you remember?
And all of a sudden, neat and thin,
A third to our party came gliding in;
Neat and thin and sedate and prim,
With a fine smooth cap, and a dress so prim
That the least rough movement might disarrange it;
And a look—but I didn't wish to change it—
Fixed and sober and cool and quiet,
With never a hint of noise or riot;
So calm and gentle that, but for staring,
We might have missed when a fire came flaring

Forth from his eyes, so swift and bright
As the sparks from a horse's hoofs at night,
When the road gleams out by his gallop fired—
So quickly it flashed and so expired.
Then he looked you here and he looked you there,
And I thought, thought I, I must speak him fair.
He's a gentleman, every inch, that's clear;
So let him be welcome and sit down here;
And if he can talk, so much the better:
Right gladly I'll listen, and be his debtor
For a story told, and, unless I'm cheated,
It's bound to be good—so I said, "Be seated;
Be seated, friend, at your utmost ease,
And tell us your story, if you please."

"Tis."

(To be continued.)

Rice v. Confetti.

It seems that in Siam there is still a preference for the old custom of discharging rice at wedding festivities. Thus we read in Reuter's cable from that region: "Six hundred Shans still hold Muang Pray . . . They are collecting rice and making ammunition."

The account goes on to say, "The Shans have killed twenty-five Siamese officials . . . Eight Europeans remain at Pray."

We fear there is folly in this contempt of danger. As the poet said: "And fools that came to Pray, remained to scoff."



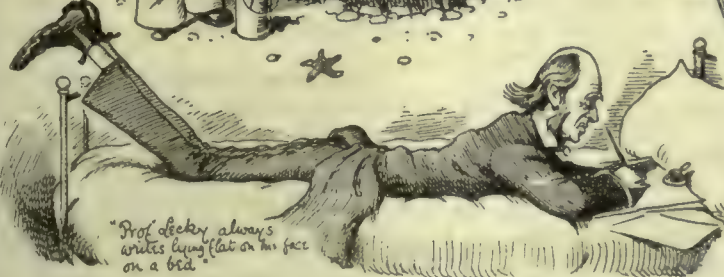
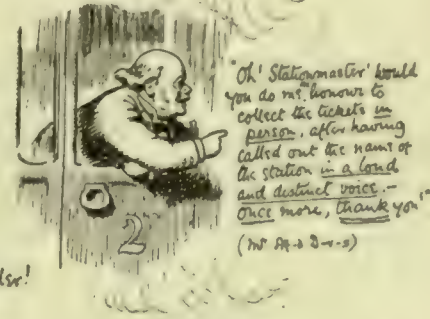


EMPIRE AND PEACE.

Coronation, Westminster Abbey, August 9. Naval Review, August 16.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"RECESSIONAL."

House of Commons, Monday, August 4. —Much struck with WALTER FOSTER'S approach to Front Opposition Bench. Appearance weirdly transmogrified. That "bedside manner," that has for a quarter of a century been the comfort of Birmingham and its proximity, vanished. "Instead of which," as the judge said, there is a distinct military bearing about the kindly doctor. Has hastily improvised a moustache, which in its truculent twist faintly recalls HERMON

HODGE's masterpiece. When he approached the Table, instead of bowing in ordinary fashion, he halted, brought his heels together with snap, above which you could almost hear the jangling of spurs; with sweep of arm carried stiff right hand to touch his martial brow in salute of SPEAKER.

Mystery solved when House got into Committee of Supply. Army Estimate under consideration. All the colonels mustered on parade. C.-B., whose scorn of week-enders is well known, went away on Thursday; hasn't been seen since. On eve of departure confided Leadership of Opposition to BRYCE. The anguish BRYCE went through on Friday night, when he endeavoured to keep HUMPHREYS-OWEN straight on his amendment to Seventh Clause of Education Bill, temporarily prostrated a frame undermined by ascent in early life of Mount Ararat. Post of Leader of Opposition accordingly delegated to Sir WALTER FOSTER, M.D., Consulting Physician, author of that popular work *The Use of Sphygmograph in Heart Disease*.

At proper time, when a few colonels and such-like had spoken, FOSTER fell in and delivered luminous address from Front Opposition point of view on general policy of the War Office, with special reference to judgment in horse flesh and accuracy of range with the wind in the south-west. BRODRICK, who followed in defence of his Department, was rather nasty. Valuable remarks, he observed, had been made by gallant gentlemen on either side of the House; but he didn't think much of the contributions of the Member for the Ilkeston Division. Some suggestions he had advanced were impracticable; others had been in force for some years.

This, however, only professional jealousy. Nothing war veterans dislike more than to see a civilian poking his nose into the barracks. During the siege of Paris GAMBETTA, it will be remembered, suffered from this prejudice.

Business done.—Fourscore votes in Army Estimates passed as quickly as Members could march round Division Lobbies.

Tuesday night.—It never rains but it pours, especially in Cowes Week. STANLEY has had much to put up with lately, including Mr. WEIR. To-night, serving his country by explaining what had become of the vast supply of clothing sent out to South Africa, was suddenly interrupted by SPEAKER with stern cry of "Order! order!" Happened at moment to be dealing with the stock of nether garments. In his haste, spoke *tout court* of "trowsers." Vague recollections of virgin society, where the word was taboo, flashed on his troubled

mind. Was trowser an un-Parliamentary word? Did reference to it hurt the delicate sensibilities of Irish Members? STANLEY furtively looked across floor to see if WILLIAM O'BRIEN was in his place. No.

His next impulse was to withdraw trowsers—of course I mean the word. About to withdraw and apologise in customary fashion when he comprehended the situation. It was 10 o'clock; at that hour, on this particular day, it was ordained talk should cease and voting commence. Stranger in gallery, looking down on scene through afternoon, profoundly puzzled. Had read something of urgency of situation; since he took his seat in gallery had



TOBY, M.P., "Loops the Loop."

heard the Premier lament the overflow of business and the scarcity of time. Had even hinted at necessity for carrying Session over into next week, to the shattering of domestic plans of Members. Yet by the hour Mr. WEIR, followed by Mr. CALDWELL, delivered prodigious speeches on minute topics before almost empty benches.

Time thus occupied in the freshest hours of the sitting, here was the Financial Secretary to the War Office interrupted in important speech on Army Clothing, his cloth, so to speak, suddenly snipped. And all on the score of urgency, of the preciousness of time, of the weight of business that overwhelmed a working assembly!

Closure enforced, some 300 gentlemen of respectable, even sane, appearance spent hour or two in walking round the Lobbies. "Passing the Report Stage of Supply," the wise call it.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Thursday night.—After long, laborious Session Mr. WEIR, packing up his *pince-nez*, goes off to his moor with contented mind. In these closing days of first division of Session has had his hour of triumph.

Has brought Financial Secretary to the War Office to his knees; has pounded Pall Mall with blows, the sound of which fell upon alarmed ears in the equally faulty Department at Whitehall.

All about the remounts. Report current that a number of horses at Stellenbosch, fed with chaff, had retorted with glanders. Consequence was, six hundred had to be shot.

"As a rule," says STANLEY, with fine irony, "glanders is not a disease horses catch through eating chaff."

Frivolity of remark touched Mr. WEIR to the quick. "The noble lord," he said, pumping up funeral voice from its tomb in his boots, "defends the practice of feeding horses with chaff."

"I did nothing of the kind," said STANLEY; which was, indeed, the truth.

"Very well," said Mr. WEIR, waving him off; "a most unsympathetic reply—most unsympathetic. Will the noble lord deny that the horses had the glanders? No, Mr. LOWTHER, he can't. Then, why quibble? Does he deny the horses were fed with chaff? or that in consequence six hundred of them were shot? Ah, Mr. LOWTHER, I'm thinking of my poor cottars in the Highlands and islands, who will have to go without many a half-ounce of tobacco. A most unsympathetic speech. I shall move the reduction of the Vote by £100."

In vain Members near besought him not to put Committee to trouble of Division. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir WALTER FOSTER, V.C., rising from front Opposition bench, with colourful imitation of the Squire of Malwood's figure and manner, recommended him, as his Leader *pro tem.*, to withdraw. Mr. WEIR was obdurate.

"Most unsympathetic speech," he murmured; "feeding horses with chaff!"

There was, perhaps, personal feeling in this last matter. Six hundred horses fed with chaff at Stellenbosch had succumbed to glanders. In House of Commons Mr. WEIR always being chaffed. Who could say what might not happen? Anyhow, "an unsympathetic answer by noble lord." LOUGH, of all men, attempted to dissuade him. Mr. WARNER rose from bench immediately below and made a personal appeal.

For all answer, Mr. WEIR said, "I'm thinking of my poor Highlanders."

How they came to be dragged in, whether in connection with the chaff or the glanders, did not appear. Mr. WARNER



ORATORY.

Park Orator. "'AVING SAID ALL I AM GOING TO SAY ON THIS POINT, I WILL RETURN TO WHAT I WAS JUST COMING TO WHEN I WAS INTERRUPTED, AND REPEAT WHAT I WAS PREVENTED FROM SAYING."

was sensible of a scalding tear falling on the unprotected crown of his head, It was Mr. WEIR weeping as he thought of "my Highlanders," not able to borrow a pipe of tobacco from a neighbour all owing to the affair at Stellenbosch. Conquering his emotion, he took a Division.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee.

Friday.—Adjourn for holidays. School re-opens 16th of October.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to one of the best-informed French papers Lord SALISBURY has, since his resignation, accepted service as a spy in the employ of the British Government, and is to reside at Beaulieu.

Will the French ever understand us? In a not very friendly article on the War, just published in one of their journals, there are some ridiculous mistakes. Lord ROBERTS, throughout, is referred to as "le vénérable Robber," and the High Commissioner is always "le lord Millionaire."

The much-advertised Motor Race in the Ardennes turned out to be a poor affair after all, not a single person being killed.

The War Office has officially approved of Motor Cars for the Army, and it now only remains to adopt the wrong sort.

General YOSHONINA, Chief of the Staff of the Japanese Army, is in this country studying British Army methods. Last week he was shown Sandhurst College. "England," as someone said, "does not seek alliances."

The statement that BOSS CROKER, of Tammany fame, intends to enter English Society is untrue. The rumour probably arose from a report that Mr. CROKER has been taking lessons in English.

Last week's list of commercial failures shows one less than the corresponding week of 1901. This must be the boom that was promised after the War.

An International Fire Exhibition is to be held next year, and the English authorities have been invited to contribute to the Retrospective Section.

Captain WELLS has declared that the appliances used by our Fire Brigade are the best in the market. He is now busy getting better ones.

To render more striking the change that is to take place in the ownership of

the Westminster Aquarium, the hall is now in the possession of a gentleman named DIAVOLO.

On dit that the fish are to be eaten by the Directors at a farewell banquet.

ILL-FÊTE-D!

["Lord KITCHENER's entertainers will do well to remember that nervous prostration is a complaint that spares not even generals."—*Daily Paper.*]

ALAS! for the quiet and rest
To Commoners freely allowed;
While heroes with honours oppressed
For ever must live in a crowd.

Wherever I turn in the street,
My path by admirers is barred;
I scarcely find space for my feet,
While thousands my progress retard.

From banquet to banquet I rush,
To dine in the popular gaze;
Men's plaudits my modesty flush—
I feast on a surfeit of praise.

There come deputations in hordes,
Whose eloquence nought can abate;
My armoury bristles with swords—
I'm glutted with caskets and plate.

Ah! what shall recover for me
The rest I am hankering for?
I long from this turmoil to flee
To peace once again at the war!



BOOKSTALL BUOY.

A Suggestion for the Holiday Season. Would be very handy for the passing Steamers.

SWITCH IS IT?

SIR,—In *Spectator* for August 2, a correspondent, writing about KEATS and Corporal Flogging (good military sounding grade this!) signs himself "ONE OF THE SWITCHED." He may be correct in his spelling ("switch-back" is right, but this was invented after his time and KEATS's), though, personally, being an Eton boy (or rather having been one—but once an Eton boy always an Eton boy, for Etonian youth is perennial), I never heard this word pronounced as spelt by this correspondent of the *Spectator's*. In my time, Sir, "swished" was the invariable pronunciation; we never had to *spell* it, as far as I remember, when Dr. HAWTREY administered the backwardation. To view this retrospectively is, what may be termed, of the very essence of the matter. I feel almost as certain of the spelling of this word as I do of its pronunciation, though, perhaps, now-a-days, I would not for my opinion go to the block, not even on the chance of obtaining remission by pleading "first fault." Yours,

A MERRY SWISH BOY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The first volume of *Parliament, Past and Present* (HUTCHINSON), a popular picturesque account of a thousand years in the Palace of Westminster, is just out. It confirms the impression recorded in this column on reading the first of the fortnightly parts. My Baronite chances to know something of Parliament during the last thirty years. But he has learnt a great deal from a study of this volume. Mr. ARNOLD WRIGHT and Mr. PHILIP SMITH, old parliamentary hands, joint authors, have done their work admirably. They have left no stone unturned, no record unsearched, for the illumination of their record. Its value is enhanced by the reproduction of a multitude of valuable, not easily accessible, paintings and engravings. *Parliament, Past and Present*, is the best thing of the kind yet done. It will remain the standard work on a subject that has undying fascination for the English-speaking race abroad and at home.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HOW IT STRIKES A YANKEE.

You ask me what I think, JOHN? Wal, I've jest ben lookin' round
An' sizin' up things gen'ally, sence I struck English ground.
I've ben here now for quite a spell—sence June, I b'lieve, an' so
I think I'm in position to express my views below.

When I see Injun Princes, yes, an' Fiji niggers, too,
An' strappin' lads from New South Wales, an' that New Zealand crew,
An' all the rest that gathered here for just one single thing,
To show their loyal homage to their EMPEROR an' KING,

Why, JOHN, I tell ye, it's a sight I never kin forget!
It stirred up my old blood-pump so that—wal—it's stirrin' yet!

An' tho' I am a Yankee, JOHN, a loyal Yankee, too,
I couldn't help a-feelin' proud that I come down from you!

I ain't forgot, JOHN, what you did, when I was fightin' Spain,

When my boy DEWEY, in the East, was givin' them a pain;
Ye know some fellows poked a nose where noses didn't b'long,

An' GEORGE, he didn't waste no time in sayin' it was wrong.

An' when them fellers come to you, to find out what you tho't,

You didn't say a blessed word; but, JOHN, you looked a lot!
That kind o' thing I can't forget, because—wal—I dunno,
The words won't come exactly, JOHN—but—shake! Thar—now, ye know!

An', then, JOHN, there's some other things that link us, old and young

Our ideas are about the same, 'n' we speak one mother tongue;

We've had our little scrappin', JOHN, but now we've drawn the line,

It ain't on your mind much, I guess; I know it ain't on mine.

You're hard to know, JOHN, sometimes, but when you let down the bars

There's not a better feller underneath the sun an' stars!
I poke my fun at you, JOHN, an' you poke your fun at me,
But 't's all in best of feelin', cause we understand, you see!

But if some other feller tried to git a little gay,
We mightn't be so playful: ain't that true, JOHN, what I say?
So let me tell ye somethin' on the strict "Q.T."—"strict. con."—

Because it's jest 'tween you an' me, and no one else is "on."

If anyone comes nosin' 'round, and lookin' kinder "fly,"
An' possibly gits over-bold an' holds hisself too high,
Jest bear in mind, now, what I say in confidence to you:
Here—whisper, JOHN—sh!—come up close!—"I've got some popguns, too!" U. S. A.

MOONLIGHT AT A FASHIONABLE FAIRY WATERING-PLACE.—
"Come and have a flutter," said Puck to a lively little Fairy.—"No, thank you," she replied. "I prefer to take a dragon-fly by the hour. It saves my wings."

IRONY OF NOMENCLATURE.—In Paris, just now, whenever two deadly antagonistic bodies wish to have a free fight they make for the Place de la Concorde. The only point on which they are in agreement is as to the place of meeting.

SCIENCE AND ART.

["Professor MARK H. LIDDELL (of America), has written a book called *Introduction to the Study of English Scientific Poetry*. . . . 'Poetry is literature usually of a high degree of Human Interest, which in addition to its Human Interest has in it an added Aesthetic Interest due to the arrangement of some easily recognisable and constantly present concomitant of thought-formulation into a form of Aesthetic appeal for which an appreciative Aesthetic sentiment has been gradually developed in the minds of those who habitually think by means of the language in which the poetry is written.' This enlightening definition is further elucidated by an algebraic formula which stands as follows:— $x + HI + VF$,—meaning ideas formulated in terms of correlated sound-group-images + Human Interest + Verse Form."—*Academy*.]

Ah, what is Poetry? You ask.

A thousand criticsasters try
The all-unprofitable task,
And of their ignorance reply.

She is a Maid, say some, who sips
The waters of the sacred well,
And whom she favours, from his lips
Shall sweetest numbers rise and
swell.

She is a Zephyr; poets' souls
Are her Aolian harps. She sighs
Upon their chords and music rolls—
She passes, and their music dies.

Or she is Love—the wondrous light
That shines in lovers' hearts and
shows
A world all magically bright,
A universe *couleur de rose*.

Or she is Genius—the art
To know what Truth and Justice be;
The thinking mind, the feeling heart,
The ear to hear, the eye to see.

She is a question of the brains—
Grey matter present in excess;
No doubt the two parental strains
Were both a bit abnormal, yes!

Words, words, mere windy words, to
hide
The criticaster's little lore;
Oh, let our answer be supplied
With verbiage less and meaning
more.

Let Science be our guide to-day,
To Rhetoric's effusion deaf.
You ask, what's Poetry? I say
It's $x + HI + VF$.

THE elementary difficulties connected with the manipulation of verbal principles are familiar to readers of sporting journalesse, e.g. "Quickening opposite the Doves, the watch showed 35 to the minute." But a record in this kind is established in a contemporary's account of the Surrey and Yorkshire match:—"Rolling out to a grand wicket, the Surrey men commenced in promising fashion."



MAN'S EXTREMITY IS WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

CONSOLATORY!

"*C'est la façon dont le sang circule.*"

WHEN your feet are like lead
(And so is your head)
And your temper is simply infernal,
And your excellent wife,
Worried out of her life,
Remarks on the fact in her journal—

When you growl like a bear,
Or jump up and swear
If a plate is put down with a clatter,
And are quite at a loss
To explain why you're cross
And what in the world is the matter—

When you don't want to live,
And the thought that you give
To your business is fretful and cursory,
And you're sulky at meals,
And can't bear the squeals
That (as usual!) proceed from the
nursery—

When you snarl and you snap,
And you don't care a rap
For the horrible way you're behaving,
And you frequently mention
Your rooted intention
Of cutting your throat while you're
shaving—

When you ponder all day
On the easiest way
Of drowning yourself in the river,
It's a comfort, I find,
To keep clearly in mind
That it's probably only your liver!

"Now," quoth an impecunious nobleman to a cautious architect, "I want a mansion five storeys high."

"It will be very expensive," was the considerate objection.

"Ah," returned my Lord, "but 'that's another storey.' We'll stop at five."



MR. PODSON WAS ADVISED TO TRY BLIND-FOLDING ON A HORSE INCLINED TO BOLT. IT WAS MOST UNFORTUNATE THE ROAD SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE BLOCKED BY A HERD OF CATTLE THE FIRST TIME HE TRIED THE PLAN.

A CORONATION EXECUTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A fortnight ago my master received the following notice from his laundryman. "In consequence of His MAJESTY'S Royal Proclamation that August 9 shall be observed as a National Holiday, will you kindly have any linen you may require washed ready for the man when he calls on Wednesday, August 6, so that I may execute the same with as little inconvenience as possible?"

Dear Mr. Punch, I can only say that he has been true to his word. Perhaps the Editor of your "Notes and Queries" will be interested in observing this savage survival of Sacrificial Rites on the occasion of Public Festivities.

Believe me to be,
The Mangled Remains of
SOME VERY FINE LINEN.

It is reported that an obliging cabman very kindly consented to drive a lady from her house to her seat on the day of the Coronation for the modest sum of six guineas. The normal fare for the distance is two shillings. The example of the cabman might well be followed by others on future occasions of public rejoicing. Thus a "Two-guinea Tube" (pronounced Tuggany)

could hardly fail to be remunerative. In moments of enthusiasm these little things pass almost unnoticed, and in any case America is with us.

A GENTLEMAN writes to the *Morning Post* thus:—

"I was staying at a fashionable hotel on the East coast, whose name I do not care to mention, and the first night I arrived I donned my 'war paint,' as was my wont, when judge of my surprise to find that I was the only man in evening dress at my table. Now I wish to openly protest to such treatment. I think that the manager of such a hotel ought to either insist on evening dress at dinner being indispensable, or he ought at least to seat those visitors who are dressed apart from those who are not."

Mr. Punch is horrified to learn that there are people on

the East coast who do not dress for dinner, and he entirely sympathises with the indignant gentleman. The least that the manager of a hotel should have done in the circumstances, when he recognised the obvious social distinction of the visitor, and the rare refinement of his habits, would have been to give him a suite of apartments to himself. Then he could wear his "war-paint" all day without risk of contamination from the vulgar herd. The other people at his table were much to blame. In common decency they should have gone away and had their food in the kitchen.



"FORE! AND AFT!!"

THE GUIDE-BOOK REMARKS THAT, "UPON REACHING THE SUMMIT OF THE CLIFF, THE TOURIST IS STRUCK BY THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE BAY." SOME TOURISTS HAVE HAD LESS PLEASANT EXPERIENCES.



Mrs. Noodel. "MY HUSBAND SAYS THIS IS SUCH AN AWFUL HAT! YOU DON'T SEE ANYTHING ABSURD IN IT, DO YOU, DEAR!"
 Miss Sharpe. "OH, NO, DEAR; NOT MUCH—ONLY YOUR HEAD." [Friendly relations are subsequently re-established.]

THE PRINCES OF DENMARK.

[A Copenhagen daily paper is stopping publication from June to September this year, so as to enable the staff to enjoy a long summer holiday.]

Oh, oft have I pitied the journalist's lot,
 Who toils through the night writing columns of rot,
 And only is free to return to his cot

When the daylight is dawning; but, then, mark,
 Not all of the world is composed of such fools
 As cling to the rigorous, cast-iron rules

Which hold in our insular newspaper schools—
 They manage things better in Denmark.

When summer comes courting and woos you to laze
 In her lap of delight through the halcyon days,
 What rapture to stretch at your length nor to raise

A finger to make but a pen-mark;
 From June to September to lie i' the sun,
 Secure as an infant and brown as a bun,
 With the blue sky above you—I say it, for one;
 They manage things better in Denmark.

O toilers of Fleet Street, who painfully write
 Through the lingering hours of the long stuffy
 night,

Which throbs at each quarter as time's laggard flight
 The echoing strokes of Big Ben mark,
 Ah, think of your brothers across the North Sea
 As idle and cool as a mortal can be,
 And I make little doubt you will warmly agree
 They manage things better in Denmark.

HOLIDAYS AU NATUREL.

[A medical paper recommends adopting a savage life during the holidays.]

Bounding Buffalo. Yield, Iroquois chief, for no brave ever
 defied the BUFFALO-WHO-NEVER-SLEEPS and lived!

Snake-in-the-Grass. Three moons have I hunted on thy
 tracks, Mohawk dog. Now die! (*The rifle misses fire. Aside.*)
 This blamed Birmingham tool never will work!

Buffalo. Why, you're not an Indian at all! You're
 (*rubbing his eyes*)—you're JONES of the War Office!

Snake. What—not BROWN! Good business! Couldn't
 recognise you in all that paint without my glasses, old chap.
 I'm on one of these Cheap Trackless-Forest Trips—my
 gout, you know—doctor's orders.

Buffalo. Let's smoke the pipe of peace. (*Timidly*) We
 can smoke here, can't we? I'm playing out time on a
 Boundless Prairie Circular Coupon—really awfully good,
 don't you know. They guarantee starvation, hand-fed wild
 animals, night attacks by hostile Indians (they expect a tip,
 though), or money returned. But the cooking's bad.

Snake (né Jones). Old SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS is on a holiday,
 and I rented his hunting grounds, scalps, thingumijigs,
 goodwill (or the reverse) at the estate office. Never mind
 the gun; it's a dummy.

Buffalo. No use burying this old butter-knife of a hatchet
 either—and I'm paying for a licence for it, too.

Snake (anxiously). Can we get a drink anywhere?

Buffalo. Let's trek to my kopje—no, that's South
 African, isn't it? Come round and see Mrs. BROWN—and,
 I say, hurry up; these head-feathers and the moccasins are
 hired by the hour.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Immortal Youth* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS has written a book which attempts to do for a certain phase of life in London what MURGER achieved for Paris in his *Vie de Bohème*. My Baronite is surprised to learn that between the two cities, then and now, there is common ground that makes such work possible. Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS knows, or at least conveys the assurance of knowledge. Nevertheless, the idea of an A.R.A. unexpectedly returning from a business visit to Manchester, finding his wife, drunk with wine, attempting to renew earlier intimacy with a nice-looking young novelist and poet, is new to one having a pretty close acquaintance with the *personnel* of the Royal Academy. The keynote of the book is struck in a remark by Parker Fullerton, George Vincent Lacy's mentor in the ways of London life. "Respectability," says the sage, "is a form of ignorance." Mr. ROBERTS, in fashion possibly a trifle bold for enervated taste, dispels ignorance, unveils respectability. Without exception, his puppets are a shady lot. But they dance in lively fashion, not without display of ankle on the part of the ladies.

The Mystery of the Sea (HEINEMANN) is a rattling story which sometimes recalls *Monte Cristo*, anon *Treasure Island*. Through it all beams the breezy personality of BRAM STOKER. The scene is set by the curved shore of Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire. The wild scenery by day and night Mr. STOKER describes with loving touch and master hand. The basis of the plot is discovery of hidden treasure, information respecting which naturally comes from correspondents in Spain. They are, however, not the shady parties Mr. LABOUCHERE devotes the leisure of a useful life to unmasking. The treasure originally belonged to the POPE, who contributed it to the expenses of the Armada. The *San Cristobal* that was, as the wise say, "conveying" the treasure, sank in Cruden Bay. How Archibald Hunter was led to the discovery of the gold and gems, how he found still greater treasure in the person of a charming American girl, is told with unfailing animation and marvellous skill. Amongst many powerful scenes is that wherein *Lauchlane Macleod's* desperate attempt to swim ashore, when Lammas Flood swirled round the broken masses of rock known as "The Skares," is vividly described. My Baronite finds in the book the rare quality of adventure that entralls the boys and pleases their parents.

The Baron has just tumbled across, without in the least damanging his shins, a little book of lectures on *Company Drill*, published (by WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS) a couple of months or so ago, viz. during "the season" when *Company Drill* would have been most valuable to many a *débutant* (not *débutante*, quite another, and far smaller, pair of shoes), and written by Major GEORGE NUGENT, of the Irish Guards. This *opusculum* is so fascinating in its poetical descriptions of "manœuvres" as to bring the Baron up at "the halt," and almost induce him to "change position," being ever in "right form," giving his entire "attention" to "squads," "inspection," "fixing and porting arms," and to "quick marching" "from the halt to the halt." But on second thoughts, seeing that there is question of "Passing Defiles and Obstacles," of "Changing Ranks," which he doesn't in the least wish to do, and of "Marching in Fours" (whereunto he greatly objecteth), he, the Baron, being aware of an "Increasing Front," and weighted, as he is, by the responsibility of literary and journalistic "Movements in Lines and Columns," determines that, after all, it is better, instead of "Forming a Company" (Limited), to enjoy the society of those he has about him, Major GEORGE NUGENT being of the number, and, with Commander-in-Chief PUNCH's popularity in view, to "advance" invariably "by the right." Yes,

"Advance by the right" is the lofty moral lesson taught by the excellent practical military manual which has here been "reviewed" by that redoubtable warrior the

BRIGADIER BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—"Brigadier, vous avez raison!"

INTERLUDE.

Strip off your leagues of painted cloth
That struck with awe the envious nations;
No longer let the maddened moth
Impinge upon your coruscations;
Break up your timbers; they shall feed
The fires that serve the summer's need.

Undo the garter; doff the spur;
And lay your gauds of plush and ermine
In camphor or in lavender
According as your tastes determine;
And in its trembling casket set
The unaccustomed coronet.

Freshly reviewed before no less
Than five distinguished foreign vessels,
Our fleet resumes her sober dress
And with her normal duties wrestles;
And our destroyers, stuffed with coal,
Repeat their well-known title-rôle.

Now Peace, that has her victims, too,
Not less pronounced than those of Ares,
Hopes that our guests are nearly through
Their oratorical vagaries;
And even hints the time has come
When Mr. SEDDON might be dumb.

The camps are struck; no more the Row
Reverberates their blown reveille;
Our turbaned chiefs prepare to go
Where things are better done in Delhi;
Taking their memories closely packed
With teeming proofs of British tact!

Rest comes at last; the war is done,
The KING is crowned, the fêtes are over;
So let us take what little sun
Is left to warm the season's clover;
He must be hard to please who cares
About "reaction's deadly snares"?

We'll fold our hands awhile at ease,
And dull our ears to dismal sermons;
What would you have? We hold the seas,
A match for all your jealous Germans!
"Four years from now they'll be unpleasant?"
Well, our concern is just the present.

As for our "failures in the field
Big with instruction"—why review them?
Their trivial tale is closed and sealed;
Besides, we always worry through them!
Don't let "reform" disturb our sleep;
In any case, the thing will keep.

We've wealth enough to meet the charge
Of these and even costlier errors;
Let us wax fat and kick at large,
And snap our thumbs at bogey terrors;
While life's so flush of meat and drink
It seems a waste of time to think! O. S.



BROTHERS-IN-PADS.

British Lion (to Kangaroo). "HERE'S YOUR HEALTH! YOU'RE GOOD ALL ROUND. YOU HELPED US ON THE VELD, AND YOU'VE BEATEN US IN THE FIELD!"

FOR A CHANGE.

FAGGED and jaded, DAPHNE mine.
 For our annual change I pine.
 Once again the problem's here,
 Whither we shall go this year.
 Let who will seek lake or moor,
 "Bad" or Hydro, Spa or "kur."
 Switzerland and Germany
 Have no charms for you and me.
 There while restless tourists haste,
 "Good old Margate" suits our taste.
 On its old familiar ground
 We will make the usual round.
 Meet SMITH, ROBINSON and BROWN,
 Whom we daily see in town;
 Hear the niggers or the bands
 On the pier, the fort, the sands;
 Revel in each well-known joy,
 Then, when these enchantments cloy,
 And for change again we yearn,
 Why, then, DAPHNE, we'll return.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT do we crown and celebrate to-day?" asked the Poet Laureate on August 9, in the opening line of his Coronation Ode, and even those who did not know pretended they did.

The German EMPEROR and the CZAR have met, and embraced again and again. And, in token of their personal friendship, they exchanged aiguillettes. We seem to have heard of something similar taking place at Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday.

Suggested title for the Travelling Emperor, "King of all the Rushers."

From the Congo comes news of the discovery of an octopus which seizes its human victims and eats nothing but their brains. The young Belgian officer who sends the report escaped unharmed.

A German doctor who has treated a large number of lunacy cases has written an article declaring that lunacy is infectious. His rivals assert that the article proves its point.

Time brings its revenges. Newgate, after imprisoning housebreakers, will shortly be demolished by them.

A correspondent writes from Dartmoor that it is quite true that the treadmill has been abolished, but, on the other hand, lectures are now delivered to the convicts.

The ignorance of some persons is wonderful. "Who's this MAKONEN?" "Why, 'e was the 'ead of the C.I.V.'s, wasn't 'e?"

Messrs. JAEGER have presented their



G. C. STAMP.

A HEALTHY APPETITE.

Lady (to gardener). "HAVE YOU HAD YOUR DINNER, JOHN?"
John. "NOT YET, MUM. I MUST 'EAT THE GREEN'OUSE FUST."

employés with a rifle range, and Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, who made the opening speech, wishes it to be distinctly understood that the Jaeger Riflemen are in no sense related to his Flannelled Fools. The difference is naturally a material one.

Meanwhile British trade is looking up a bit. The contract to erect a new pair of meat-scales in the Market Hall at Dereham-upon-Sea has been secured by an English firm, and it is reported that last week an English-

made pair of boots was sold in the Goswell Road.

Osborne is to cease to be a royal residence. Englishmen are often called snobs. I shall be interested to see whether the sale of Osborne biscuits falls off.

In Russia people have been trying to assassinate Prince OBOLSKI on the paltry ground that he had thirty-five peasants whipped to death. The lower classes in Russia have always been jealous of the amusements of the nobles.

A CANTO OF CLARET.

(To W. J. J.)

[CONCLUDED.]

So our friend sat down, and his voice came slow,
 But it wasn't a story at all, you know,
 For it didn't begin, and it hadn't a middle,
 And there wasn't the least little plot to unriddle,
 And you couldn't say, when the voice diminished
 And paused at last, that the tale was finished,
 Coffined and clamped and buried deep
 In the place where the good and the bad tales sleep,
 And never to wake again, you'd pray,
 Till the last trump roused it at Judgment Day.
 For, although he spoke, it wasn't a story,
 But a blaze of light with a trail of glory,
 A dragon of fire with all his joints
 Gemmed with a circle of ruby points,
 His breath like a flaming exhalation,
 And his wings one emerald coruscation,
 Fanning the sky with a noise of thunder—
 A shape that a man might see and wonder,
 With his matter of fact and his logic banished,
 Whence it appeared and whither it vanished;
 And now it seemed like the burst sonorous
 Of a wonderful magical ancient chorus:
 Not a roundelay for a festal dance meant,
 But an air with a most divine entrancement,
 That lifted you up and made you seem
 Like a floating shade in a happy dream,
 All thoughts gone that your heart offended,
 Your strivings over, your struggles ended;
 Nothing left that could now remind you
 Of tempests and tossings far behind you;
 Envy stifled and anger muffled,
 And, born in their place, a calm unruffled,
 A marvellous peaceful stretch immense,
 Beyond the limits of sight or sense,
 Smooth as glass, but with just a swell, too,
 A long low swell that you rose and fell to,
 With the music to lull you and give you the swing of it,
 And you on its surface the one lord and king of it.
 And then, it seemed, with a kind of shake up
 You'd come to yourself and start and wake up,
 And see in a valley green and gay
 Brown-faced maidens and boys at play,
 Full in the sun on a happy day,
 Laughing and singing and fooling and frisking it,
 The boys for a kiss and the girls all risking it,
 Their eyes so bright that you couldn't but love them,
 And a shepherd stretched on the bank above them,
 Fingering deftly and blowing neatly
 On his oaten pipe till it sounded sweetly
 With notes that a wood-nymph might have sung
 In the pleasant years when the world was young.
 And, lo! you saw with your own two eyes—
 Saw it yourself without surprise,
 For indeed it seemed a sight to be glad about—
 You saw yourself in the thick of the gad-about,
 Playing a game that you seemed quite pat in,
 With a girl to help you who whispered Latin,
 While you whispered love, or its Latin analogy,
 Soft in the ear of your PHYLLIS or LALAGE.
 And next, like a joyous bird sublime,
 You were poised aloft on the winds of Time,
 With sun upon sun in the sky to show you
 The wide world plain to your sight below you;
 And you knew what it meant and how it had risen,
 Cause and effect, from its cramping prison,

When first the marvellous word was spoken,
 And the bars were burst and the shackles broken,
 And, elate with the ordered freedom gained for it,
 The globe swung out on the course ordained for it.
 And still our friend was telling his tale,
 Talking at ease till the light came pale
 Through the rents and chinks of the window curtain;
 And (this much is sure though the rest is uncertain)
 The room was cold, and the lamp was flaring,
 And you and I were awake and staring,
 Dazed with the tale that we both had heard,
 And echoing still with the man's last word,
 And thinking him still on the self-same spot there—
 Till we rubbed our eyes and, lo! he was not there.

"Tis."

A VERY ARCH BISHOP "IN PARTIBUS;"

Or, *There's many a True Word spoken in Chess.*

HAD "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" (MRS. CRAIGIE) and Mr. MURRAY CARSON ('tis good to be "MURRAY and wise" in collaboration), joint-authors of *The Bishop's Move*, thoroughly worked out their idea until it had developed itself into a strong plot with fine dramatic situations, then, with its admirable high-comedy dialogue, wherein the authors show to greatest advantage, the play would of itself have deserved the success which is at present won for it by the perfect acting of all concerned in the representation. It is a comedy of dialogue, a sort of "*proverbe*" extended to three acts, of which the third, that ought to have been the strongest, is, unfortunately, just the reverse.

That the clever collaborateurs, after hitting upon the original idea and after creating so marked a variety of characters, should have, apparently, tired of their handiwork and brought it to an abrupt conclusion in a most unsatisfactory manner, is disappointing to all who have followed the first two acts with growing pleasure and increasing interest.

That the piece owes whatever success it has already achieved and whatever measure of popularity it may obtain mainly to Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, who in make-up and acting has never given us anything better than this impersonation of *Ambrose, Bishop of Rance*; to Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH as the good-hearted *mondaine Duchess of Quenten*; to H. B. WARNER cleverly playing the difficult part of the youthful *Francis Hericourt*, the novice who returns to the world which he ought never to have quitted; to Miss JESSIE BATEMAN as the most ingenuous *ingénue, Barbara Arretton*; to Mr. KING HEDLEY, excellent as *Monsignor Campden*, and to Miss KATE SERGEANTSON as *Mrs. Hericourt*, the impulsive mother of *Francis*, is a fact, the truth of which "JOHN OLIVER" and her MURRAY partner would be the first to admit and for which they must be honestly grateful. It is such artistic acting as this that ought to attract the public for some time to come. Indeed, so perfect an impersonation of a Catholic ecclesiastic (a French bishop, it seems, of English extraction, a sort of mixed quantity) has not been seen on the stage since LAFONTAINE so admirably played the *Abbé Constantin*, in a play, charming indeed, but as innocent of plot as is this. The *Abbé Constantin*, as a type of the "inferior clergy," took snuff in considerable quantities, but *Monseigneur L'Évêque* takes no such stimulant, though he is quite "up to" *tabac à prise*.

By the way, the first act is laid in "the Refectory at the Abbey of Veyle, near Dinan," in which is hung a picture that ought never to have been permitted on the walls, or within the precincts, of a Religious House. The painting is not essential to the piece, and as for the greater part of the time it is hidden by curtains (some of this superfluous drapery might have been spared for the unclothed figure), the audience, on the *rideaux* being temporarily withdrawn,

will quite appreciate the reason for its having been relegated to "the Abbey of Veyle."

As it is certain that the *Bishop's Move* will attract "the inferior clergy," it will be a surprise for them to hear that, in consequence of its success, all "orders" are considered as "invalid," and are not admitted except when they are "recognised" by the Right Reverend Prelate, Bishop BOURCHIER, whose performance in this part is quite extraordinary.

ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

On the Bench:—Mr. A. G. STEEL, K.C., Mr. ANDREW LANG, Mr. A. J. WEBBE, Mr. JOHN BALL, Junior, Mr. N. L. JACKSON, and Mr. THOMAS MORRIS. The following cases were heard:—

WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE, 54, doctor, was charged with the heinous offence of perpetual youth.

Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, who appeared for the prosecution, said that the prisoner persisted in getting younger every year, to the confusion of all statistics and the despair of honest bowlers. Only a few days ago the prisoner, in defiance of all consideration for the feelings of the young men who were playing and looking on, had made his two hundredth century in first-class cricket; while his attacks on the wickets of his enemies were continuous and successful.

Mr. L. B. W. SCHOOLING, who said that he was an actuary employed by the Royal Blob Insurance Company, stated that that Company had been founded with a capital of 50,000 runs to insure cricketers against making ducks. They refused, as a rule, to take anyone over forty-five. The prisoner was an exception.

Dr. ANDREW GAUKRODGER, medical officer for Sydenham, said that since the prisoner came to reside in the neighbourhood he had set such an example of health that the incomes of the general practitioners in the district had fallen at least 50 per cent.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE stated that in his opinion, after a long study of the subject, the proper age for a cricketer finally to exchange the field for the pavilion chairs was forty-three, unless, of course, he was addicted to Harris tweeds, in which case he would be useless much earlier. For a man to make hundreds when he was fifty-four was a menace to the medical profession.

Mr. WULLIE PARK, manufacturer of golfing implements, said that the usual age at which a man turned from the freevolity of cricket to the sairiousness of gowf was thirty-seven. They still waited to take the prisoner's order, but in vain. It wasna' fair to trade.



Phil Witte
1902.

Manager of "Freak" Show. "HAVE I GOT A VACANCY FOR A GIANT? WHY, YOU DON'T LOOK FIVE FEET!"

Candidate. "YES, THAT'S JUST IT. I'M THE SMALLEST GIANT ON RECORD!"

Mr. MELCHIZEDEK JONES, a solicitor representing the family of Old PARR, speaking for the defence, stated that old as that impressive figure had grown to be, there was no evidence that he ever gave up cricket.

In spite of this interesting parallel the Bench unanimously condemned the prisoner to many more years hard labour in the field. (Applause in Court.)

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, 54, described as Prime Minister, was charged by the Surrey police with the furious driving of a motor car.

P.C. HELIX stated that he had orders on July 32nd to disguise himself as a working man and ascertain the time of

the prisoner's motor car. He therefore provided himself with a sundial, and taking up his post behind a hedge he waited for the prisoner's approach. It was quite dark, but he was convinced, from close scrutiny of the sundial with the aid of a box of matches, that the prisoner's car was moving at the rate of twenty-eight miles four rods and two perches per hour. This was of course a gross breach of the new Act governing auto-motiles; hence his arrest, and the present action.

Mr. BALFOUR, having proved that he was travelling at the rate of only five miles an hour, was fined ten pounds and costs.

Captain BURBERRY PAXTON, 32, was charged with assaulting EPHRAIM HENDERSON, book-stall clerk at Liverpool Street station, with his umbrella.

The prosecutor, who wore his jaw in a sling, described how Captain PAXTON had struck him a violent blow with the silver-mounted handle of his umbrella. The assault was quite deliberate, and Captain PAXTON offered no apology, merely saying, "Why on earth didn't you stand away from the tee?"

JEREMIAH TIBBLES, railway porter, gave corroborative evidence. The gentleman was perfectly sober at the time.

Mr. MARSHALL HALL, K.C., M.P., who appeared for the defence, said that the episode admitted of a very simple and satisfactory explanation. His client, who had served with distinction in the North Berwick Fooseleers, had been much upset by the action of the Committee of the Buncaster Golf Club, who had put up his handicap from scratch to 4. He had accordingly decided to go down to Buncaster for the week-end, and while waiting for his train was practising a half-swing with his umbrella near the bookstall, when HENDERSON suddenly stepped forward and received the handle full on his jaw. He had endeavoured to explain matters at the time, but the clerk was evidently not a golfer and refused to accept half-a-sovereign.

Mr. EDWARD BLACKWELL, called for the defence, stated that home practice was most effectual, though occasionally damaging to the furniture. He knew of no more distressing affliction that could befall a scratch player than to be clean off his drive. He thought that half-a-sovereign for a half-swing was quite adequate remuneration.

Professor HORACE HUTCHINSON stated that, as the result of prolonged investigation into the psychology of golf, he had come to the conclusion that it was impossible for an enthusiast to refrain from repeating the gestures germane to certain phases of the game in totally incongruous surroundings. He had seen one of his patients at a dinner party attempting to loft *marrons glacés* into a finger-bowl with a dessert-spoon.

ANTHONY FIDDAMAN, caddie, of Buncaster-on-Sea, deposed that he always carried for Captain PAXTON, who was on the whole a good-tempered player, though nervous on the tee.

Cross-examined, he admitted that Captain PAXTON had expressed the wish that he could wring the necks of all the larks at Buncaster, they disturbed him so much on the putting greens.

Further evidence having been given by Lord BRASSEY, Professor DRIVER, and Miss CECILIA LOFTUS, the case was compromised on Captain PAXTON's undertaking to present HENDERSON with a



SUGGESTION FOR A NEW COIFFURE.
THE "KUBELIK."

gross of Haskell balls and a quart of sloe gin.

JOSEPH DARLING, who gave an address in Australia, was charged with being in possession of a bunch of English laurels in the Old Trafford ground at Manchester on July 26th.

Many thousands of persons having deposed that they saw him leaving the ground with his ten confederates and the laurels under his arm, P.C. F. W. TATE of Brighton said that he made a special effort to stop them, but without avail. He was acting under the instructions of his superior officer, Captain MACLAREN.

GILBERT JESSOP, whose appearance in the box was greeted with loud cries of "Bravo, Croucher!" from the gallery, deposed that the prisoner was undoubtedly in possession of the laurels at the Oval on Monday, August 11th. But on the date of the alleged theft he (the deponent) was unavoidably absent; while on the later date the laurels were too far gone to be retrieved. Asked for an explanation, the witness stated that the strongest trumper always won the rubber.

Mr. ROBERT THOMS said he had known the prisoner for some time. He needed a deal of stopping. It was not, however, theft, but kleptomania, and the only practitioner who could have prevented the disease from asserting itself at Manchester was probably Doctor GRACE.

The prisoner in his very stubborn defence said that he had come by the

laurels honestly, though, perhaps, he had been slightly assisted by the Clerk of the Weather. He had, in fact, won them. This view being shared by the Bench, he was dismissed with cheers.

ARCHANGELO, the Flying Demon of Tasmania, was charged with wilfully damaging the public roadway. The feat which ARCHANGELO undertook to perform was as follows: Bound hand and foot, he was in the habit of ascending in a fire-balloon and dropping head foremost from a height of not less than 500 feet.

Mr. PLANTAGENET CADBURY, Secretary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pavingstones, deposed that the height from which ARCHANGELO dropped was often considerably greater than that advertised, while he was so imperfectly padded that the impact was most dangerous to almost any inanimate object on which he happened to alight.

The prisoner, who was wheeled into court on a movable couch, stated that in the course of ten performances he had only broken seven ribs, dislocated his vertebræ and fractured his occiput. As, however, he refused to give any undertaking to discontinue his performance, the Bench ordered him to be detained for life in the Ping-pong ward at Hanwell.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.—II.

(Being the correspondence of Jake P. Huntington, Senator, Store-keeper, and Newspaper Proprietor, of Clamville, Nebraska, U.S.A.)

June 30th.

DEAR PETE,—It may be that the good wife sent along my message saying that I'd scratch a line to let you know how art is fixed up over here. I always had an idea of your talent, PETE, ever since you took me standing outside the store leaning easily against a barrel of crackers. Do you mind that day? I do, for little ELI nearly choked himself on a piece of chewing gum, and BOSS TOMBS was shot by KEROSENE JAKE, who thought five aces were too many for one pack, and didn't give the jackpot a fair chance.

However, thinking of you, I boarded a car for Madame Tussaud's Gallery, and paying a quarter I took a loan of the show for an hour. I can't help thinking I struck the wrong shanty. I couldn't get on the track of any paintings, and all the sculpture was figured out in wax. It isn't much of a circus doing the round of a wax-works unless there's a good-class freak department in the annexe, where you can have a look at something living, like the Shrimp-Faced Man or the Coal-Eating

Lady. Still, I will say that Madame peels the paint off anything in the wax line that we've seen in Clamville. She's got old HENRY THE EIGHTH, who overloaded himself with wives a few centuries ago, and was never seen to smile again. And to point a moral example she's dropped in Sir THOMAS LIPTON, who's never done anything in that line yet, and wears a ten-inch smile and a curly moustache as though he'd never heard of a losing race, and didn't know what trouble was. Being a single man perhaps he don't.

Then there was one group that pulled me up with a jerk, in view of the gaudy revels that were to have woke up the old town this month. This was the crowning of an early British King. It must have been a scanty sort of business in those days, or else Madame was pressed for room when she put up the tableaux. There was no excited populace, but only a few straggly courtiers and a scared-looking Bishop, while the King looked as if he wished he hadn't come. But as the school marm used to tell us, it wasn't always healthy to be in the monarch business. There was a likelihood of a near relative coming along with a band of interested toughs and a sharp knife, and tumbling you out of the coronation chair before you had time to handle the income.

Then there's a nice gory room downstairs where they've dumped all the crime-workers. Now this made me feel like home and the Sunday edition of the *Mail and Banner*, with its scare headlines and snaps of the murderer two minutes after the awful deed. I shall work this up for a special against the time I come home, so you'll have to lay over for a further description.

Madame's whole show is slick, but, as I say, an extra dime for a freak show wouldn't break anyone and would wake up the proceedings. (Remember when they tried to run a one-eyed wax-work on to Clamville, and the boys melted down GEORGE WASHINGTON in a bonfire because he looked like the Jew drummer who'd filled us up with flash jewellery and skipped the town before we were on to it?) Still, I reckon Madame's figures are authentic, and as an educator of youth and upholder of monarchy she ought to do well; but I can't help feeling sad about those freaks. The nearest I could find to the old sort was a man outdoors on the side-walk with his legs under him looking tearfully at an orange-coloured fish which he had sketched in and labelled "A Salmon." If he wasn't a freak the fish was, so I donated ten cents to the collection and passed on, feeling good.

A friendly Britisher has just told me that it's the Academy I'm want-



THE TWELFTH.

Guest. "Now, WAITER, TO-DAY'S ONLY THE THIRTEENTH, AND YET THE WING OF THIS BIRD IS POSITIVELY—WELL, TASTY. CAN YOU EXPLAIN?"

Waiter. "WELL, SIR, THE PAPERS THEY DO SAY AS 'OW THE BIRDS ARE A BIT STRONG ON THE WING THIS YEAR!"

ing for art, so I'll sort that out another day.

I don't think you'd be stuck on the hotel where I'm located. They've never heard of clam chowder, and when I asked for a canvas-back duck the Swiss hired man thought I was alluding to a cock-tail. They serve the green stuff on different plates, and iced water is as plentiful as snowstorms in June. And when I asked for a green cigar and a schooner of beer in the drawing-room, the boss said the smoking-room was downstairs. The newspapers, too, seem to want a live man behind them. Why, the *Times* hasn't interviewed me yet, and plants the murders on the fifth page instead of giving them an elegant position in the centre, with full details by the victim's aunt.

I'll just save the mail if I quit now, so good luck, PETE, and fix me up with the news if business ain't too tight.

JAKE.

P.S.—I'm not quite satisfied with young ELI. That slush he's dropping in the *Mail and Banner* don't seem to fit at all. You used to be a pretty hand at drafting a circular, so I wish you'd take a turn and fake something readable. The sea-serpent is a corpse, and the nigger woman who's a hundred and forty and remembers seven Presidents won't stand another season; but you might do something with a returned miner from the Yukon. Make him frost-bitten and full up of tales of savage tribes, and he'll do. The paper wants life. If there's no truth about, ELI should invent some. But I'm afraid that boy hasn't got the right instinct. J.

TESTE-À-TESTE. — Australia won the fourth Test Match because RHODES (not out) lost his TATE; and England won the fifth because RHODES (still not out) kept his tête.



FITZ-NOODLE'S OTTER HOUNDS.

THEY THOUGHT IT WAS THE HOLE OF AN OTTER, AND PROCEEDED TO STIR IT UP WITH A STICK; BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE A WASPS' NEST!

REJOICINGS IN PODDLETON-ON-SLOSH.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—No notice as yet having been taken in the public press of the important rejoicings which took place in the old ancient town of Poddleton-on-Slosh, of which I have already informed you I have the honour to be Alderman, with pain and surprise I now take up my pen again to let you know about the same, hoping to make it clear that in the way of patriotic endeavour Poddleton stands where it did. The committee of a hundred and seventy-three, including the town crier, which I may mention in confidence some folks considered too small, and grumbled because JONES the lamp-lighter and JACK HALL who drives the dust-cart were not included—but then some people are never satisfied, and even among the roses of Poddleton we have our thorns—sat on the Coronation on and off for several months. For a long time it was debated whether Mr. Mayor should be crowned in effigy for his Gracious Majesty, and there was some feeling about it, as Mr. Mayor himself would have liked it, but I felt bound to oppose it, he being

a man I consider unsound on the rates; and so he was not, after all.

Finally, it was agreed that the auspicious occasion should be commenced by the firing of our cannon, which came from Sebastopol, by the volunteer corpse (we had three once, but, unfortunately, two of them burst when the blessed news of the relief of Mafeking arrived), after which the bells were to ring and the corpse, which is rather perplexed about its new drill, performed volleys into the air, and all the householders who had guns fired them in their back gardens, because it was not considered safe for anyone not being military to go too near the cannon.

Afterwards it was decided that the best way to mark the glorious day would be to regale the school-children, and after the regalement to form a procession through the town with the Poddleton band and flags, while the corpse lined the High Street. This we considered the best form of regalia to celebrate this regal occasion. The programme was carried out to a triumphant conclusion, culminating in a donkey race; and on the following day I superintended the picking up of the

pieces of our cannon, which unfortunately has also burst, and which was carried out by the corpse in muffy.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN BLOSSBY, Alderman.

TO ALL FIENDS WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of a notice (headed "Express") from South China extolling the merits of the Yat Pun Sha Chan Pearl Mixtures. It states that "Opium-Fiends, or those merely addicted (*sic*) to the deleterious habit, should apply, for price and other particulars of the new China remedy to Ah Pai. Directions: To be taken at 3.33 in the morning. Will not bear the light."

One gathers, though the inference is only negative, that among the Celestials there is a certain precision and regularity about the habits of the Rising Sun.

STICKING TO HIS LAST.

WHEN dust of ages dims the incident
Which made the Ode which made
the poet great,
Will commentators ask if AUSTIN meant
To write "console and heel," in
Stanza 8?



WELL EARNED !

LONDON. "IT'S ALL GONE OFF SPLENDIDLY! NOW I MUST SETTLE DOWN—TO MY SUMMER HOLIDAY!"

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



FIFTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. IN the eighth month, which is called Orguzd, of the second year
2. of the reign of Im, who succeeded to Er,

3. who unto Thiyábbih did go
4. in procession
5. through the midst of his people,
6. small and great, male and female,
7. of all shapes and sizes
8. who came up in their millions
9. for *thisir-korinaishun*,
10. who threw up their *hâts* and dropped all

11. their *etchiz*, . . who cracked little *jokhs* with

12. long-suffering *bobbiz*;
13. through the midst of his soldiers
14. in scarlet and *khâki*, with a dash of
15. Brit-Ishtars,—nigh unto the statue

16. of Adhmir-el-Nelson,—
17. and over the roadway
18. the sand of the desert
19. like a carpet was scattered
20. all golden and tawny. Down the line

21. did he rumble in his *arkh-éyik-charyat*—like

22. a magnified *khâskit*
23. with the world-famous *krîmz*
24. in their sumptuous trappings of purple and scarlet,

25. who are warranted never on any occasion

26. to upset the proceedings by showing *emôshan*

27. of any description,—disregarding explosions,

28. *volkanikh-erapshanz*, or earthquakes,

29. in fact all those things that are normally trying

30. to sensitive horseflesh;
31. guaranteed to go past most appalling productions

32. by courtesy commonly called *dekkur-réshunz*, and

33. *troiyum-phiyal-ortchiz*—

34. (with blood-curdling portraits by well-known pavement artists

35. and amateur landscapes surrounded by wheat-sheaves

36. with cereal products in silly shop-windows,

37. surmounted by mosque-like, incongruous turrets

38. in tin-foil—or something or other that's

39. *ikh-uali-pestiv*—coloured photos one penny;

40. there's something *mesmerikh*
41. in *archiz* of this kind)

42. without even an ear-twitch
43. (the form of this sentence, I

frankly admit it,
44. is somewhat *teutonikh*. This is all

45. introduction, and nothing whatever to do

46. with the picture). Well, as I was saying

47. in the eighth month of the second year . . .

48. . . *et settrah-et settrah* . .

49. Did Arthab-al-Phūr succeed to
50. his uncle, the Lord of the Sessils,

51. and did straightway proceed, in the manner

52. of Brodrikh—to receive resignations!

53. (the *lattah-deh-méthud* of promptly asserting

54. a masterful spirit, giving *urbaiyet-orbaih*

55. an illusory pledge of more vigorous action

56. in future It usually stops there !)

57. Forth from the Treasury went Maik-el-Thapepri,

58. after years of good service, the raker of

59. *shekels*,

60. and into his place strode the big Siti-Ritji—who to the El-Sisi

61. stood in *lôkoh-pahrentiz*.

62. Then did Shuv-menébar, whose eye looks

63. through crystal—most neatly supported

64. by his facial muscles—

65. in his manner *dâinamikh*, mention one

66. or two trifles he considered essential

67. . . . *which had better, perhaps, be attended to*

68. *promptly*. For instance, there's Orstin,

69. most promising lad and the son of
70. his father . . . ; over the *mêhl-karts*
71. and over all the carriers of letters

72. shall he be set, and by the side
of Isdad, the Secretary of State
73. in the Cabinet shall he sit
74. (I'll go nap upon Orstin.—What?
Oh, Jesse be
75. bothered—or give him a *pīridj*.)
76. And into the desert that's
haunted by
77. Tjaplin, Husessil, and Djinni
78. Tommi-hölüz and others, did they
drive
79. without *skrupul* Djontha-Djestah
80. who'd skilfully ruled until lately
81. the ghostly Committee of the
mythical Council.
82. . . . who had stuck to his post
with the silently
83. rigid adhesion to business
84. of the glutinous limpet . . . like
the one on the *Wálsak*.
85. . . . His manner is apt
to be somewhat *incisive* . .
86. . . . I wouldn't be
Balpur for something. E. T. R.

UNSPEAKABLE SCOTS.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnnie Groats—
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes:

Behold his labours—
A volume padded weel wi' "quotes"
Aboot his neighbours.

And wha should ken sae weel as he
What a' oor fauts and failin's be?
Has he no seen wi' his ain ee
Auld Reekie's lums?
Drumtochty's kent as weel's E.C.
And sae is Thrums.

Ou aye, there's nought he disna ken
O' Scottish life and Scottish men.
Wi' lugs attentive let us then
List to his railin's,
And humbly set oorsels to men'
Oor mony failin's.

The Scot, says he, is dull and dour,
Aye jealous, greedy, jaundiced, sour,
A drucken, coarse, ill-mannered boor,
Wherein one traces
Nae sign o' CROSLAND's mental pow'r
And courtly graces.

We arena gleg, we Scottish folk:
We canna catch the witty stroke
That will a Surrey Ha' provoke
To lauchter shakin',
Nay, whiles we canna see a joke
O' CROSLAND's makin'.

We swear, we lo'e the barley bree,
We thieve—but, eh, Sirs! how should
we
Be quit o' thae black vices he
Sae criticises,
When a' the virtues Mr. C.
Monopolises?

CAMERA NOTES.

[Now that the tourist season is in full swing, we feel constrained to follow the majority of our contemporaries and give our valued readers some further photographic advice. We think it necessary to steer as clear of technicalities as possible.]

You should always take at least two different views upon the same film or plate. The double or treble exposure, besides being so economical, will give the most gratifying and astonishing results, and you may expect to develop a series of surprises which will qualify for the freak column in the *Strand Magazine*. What can be more exhilarating, for instance, than to find your best girl "come out" sitting on the lap of a total stranger by the silver-printed sea, or the usual long-suffering family group reclining, by way of variety, in a pig-sty, with perhaps an express train running through their unmoved midst? This branch of photography seems full of tremendous possibilities.

If you keep a baby on the premises—this is, of course, addressed to *paterfamilias* and not to the baby-farmer—photograph it every day, placing the results in an album and sending copies to all its relatives. This will especially remind the godparents of their responsibilities, and keep everybody busy and happy replying. In the years to come, it will make the child humble and cure it of conceit to look through its record and realise that it once looked like that. Try to catch the baby crying or cutting a tooth. What would we now give for a snapshot of SHAKESPEARE muling in his nurse's arms, or NAPOLEON being spanked and sent to bed for pulling the pussy's tail? Truly, we now live in a favoured age! You have great opportunities—don't fail to make use of them. Your infant may turn out a little gold-mine to the copyright holder or the future BARNUM.

The budding and enterprising amateur should not be afraid of libel actions. If your sitters' feet emerge as twenty-five's and their heads the size of pins, tell them the camera cannot lie. If they retort with the hackneyed rejoinder that the greater the truth the greater the libel, you should learnedly but pleasantly indicate that the magnitude of the pedal extremities is redressed by the tenuity of the upper regions, and that you struck an average by focussing on the middle waistcoat-button. Should this explanation not be considered satisfactory, you can then refer to your solicitors. Do not use your camera as a literal weapon of offence or defence. The tripod-stand, if spiked, is more serviceable.

Presence of mind is a very desirable quality in a sun-artist. If you are attacked by the modern equivalent for a footpad, snapshot him while he runs

through your pockets. He cannot prove an alibi in the presence of a double anastigmat, even if you are carried home on a focal-plane shutter. You press the button, and the magistrate's clerk will do the rest. When drowning, be sure to remember to bag the final panorama that you gazed upon; also that the smallest stop should be used, as the light on the sea is at least four times as strong as that on land. Do not dream of giving a time exposure. You will probably not have sufficient leisure, and 1/100 second *f*/64 (be particular as to this) will quite satisfy your heirs and assigns that you were on the spot on the occasion of your lamented demise. The same remarks apply to railway collisions, air-ship accidents, encounters with motor-cars, and similar emergencies. In a word, you should forget yourself in your enthusiasm for the craft and for the writers of camera paragraphs.

BAD VERSES ON A WORSE CASE.

[Sir ROGER PALMER has obtained an injunction from Mr. Justice SWINFEN EADY, forbidding Mr. ANDREWS to fish in the Thames from a point above Maidenhead Bridge to Cookham. The Judge finds that Sir ROGER has an exclusive right to this fishery.]

I wish that I could render calmer
My feeling tow'ards Sir ROGER PALMER.
It makes my very heart-strings quiver
When I adventure on the River
For (think it over at your leisure)
The Thames is for his private pleasure,
And all the fish, whoever took 'em,
Are his, from Maidenhead to Cookham;
Yes! everything that wears a fin is
The purchase of Sir ROGER's guineas.
The conger eel, the shark and tunny
Are his: he bought them with his
money.

They may be tourists on a visit
(The spot is not unsightly, is it?)
Or merely temporary lodgers
—It doesn't matter: they're Sir ROGER's.
And though his anger never kindles
At ordinary thefts and swindles,
He would not have the least compunc-
tion

In serving me with an injunction
From Mr. Justice SWINFEN EADY,
If I should ever be so greedy
As to attempt to take the fishes
In contravention to his wishes.

A British landlord seldom budes,
Especially when backed by Judges;
But this is not the sort of question
(If I may offer a suggestion)
That I should raise if I desired
To have my character admired.
Such is, at least, the firm and fervent
Conviction of his humble servant,
Whose limping lay the danger teaches
Of fishing in Sir ROGER's reaches.

MR. JOGGLES DISCOVERS A NATURAL SHOWER-BATH IN NORTH WALES.

MR. JOGGLES HAVING CAREFULLY
SELECTED A RETIRED SPOT,
DEPOSITED HIS CLOTHES IN
A CAVE, SEES A LITTLE
WAY BELOW HIM A SPARKLING
POOL, FED BY A TORRENT
FROM ABOVE — A NATURAL
SHOWER BATH, INTO WHICH
HE WILL JOYFULLY
DESCEND



THIS IS WHAT
HE EXPECTED
BEFORE TAKING
A DIP.



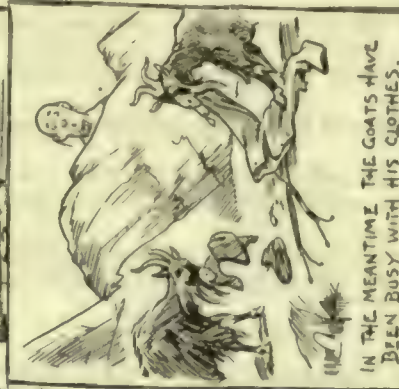
BUT A
PICNIC PARTY
HAVING TERMINATED
THEIR LUNCHEON,
UNWITTINGLY
REARRANGE
MATTERS.



MR JOGGLES IS COMPELLED
TO REMAIN OVER
HIS USUAL TIME
IN HIS
BATH.



IN THE MEANTIME THE GOATS HAVE
BEEN BUSY WITH HIS CLOTHES.



A SENSATIONAL DRAMA IN THREE ACTS AND FIVE TABLEUX.

(Showing how he got in for it and how he came out of it rather the worse for "rear.")

THE ONLY WAY.

WHEN the streets are hot and horrid and the atmosphere is torrid,

And you mop your weary forehead and your shining crown,

When the Underground is choking and the workmen all are smoking,

Sing hey! the country cottage and the Sussex down.

When the autumn leaves are falling and the northern gales are brawling,

And the solitude's appalling in the landscape brown,

When you long to talk to something that is living, e'en a dumb thing,

Sing ho! for Piccadilly and a flat in town:

When the gutters gape expectant of the pinky disinfectant,

Sing hey! the country cottage and the Sussex down.

When the odour not of roses, but of pigs, assails your noses,

Sing ho! for Piccadilly and a flat in town.

When you lie secure and lazy, couched on' buttercup and daisy,

Sing hey! the country cottage and the Sussex down;

When your cosy Club invites you—when the garden gay delights you,

Sing ho! the country cottage and a flat in town.

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.

II.

THE childish ridicule with which RUTH (my wife) and DAISY (my wife's sister) received the news of my proposed immolation on the altar of patriotism has only strengthened my determination to join the Volunteers. At the outset I was not so enamoured of the idea but that a little gentle dissuasion might have turned me from my purpose. But ridicule! No! I will show them that even a clever man may serve his country. I will see this thing through, from the goose-step to (if necessary) the soldier's grave. I will dedicate to the cause of England's integrity the intellectual gifts which Providence has denied to the mass of mankind. I will observe and criticise and suggest. I will recommend the improvements which I feel must be necessary to put the Volunteers on a proper footing. The War Office are said to be in need of proper men for their Intelligence Department. They shall have Me.

Let me describe how it was that the design of Volunteering came to enter my head. Like the discovery of steam and the invention of window-glass and other epoch-making incidents in the history of the world, it was more or less of an accident. A haphazard post-prandial meeting with some of the members of the smartest Company in London's crack Corps (should this meet the eye of any Metropolitan Volunteer he will at once see that it is *his* Company which I propose to join), a genial suggestion that I should become one of "Ours," a refusal on my part so polite that it was taken for a cordial assent, and I was already ankle-deep in the Rubicon. To all intents and purposes I had become what, during my time at Cambridge, in the unchastened days of the Pre-Boer period, we used to call a Bug-shooter. A day or two later, without any active intervention on my part, I was proposed, seconded, screened, elected, attested and kissed—I mean I had kissed the book. There remained only the doctor.

On receiving notice of my election, I was informed that on a certain day, at a certain time, an officer would be present in the Orderly Room to swear me in. In due time he arrived, clad in the ordinary black coat of commerce. Ought I to salute him? On the whole, no. I was still a free man. Without appearing to notice the omission, he

asked me certain questions as to my age, profession, and so forth, entered my replies on the official form, and then caused me to sign a statement to the effect that my answers were not false. Then a sergeant measured my chest. Minimum measurement, the printed form said, but the sergeant told me to puff it out. So I puffed till I was black in the face, though why, or with what result, I have no idea. Nothing more to do but see the doctor, said the officer, as he shook hands and retired, having nobly done his duty.

Sergeant invites me to come with him, and sign yet more papers. At this juncture enter a timid recruit, who, ignoring sergeant, confides to me that he has been ordered to call here to see an officer about joining. Is the officer in? This, hopefully; obviously taking me for very superior officer. The officer, I reply, is out, but no doubt the sergeant will fetch him. Profuse thanks from the recruit, still labouring under the awe and misapprehension caused by my military appearance, even in mufti. This will be a little difficult to keep up when we are doing the goose-step together. Still, it is his mistake, not mine.

Now for the doctor. The unmilitary mind might have expected me to see him, or, rather, that he would see me, before I had done my swearing in instead of after. But that's not the way they have in the Army, or at least in this department of it. First the cart, and then the horse—if you can get him. First they solemnly swear you to bear arms within these realms against all the enemies of His Gracious MAJESTY, then they send you to the medicine-man to see if you are fit to bear them. If you are not fit—but I suppose that never happens. Still, I think the W. O. might make a note of it.

Well, I went to the doctor—the Corps man, of course—with a vivid recollection of DAISY's unfeeling catalogue of my various infirmities, and a curious sinking in my stomach. But the doctor was affability itself. As far as I knew, now, was I pretty sound? Well, yes, I thought I might say I was. My sight was very bad; ditto my digestion; ditto my right knee, sprained at football in the days of long ago, and since then become the haunt of rheumatic microbes. Otherwise—but then the doctor had his innings. Could I count these dots, holding up what I guessed to be a card at the other end of the room? No, I couldn't. Didn't even know they were dots, though I was ready to take his word for it. Could I count them now? No. Now? Not at all, unless I might hold them in my hand. Could, however, count them at any distance with my eyeglass. Ah, that would do. Yes. Lungs, heart—might he listen? He might. Quite sound. Knee, passable. Digestion no concern of Government's. Hearing, good.

All these particulars the doctor entered one by one in official question-sheet. Below them was yet another space containing this dread question—Fit or Unfit? Unfit, wrote the doctor. Visions of RUTH and DAISY triumphant rose before me. How they would chuckle! How they would prate about the survival of the Unfittest. This must be rectified at all hazards.

"But I don't see——" I began.

"No, that's just the trouble," said the medicine-man. "You don't—at least, you can't. But the War Office will. Oh, it's all right. I'm bound to say it, you know, because of your sight. If I didn't, and you plugged anybody in the back, I should get into trouble. Now it don't matter if you do. I've told 'em you are unfit." (This was comforting for me and the doctor at all events.) "But," he continued, "I'll stick 'Special' on the form." He proceeded to do so, in red pencil. "Now," he concluded cheerfully, "they'll take you all right."

"It's very good of you."

"Not at all. Don't thank me. Thank the War Office."

Well, I do thank them, solely on account of RUTH and DAISY. At the same time, it occurs to me that possibly other people who can't see may have been passed as specially unfit. In which case I might get plugged in the back. In which case—but, after all, I am a volunteer, and if in that capacity I must face death, well I will face it, though if I had my choice I would sooner not face it in the back.

ENGLAND'S PERIL.

By Colonel Sir H-w-r-d V-ne-nt, Author of "Made in Poland," etc.)

WHEN a thinking man surveys the commercial horizon of Britain, he is overcome by the sense of the terrible catastrophe which is approaching the glorious Empire on which the sun has never yet set. Foreign competition besets us on every side: our onions are Spanish, our organs American, our usages German, our coal-scuttles spanned, our candles Roman, our darkness Egyptian, our delight Turkish, and our very courage Dutch. The British infant is aroused from his peaceful slumbers in a Norwegian cradle by an American alarm clock. He clutches his German rattle, and absorbs Swiss milk from a Belgian feeding-bottle. See him at a more mature age standing before a German master, who instructs him by writing astruse questions from a book (bound in Morocco), with French chalk on a blackboard made from Russian deal. He him even as a schoolboy chastised with a Malacca cane for taking French leave. View him in the midst of the modern business of life—playing ping-pong with a Bavarian racquet, a Saxon ball, and a Bohemian net. Then, in the last sad scene of all, when, embalmed by an American undertaker, he sinks in a coffin made from pine "hewn on Norwegian hills," to his final resting-place in English turf at last.

But a truce to mere generalities; let us take a particular instance, and resolutely examine one of England's decaying trades. A century since, a Government report informs us that there were Great Britain no fewer than 10,000 beadles. We ask how many are there to-day? A strict investigation discloses the appalling fact that only twenty-four beadles remain—all in the city of London. Small wonder if in these latter days England has become manish and hysterical. She has lost her steadying influence, of her beadles. If a thoughtful Englishman wishes to become a beadle, there is no institution in which he can receive the necessary training. He might learn the right civility; but the dignity—the pom-



"OVER-HAIRED."

SCENE—A Barber's Shop in the North of England.

Customer (preparing for a holiday in London). "I WANT YOU TO BE EXTRA PARTICULAR TO-DAY, SAM. THIS IS MY CORONATION 'CUT,' YOU KNOW!"

Sam. "AH, TO BE SURE. I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT. SURE, I CAN SEE THE CROWN!"

posity—can only be acquired by continental experience. Unless the suggestion of the British Empire Trade League be adopted that a tax of £10 per stone be levied on imported beadles (with a rebate of fifty per cent. on colonial beadles), English beadleedom will be extinct. Ay! the time is not so far off! For where is the true specimen of the genuine British beadle now, at this present moment, to be found—the real cock'd-hatted, with scarlet and blue cloth, gold-lace trimming, knee breeches, white stockings, and shoes with buckles, where is he?

Remember, thoughtful reader, that when England defied a continent in arms, when our National Debt reached its loftiest and most glorious pinnacle, when the price of corn was highest, then English beadles were most numerous. Remember this, and let your watchword be, "Protect the British Beadle!"

Prix Fixe and Suffix.

FROM the Berwick Advertiser:

"PREPAID ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted in the Advertiser at a Fixed Charge of 6d., and for every ADDITIONAL SEVEN WORDS 3d. more is charged."

LATEST FORECASTS.

A WEEKLY review remarks that, "owing to the number of volumes held over on account of the war, a perfect torrent of books seems likely to descend upon us in the early autumn." Alarmed by this intelligence, Mr. Punch set his Literary Meteorologist to work, who has sent in the following report:—

1. SCOTLAND. A rather unsettled type of atmospheric conditions prevails here, pressure being very unequally distributed. It is strongest at present in the Crossland district, where it threatens to be applied with considerable force in a southerly direction, accompanied with a high temperature and some storms. In the Highlands the glass, as usual, is steadily going up, but there is a considerable depression in the neighbourhood of Drumtochty, and at Thrums the Barriometer is falling somewhat.

2. ENGLAND, N.W. Fairly settled weather may be anticipated here. Some threatening symptoms are manifest in the Isle of Man, but as yet they have not taken definite shape. A well-marked area of disturbance, due to minor poets, is noticeable in the Lake District, but probably it will be purely local in its effects.

3. ENGLAND, MIDLANDS. At Stratford-on-Avon an earthquake seems imminent. It has been preceded already by repeated squalls. Sir THEODORE MARTIN, who is peculiarly well acquainted with the atmospheric vagaries of this district, has advised the inhabitants to fly for their lives.

4. ENGLAND, S.W. A Q-shaped impression has been observed advancing rapidly from Cornwall, but otherwise there is every prospect of fine weather. Mr. BARING-GOULD reports that the climatic conditions promise



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—THE PICNIC.

fairly well for the harvest season. The crop, he adds, will be lighter than in some years, but, given a fine September, he hopes to produce five books a week for the next few months. The forecast for the whole of Devon is:—Fair generally, rather boisterous airs round the Missingwill district.

5. ENGLAND, S.E. (LONDON AND

long-continued frost is breaking up. On the other hand, literary aspirant report that the mean average temperature in several editorial offices where they have taken observations is five degrees below zero, which is, they add, more than average mean. And for some weeks past rhyme has been seen on the ground almost daily.

The latest readings taken at 10, Bouverie Street are as follows:—

Thermom. max. 45.2.

" min. 27, all out.

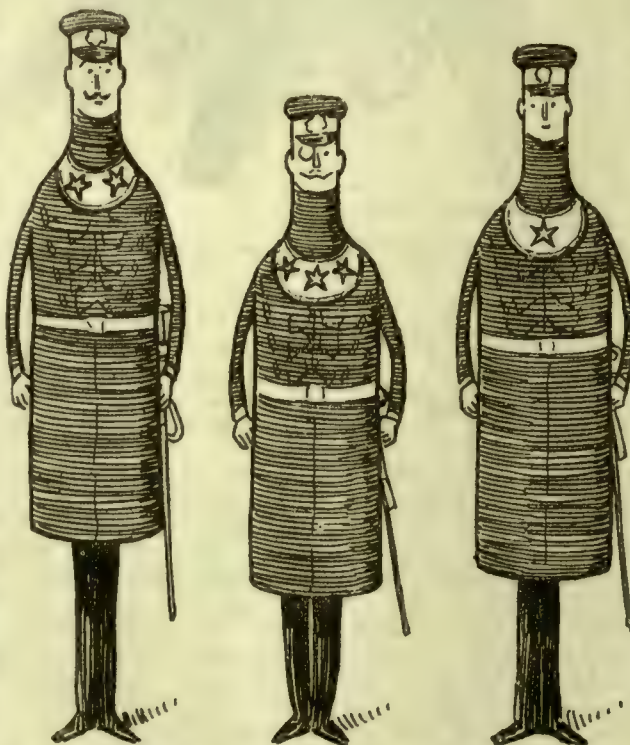
Wet bulb '000001 (but with fancy something has gone wrong with the works).

Dry bulb. (Planted in the window box, to bloom next spring.)

Barometer, Set Fair. Wind E.C. Warnings — none issued.

Our Uncrowned Kings.

American Lady (foreigner) her way through loyal crowd in the Abbey, to Policema busily engaged in pointing out the positions occupied the ceremony by the King, Queen and Royal Family. Say, where did PIERPO MORGAN sit?



—A.T. SMITH—

AN IDEA FOR THE NEXT CHAMPAGNE.

A STAR-FLING ARMY REFORM.

MANSIONS FOR MUSICIANS. It is proposed to build these near the Guildhall. They are to be in five flats.

CHANNEL). The conditions are so complex here that it is impossible to prepare a detailed forecast.

The spanking breeze prevailing recently around the Putney district seems to have spent its force, and no reports of serious damage have been received. Several storm-signals and a Union Jack are said to be flying at Rottingdean. In London the season is unusually forward, and some of the publishers express the hope that the

DE GUSTIBUS—.

I AM an unadventurous man,
And always go upon the plan
Of shunning danger where I can.

And so I fail to understand
Why every year a stalwart band
Of tourists go to Switzerland,

And spend their time for several weeks,
With quaking hearts and pallid cheeks,
Scaling abrupt and windy peaks.

In fact, I'm old enough to find
Climbing of almost any kind
Is very little to my mind.

A mountain summit white with snow
Is an attractive sight, I know,
But why not see it from below?

Why leave the hospitable plain
And scale Mont Blanc with toil and pain
Merely to scramble down again?

Some men pretend they think it bliss
To clamber up a precipice
Or dangle over an abyss,

To crawl along a mountain side,
Supported by a rope that's tied
—Not too securely—to a guide;

But such pretences, it is clear,
In the aspiring mountaineer
Are usually insincere.

And many a climber, I'll be bound,
Whom scarp and icy crags surround,
Wishes himself on level ground.

So I, for one, do not propose
To cool my comfortable toes
In regions of perpetual snows,

As long as I can take my ease,
Fanned by a soothing southern breeze,
Under the shade of English trees.

And anyone who leaves my share
Of English fields and English air
May take the Alps for aught I care!

CHARIVARIA.

GREAT excitement was caused all over England last week by the arrival of some sunshine. It was said to be due to some strong remarks on the subject of the weather in one of our leading halfpenny papers.

The repeated inclemency of the season is responsible for the revival and fresh application of that excellent omnibus story, so popular in June, of the zealous Parsee sun-worshipper who had come over to England for "a bit of a rest" from his habitual devotions. One of the most spirited of our contemporaries has just published it, in the third month of its career, as a consolation for the rains of August, and has very ingen-



"PLEASE, MISTER, ME BROVERS WANTS YER TO PLAY LEAP-FROG WIV 'EM, 'COS YOU'VE GOT SUCH A LOVELY BACK!"

ously brought it up to date by applying it to a member of the SHAH's suite.

The skull of a man 35,000 years old has, I read, been unearthed in Kansas.

The Naval Review was witnessed by the whole of the Lords of the Admiralty. They expressed themselves as delighted with the spectacle, and had no idea we had such a number of ships.

A new system of physical culture has been devised by the Board of Education for school-children. It includes simple drills with broom-sticks. Whether this will lead to a recrudescence of husband-beating time alone will show.

Someone has pointed out that the

average Englishman does not look well in a Panama, as he lacks the requisite devil-may-care attitude. This has led an enterprising Professor of Deportment in the North of London to hang out the following sign:—"Reckless Attitudes Taught."

A common mistake in our newspapers, in describing a motor-car breakdown, is to refer to the professional driver as the "chaffeur." It should of course be "chauffeur." The "chaffeurs" are the bystanders who witness the accident.

The SHAH, at the Marlborough House Reception, wore jewels worth £750,000, and was closely guarded by detectives in case he should be stolen.

LA BÉNÉDICTINE.

THE Normandy coast is a pleasant coast,
 For never, I know, could sapphire boast
 A blue more clear than the sea boasts there
 When the winds are hushed and the sky is fair,
 And, tricked like a girl whose smile enhances
 The glow of her eyes, a ripple dances,
 Whispering, murmuring, lulling, cooing,
 Withdrawing awhile and again pursuing,
 And striving still with a laugh to reach
 Over the rocks to the pebbly beach.
 And up and up from the grey old strand,
 Green, fresh, beautiful folds of land,
 Dotted with houses, thatched or slated,
 Coil to the top till their sides are mated
 In a shimmering glory of cornfields spread,
 Like a cover laid on a royal bed,
 With the impudent poppies to speckle and prank them,
 And the green, cool patches of trees to flank them.
 On either hand of the coombes you'll see
 Ramparts of chalk that defy the sea.
 Sheer, since the march of time began,
 Is the cliff, and not to be climbed by man.
 He must hate his life who would strive to win it,
 Though he glowed for the toil with his whole soul in it—
 Climbing warily, straining, gasping,
 His foot in a cleft, and his body rasping,
 His hand on the grip for a flint to hitch to,
 And his bruised knee set in a shallow niche, too,
 He might rise for a hundred feet or so,
 And still have double the height to go.
 And so he might pause on a narrow ledge of it,
 And strain his eyes for the topmost edge of it,
 And rise again to the task that drew him—
 Till the torn hands loosed, and the sheer cliff threw him.

And Fécamp town is a pleasant town :—
 If you come by land, as you first look down
 From the winding road and so catch sight of it,
 You may think it gloomy and make too light of it ;
 For there's not much colour and hardly a spark in it
 But its sombre slate-roofs deaden and darken it,
 Making it look like a dead survival
 Of days when it shone without a rival ;
 When the trumpet called to its heights and valleys
 To gather their hosts and man their galleys,
 With their lances flashing, their standards flaunting,
 And their morioned lords all strutting and vaunting
 How, with the fierce bold men that ringed 'em,
 They could shatter a throne or set up a kingdom.
 But Fécamp's changed and it's quiet and old,
 And the blood in its veins runs thin and cold ;
 And very sedate and grey—it's there
 That I met my friend—is the old *Place Thiers*.
 A fine old fellow he was and stout,
 Amply bellied and jutting out ;
 French in the hands (it's the sort of a trick you'll hate
 If you're British and bluff) that he used to gesticulate ;
 French in his eyes and their twinkling shrewdness,
 French in his bow and his lack of rudeness ;
 French in his hair, in his smiling lips,
 French, in fact, to his finger tips.
 Not a limb of the fellow was frail or slender,
 And, oh, but his eye was brown and tender,
 Clear as a lake undisturbed by a tiny wave,
 And his skin had been browned by the sun and the
 briny wave.

And, lo, on his waistcoat, jingling-jangling
 With its bundle of seals, a chain hung dangling ;

And one of them bore, cut deep in the gem on it,
 The mystical letters D, O and an M on it.
 And I said to myself as he bowed, "What a privilege
 To be bowed to and talked to by him ; 'tis a civil edge
 I'll keep on my tongue and talk back with sobriety,
 For I see by his air that he's used to Society."
 Then he shook my hand, and at once he bound me
 In meshes of silk that he threw around me,
 Meshes spun from his mouth and eyes ;
 And, trammelled thus, but without surprise,
 I felt unfettered and unimpeded,
 As though they were just the one thing needed
 With their promise of laughter and joy and of fun for me,
 These meshes the cheery old Frenchman spun for me.

* * * * *

It didn't last long, our interview,
 But he told me many things rare and true
 In the old *Place Thiers* on a summer's day
 Before with a bow he slipped away ;
 It didn't last long, and that's my sorrow,
 But perhaps—who knows?—we may meet to-morrow,
 And maybe he'll bind me, that stout French spinner,
 As he bound me before, at lunch or at dinner.

"Tis."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

IN *The Virginian* (MACMILLAN) MR. OWEN WISTER contributes something fresh to the ever-widening stream of books. For such a benefactor there remains share of the blessing reserved for him who makes two blades of grass grow in place of one. It is true there is about the book reminiscence of the work of the man who "was the first that ever burst" on the unplumbed sea of character and adventure in which the early settlers in California disported themselves. But Mr. WISTER is no slavish imitator of BRET HARTE. He goes to the ranche instead of the goldfields, and in the cow-puncher finds a man as savage in outward manner, as tender at heart, as humorous, as reckless as the early Californian, and withal of a higher standard. The scene is pitched in Wyoming, which, thirty years ago, was as wild as Virginia under Georgian rule ; a scantier population with equally primitive joys and dangers in the way of living. In his hero, Mr. WISTER portrays one of Nature's noblemen, high-minded, pure-hearted, gentle, brave, and capable. By odd chance my Baronite knows him—him or his twin spirit and brother. He met him on an Atlantic steamer twenty-five years ago, homeward bound to his ranche, having seen and marvelled at the civilisation of England. Tall, handsome, well-dressed, with musical voice and languorous drawl he, once a cow-boy, then an almost millionaire ranche-owner, might have sat for the portrait of *The Virginian*. To complete the similitude, he was devotedly, sublimely, in love with a little school-marm settled in the wilds with mission to teach the cow-boys and any stray children that were around. If this chance acquaintance was not the Virginian, it is well to know the world possessed two such men. The story is breezy with life and colour, love-making, and, upon occasion, straight shooting. After all these centuries, it was left to *The Virginian* to say something new of QUEEN ELIZABETH. Reading *Kenilworth*, which the school-marm had lent him, he looked up, and with his gentle drawl observed, "Queen ELIZABETH would have played a mighty pow'ful game of poker." The remark throws a flood of light from a quite new direction on the character of ELIZABETH TUDOR.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN OPENING FOR LITTLE BILLEES.—"WANTED, YOUNG CHAP for Butchering."—*Adv't., Devon and Exeter Gazette.*



Genial Scorchers. "RUM CUB, AIN'T IT? I THOUGHT I SHOULD FIND SOME ARTISTS HERE. STARTED TO COME YESTERDAY, BUT" (solemnly) "I BROKE MY CHAIN."
Our Artist (not in the best of humours). "OH, INDEED! AND HAVE YOU BITTEN ANYBODY SINCE?"

THE GREAT SOCIETY TRUST.

AN influential Syndicate of financiers in New York is about to form a Trust (to be run as a money-making venture) with the purpose of invading English Smart Society. The object of the promoters is to secure all the *entrées* into the Upper Circles for their *clientèle*. They will thus be in a position to dictate their terms to all wealthy social aspirants. The Trust has already secured the services of one Duchess, two Earls, and several Leaders of Society. The promoters, although recognising that they will have to face considerable competition in this line of business, are confident that they will be able to secure a controlling interest in all concerns of the kind on this side of the Atlantic, for their enormous capital will ensure that competitors will find it impossible to remain outside the Combine, and will be forced either to join or go to the wall. There will be a preferential tariff for all American-born citizens, and special terms for Colonial Dames.

The Trust will provide invitations to dinners, dances, At Homes, and country-house parties for their clients, and will also include an Instructionary Department and a Matrimonial Bureau.

The Instructionary Department will be superintended by the daughter of a Marquess, with a competent staff of refined persons of both sexes conversant with the manners of Smart Society. Special attention will be paid to English

accent, intonation of the voice, and male attire.

The Matrimonial Bureau will be run on strict business-like principles, and parents whose daughters secure hus-

artist have been procured to supply ancestors.

Special composition schemes have been arranged. The following is an example:—



WITH IMPUNITY.

Mrs. Britannia (feebly protesting). "YOU'RE A VERY NAUGHTY BOY. I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE YOU A HARD KNOCK."
Young Argentine (with confidence, pointing to member of the Monroe Doctrine Police). "GAE ON! THE COPPER WOULDN'T LET YER!"

[See leader in the *Times* of Wednesday, August 20, on the obstacles put in the way of redress for the murders of Englishmen in the Argentine Republic, in cases where the criminals are men of social or political influence.]

bands through its agency will be charged fees varying from 2,000 dollars for a Duke to 400 for a Baronet; intermediate and other steps *pro rata*. A foreign nobleman 10 dollars.

Coats of arms and pedigrees will be found for the clients, the latter at a fixed rate for each generation. The services of a rising young

lacking the qualification of birth, breeding, culture, or significance.

INCREASED LATITUDE ON THE PART OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—"On the links the signallers of the Dundee City Rifles spent the hours of darkness manipulating the heliograph."—*Edinburgh Evening News*.

Composition Scheme No. 18b.

—The payment of 55 dollars, spot cash, will entitle the client to the following:—To be met during one calendar month at Church Parade on Sunday under the Statue by one of the Trust's Earls, who will accompany the client twice up and down the most crowded part of the parade, talking affably the while; two invitations to dinner to meet a C.B. at least; client's name to be mentioned in a Society column and costume described as "exquisite"; a stall at a charity bazaar; and two smiles *per week* from the Trust's Duchess in Bond Street or the Park.

N.B.—In case of any incivility on the part of any of the staff, such as "cutting," or "snubbing," complaints should be addressed to the Head Office.

The promoters point out that the Trust will be a boon to the public in general, as it will bring Society into the reach of all — provided they have sufficient capital — who have hitherto been excluded as

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.

III.

IN due course I presented my "special" medical certificate at the orderly-room of the corps, and was ushered into the Adjutant's presence. In a way it was worse than I had feared. For, to our mutual confusion, we discovered that we were already acquainted. He had, in fact, been one of my fags at school in the far-off days of the Victorian era.

"What years it is!" said he.

"Centuries," I agreed, and wondered whether he remembered the episode of the razor and the strop. The razor was mine—my first; he used it for cutting bread-and-butter. The strop was also mine: I used it instead of a cane. And now he was my superior officer!

"You're not a bit changed," I remarked nervously, "bar the strop—the moustache, I mean."

"I see," said he, "that you still shave yours. I should have known you anywhere. Of course your—ah—forehead is higher, and you're rather—er—broader. But we'll soon change this last. Want to do a drill to-day?"

Did I want to do a drill—when my whole nature recoiled from the indignity! If he could only have seen inside the forehead of which he talked so glibly! But the memory of our previous relations came to my aid. It would never do to let my former fag get an inkling of the real state of my feelings.

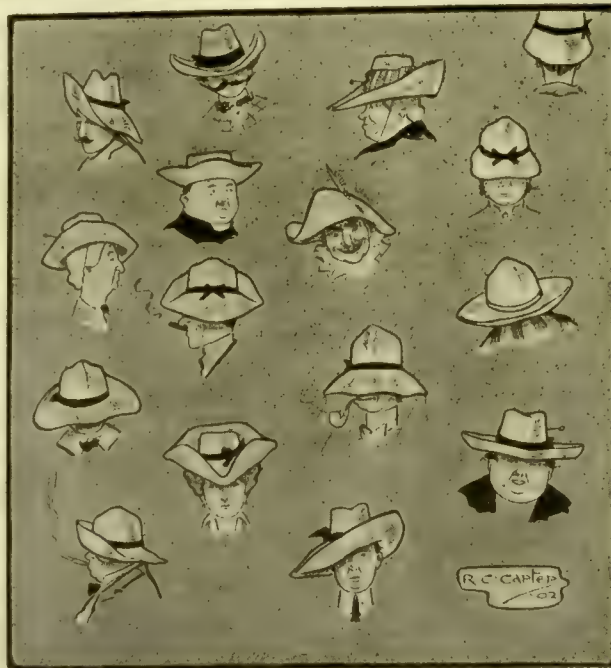
"Thanks so much," I said, with, as I thought, an excellent affectation of cheerfulness. "I should like to. Very much."

"Right," said the Adjutant. "We'll go up to the Drill-hall then. It won't be as bad as you think."

Nor indeed was it. For, having introduced me to a drill sergeant, he had the decency to retire without watching my evolutions, and I didn't so much mind the rest of the world. The sergeant drew me up in front of him, and proceeded to put me through the shuffling gymnasium-bred turnings which are now the vogue. Two or three other recruits dropped in, put on belts and bayonets, and dropped out again, carrying rifles: they were in a sufficiently advanced state to manoeuvre in the open air, *coram publico*.

Then came other men, some of them almost as middle-aged as myself—the veterans of the corps. "Learning signalling," the sergeant told me at my first stand-easy. When they were not engaged in wagging flags and recording their impressions of other flag-waggers in their note-books, they lit cigarettes and watched my performances with critical but kindly eyes.

Frock-coated, top-hatted, eye-glassed, middle-aged, white-spatted and portly-vested, I turned right and left, stood at ease by numbers (there's indignity for you!), saluted, quick-marched up and down and all round my sergeant, turning, wheeling, inclining, chest out and shoulder up, for a good hour, with such brief intervals for rest as my perspiring face and panting bosom wrung from the compassion of my



THE PANAMA.

A most becoming hat. Some ways of wearing

instructor. And not one of the signallers smiled—not once—when I was looking. They had been there, I know: they too, were once raw material, and were only seeing me as others had seen them.

After that I put in drills when I could. Sometimes other recruits turned up—on red-letter days enough of them to assist me in the performance of the evolution known as forming fours. The fact that the more youthful address me as "Sir" is a tribute, I think, not so much to my advancing years, as to the ease with which I have mastered the theory as well as the practice of the art in about half the number of drills which a remorseless Government exacts from the unwilling victims of its recruiting-system.

On a piercing evening towards the latter end of July, an apparently harmless individual might have been observed to descend from a

hansom which he had caused to stop some doors short of the house into which he eventually disappeared, carrying a large brown-paper parcel and a mysterious-looking canvas bag. Casting a furtive glance over his shoulder, he cautiously inserted a key into the door of one of the most respectable-looking houses in the street, and quietly let himself in, with difficulty barring the door against the icy blast. Once inside the dimly-lit hall, he listened anxiously for any signs of life, and then stole noiselessly up the narrow stair till he arrived at a door which he opened and shut with the same precautions. Then he drew from the paper parcel a coarse grey suit, made of cloth so thick that when, after hurriedly divesting himself of his outer garments, he turned to assume his disguise, it gave him a momentary shock to find the trousers, which he had carefully unfolded and straightened, standing up by themselves in the middle of the floor. Having with some difficulty fastened the various buttons of his suit by the aid of a button-hook, he placed a small cap, made of the same material, on his head, and proceeded to climb on to a chair, which he placed in such a position that by standing upon it he could command a view of his whole figure reflected in the glass above the chimney-piece. Suddenly—

Suddenly the door opened, and in walked my wife and her sister. I am aware that no one looks his best when he is caught standing on a chair in order to admire himself in a looking-glass—least of all when the clothes that he is surveying are a Melton frock and trousers as provided for the use of the auxiliary forces. But I fail to see why my appearance should have excited the indecent ridicule to which I was subjected by my female relatives. In fact, for the honour of the regiment, I must draw a veil over the ribald remarks, at the expense of my figure and my vanity, which I had to face. I merely mention the episode to show that a Volunteer must expect no honour in his own house. After this it will be comparatively easy to face even the rude *gamin* of our crowded streets when I first have occasion to walk abroad in my brand-new and exceedingly uncomfortable uniform.

THE GERMAN CUSTOM HOUSE.

THE Germans are odd people, as different from other people as they can be. Look, for instance, at their clothes. What other nation would brave the light of day in green hygienic all-wool garments, designed by a doctor, with no cut about them at all? Look, again, at their manners. As a nation they are rude to everyone, and their statesmen make speeches which are simply amazing. But they are not more amazing than the manners of the German custom-house officers.

In most countries these men are very disagreeable. In England, where the policeman, the porter, the stationmaster, the post-office clerk, and other officials are usually good-natured and obliging, the custom-house officer is frequently sour and ill-tempered. He may be tired, but so are the travellers whom he pesters with his attentions. He may be bored, but so are they. The German *Zollbeamte*, still preserving that difference of his countrymen from other people, is a kind, obliging, civil fellow. However much he may be harassed, his manners are charming.

It is really quite pleasant to meet him. His plump, rosy face shows a genial smile, as though to welcome one to his country. His uniform is a neat one. It has, indeed, some green about it, but it was not designed by a doctor. He wears a sword; but I am convinced he would be much too good-natured to use it, even to strike down a *Schmuggler*. He has the kindly manner of a *Familien-vater*, and one can easily imagine him at home, dancing his little *GRETCHEN* on his knee, as in any chromolithograph "printed in Bavaria." It would be impossible to associate such simple relaxation with the unfriendly French *douanier*, that haughty *fonctionnaire*, or with the unprepossessing brigands who receive one on the frontiers of Italy or Spain.

The German army officer, especially the lieutenant, has an appearance of insufferable conceit, though there is probably a gentleman, if you knew him, inside that great coat with the preposterous square shoulders a yard wide. The German station-master, in spite of his beautiful red cap, is a kindly fellow-creature at heart, and the policeman, even in Berlin, is polite. But the German custom-house officer is a model to the world. What the Americans think of him, after their own officials, it would be difficult to discover, for it is wiser never to mention a custom-house to people from the land of freedom across the Atlantic.

The other day, going from Paris to Strassburg, I was more than ever surprised by the amiable Germans at the



WITH THE NAKED EYE.

Flashly. "IF I CALL ON YOUR PEOPLE THIS AFTERNOON, DO YOU THINK THEY'LL BE ABLE TO SEE ME!"

frontier. The train was packed. I arrived at the Gare de l'Est, with what seemed needless haste, half an hour before it started. I strolled up to the ticket inspector, and asked him casually if the train for Strassburg had come up to the platform. "*Mais dépêchez-vous, monsieur*," cried he, "*il y a deux trains, et tous les deux sont bondés*." And so they were. The French, ever cautious, had arrived an hour before the time, and finding two trains ready, had been sitting in them ever since. The second one of the two, in which I was, poured out this immense crowd at the frontier station the next morning.

It was six o'clock, or seven o'clock, according to the time of one country or the other, but at any rate it was horribly early. It was raining heavily, it was gloomy, it was cold. However, it was hot enough in the baggage-room packed with people. They were all out of temper. This partly arose from the fact that each unit of the crowd carried

angular packages with umbrellas and sticks projecting from them. Everyone was banged, and prodded, and trampled on, and had the handle of an umbrella entangled in his collar, or the sharp end of a stick going up his sleeve. The sturdiest passengers, who managed to keep their packages horizontal, were turned round and round like teetotums in the struggling mass. All the women from the third class held cardboard band-boxes of which the remnants strewed the floor. The custom-house officers had already encountered one such crowd. It is true they stood in a space apart, but that space was just a chaos of luggage, hauled in and thrown down amongst them. Yet even amidst this hubbub they were pleasant and polite.

If only the foreign affairs of Germany were managed by her custom-house officers, how much she would be liked by everyone!

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

JOHANNA.

[“Our one morning newspaper (in Johannesburg) is now devoting about a column a day to an eager controversy on the position of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH among the poets, and it threatens to divide the population like the parties of Boer and Briton.”—*The Daily Chronicle's Transvaal Correspondent.*]

I WANDERED on an unknown tract,
A ghostly, disembodied sprite;
Yet I rejoiced—I was, in fact,
A “phantom of delight.”

Not Yarrow's braes entranced my eye,
I noticed no familiar sign;
But rolling tilths untempered by
The lesser celadine.

I saw no pleasant Highland plot,
Nor LUCY tripping o'er the lea,
But in the distance, out of shot,
The springbok bounded free.

I spied the natives, full as beeves,
Prostrate, each Kaffir, by his cot.
Or else they sat beside their sheaves,
Talking in Hottentot.

Within my bosom so serene
Unearthly courage seemed to spring;
I think that I should not have been
Surprised at any thing.

At length I neared a noisy town
Where merchandise was sold and
bought,
And marked a maid in russet gown
Immersed in anxious thought.

She had a strange outlandish air
That made my heart almost to melt,
She looked so pensive sitting there
Upon a piece of veld.

Unwont to pass such cases by,
“Dear Girl,” I said, “come tell me
now

What may those wrinkles mean that I
Detect upon your brow?

“Some silent grief your spirit gnaws;
Come, all your childish pain rehearse;
Can indigestion be the cause,
Or have you lost your nurse?

“Nay, do not fear me, pretty lamb,
Or take immediately to flight;
Beneath my ghostly garb I am
A phantom of delight.”

“You ask me what is in my head,
But if to you it's all the same
I will not tell,” JOHANNA said
(JOHANNA was her name).

“But if you have a pain inside,
Larger than you can well endure,
Tell me the symptoms,” I replied,
“I might suggest a cure.

“You give no answer? Say why so.”
She looked at me with furtive eye,
And murmured, “Nay, I do not know.”
This was a shocking lie.

“You hold a journal upside down,
Its page is black with printer's ink;
Does that explain JOHANNA's frown?
Is that the missing link?

“The sky is blue, the earth is gay,
You should be crowing like a lark!”
More times than I would care to say,
I made this same remark.

At length she cried, “It is enough!
Within my head there lurks a clot;
I can't decide if WORDSWORTH'S stuff
Is poetry or not.”

Well might her brain sustain a hitch
In worrying such a problem out;
Poor Girl! it is a point on which
I too have harboured doubt!

O. S.

HINTS TO AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHTS.

Of the Essence of Drama.—It is not strictly necessary that you should know much about this, but as a rough indication it may be stated that whenever two or more persons stand (or sit) upon a platform and talk, and other persons, whether from motives of ennui, or charity, or malice, or for copyright purposes only, go and listen to them, the law says it is a stage-play. It does not follow that anybody else will.

Of the Divers Sorts of Dramatic Writing.—Owing to the competition nowadays of the variety entertainment you will do well to treat these as practically amalgamated. For example, start Act I. with an entirely farcical and impossible marriage, consequent upon a mistake similar to that of *Mr. Pickwick* about the exact locality of his room; drop into poetry and pathos in Act II. (waltz-music “off” throughout will show that it is poetry and pathos); introduce for the first time in Act III. a melodramatic villain, who endeavours to elope with the heroine (already married as above and preternaturally conscious of it); and wind up Act IV. with a skirt dance and a general display of high spirits, with which the audience; seeing that the conclusion is at hand, will probably sympathise. Another mixture, very popular with serious people, may be manufactured by raising the curtain to a hymn tune upon a number of obviously early Christians, and, after thus edifying your audience, cheering them up again with glimpses of attractive young ladies dressed (to a moderate extent) as pagans, and continually in fits of laughter. The performance of this kind of composition is usually accompanied by earthquakes, thunder and lightning; but the stage carpenter will attend to these.

Of Humour.—Much may be accomplished in this line by giving your characters names that are easily punned upon. Do not forget, however, that even higher flights of wit than you can attain by this means will be surpassed by the simple expedient of withdrawing a chair from behind a gentleman about

to sit down upon it. And this only requires a stage-direction.

Of Dialogue.—Speeches of more than half a page, though useful for clearing up obscurities, are generally deficient in the qualities of repartee. After exclaiming, “Oh, I am slain!” or words to that effect, no character should be given a soliloquy taking more than five minutes in recitation.

Of the Censorship.—This need not be feared unless you are unduly serious. Lady GODIVA, for instance, will be all right for a ball where the dress is left to the fancy, but you must not envelop her in problems.

A FRIENDLY CHAT.

[The GERMAN EMPEROR, who went on board M. MENIER's yacht in Norwegian waters lately, astonished everyone by his knowledge and powers of conversation. Extracts from the log-book of the vessel have just been published. “He ascended to the upper deck, and then engaged us all in a long conversation on a thousand things . . . while we were all standing, for the EMPEROR never sits in the presence of ladies.” The following seems to be M. MENIER's private account of the visit.]

THE KAISER came, the KAISER talked,
The KAISER stood about or walked;
He would not sit upon a chair,
Because we had some ladies there;
He seemed, with all his iron will,
Incapable of keeping still.

He talked about the Balkan States,
Of RHODES's influence on Greats,
Of pictures, photographs, and busts,
The Czar of RUSSIA and the Trusts—
The plays of MARLOWE and of GREENE,
The future of the submarine,
Of women's rights, of motor-fans,
Of bicycles and Hooligans,
Of graduated income tax,
And horizontal parallax.

He talked about the House of Keys;
He made a pun in Siamese;
He said some really striking things
About the early Hittite kings;
Some views on Carthage he advanced;
He showed us how the *Bacchæ* danced,
And from his own translation proved
’Twas beer, not wine, that OMAR loved.

My brain will treasure till it rots
His theory of solar spots;
Nor shall I easily forget
His ode in Turkish to DE WET,
His singing of *The Minstrel Boy*,
His water-colour sketch of Troy,
His knowledge of the tribes of Gaul,
His criticisms on Saint Paul,
His sympathy with Cuba's wrongs,
His passion for Provençal songs;—
All these, and more, I trust I may
Remember to my dying day.

At last he ceased. I saw him go,
Then, worn to death, I went below.
Quel homme! Quel esprit! et quel cœur!
Quel savant! et quel Empereur!

ICHABOD.

WHAT joy serene! To seek once more
The leafy banks of lovely Thames,
Where forms each verdant, velvet shore
A casket worthy of its gems—
Here in the sunlight or the shade
Our craft to paddle, pole or sail,
And listen to the music made
By linnet, lark, and nightingale!
Comes from afar upon the hush
The weir's sad, ceaseless monotone;
At vespers, hark! the thankful thrush,
And—drowning all—a gramophone!

What joy to leave that raucous reach
And, in the deep, cool, gated lock,
Forget the soul-disturbing screech
That science uses, song to mock.
Launch, gondola, punt, skiff, canoe,
A gay flotilla here we make,
Our stream's retainers, tried and true,
Who love her for her own sweet sake.
Glides in an awesome, fearsome craft,
With Hooligans who screech and yell,
And bottle-laden fore and aft,
It is—it is—the *Barking Belle*!

Amid the flowers the house-boat lamps
Soft through the purple darkness glow;
The banjos plunk amid the camps;
MAUD's singing in the bungalow—
And starlight water-lilies gleam
To hear the voice they love so well!
Hush! easy all! adown the stream
We'll drift, nor break the heav'nly
spell.

Who is it through the darkness calls?
"Oo's 'ouseboat's this?' Me lad, it's
mine,
And I'm the Monarch of the 'Alls;
Wyter! Gimme some more cham-
pyne!"

Along the stream the Vandals flock,
The tide is with their jetsam foul,
From reach to reach, from lock to lock
Their songs and shibboleths they howl.
From betting club, from music hall
They swarm and swagger; all ablaze
With rings on hands whose nails appal,
They crowd the once sweet waterways.
Beloved Thames! One seems to hear
A sob among your willows stir,
Estranged from those who hold you dear
By Midas and the Mafficker.

THE IMAGINATION RAILWAY.

By far the most popular means of locomotion to various holiday resorts. The number of passengers conveyed by it at this season of the year should exceed the paltry few which, for example, the Great Northern, Eastern or Western carry. The advantages of this railway are multifold. There is none of the wear and tear attendant on ordinary railway travelling. It is not necessary to arrive half-an-hour before the train goes, to spend the time in a kind of



G. C. STAMP. 190.

PROBABLY.

He. "I HOPE THERE ARE NO BULLS IN HERE. I CAN'T RUN AS FAST AS I USED TO."
She. "I'M TOLD THAT'S THE WORST THING TO DO. I THINK IF YOU STAND AND LOOK AT THEM, IT'S ENOUGH TO SEND THEM AWAY!"

football scrimmage, and, after losing your luggage and your temper, find that the train that you meant to catch goes in about ten sections, of which of course yours is the tenth. No, all you do is to shut your eyes, while comfortably ensconced in your easy chair, and ask for a ticket to—where you will!

No hansom cabs, which destroy all your nerve before you reach the station! No agonising wait in a labyrinth of traffic—with the knowledge that if you don't catch this particular train you lose your connection to Slugwalk-on-the-Marsh, and that Aunt ELDERBERRY, who is the incarnation of punctiliousness, has sent a cart to meet you (ten miles from the house) which if you miss, the probable result will be a new will! Oh, no—no worries of this kind.

And look at the speed of the Imagination Railway, and the luxurious seclusion! No risk of elderly ladies who

will get into a "smoker" in order to glower furiously at your mild cigarette! No risk of the inevitable mother with squalling infants, or "dear mites," who crawl about the carriage and rest small sticky hands of affection upon your new suit! No risk of the stout man who is bundled in at the last moment, and who falls over your feet and breathes like a grampus throughout the journey.

Choose your locality: Scotland—Switzerland—Italy. Hey, presto! and you are there, and free of cost. A volume of *Baedeker*, with a novel of WILLIAM BLACK'S or of MARION CRAWFORD'S, will help you on the journey. If you are single, you have only yourself to please. And if you are married, why, then let your wife and family (they might lack the necessary imagination) go to the sea, and for yourself you may still remain in London and take day excursions by the Imagination Railway.



"NATURE-STUDY."

Mike. "ISN'T IT CURIOUS, MUMMY, HOW THE MIDGES KEEP FOLLOWING ME ABOUT IN FRONT EVERYWHERE I GO?"

REGIMENTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

["Papers for the examinations in July and December will be supplied to commanding officers by the Director of Military Education in India, but the examination will be held and papers corrected under regimental arrangements, the commanding officer being the approving authority as to whether the officer has passed or not."—*Extract from Official Memorandum concerning elementary education of young officers in India.*]

SCENE—The Colonel's quarters. Colonel BROWN and Major SMITH seated at a table in their shirt-sleeves, with towels round their heads, correcting Lieutenant JONES's geography paper.

Colonel. Haven't done this sort of thing since I was at school. Bally tomfoolery, I call it. "Explain the geographical and strategical importance of Dunkirk." Where on earth is Dunkirk?

Major. Somewhere in the Hebrides, isn't it? Sort of idea there's good sea-trout fishing there in the autumn. What does JONES say?

Colonel. He says it's a promontory in Fifeshire, famous on account of WILLIAM WALLACE, and that's all. I should have

said it was in Ireland. There are a good many places with Scotch-sounding names there. I wish we had an atlas.

Major (shrewdly). Well, whatever it is, JONES doesn't say anything about its strategical or geographical importance. His answer isn't geography at all, it's history, so we can't mark him for it.

Colonel. Oh, it's partly geography; he says it's in Fifeshire, and it's geographically important to know where a place is. Anyhow, he knows as much as we do. Give him a couple, poor devil. (*Goes on with paper.*) "Explain the terms equator, pole, latitude, zone." JONES says, "The equator is the middle, and the poles are the ends, of the earth." (*Hesitates.*)

Major (confident). That's all right.

Colonel (doubtful). I don't know; it doesn't sound right somehow. (*Ponders deeply for some minutes, and then, with unconscious but hearty plagiarism,* Oh, damn the Equator! Give him the benefit of the doubt. Half marks, as he hasn't answered the rest.

[*They wrestle with Mr. JONES's paper for another half-hour, and then the*

Colonel throws himself back in his chair and mops his face with his handkerchief, giving a sigh of relief.

Colonel. Well, we've got to the end of that, thank Heaven! I haven't worked so hard for years. Add up the marks, will you?

Major (after long interval). I make it twenty-one.

Colonel (astonished and alarmed). Eh, what? That won't do; he's got to get thirty-six to pass. Can't have any failures, so deuced bad for the regiment. Here, add twenty for handwriting and neatness, then he'll be all right.

Major. Well, you're the approving authority. [*Does so.*]

Colonel (lighting a cigar meditatively). How would it be if we handed this examination business over to the chaplain?

Major. Would he have nous enough to consider handwriting and neatness?

Colonel. I doubt it.

[*Considers the prospect before him with some emphasis.*]



FELLOW-SUBJECTS.

MR. BULL (to Boer Generals on their return from Holland). "WELCOME TO YOUR NEW COUNTRY! I THINK YOU'LL FIND THE BEST ENEMIES MAKE THE BEST FRIENDS."



MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

III.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

No one who is merely acquainted with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a political gladiator can form any notion of his quiet personal charm. His bijou residence at Highbury simply radiates sunshine — indeed, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might be safely styled the *Roi soleil* of latter-day Imperialism. On the occasion of our recent visit the famous statesman was hard at work on his new treatise on the Preferential Calculus, but with characteristic *bonhomie* he dismissed his Secretary and plunged into general conversation. Although it was only 11 A.M. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S slim figure was encased in a faultless grey frock-coat, with trousers to match, patent leather boots and congress gaiters completing a singularly engaging *tout ensemble*.

"Sit down, won't you," cheerily cried the great Imperialist in his most flute-like tones, "but mind that stuffed ostrich—it was a present from King LEWANIKA. The Moa in the glass case was given me by SEDDON. Wonderful man, that: he's teaching me Maori. *Te Rangi pangi Rotorua wharé? Ulat tanalarezul*—stop, though, that's Fijian; I get a little mixed in my dialects at times. You see, I'm learning them all—except Maltese."



"A singularly engaging *tout ensemble*."

"How do you find time to learn them all?" we queried.

"Ah, you see, I take no exercise. I lead an entirely Seddon-Tory existence now. I am, however, photographed a good deal. You will remember that famous snapshot of me at Blenheim during the peroration of my speech at the great Unionist meeting. And then I read widely. *Great Expectations* was an early favourite of mine. My eldest son is named after Miss AUSTEN, and I know COLLINS' 'Ode on the Passions' almost by heart." Here Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in an exquisite falsetto, began to hum,

"Rosabacca, Rosabacca,
Tria jugera cum vacca."



"I take no exercise: I lead a Seddon-Tory life."

"Have you other pursuits?" we asked.

"I used to be fond of turning, but I do it less now."

"You are interested in the Drama, too?" we timidly suggested.



"I was once devoted to private theatricals."

"Deeply," responded the illustrious Minister, "though I seldom find time to visit the theatre nowadays. You see, our show at St. Stephen's is always at the same hour. I was once devoted to private theatricals, and even now ROWTON—no mean judge—thinks my imitations of DEVONSHIRE and GORST quite as good as Miss Cissy LOFTUS'S."

"And then you are interested in horticulture, too?"

"Ah, yes. Flowers have always been a perfect inspiration to me. And not merely the rarer, the more recondite plants, but every blooming thing delights me. So different from ARTHUR BALFOUR, to whom the most beautiful shrub is simply a hazard at golf, nothing more."

"Then you have not succumbed to the fascinations of the popular pastime?"

"No, I don't play golf; but ARTHUR BALFOUR has presented me with a long 'spoon.'" At this point we rose.

"Will you have an orchid or a whisky and soda?" were the last kind words of our charming host.



"I am, in fact, quite an authority on weeds."

THE PEERS AND THE PERI.

["The Lords are in danger of being deprived of their housemaid. She is paid 30s. a week, and has a room assigned to her in the building. . . . A few weeks ago the Peers lost their housemaid. When she went a crisis occurred. The Board of Works sent an emissary to the housemaid's room, and, finding the place unoccupied, seized the furniture. . . . The Peers have got another housemaid, but they do not know where to locate her. . . . They are resolved to furnish the room anew, and to do so at the cost of the Treasury. The LORD CHANCELLOR is acting as leader in this lively conflict."—*Scotsman*.]

SCENE—House of Lords.

Chorus of Peers.

WHY have we been called together?
Why should we be talking shop,
When the grouse are on the heather,
And the guns go pop?
What's the reason? What's the reason?
Is it war, or is it treason
Makes us spoil the salmon season
And our shooting drop?

First Peer. Lo, here comes he whose wisdom regulates
The fiery ardour of our long debates.
Behold his brow, with sorrow clouded o'er—
Hush, hush! he speaks, the Lord High Chancellor.

L. H. C. A few short weeks ago, or ere
The coy, seductive grouse made
This gilded hall a desert bare
We lost, alas, our house-maid.
The floor was all unswept, the dust
My woolsack 'gan to smother;
Our Abigail was gone. I must,
I felt, procure another.

I set to work, and with a host
Of registries I flirted,
And daily in the *Morning Post*
Advertisements inserted.
Maids filled the Lobby, row on row,
Of endless shades and tinges,
But some looked fast and some looked slow,
And others sported fringes.

At length a maid of likely mien
I came on—sober, willing,
No fringe, no followers, and clean
As newly-minted shilling.
I next about her character
Enquired in all directions,
And all agreed in painting her
A bundle of perfections.

My cares were o'er. I smiled a smile—
But hear the sequel tragic:
The housemaid's furniture meanwhile
Had vanished as by magic.
The Board of Works had stolen chair,
Bed, towel-horse and table,
And left our housemaid's room as bare
As any gee-gee's stable.

Half-Chorus A. Wo! Wo! Are we fallen so low
That we cannot provide for our Abigail? No!
Surely by some means or other we're able
To give her a towel-horse, chair, bed and table.

Half-Chorus B. We've marked with regret how the National
Debt
Has grown, and is likely to grow bigger yet,
And we rather suspect that a plot has been laid
To make us dispense with our excellent maid.

L. H. C.

Alas! Unhappy she!
Hope deferred hath made her dreary
As she gazes all a-weary
Into Paradise, poor Peri,
Where she may not be.

First Peer. Enough! Our 'scutcheons cannot bear this scar;
We are resolved to do or die.

All. We are!
First Peer. Whatever risk we run, whatever ill
May threaten, we will save our maid.

All. We will!
First Peer. Whatever tempests round about us brew,
We stand beside our Peri still.

All. We do!
By our shining stars and garters,
By our coronets and charters,
We will champion our martyr's
Injured cause, we swear.
Government and Opposition,
We unite in coalition,
Making it our mighty mission
To defend the fair.

"For this relief much thanks."—*Shakespeare*.

BRAVO, S.E. and Chatham Railway Co.! They have gallantly defended the cliff at Dover named after SHAKESPEARE, and as proprietors of this "Poet's Corner" of England, have refused to allow the Admiralty "and all its works" to come within measurable distance of doing it the slightest injury. Railway Boards as a rule know what "a good blowing up" means, and the "S.E. & C. R." should henceforth and for ever be dealt with in the kindest and most generous spirit for their brave defence of Shakespeare's Cliff against "the gunpowder plot" and deadly dynamite of the Now Defeated Destroyer.

A RONDEAU OF LOVE PLAYED OUT.

CUPID's dead, it seems, to-day!
Nay, then, CHLOE, now I may,
Scathless, openly defy you;
Wonted homage I deny you;
From your chains I'll break away!

Henceforth I shall wonder why you
Ever held me captive by you.
Yes, I now renounce your sway—
Cupid's dead!

Thus an hour, perhaps, I stray,
Fancy free; but straight must pay
For my rashness when I spy you.
Ah! then mercy I must cry you.
Out upon the fools who say—
"Cupid's dead!"

UNDER the heading "TIR," the *Figaro*, Mercredi, 20 Août, had the following paragraph:—

"RUDYARD KIPLING TIREUR.—M. RUDYARD KIPLING, le poète lauréat, l'auteur de plusieurs œuvres très populaires à Londres, est décidément un homme extraordinaire."

Then comes the story how KIPLING fired and missed, and how "la seconde balle fut en cible."

But, hit or miss, what will M. ALFREDO AUSTIN say to RUDYARD being proclaimed abroad as "Poète Lauréat?" And how will our KIPLING like the description of himself as one whose works are "very popular in London," as if, out of London, his popularity was only comparative?

ALFREDO and RUDYARD may sympathise with one another, and both can write to the *Figaro*, if it so please them.



Shepherd. "MON, SANDY, HE'S GOT NAE FLEE ON THE END O' THE LINE."
 Sandy (tetto voce). "HAUD YEE TONGUE, MON! HE DOES NA KEN, AND HE'S BETTER WITHOOT IT. HE WAS AYE CATCHIN' HISSELF AND ITHIR TRASH!"

ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

II.

MR. H. L. DOHERTY was charged with playing Lawn Tennis to the detriment of Imperial efficiency and Britain's commercial supremacy.

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH, in an impassioned speech for the prosecution, said that Mr. DOHERTY had been gifted with a splendid constitution and a fine Irish name, instead of which he had gone about for years patting balls over a net. Not even the publication of Mr. KIPLING's poem of *The Islanders* had induced Mr. DOHERTY to desist from his preposterous pastime, which, though unobjectionable as a recreation for girls' schools or underworked curates, was totally unworthy of the scion of a hundred kings. How could a player of lawn tennis do anything seriously to embarrass Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN or the controllers of the Boot Combine?

DIABOLO, who apologised for appearing in court in his padded suit, as he had to perform his engagement of "looping the loops" in the course of the next hour, gave evidence in support of counsel's opening statement. It was impossible to be seriously injured while playing lawn tennis.

MR. EDDIE GIFFORD, who dives from the roof of the Hippodrome on a bicycle, corroborated. Only such feats, he maintained, can really federate the world.

MR. EUSTACE H. MILES, amateur champion of racquets and tennis, stated that he did not think Mr. DOHERTY's position was incompatible with the fulfilment of the duties of a good citizen. He (Mr. MILES) had written books on a variety of subjects, ranging from diet to divinity, and he saw no reason why Mr. DOHERTY, if he adopted a vegetarian regimen, should not achieve distinction in the domain of theology without losing any of his sprightliness at the net or his accuracy at the back of the court. But he could do nothing without Brasmon biscuits.

MR. H. F. LAWFORD, K.C., who appeared for the defence, contended that

Mr. DOHERTY, although as anxious as anyone to fire guns at our enemies and defeat the commercial enterprise of America, was irresistibly impelled to play lawn tennis. This was because he was a twin. The precedent established by the RENSHAWs, the BADDELEYS, and the ALLENS placed this beyond dispute. In fact, it had been seriously proposed to alter the name of the pastime to Lawn Twinnis. He wished further to point out that, frivolous as the game might be held to be, it was at any rate not to be confounded with ping-pong.

The Bench, taking the last-mentioned circumstance into consideration, decided not to pass sentence of death; and the prisoner was instead sentenced to be enrolled in the Rottingdean Rifle Club.

costume. He contended that, having worked so long in oils, he was less susceptible to the influence of salt water than an ordinary subject. In addition to which he had taken the extra precaution of being varnished all over. Finally he indignantly denied that he had any intention of leaving the country. In that case his route would have been not across the Channel, but the Atlantic.

MR. A. C. SWINBURNE, President of the Putney Porpoises, who entered the box with a free trudgeon stroke, also gave evidence in the prisoner's behalf. He said that since LEANDER swam the Hellespont, no more superlative or incomparable feat than that of Mr. HOLBEIN had illumined and en-

lightened an enervated and debased universe. In their batlike and contemptible efforts to belittle and underrate his transcendent and supernal achievements, the detractors of Mr. HOLBEIN deserved to be included in the ignoble and loathsome category of those who had sought to depreciate DICKENS, hound down VICTOR HUGO, and traduce LANDOR.

MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, another Putney Porpoise, having given evidence to the same effect, the prisoner was

acquitted amid applause.



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—BY THE SEA.

He left the court in the custody of Mr. KIPLING and Mr. HARMSWORTH.

MONTAGU HOLBEIN, described as an Old Master, and giving an address at the National Gallery, was charged with endeavouring to escape from the country by sea.

The prisoner, who had been picked up in mid-channel and carefully restored, was, to suit his peculiar idiosyncrasy, accommodated with a seat in the well of the court.

Sir EDWARD POYNTER, R.A., who was the chief witness for the prosecution, described the circumstances in which HOLBEIN had disappeared. Salt water, he explained, had a most disastrous effect on the complexion of Old Masters, and he feared that HOLBEIN's value was permanently depreciated.

The prisoner, who elected to be heard in his own defence, now emerged from the well of the court in full aquatic

CAMERA NOTES.

(Continued.)

NEVER attend a wedding or garden party, a picnic, or in general any kind of beanfeast, without your more or less faithful camera. Take at least a dozen negatives on each occasion, and as large groups as possible. Say there are sixty persons in each group, every member of which will expect twelve copies. That will make rather more than seven hundred prints, giving you employment for months to come. One gathering alone will thus make you famous—or notorious—throughout the land, and you really need thereafter take no other. Perhaps you will not be allowed. The Continent is full of quondam camerists (no relation to



Tommy (who is spending his holidays inland, instead of at the seaside as usual). "Oh, JIMMINY! THIS IS LOTS MORE FUN THAN PADDLING IN THE SEA."

Camorristi) who dare not return home to their aggrieved and sorrowing relatives. If, however, your group-views are successful—and subjects will fly into focus sometimes—I hope I have sufficiently indicated the pleasantly busy future which is in store for you. And you will never need to wash, for you will live in one continued toning-and-fixing bath.

There are various ways of constructing an impromptu dark room, when you are overtaken with a desire to develop your treasured records in the daytime. One method is to get under the bed, having pinned dressing-gowns and other light-tight draperies all round it. You must be careful not to be mistaken for a prospective burglar. A thoughtless maidservant may raise the hangings and the alarm together, and irretrievable damage will be done. Another way is to occupy your wife's wardrobe, having previously removed and inventoried the contents, that is, assuming that you have some wife, that she has a wardrobe, and that the latter has contents (though this is generally denied). Do not enter a strange lady's wardrobe. This is almost invariably resented, and

developments of an embarrassing kind ensue. A third solution of the difficulty is to take refuge in the coal-hole, where this is available. A word of caution must here be offered: be careful not to use pieces of Wallsend under the impression that they are "hypo."

Cameras can be made quite cheaply nowadays. A penny one will be shortly put on the market, but I do not think I am infringing any patent in divulging the secret of its manufacture. First obtain, by one of the three familiar processes, an old cigar-box. Black it over with Day-and-Martin, and bore a large hole in one side. Fit into this the bottom of a soda-water bottle, or the "kick" of any second-hand Veuve Clicquot that you may see lying about. This serves for the lens, and will give astonishing definition. For the cap and shutter combined you may use the stopper of a pickle-jar, as this has a quite effective spring. I leave it to your ingenuity to devise how it should be fixed. Do not complicate your machine with intricate contrivances for regulating speed and focus. Go in for broad artistic effects. A slit or two at

the back of the box will be required for the insertion of plates, and there you are. Excellent photos of a London fog or the inside of the Tuppenny Tube (when the lights go out) are guaranteed by this handy and inexpensive little instrument.

That ingenious military invention, the hyposcope, whereby the rifleman can aim over an obstacle and behind cover, has lately been adapted to photographic purposes. The snap-shotter may now disregard the largest *matinée* hat and secure successful views of any passing procession, or he may bag an elusive foreign potentate from behind a brick wall without fear of detection. In fact, with such facilities for unobtrusive and invisible camera-craft, it will soon be considered the height of rudeness and vulgarity to be seen carrying a Kodak. Every well-regulated sun-artist must provide himself with a telephotohyposcope and retire over the nearest skyline when he contemplates taking a picture, say, of a bathing-scene or a lovers' interview, or, in short, any personal incident whatever. The new appliance has quite revolutionised photographic etiquette.

THE NEW TERROR.

I AM the widow of a country squire, and have lived in peace and comfort with the whole neighbourhood for over forty years. But within the last twenty-four hours a frightful change has taken place, and I feel as though I were surrounded by raving lunatics, Gunpowder Plots, or a French Revolution.

It began yesterday morning when I was out driving in a quiet lane. My coachman suddenly reined the horses back on their haunches, leaped from his seat on to the road, and began waving his hat like a madman. I was speechless with horror, and was trying to nerve myself to jump from the carriage and totter home when JOHN climbed quietly back to his seat and gathered up the reins. But before starting the horses he turned to the footman and said with a gloating smile that sent a chill down my back, "It was the red Devil, with his long hairy yellow legs! I've got him now!"

In the evening I strolled in the park to refresh my nerves after the shock of the morning. On the muddy brink of the pond, splashing her hands in the weedy water, knelt my own maid in her cap and apron. It flashed into my mind that she and the coachman had gone mad with love of each other, and that the poor girl was about to drown herself before my eyes. I would have shrieked; but my maid at that moment rose to her feet, and, without noticing me, smiled the blood-curdling smile of JOHN the coachman and ran wildly away.

How I reached the house I never knew. As I sank into my chair I heard steps in the hall, and the voice of my maid, broken with a sort of dreadful glee, "Cook, they were black, and slimy,

CHANGE IS REST;

Or, Two Sides of Human Nature.



CHEAPSIDE.



SEASIDE.

and horrible; I believe they are wriggling in my hair!"

I retired that night more shaken than I have been since the loss of my dear husband. Next morning, after a night divided between hideous dreams of combats with maniacs and waking plans for the speedy dismissal of my unfortunate servants, I sat at my scarcely tasted breakfast by the open French window leading onto the terrace walk. The gardener's little son was coming towards the house, and had no sooner

reached my window than he dashed his cap on the gravel path, threw himself down beside it, and in a few moments (to my intense horror) jumped up with a ghastly childish edition of that appalling smile. Then he shouted with a fiendish gladness to his father at work on some distant border, "I've got it all right, father; but it's sticking its claws into my hand! Need I put it in my pocket?"

The Rector has just called. He tells me that this village is affiliated to the "Nature-Study League," and that that accounts for my terrific experiences. Heaven be praised!



A QUESTION OF BALANCE.

Bobby. "PAPA, LET US TWO GO AND HAVE A GAME, LIKE THOSE TWO BOYS!"

FIGURES OF SPEECH.—Mr. Punch cannot help feeling that a nicer restraint should be used by journalists in reporting upon the costume of celebrities. Thus, the Scotsman represents Mr. CALDWELL (who appeared at the Coronation ceremony in simple morning dress), as being "naked and not ashamed." And a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, recognising Lord KITCHENER's "unmistakable" appearance in mufti afar off at the Naval Review, describes him as being "independent of costume or uniform."



THE RETIRING LECKY.

OH, LECKY, WE SHALL MISS YOU !

[“Professor LECKY, M.P., is about to retire from Parliament.”—*Daily Paper.*]

AT ANCHOR.

(To G. D. R.)

We had cleft the salt sea bravely, but the wind went out
and died ;
And I heard the sails a-flapping as we drifted with the tide ;
With the swaying masts above us drawing curves across the
blue,
And the long smooth swell to swing us—and it's then I
thought of you !

For the wind it died at evening, and it left us rolling free,
Rolling free and loose and lazy in the hollows of the sea ;
And the sea-birds came to mock us :—“ Who are these that
lie at rest
In the ocean's easy cradle while we hurry on our quest ? ”

Then they gathered half a hundred, while we heard their
pass-word ring,
And without a splash or flutter they were off upon the wing ;
Fifty cormorants a-scutting in a swift and level flight
Scarce a foot above the surface, till they settled out of sight.

But the wise old gull kept with us, and his flight was never
fast,
But sedate and poised and sober, as he circled round the mast,

As he circled close and closer, and anon went soaring high
With a flash of snowy glory on the azure of the sky.

“ Look alive, my men, be ready ! ”—’twas the captain
singing clear—

“ We might drift and get no further if we tried for half a year ;
Though the harbour's close and handy, it might just as well
be far,

For we draw twelve feet of water, and it's ten above the
bar.”

Then we folded in our pinions, and the masts were stark
and plain,

And away we swung our anchor with a rattle of the chain ;
And the night spread out her kirtle, and the stars came
peeping through,

And the shoreward lights were gleaming—and it's then I
thought of you !

For I saw you by the river—it was just a waking dream—
On the grassy banks that fledge it, and we walked beside
the stream ;

Oh, it's then I thought and wondered if you spared a
thought for me,

You on land for me at anchor in the hollows of the sea.

R. C. L.

SWEETNESS AND STRENGTH.

[Among the more clamorous topics of the holiday season must be reckoned the important questions which have been lately exercising our contemporaries, one in the morning, and one in the afternoon, namely, "Should Women Work?" and "Should Kissing be Abolished?" The inter-relation of these two problems has not yet been adequately recognised.]

GONE is the giant gooseberry's girth,
And gone the brave sea-serpent's gambols;
Themes that command a rarer mirth
Pursue us on our summer rambles;
To-day we drink new problems in
With apprehensions nicely polished,
And ask *Should Women toil and spin?*
Or else, *Should Kissing be abolished?*

Myself, untaught in chemic terms,
I shrink, from lack of education,
To probe the peril, due to germs,
That lies in casual osculation;
With equal reason I refuse
To treat of economic questions—
But when it comes to *moral* views,
I teem with luminous suggestions.

Go back in thought to Eden's bowers,
And with Mosaic history grapple;—
You'll find no talk of working-hours
Till after Eve had plucked the apple;
For so the tale, that tells us how
Her form she first began to drape, runs;
And surely kisses sealed her vow
Before she took to stitching aprons.

O yes, we learned it long ago,
(Prior, indeed, to Girton College),
How half our sweets and bitters flow
From tampering with the Tree of Knowledge;
The need to work, the right to kiss—
We've caught them from our common mother,
That as the penalty for this,
And one the medicine of the other.

Divorce the two, and take from toil
Its only satisfying guerdon;
Or filch from love its proper foil—
And life, each way, becomes a burden.
Excess in either art alone
(Consult the Lunacy Commission)
Greatly impairs the mental tone,
And ultimately means perdition.

To illustrate the perfect type:—
Her kiss should be as soft as vellum,
While avid readers pluck the ripe
Fruit of her busy cerebellum;
O supple lips! O seething brain!
Yet if, perforce—no laughing matter—
I had to choose between the twain,
I'd cheerfully resign the latter.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron, *en vacance*, per rail, river and road (motor-car and bike not included in means of transit), loves to have with him just a few old friends and two or three new ones, in the shape of books, in whose society he can pass many pleasant hours. Not that he is taking a "reading tour," tutorially; no, he is always the student who only lives to learn, and who, day by day, learns to live; at least such is his desire. Thus it falls out, without hurt to anyone, and with profit to more than one person, that he hath

with him an amusing book, of what may be fairly described as 'The Eccentric Series,' by H. G. WELLS, entitled *The Sea Lady*; also *A Bayard from Bengal*, by F. ANSTEY, which, since it first appeared in Mr. *Punch's* pages, has ever been a source of intellectual amusement both to the Baron and an appreciative public. This most entertaining story is now admirably illustrated by J. B. PARTRIDGE, whose artistic work intensifies the humour of the original idea, adding greatly to the reader's enjoyment. Not only does the story of *A Bayard from Bengal* come to us as fresh as ever, but the author has supplemented it with *The Parables of Piljosh*, by H. B. Jabberjee, B.A. Both these books bear the imprint of METHUEN, which, speaking from experience, the Baron considers may be generally taken as warranty for their literary excellence and readable form. When the undecided *voyageur* goes to a bookstall at any railway station, he, like "the anxious cit" distracted by invitations to various banquets,

"Ponders which to take and which refuse,"

and seeing some work whose title and author are alike new to him he looks for the name of the publisher and *that* decides him. Eight times out of ten he will not be disappointed in his selection, that is, if he be on the sure ground of knowing his own mind in the first instance, and of the publishing "house of call" where he may be pretty sure to find the precise entertainment that his heart desireth. The Baron, having thus delivered himself of these words of wisdom, contents himself with recommending, as *à propos*, the two books already mentioned. Of *The Sea Lady* the Baron may say that it is quite up to the mark of *The Time Machine* and *The Wonderful Visit* by the same author, and he may add that it is not a work which "a Skipper" will care about, as the gems of Mr. WELLS's humour are, in this instance, to be found mainly in the descriptive parts of the story. On another occasion the Baron hopes, by carefully developing his holiday list, to add thereto the names of not a few "readables" whereby he may earn the gratitude of his fellow-travellers, globe-trotters, and holiday-makers by sea and land, to whom one and all he wishes a good time, with a continuance of it, and is theirs sincerely, the careful, cautious and pleasurably responsible

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Impropriety on the French Stage.

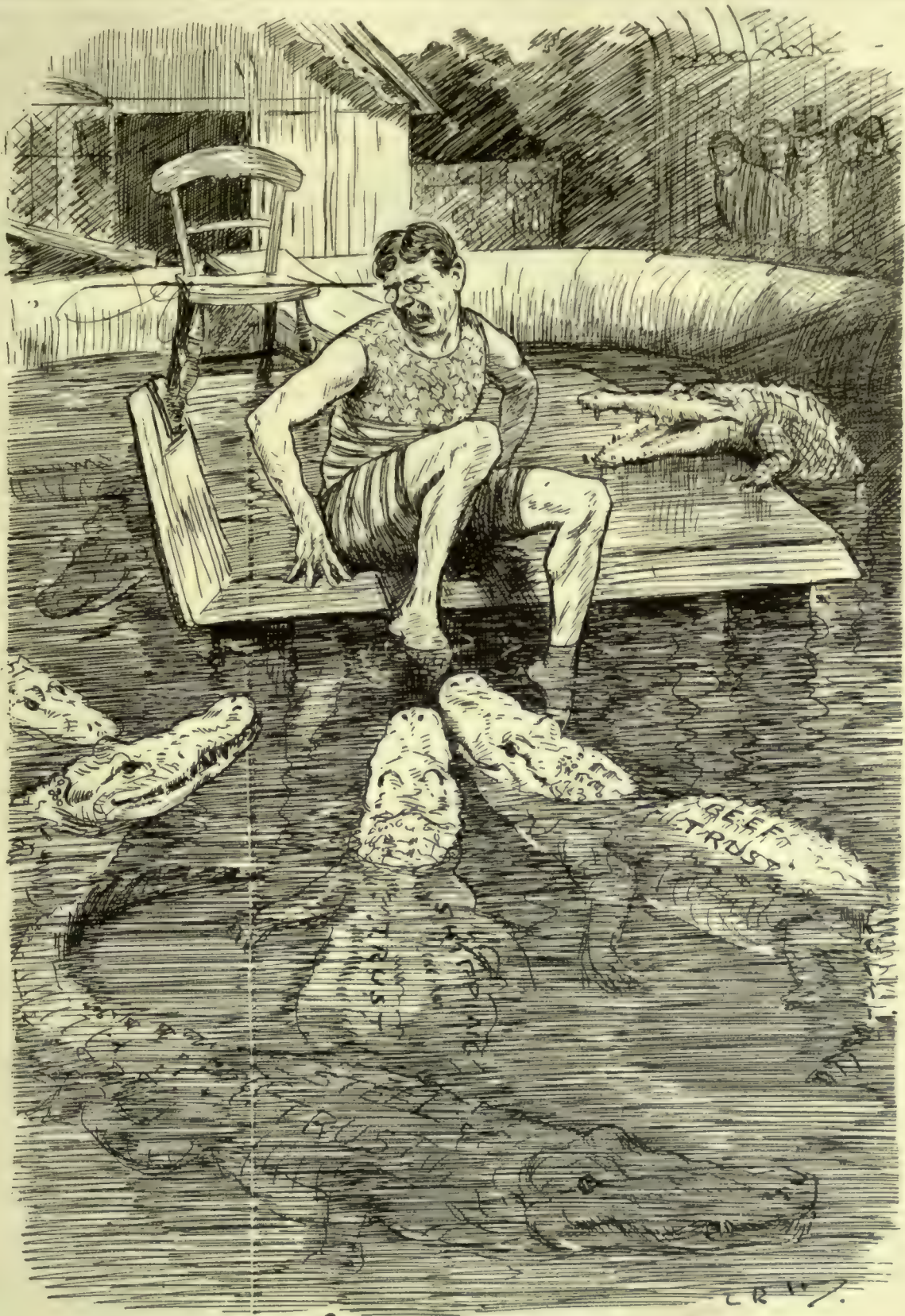
Old English Lady (not much of a scholar, reading aloud from programme of French play). "*La princesse Némée fut sauvée des flots par le pêcheur Zéphoris, qui modestement se déroba après son acte de courage.*" This is no place for us, my dear. He's going to undress on the stage!

[Rises indignantly, and exits.]

BIRDS OF PARADISE.—The P. M. G. informs us that the SHAH's first menu in Paris included "*Anges farcis à la Parisienne.*" It does not say how much nectar was consumed with this heavenly dish, but knowing the temperate character of the Persian monarch, we are sure that it was not enough to justify the French proverb, "*Le soir, tous les chats sont gris.*"

THE gallantry of Police-Sergeant STEPHENS, who dived from the parapet of Vauxhall Bridge to save a boy, has been suitably rewarded. In more tropical climates it is the boys who dive for the coppers.

In England, says a French writer, motoring is not considered a sport because it does not involve killing anything. This is but one more example of Continental aspersion.



A "STRENUOUS" PERFORMANCE.

Professor Roosevelt (in his great Trust Act). "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN ORDER TO DEMONSTRATE THE POSSIBILITY OF CONTROLLING THESE POWERFUL CREATURES, NOT ALL OF THEM EQUALLY TRACTABLE, I WILL NOW DESCEND INTO THEIR MIDST."

[Proceeds to get out of his depth.]

TITLED DEMOCRACY.

[From the report issued by the Board of Education on "Education in the United States," it appears that in the last Academic year no fewer than 10,794 men and 4,293 women were admitted as graduates of the different Universities.]

WHEN every JANE's an LL.D.,
When every KATE's a proctor,
When every MAY's a B.Sc.,
And every ANNE's a doctor,
When each M.A. can rattle free
Her *ôde, ôde, ôde*—
When everybody's somebody,
Then who is anybody?

When titles grow in every spot,
And when you're safe to wager
That every DICK and TOM who's not
A colonel is a major;
When plain "esquire" is rare to see,
And "general" sounds like shoddy—
When everybody's somebody,
Then who is anybody?

O thrice and four times wise who sees
His brother or his sister
Still clutch at titles vain, while he's
Content with simple "Mr."
This way distinction lies: if he
Will tread the path untrod, he
Will certainly be somebody,
Not being anybody.

RAILWAY REFORM.

TO MR. PUNCH.—SIR: The wisdom of a recent illustrious visitor to our shores in restricting the speed of the trains in which he travelled has emboldened me to suggest a few regulations, which, if enforced, would render a railway journey much less trying than it is at present to those who, like myself, do not care to take unnecessary risks.

1. Every signal should be kept at danger until a train is within five yards of the post. Upon the arm falling, the train should immediately stop, in order that the driver may ascertain whether the signal was lowered by design or fell by accident.

2. The driver should not leave his engine for the purpose of making enquiries of the signalman, in accordance with Regulation 1, without first detaching the engine from the train, so that in case of the inability of the stoker to restrain the former in the driver's absence, the passengers will not be endangered.

3. In every case where the verification of a signal to proceed (as required by Regulations 1 and 2) occupies more than one minute, the engine should be shunted and placed at a safe distance in the rear of the train as a protection against the impact of any following train.

4. When a train is running on the level, all brakes should be put hard on once a mile, in order to ascertain that



LA VIE DE BOHÈME.

First Bohemian (to second ditto). "I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME THINK WHY YOU WASTED ALL THAT TIME HAGGLING WITH THAT TAILOR CHAP, AND BEATING HIM DOWN, WHEN YOU KNOW, OLD CHAP, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY HIM AT ALL."

Second Bohemian. "AH, THAT'S IT! I HAVE A CONSCIENCE. I WANT THE POOR CHAP TO LOSE AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE!"

the same are in working order. In running up-hill, they should be applied still more frequently, so that the passengers may be assured that if the engine breaks down the train will not run backwards.

5. All down gradients of greater steepness than 1 in 10,000 should be marked dangerous, and the passengers should be given the option of walking to the bottom. The driver should have strict orders to keep in sight any who prudently avail themselves of the oppor-

tunity, and thus the safety of those who have the hardihood to remain in the train will be to some extent guaranteed.

It has also occurred to me that a lever in each compartment enabling any passenger to shut off steam would be a great comfort, but as this would involve considerable alteration of rolling stock, I should be content for the present with the adoption of the foregoing, which could all easily be put into operation with existing plant. I am, Sir,

AN OCCASIONAL TOURIST.

MY GLASSES.

(By a Holiday Tourist.)

DELIGHTFUL to possess a first-rate pair of glasses—"binocles," I mean; at least I believe that "binocles" or "binocle" is the popular and scientific definition of the article in question, which is neither an opera-glass nor a telescope, but a compound of the two, the "lenses" (I think "lenses" is correct, unless I am under some "optical delusion" on the subject) being as powerful as those of a lengthy and cumbersome telescope, while its form is that of a light portable opera-glass such as may be easily carried in a case attached to a strap over the shoulder (this sounds painful, at least it did years ago when I was a boy, and it *was* painful too), and when slung round you gives the bearer of them—no matter who he is—the business-like look, discounted by the rather rakish air, of a turfite belonging to the "Bookie" division.

Of such glasses in a case I am the proud and happy possessor. A present—you may be quite sure of *that*—as personally, being, like JOHN GILPIN, of a frugal mind, I should never have indulged myself in such a luxury. Therefore for them, as "glasses," I have nothing but praise, as of course one is bound to deal with a gift glass as with a "gift horse," and "not look a gift binocle in the lens." There are spots on the sun, so I am told, but I've never seen them, and don't want to. There is a spot on one of these glasses, but I look over it, under it, and, putting it aside, ignore it.

Since I have had these glasses the world has assumed for me a different aspect—several different aspects—and now I have come to wonder how it could possibly happen that I should have been, during so many years, travelling about to so many places—quite a ULYSSES in a small way (including PENELOPE, *minus* the suitors)—without these glasses, which are now absolutely indispensable to my perfect equipment, not only when *en voyage* but when promenading on cliffs, highways and by-the-sea-ways of the Kent coast, where the coal ought to be. I have a vague recollection of an early nursery story entitled *Eyes and No Eyes*, wherein was shown how *Master No Eyes* went about seeing nothing (which would have been quite pardonable if he had *not* possessed the proper visual organs; but he did not keep them open, that was the author's clever point), while *Master Eyes*, going over the same ground, in the company of the aforesaid *Master No Eyes*, not only saw everything that was to be seen, but was perpetually plying his tutor or father (I forget which) with such a number of puzzling questions as only the learned editor of *Notes and Queries*, assisted by his brilliant staff, could possibly have answered on the spot truthfully and satisfactorily. "The moral o' this 'ere lies in the application of it."

Before this binocle came into my possession, it was not often that I paused in my progress to examine the country round about; and, as to the sea, rarely had I done more than cursorily glance at passing ships. I saw a ship, and simply said to myself, "Let that pass." And it did. But now I am constantly sweeping the horizon: in fact, so frequently and so carefully do I perform this operation, that I wonder there is even a speck left on the horizon to be seen.

Averaging every possible occasion, I reckon that I take my binocle out of its case once in every three minutes; but I will reconsider this sum in mental arithmetic later on, not being quite sure of my calculation.

The mechanism of my binocle may be described as "wheels within wheels" and screws within screws: mysterious in operation and in effect, but of course constructed on the latest scientific principles, which are to me (and *by* me to anybody else who desires the information) quite inexplicable. There is a wheel that goes one

way up to a certain point and no farther; there is another and a lesser wheel that works in an opposite direction. There are some screws whose use I have never as yet been able to ascertain; just as surgeons and doctors have gone on for years and years without being a bit the wiser as to the uses for which certain details of the human body were originally intended; and then there are two "peep-show holes," as I may fairly term them, at the looking-in end which are of the form of that peculiar miniature cup (a thing like an ordinary liqueur-glass in mourning) that a watch-maker sticks into one eye, shutting the other, when bent on critically examining something that has gone wrong with some minute portion of the works of a watch. These two ends, through which you look, move up and down, at least I think they do; but having once rashly attempted to unscrew one of them, and having unfortunately succeeded, I was only too glad to replace it in its position as soon, and as firmly, as, with trembling hands and beating heart, I possibly could. After that I left it, imperfectly replaced, I fear, as the left "peeper" is not quite even with the right; but when a friend remarked upon this to me I thought it as well to assume a superior scientific air while informing him that "this is the way they are made." My friend happening to be rather an expert in these matters, of which fact I was unaware, did not express himself as entirely satisfied with my explanation.

I have said above that I take my glasses out of the case every three minutes. This, I find, must be an incorrect computation.

To begin with, I can never, emphatically never, hit off at the first, nor even at the sixth attempt the precise method of replacing them (after use) so that the wrong ends shall not be in the right place and *vice versa*; as if they don't fit in just exactly the lid won't close, the case bulges, and the glasses will tumble out, or, at all events, can be taken out by any dishonest person, without my being in the slightest degree aware of the theft. So I may put it that to take glasses out of the case occupies about thirty seconds: *sed revocare gradus*, I mean to replace them properly, may occupy me, in a most exasperating manner too, from one minute and a half to five.

After taking them out, in order to see, let us say, some distant object of remarkable appearance, which may be either the latest specimen of the Destroyer type, or that "*monstrum horrendum*," the Sea-serpent (which is due near this coast about the beginning of September) I have, first of all, to adjust the sight. To commence with, everything is a blur; if I may, without irreverence, apply the scriptural description of what our planet was before it became as it is now, I should say every thing, sea and land, as first seen through my glasses, is "without form and void." Gradually, after hazarding a few turns at the wheels or the screws, I observe all sorts of shapes coming into sight: then I become aware of a curious division of black rims framing, as it were, indistinct pictures; then, after another revolution of the mechanism, these segments of circles cut one another, and I feel that my eyes are straining, and my hands shaking, and the sea goes up to the sky and the land disappears entirely; finally, I am about to give it up altogether as a bad job, when I bethink me of another wheel, as yet untried, that turns in an opposite direction to any I have as yet attempted. Eureka! this wheel does the trick—at least, up to a certain extent. Objects became clearer and nearer; another turn and the black frame has vanished, and now I begin to distinguish the distant cliffs from the pier, and I see distinctly the railings—Eh? Are there iron railings guarding the coast of France? No—the railings are right in front of me! I have taken a step back, and I am looking at things within six feet of my coign of vantage. Irritating.



Imperturbable Boatman. "HAUD UP YER ROD, MAN! YE HAVE 'M! YE HAVE 'M!"

Patience, and more turns at both wheels; then at last—ah!—as clearly as possible I *do* see the distant coast of France, which is of course very satisfactory to anyone who didn't know or didn't believe it was there. But what I wanted, when I began, was to see whether the object, which, at that particular moment, was almost on the horizon, was a torpedo-destroyer or a sea-serpent; and now, though at last I've got the right sight and can see things ten or more miles off as clearly as if they were arranged, like a box of child's toys in front of me—for the life of me I can't see what I had originally wished to look at. It has vanished. If a whale or sea-serpent it has taken advantage of my delay in arranging the glasses, and perhaps thinking I was an impertinent amateur photographer taking snap shots has dived down again to its submarine home.

So, on consideration, and at a moderately fair computation, it takes me quite twenty minutes to arrange the glasses for use. If the object has remained stationary, good; if not, 'tis lost to sight though to memory dear. So, taking one thing with another, from the extraction of glasses from case to their return after using them [and seeing something, though not according to the original intention], the performance occupies me just upon thirty minutes.

And now, *Mem. to those whom Providence has blessed with the gift of glasses or with the means of purchasing the same.* When once you've suited your sight and adapted the

glasses to your own "private view," *don't lend them*; no, not to your nearest and dearest relative, and *certainly not to your neighbour*. Do to your neighbour as you would advise your neighbour to do to you, supposing the glasses in his possession and you requested the loan of them; and *refuse him politely but firmly*. If he owns glasses himself he will understand and appreciate. If he is not a binocle-proprietor, and if he be only a vapid, do-nothing, irresponsible gazer, then if you lend such an one your glasses, he will at once say, "Ah, this doesn't suit my sight," and will, without another word, proceed to alter it, and adjust it to his own peculiarities of vision. After seeing nothing, he will return them to you with the remark, "Yes, they're not bad, but you ought to get your glasses at OBENZWEILER'S" (or somebody's abroad, generally "made in Germany"). "Ah!—they are glasses." And you will find that this last state of your binocle, after leaving his hands, is worse than the first, as you will occupy quite another half-hour in re-adjusting them to the use of the person for whom they were intended, namely, yourself.

These notes I make after two or three short voyages of experience on board the gallant "*William Edward*," of the S.E. & C. D. fleet, along the Kentish coast, one of the best trial trips for uncertain sailors (it might be so advertised) I have ever come across. Three hours to Folkestone, land for lunch (take my advice and go straight to the *table d'hôte*

at the Imperial Hotel, which is "near" but not "dear"), two hours there, and then three hours more back; or, for those who find they are not "born sailors," back they can go to Ramsgate without any extra charge at all "on the same ticket" per rail. Courteous Captain, civil crew. And it was under these happy conditions that I tried my new glasses (for which I bless the donor), and 'twas here that I determined to benefit all glass-possessors by my experience.

THE GOLF WIDOWS.

(After E. B. Browning.)

Do you hear the widows weeping, O my brothers,
Wedded but a few brief years?
They are writing home complaining to their mothers,
And their ink's suffused with tears.
The young lads are playing in the meadows,
The young babes are sleeping in the nest;
The young men are flirting in the shadows,
The young maids are helping them, with zest.
But the young golf widows, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly,
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
While you're swiping from the tee.

Do you ask your grazing widows in their sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?
"Oh—yesterday—to-day again—to-morrow—
To the links you ALWAYS go!
Your golf 'shop,' they say, "is very dreary,
You speak of nothing else from week to week;
A really patient wife will grow a-weary
Of talk about a concentrated cleek."
Yes, the young golf-widows, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they weep?
They are longing to be back beside their mothers,
While you're playing in a sweep.

And well may the widows weep before you
When your nightly round is done;
They care nothing for a stymie, or the glory
Gained by holing out in one.
"How long," they say, "how long in careless fashion,
Will you stand, to drive the Dyke, upon our hearts,
Trample down with nailed heel our early passion,
Turning homeward only when the light departs?
You can hear our lamentations many a mile hence,
Can you hearken without shame,
When our mourning curseth deeper in the silence
Than a strong man off his game"?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Mr. Punch feels that he must applaud the enterprise of the Moody-Manners Opera Company in providing entertainment in the vernacular at reasonable prices during the dull days. Their season was pleasantly inaugurated on Monday the 25th, when *Carmen*—best of popular operas—was played before an enthusiastic house, in which the suburban and provincial elements predominated. Miss ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN's heroine of the strutting gait and swinging hips—perhaps a shade too accentuated in her motions—had lost little of the old charm and nothing of the old audacity. Mr. PHILIP BROZEL, once freed from the paralysing influence of his dragoon uniform, showed intelligence and a very effective energy in the part of José. The *Escamillo* of Mr. GEORGE FOX did not justify his profession of bull-fighter by any adequately taurine quality of voice, though, like most *Escamillos*, he was picturesque. The Captain of Dragoons

would have worn a more martial air if he had not held his sword-sheath like a silver pencil in his right hand—here the wrong one. Miss HICKISCH sang the part of *Michaela* gracefully, though her sense of dramatic sympathy is still immature. The chorus showed signs of good drilling, and were more often in time with the orchestra than might have been expected on what was, as rumour goes, a positively first acquaintance with that body. The phrases that one caught now and then from the English libretto served to increase one's respect for the common practice of performing opera in a foreign tongue.

Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of a statement from a Press Agent in which Mr. BROZEL is said to have "made a most successful reappearance at Covent Garden last Monday," and Miss HICKISCH to have "made a most successful first appearance at Covent Garden." As the envelope containing these opinions bears a post-mark giving the hour of despatch as 4.15 P.M. on August 25, and was, therefore, sent off at least 3½ hours before the commencement of the performance in question, Mr. Punch takes this opportunity of congratulating the Press Agent on his almost oracular insight into the paulo-post-future.

The performance of *Maritana* on Thursday, when Miss FANNY MOODY, Mr. MANNERS, and Mr. COATES gave excellent renderings of various desultory solos, quite missed distinction, though the audience was too happy to note this defect. Their reception of this good old medley recalled vividly a famous passage in one of Mr. QUILLER-ROUCH's parodies, in which he speaks of

"The crowd that cheers but not discriminates."

AN INTERCEPTED DISPATCH.

["Satisfaction has been given by the Porte in the matter of another item of the American claims. A rifle, which had been confiscated by the authorities, has been restored to its owner."—*Daily Paper*.]

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—I have to tell
The tidings of a triumph for our nation,
A diplomatic feat that must compel
Our envious rivals' grudging admiration.
It gratified me that you should receive
From me the first congratulations tendered
On what I dared not hope we should achieve.
Prepare your ears:—The rifle is surrendered!

No Turk shall wield it in a godless fight
To make the Sultan's slavish Empire bigger;
Emancipated eyes shall seek the sight,
And free forefingers tighten on the trigger.
The weapon that was forged on Freedom's soil
Shall ne'er uphold a Tyrant in his station;
The clutch of ABDUL slackens on his spoil;
The Yildiz Kiosk rocks to its foundation.

The Porte, indeed (I know their Eastern ways),
May possibly regard it as a trifle;
I have a notion that they think it pays
To yield on such a matter as a rifle,
If so to graver matters they may bring
The credit of an excellent intention;—
That is, of course, an aspect of the thing
It is not necessary we should mention.

Think how, when this announcement circulates,
The foes of freedom will be cowed and frightened!
The dignity of our United States
Will be, if possible, increased and heightened.
Let not our counsels be, as others' are,
Secretive, pusillanimous, and murky,
So advertise the statement, near and far,
That we have got that rifle out of Turkey.

NATIONAL TREASURES.

["Hero-worship is not extinct. Mr. TRUMPER is reported to have received an offer of £10 for one of his disused bats."—*Daily Paper*.]

I SLEPT awhile, and as I dreamed
A huge Museum met my eye,
Vaster than that so much esteemed
By residents in Bloomsbury.

As I approached the door, a voice
From some dim alcove thundered
down:

"If you would worthily rejoice,
Enter! The fee is half-a-crown."

I paid the trifle specified,
And, noting my bewildered glance,
A singularly courteous guide
Took pity on my ignorance.

"Here you will witness," he began,
"None of the customary shows;
The choicest treasures known to man
Within this worthy shrine repose.

"For instance, in that gilded case
Which I perceive you gazing at"—
"Yes," I remarked, "a common-place
And ordinary cricket-bat!"

"Not so!" in solemn tones he said,
"Nay, there you have the actual blade
With which J. SMITH" (he bared his
head)

"In thirteen county matches played.

"That piece of chalk, which you discern,
Looks unremarkable, 'tis true,
And yet, irreverent stranger, learn
That it has touched a Dawson's cue!

"This clod of grass is quite unique,
I dare not estimate its worth,
The champion golfer's driving cleek
Removed it from its native earth!

"That football-boot"—with even more
Of deep humility he spoke,—

"Once graced..." Unhappily, before
He spoke another word—I woke!

CHARIVARIA.

THE extraordinary rise in Rates in many districts of London is beginning to arouse indignation, and an Irate-payers' Association is to be formed.

The Americans have snapped up some more valuable contracts in South Africa, but England has won the American National Lawn Tennis Doubles Championship.

One of our Great Halfpenny Papers last week published an article pointing out that a portion of St. Paul's Cathedral was in danger of collapsing. Thank heaven! we were reassured the next day, the rival Great Halfpenny



CAUSE AND EFFECT; OR, THE POWER OF POETRY.

Austen Dante Smith (soliloquising). "AH, HOW SWEET THE SCENT OF THE SEA! TO LIE AND BREATHE THE FRAGRANCE OF THE MIGHTY DEEP!"

declaring the report to be a sensational one, and the scare ridiculous.

It is fast approaching a scandal that so little care is taken in the conveyance of State missives. During the KING's recent cruise important documents, which had to be carried to and from Scilly, Falmouth, and Penzance, were entrusted to Torpedo-Boat Destroyers.

A man who was charged with being drunk and disorderly last week, and was asked by the Magistrate whether he had any evidence as to character, promptly produced a daily paper containing an interview with RAS MAKONEN, in which the RAS, on being asked what he thought of the English people, answered, "The people, from the highest to the lowest, all are good."

King LEWANIKI, I hear, is much

annoyed at a misprint which stated that he "and his suit" had returned to Africa.

It is always difficult for a newspaper to vouch for the accuracy of its news, and I admire the frankness of one which publishes a column every day headed "To-day's Story."

Turkey is endeavouring to borrow £45,000 in order to pay a month's salary to State officials on the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Sultan's accession, His MAJESTY having expressed a wish that something extraordinary should be done on that occasion.

Last week there was no sensational murder in Paris, and it has been intimated to the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* that his reason for existence is becoming dubious.



DAVID WILSON

"WHAT EVER IS THAT YOU HAVE DRAWN, MASTER JIMMY?"
 "BUT I DON'T SEE ANY LADY!"

"DAT'S A DRAGON AND A PRETTY LADY."
 "'COS THE DRAGON HAS EATEN THE PRETTY LADY UP!"

NATURE NOTES.

I HAVE observed, Mr. Punch, that almost all the daily papers have taken lately to publishing a column about birds, beasts, and flowers, which figures pleasantly, not to say unexpectedly, among political speeches and Stock Exchange reports. Why should not you add this delightful feature to your pages? I am quite willing (for a consideration) to supply it; and the fact that I know nothing of botany or natural history is, to judge from your contemporaries, not the slightest drawback. The one requisite for the writing of such a column seems to be the possession of a poetic and flowery style. The specimen notes which I append will convince you that I am fully equipped in this respect.

Harvest time! How rich in sweet associations is that dear old phrase! And it is with us once more; even as I write the swish of the scythe among the wheat falls pleasantly upon my ear. And to-morrow, they tell me, if the weather be fair, the wild oats—apt symbol these of the days that are no more!—will be garnered, pressed, and heaped within the oast-house ere the

winter storms begin. And then the farmer with his sturdy toilers will gather in the gabled farm and keep their harvest-home, with draughts of foaming cider to gladden their hearts;—right honest cider this, none of your foreign stuff, but distilled from gooseberries raised on the farm.

How often the trained eye of the bird-lover catches sight of rare songsters which are quite unfamiliar to the average man and woman! Thus no later than yesterday I saw in a walnut-copse a pair of blue-tailed bobs. Now the blue-tailed bobs is quite uncommon in this country, so the reader may imagine the care with which I watched these creatures. Their habits are most remarkable. Taking a short run, they move their wings rapidly, and by this means rise high in the air. On the same morning I saw, quite close to the farm, an almost rarer bird, the golden dabchick (*dabchickia aureata*). This, I found subsequently, had been kept in confinement for some time by the farmer's wife, and had just escaped. The rustic folk hereabouts speak of it as "Missuses caneery," a quaint local term, for the derivation of which I cannot account.

This is a busy time of year for the entomologist, and I hasten to assist the beginner in this fascinating science by some useful hints. Many waste money on quite unnecessary nets and other paraphernalia. The only requisites for forming a good collection are a loaf of bread, a pot of jam (strawberry is said to give the best results), and a bicycle. The *modus operandi* is as follows. You invite some friends to tea in a wood and present each of them with a slice of bread and jam. Then you leave them and go for a short ride on the bicycle. In a few minutes you will have a choice collection of small flies in your eyes, which you can remove at leisure. On your return you will find a swarm of wasps, bluebottles, and other of the larger insects around the heads of your friends and in the jam-pot.

And now I must pause. The imperious hush of night, and the fact that I have done my 500 words, alike bid me lay aside my pen. The honey-laden bee has retired to his nest, the sweet cooing of the swallows is heard, and a faint fragrance from the cabbage-bed haunts the twilight air. 'Tis night. And in twelve hours it will be morning. Ah, wondrous mystery of Nature!



THE UNINVITED GRACES.

[The new British Academy, which has lately received a Royal Charter, is restricted to the representatives of Scientific Literature, and takes no cognizance of Poetry, Drama, and Romance.]



LA PERFIDE ALBION ET LES PYRAMIDES.

[The *Matin* last week expressed great solicitude for the Pyramids and the Sphinx, disappearing under English vandalism.]

SCENE—Giseh. Moonlight. Discovered, the Sphinx, in an attitude of repose. To her enter hastily a Reporter of the "*Matin*."

Reporter (excitedly, aside). Enfin! La voilà! Parbleu, elle existe encore! (Aloud) Madame, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer. Permettez que je me présente. ALPHONSE DURAND, rédacteur du *Matin*. Je dépose ma carte, et en même temps mes hommages respectueux, à vos pieds. Je vous baise la main—ah pardon!—c'est à dire, la patte.

Sphinx. Ank, ouza, senb!

Reporter. Pardon, madame, si par hasard vous parlez égyptien, je dois vous avouer que je ne le comprends pas. Je le regrette infiniment.

Sphinx. Very well, then, I must ask you to speak English. I only said "How d'ye do," in old Egyptian, but I've learnt so many languages since then that I'm really getting quite rusty and losing the best pronunciation. There's nobody talks it now, worse luck!

Reporter (aside). Ah, ciel! Elle parle anglais. (Aloud) Madame, vous avez vu NAPOLEON à vos pieds, et vous parlez la langue des infâmes usurpateurs, qui désirent la domination universelle?

Sphinx. Oh, all right, if you insist upon it, here goes. Bong jooah, mounsiah, commong voo pawtay voo?

Reporter (with his hands over his ears). De grâce, madame! Je vous en prie! I spik a little ze English. I go to essay. Say me, Missis, why disappear you?

Sphinx. I'm not disappearing. I'm as fit as possible. Never better in my life. You don't hear me grumble. I never want a change of air. No week-ends, or that sort of thing, for me. Ripping climate here.

Reporter. Vraiment? And ze Pyramids? Zey disappear?

Sphinx. Not they! Look at 'em. There they are. All serene. Nothing the matter with them. Of course we're none of us as young as we were, but then, who is? I used to be rather fond of riddles, when I was younger. I've learnt some ripping new ones since my English friends came here. When is a door not a door?

Reporter. Adore! Ah, madame, les Français adorent les antiqui—, ah non! les jeunes—, je veux dire, les jolies femmes, toujours des énigmes. But I go to spik English. You are not appy ere?



G. L. S. TAPPA.

He. "REALLY, IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T TALK SUCH—ER—SUCH UTTER NONSENSE!"

She. "IF YOU WERE ME? NO, OF COURSE YOU WOULDN'T!"

Sphinx. For goodness' sake don't drop your H's. Awfully bad form. I'm all right, since I got to speak English properly. Awful grind, though. But the people who come to Cairo are quite the smart lot, so I really picked up the best English, quite swagger English, from them, don't you know.

Reporter. I comprehend at pain. But in fine, Missis, I demand if the brutal English you leave to perish.

Sphinx. Well, if any of us perish it's not their fault, for they've got a Frenchman, called MOSSOO MASPERO, to look after us more or less, with the mummies and all the lot. A Frenchman, think of that! There's a jolly good stumper for

you. So be off, you duffer, or I'll ask you another riddle. Where was MOSES—I remember him when he lived near here some time ago—when the candle went out? Can't you guess? Where you are generally. What? Give it up?

[Exit Reporter, hastily.]

Juvenile Geography.

Governess. The Earth moves round the Sun . . . it takes a whole year to complete the round . . . and this accounts for the four seasons. What are the four seasons of the year, PHYLLIS?

Phyllis (aged 5). This year, next year, sometime, never.

ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

III.

CHARLES BURGESS FRY, 30, journalist, was charged by the Institute of Journalists with neglecting his profession by playing cricket.

Sir WEMYSS REID, called for the prosecution, stated that the prisoner's success with the pen was very striking. He wrote everything except leaders, but was expected to begin those directly in view of recent dux. He had been grieved to see the prisoner's name in the cricket reports.

Mr. BENNET BURLEIGH, special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, said that he had written articles under trying enough circumstances, but he had never succeeded, as the prisoner did, in playing cricket and writing at the same moment. The witness did not consider that an article written while running a cut for three could be as good as one written in the security of one's study.

Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, who said that he was the Editor of the *Daily Express*, gave evidence proving the prisoner's ability with the pen. He added, however, that it was necessary that he played cricket too.

Sir GEORGE NEWNES corroborated.

KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI, who on entering the witness-box gave the prisoner a leg glance of recognition, said that the prisoner was not to blame. Authors must play sometimes; he himself did, although he had written the *Jubilee Book of Cricket* and edited a boys' paper. It was not true that he was known as the Indian Inker.

Other authors, including Mr. P. F. WARNER, Mr. D. L. A. JEPHSON, and Mr. F. A. IREDALE (by special wire), corroborated.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that the present talk about exercise was absurd. No one needed exercise. He never took exercise himself, beyond cleaning his eye-glass. He had never previously heard of Mr. FRY, nor did he understand the game of cricket; but he would undertake to get a bigger price per 1,000 words for an article on the game, without exercise, than Mr. FRY could, with all his capering about on what he had been led to believe was called the pitch. What he had said he had said.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE gave evidence in support. He said that he had written many hundreds of thousands of words on no exercise at all. All that he needed was

a little BACON. If Mr. FRY was so fanciful that he could not write without playing cricket, he would never get into the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

The Bench sentenced the prisoner to several long innings unaccompanied by his note-book.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES, amateur champion at Racquets and Tennis, who recently appeared as a witness in the trial of Mr. H. L. DOHERTY, was charged with fasting for three days without any provocation.

Mr. DANCKWERTZ, K.C., who prosecuted on behalf of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, contended that the

punishment could be too severe for a man who advocated abstention from a carnivorous diet.

PETER LATHAM, the professional Racquets and Tennis champion, said that if Mr. MILES only could put more beef into his stroke there would be no holding him.

Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, who appeared for the defence, asserted that his client had been grossly misrepresented. Mr. MILES expressly stated that he "ate a lot too much" after his fast, and that he "did not think he would ever do a complete fast again." He was merely anxious to test his ability of endurance, and here Mr. SHAW read the following touching passage from Mr.

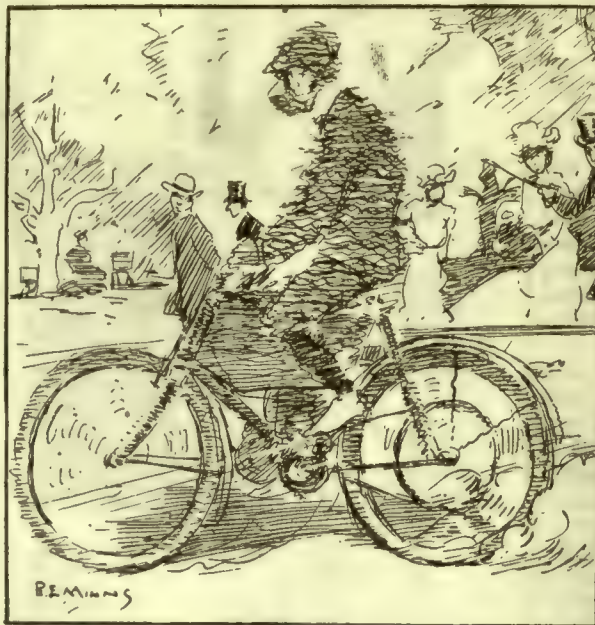
MILES's own account of the results of his experiment:—

"I feel additional confidence in my power of self-control, though I grant that my sister was kind enough to take out of my room the fruits and other foods that generally stand there, particularly some clear-veined thin-skinned gooseberries. I did not expose myself to the full temptation."

This conclusively proved that, as a rule, Mr. MILES did not despise food. As for the gooseberries, he believed that they were positively gigantic.

After a consultation the Bench decided that a man who would eat gooseberries at the end of August was capable of anything, and sentenced Mr. MILES to join the Beefsteak Club without a moment's delay.

As the Court was rising a well-dressed lady of middle-age, who seemed to be in acute distress, applied to the Bench for advice in the following painful circumstances. According to her statement, her husband, a retired officer of moderate means, aged 53 and a grandfather, had been so much impressed by the success of Mr. CHARLES HUTCHINGS that he was now devoting his entire energies to emulating the achievements of his contemporary. This, in itself, was an innocent ambition enough, but the methods adopted were most undesirable. Thus he had purchased at immense cost a wry-necked platinum putter, and had invented a golfing boot with aluminium toe-caps and a rubber-cored heel which he declared had added thirty yards to his drive. In spite of all this equipment and outlay, his handicap was still 24, and she was informed by his friends that at his present rate of progress he was not



HOW JONES FELT ON A SECOND-HAND MOTOR BICYCLE OF THE VIBRATING KIND WHICH HE HAD BOUGHT FOR A "MERE SONG."

doctrines enunciated by Mr. MILES in the record of his experiment published in the *Daily Mail* of the 28th ult. were of a most pernicious and unpatriotic character. Mr. MILES was an accomplished athlete, and his example could not fail to exert a most dangerous influence on those who sought to rival his record. England's empire was built up on the consumption of prime ox-beef—here Mr. DANCKWERTZ quoted CALVERLEY with thrilling effect—and not on tabloids, lozenges or biscuits. The feeling in Leadenhall Market against Mr. MILES was very strong; indeed he would not like to answer for the consequences if the prisoner were not restrained from further experiments of this deplorable character.

Mr. HANBURY, the President of the Board of Agriculture, gave evidence for the prosecution. He considered that no



Cheerful Beginner (who has just smashed the Colonel's favourite driver). "OH, NOW I SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO CARRY SO MANY CLUBS!"

likely to get down to scratch before he was a septuagenarian. Although a most humane and chivalrous man naturally, she had learnt that he recently took eighteen strokes, mostly with the niblick, at the "Maiden" at Sandwich, while his bill for baffies alone in the last year had amounted to £48.

After a brief consultation with his colleagues, Mr. THOMAS MORRIS, the senior magistrate on the Bench, expressed his regret that they could not deal summarily with such cases. He understood, however, that the St. Andrews' Committee had passed a rule forbidding great-grandfathers to compete for the championship, and meantime he was glad to be able to announce that his colleague, Mr. ANDREW LANG, had kindly undertaken to remonstrate with the offender in a *Chant Royal et Ancien*.

AN AFFAIR OF STATE.

[Mr. Punch has pleasure in publishing some correspondence, &c., dealing with the subject discussed in "The Peers and the Peri" in his last issue. He hopes to investigate its authenticity later on.]

I.

H.M. Treasury.

MY LORD,—I am directed by the Lords of the Treasury to inform you that in consequence of the cost of the late War, Their Lordships have determined to pursue a policy of economy and retrenchment.

In this connection They have had under consideration the emoluments and perquisites of the Principal Housemaid of the House of Lords. It appears that the salary of the position is thirty shillings a week, and that apartments, furniture, coals and gas are provided, but so far as Their Lordships are aware beer-money is not allowed.

In the circumstances it seems desirable that the Public Funds should be relieved of the expense of furnishing the Principal Housemaid's apartments; and I am accordingly to instruct you that Their Lordships will be unable to consent to any further expenditure under this head. I have, &c.,

Viscount ESH-R, FR-NC-S M-W-TT.
H.M. Office of Works.

II.

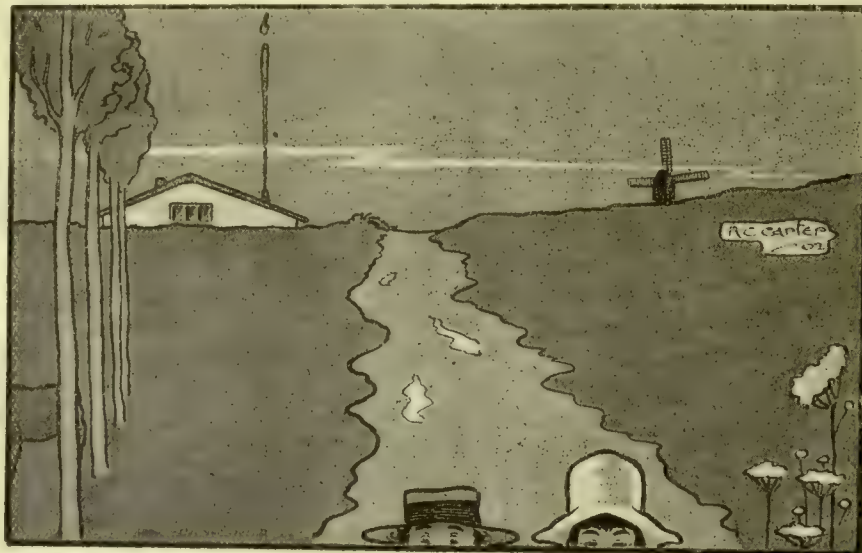
H.M. Office of Works.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I have noted the instruction of

the Lords of the Treasury that the Principal Housemaid of the House of Lords shall not, in future, be provided with furniture.

In the interests of the overburdened taxpayer I have ventured to make Their Lordships' decision retrospective, and have visited the Principal Housemaid's apartments, and taken away the furniture therein. I found it absolutely necessary to hire a pantechicon (the cost of which I suggest should be deducted from the Principal Housemaid's salary); but, by taking three of my Senior Clerks with me, I managed to avoid the expense of employing any outside labour.

The removal was carried out without difficulty, after three policemen had



"MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—A DUTCH LANDSCAPE.

done the same with the Principal Housemaid.

I shall be glad to have Their Lordships' sanction to the expenditure of £16 16s., being twelve guineas for two frock-coats ruined during operations, and four guineas for four silk hats which unfortunately rolled off our heads into the mud whilst we were placing the piano in the van. I have, &c.,
Sir FR-NC-S M-W-TT, K.C.B. ESH-R.

H.M. Treasury.

III.

House of Lords.

YOUR LORDSHIP,—Four men have been and took away my things which is an awful shame and I shall be very grateful if your lordship sir can do something for me as I haven't got no bed to lay my head on and nothing to scrub your Chamber with and shall have to go round to Sleep at my sister Sues.

Your Lordships Obedient Servant,
THE PRINCIPAL HOUSEMAID.

IV.

Extract from the Minutes of the Select Committee on the House of Lords Offices.

"... The LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN said he had received a most pathetic letter from their Principal Housemaid, complaining that the Office of Works had forcibly removed her furniture. He was sure Their Lordships would agree with him that this was not fair to the Housemaid. He would remind them of a saying they had no doubt heard in their youth: 'Give a thing; take a thing; black man's plaything.' He did not quite know what it meant, but he fancied it expressed adequately their disgust of such unchivalrous conduct. He hoped Their Lordships would consent to a 'whip round' to provide their Housemaid with a pail and scrubbing-brush, and a broom, as everything had been taken from her, and she was unable to keep their Chamber clean.

"The LORD CHANCELLOR interposed, and said he thought an action might lie against the Office of Works. He had a sort of a kind of an impression that it was illegal to dis-train on a workman's tools; and he thought it might be contended that a housemaid was a workman, and a

pail and a scrubbing-brush were her tools, and that this was a sort of a kind of a distraint. He apologised for saying 'sort of a kind of a' twice."

Mr. Punch hopes to be in a position to publish a further instalment of this Correspondence in 1905, and news of the re-furnishing of the poor housemaid's rooms some time in the following year.

A Complication.

Caller (at house of injured motorist).
How is your master after the accident?

Housemaid (with some embarrassment). Which they think he 'as broken the—(blushes)—the kilometre record, but 'e's better to-day.

SPLENDID SPORT.—The sportsman who, for the last three weeks, had grouse on the brain, complained one morning of shooting pains in his head. What the bag was has not been stated.

"NINE BRAVE MEN."

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Caister, Monday.

TO-DAY the rare August sunlight falls on the chancel of the old parish church through windows softly dight. It lights up the simple inscription, "To the glory of God, and in memory of nine brave men." These are they who, on a wild November night in last year, put out in their trusted lifeboat in answer to the signal for help flaring on the Berber Sand. For two hours they fought with sea and storm before they could launch their boat. For some of us that would have been sufficient excuse to stay at home. They had striven hard. If the sea would only let them they would brave its dangers and go to the rescue of the helpless crew on the stranded ship. What would you? They had done their best. Let them get back to bed.

But, as old HAYLETT said when, at the inquest that followed, the Coroner asked whether at a perilous moment they did not think of making for the shore, "Caister men never turn back."

At the end of two hours the lifeboat crew were still tugging at the oars, hoping to get out of the surf and make for the stranded ship. Five minutes more and they had passed the furious barrier and were tossing on the sea. They reached the vessel only to find that help had come from another quarter, and that the crew were saved. They put back to the shore, but almost as they reached it a gigantic wave lifted the boat in its arms and turned it upside down, with its crew of a dozen imprisoned in this strange vault. Three managed to crawl out. Nine found a watery grave, with their own familiar boat overtopping them as a tombstone.

This gallant deed, with its tragic ending, stirred the nation to profoundest depths. The "nine brave men" were past help or redemption. The wives and little ones left behind became the people's care. A sum exceeding £12,000 was promptly subscribed, and the widows and orphans are liberally provided for. The memorial window in the parish church is the drowned sailors' share of the tribute. In the simple hearty words spoken by the Bishop after the dedication of the window, he mentioned that there remained on it a debt of £150. "This congregation can," he said, "if they like, wipe off the debt before they leave the church."

And they did. The collection having been made, a visitor from London sent a message to the Rector undertaking to make up whatever sum was necessary in supplement.



THE INTERPRETATION OF SIGNS.

Custodian. "THIS 'ERE'S A PRIVATE ROAD, MISS! DIDN'T YER SEE THE NOTICE-BOARD AT THE GATE, SAYIN' 'NO THOROUGHFARE'?"

Placida. "OH YES, OF COURSE. WHY, THAT'S HOW I KNEW THERE WAS A WAY THROUGH!"

Fine weather on Caister beach this morning. German Ocean laps the shore as gently as if it had never broken up a ship or drowned a sailor. Yet a little way out its white teeth flash ominously over a shoal. On the beach is a curious wooden structure approached by a long range of ladder-like steps. It is the crow's nest from which, night and day, watch is kept over the far-reaching ocean. Close by is a bell, the sound of which is only too familiar in Caister. It was rung on November 14, 1901, summoning the lifeboat crew from their comfortable beds, to which nine out of twelve never returned. On the beach we came across old HAYLETT, still hale in spite of his more than seventy years, hearty

even under the crushing memory of two sons and a grandson entombed under the lifeboat.

"How many times have you been out in the lifeboat?" the MEMBER FOR SARK asked.

The old man turned with a surprised look. Only a landsman, a lubber from some distant town, would ask such a question.

"Lor' bless yer!" said HAYLETT, "hundreds o' times. I never kep count."

We might, if we were so disposed, reckon up how many times we have crossed the Channel on holiday bent. A Caister fisherman doesn't count up how often he does such a natural ordinary thing as put out on a stormy



SNUB FOR A SNOB.

English Tourist. "AW—THAT BUTTERMILK WAS VERY NICE, MY DEAR. WHAT PAYMENT DO YOU EXPECT FOR IT?"

Cottage Girl. "WE WOULDN'T BE AFTER ASKING ANY PAYMENT. SURE WE GIVE IT TO THE PIGS!"

night to save the lives of unknown mates in peril on the sea.

The KING, ever ready to do a gracious act, sent for HAYLETT to present him with the medal decreed to him for saving life.

"The fust pusson I come across, in the Palace," said HAYLETT, gazing reflectively on the breakers on the shoal, "was the Prince of WALES. Him and me got on all right together, for you see he's been afloat. 'HAYLETT,' says he, 'you wait here a bit till the KING heaves insight.' 'Right you are, Sir,' says I. When the KING come alongside he was quite affable. Shook me by the hand and passed the time of day real onerally like. 'I'm an onlarn'd man, O KING,' ses I. 'I can't neither read nor

write. But this I *do* say. O KING, I hope you'll live to be a hundred, and may you and all your family go to Heaven arterwards.' He looked quite pleased."

SARK discerned in this quaint method of address to Royalty reminiscence of the morning lesson heard in church from boyhood's days. It was the old fisherman's paraphrase of the familiar address, "O King, live for ever."

Under the shelter of the grey church tower sleep together—their last watch below—the "nine brave men" of whom this old salt, with his recollections of affable Majesty, fathered three. Their bodies are under hatches. Their souls have gone aloft. But as long as there are fisherfolk in the village,

Caister may be counted upon to find nine others, if need be ninety more, to take their places. "Caister men never turn back." When the new lifeboat is finished, this legend should be inscribed by the tiller. No walled city, from the time of Troy, boasts a prouder motto.

"LAUDABUNT ALII."

Oh! Aix is the place for the waters,
And Nice for consumptives, no doubt;
The Indies for mothers with daughters,
And Carlsbad for fathers with gout;
Some seek Monte Carlo to gamble,
While some in the Tyrol will rove,
And Norway's correct for a ramble,
But I go to Trouville for love.

What sweet recollections nine letters
Embody in spelling that name!
What links in a chain of soft fetters,
All silken and never the same!
What dreams of blue seas and gay
seasons,
Blue eyes, and blue heavens above—
Globe-trotters have various reasons,
But I go to Trouville for love.

I think the first year it was GERTIE,
Bewitching American maid,
With just enough go to be flirty,
And just enough sense to be staid.
To think of her wit, and her dancing,
Those rides, and the seat in the grove;
What wonder I found her entrancing—
Of course I left Trouville in love.

How empty I felt and how sorry
To meet her next season no more;
How sweetly adorable FLORRY
My tempers in consequence bore.
My FLORRY—I soon had no pleasure
Except in her smile: that's her
glove,
Which I solemnly vowed I would trea-
sure
The night I left Trouville in love.

Then NELLIE, the player of tennis,
Whose "left" was as good as her
"right,"
To tell of whose prowess my pen is
Inadequate, impotent quite.
And LAURA, the haughty new-comer,
Who dowagers doubted was fast,
Who scorched me the whole of one
summer,
And left me a cinder at last.

And ANNIE—But why should I linger
My various follies to name,
To tell off each one on a finger?—
The place, 'tis the place that's to
blame.
There's a spell in the air, I maintain it,
A spell from the planets above—
Astrologers, ye may explain it,
While I go to Trouville for love.

THE FOWL AND THE JEWEL.

(Latest Edition.)

["A lady lost a diamond in a Paris cab. The cabman keeps fowls. One of the fowls was killed, and the diamond was found in its gizzard."—*Evening Paper.*]

ONCE a Parisian pullet saw —
While scratching in her owner's straw
In hopes, perhaps, of dainty fare—
A handsome diamond lying there.
Well-versed in LA FONTAINE, she knew
What fowls of culture ought to do;
So, to display superior wit,
With a wry face she swallowed it.
Alas! when diamonds are lost,
A hen's life is a trifling cost;
So with a twisted neck she dies—
Her ransacked gizzard yields the prize.

MORAL.

Her Æsop though a hen may know,
Over the cock she need not crow.

THE NOVELTY SYNDICATE.

(By Mr. Punch's Imaginative Reporter.)

II.—THE MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT.

No expense will be spared (said the representative millionaire of the New Magazine scheme) to run the monthly magazines—which are being bought up rapidly—on entirely fresh lines. To ensure this, a list of regulations and hints to contributors has been prepared. Their severity is obvious—though not so obvious as magazine articles themselves have been up to now. The more important regulations are as follows:—

As regards fiction—

(1) That it is possible for a young man and girl to exchange remarks in a train or at a house party or at an hotel abroad without necessarily finding out that they are "all in all to one another, dearest love," and that life had "hitherto been a blank."

(2) That a girl may sometimes travel by herself without a maniac getting in at the first stopping place.

(3) That every girl who takes up type-writing is not "divinely tall and most divinely fair," nor does she inevitably capture the heart of the first editor or author for whom she may do some work, and who has hitherto been adamant to feminine charms.

(4) That every villain need not own a run-away motor; nor every hero drive a motor with iron nerve and at record speed the first time he essays one.

(5) That married people do occasionally tolerate each other, and that even misunderstandings do not always end in the wife leaving London by the boat-train with a comparative stranger.



Horried Little Girl (seeing her Mamma in evening dress for the first time). "OH, MUMMY, YOU'RE NEVER GOING DOWN LIKE THAT! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT ON YOUR TOP PART!"

As regards other articles—

(6) That it is not of vital importance to learn that the quantity of soup drunk annually by a City alderman would float a new penny daily, or that the amount of saccharine substance consumed by a schoolboy in three years would keep a popular interviewer alive for three weeks.

(7) That every lady who is photographed is not necessarily a type of English beauty.

As regards matters in general—

(8) That, since big circulations are so distressingly common, the object of the "Novelty" Magazine should be to have as few readers as possible.

(9) That, in view of the select audience to which appeal would be made, contributors be required to pay heavily for the privilege of having articles inserted.

"And," concluded the Representative, with a far-away expression, "as everybody now writes for magazines, we fancy that the 'Novelty' Magazine will be a big success."

THE PIPER OF POSEN

AND THE PEOPLE WHO WOULDN'T DANCE TO HIM.

AIR (*vaguely*): "*Hamelin Town's in Brunswick.*"

I.

POSEN town's in Posen,
And that's a province of Prussia;
And round this way, as you should know,
A matter of ninety years ago,
The Great Man brought his travelling show
Prior to leaving it badly frozen
Out on the ruthless plains of Russia.
Forts and bastioned towers determine
The range of the city every side,
And through it rolls the Warthe's tide
Washing the place, yet not so well
But the delicate German sense can tell
The taint that comes, when the winds are low,
From Slavs and such like vermin.

II.

Poles!
They breed so fast by swarms and shoals,
And can't be kept in their proper station,
But want a voice—poor ignorant drolls—
In the matter of popular education!
Pay, it's true, their taxes and tolls,
But won't remain like primitive moles
In suitable subterranean holes,
Nor adopt a decently servile air
To German officials planted there
With full permission to ply their staves
On the knuckles of contumacious knaves;
Forget, in fact, their Helot rôles,
And claim to preach
Freedom of speech
And the general use of their private souls!

III.

So it happened that one fine dusty day,
When matters had grown a shade too warm,
WILLIAM the War-Lord rode that way
In a terrible Prussian uniform.
And first he called for his mailed fist,
And gave his moustaches an upward twist,
And cried, as he buckled his burnished glaive,
"I'll teach My Poseners how to behave!
Let not a Slav attempt to show
(If he wants, that is, to remain alive) a
Nose or an eye as past I go
Full-rigged, but otherwise like GODIVA!"
And then he rehearsed a speech, "What ho!
Hark! ye serfs, to the tramp of My retinue,
And the fear of Me and of God I'll beget in you!"

IV.

On second thoughts he smoothed his brow,
And sheathed his fist in a velvet glove,
And stuck in his helm an olive bough,
And said, "I will stoop to win their love!
I'll have My people to make them merry
And greet My pageantry, passing through,
From all available points of view."
And straight he summoned a fleet equerry,
And "Spur," cried he, "to yonder town,
And bid My army and brave police
Not to commit a breach of the peace,
Nor shoot, nor maim, nor trample down
More of My Poles than necessary."

V.

And so with suave salute, he
Led in his league of troops,
And German throats grew fluty
With *Hochs* and loyal whoops;
But scarce an alien seemed aware
Of the KAISER's condescending air;
Nothing impressed the passive Poles,
Not even his charger's caracoles;
Never a hip or a haunch went swaying,
So to speak, to the piper's playing;
And though they behaved with perfect tact
Only a sprinkling grasped the fact
That a War-Lord riding there in state
Was a lovable object to contemplate!

VI.

And then in a well-prepared oration
(Other than such as go with the wassail—
Pilsener, not your British crass ale),
Poured in the ear of the Burgomaster,
Whose gratified heart went faster and faster,
He made a regal proclamation,
Allowing the city by special grace
To be no longer a fenced place—
A scheme that I chance to know was not
Thrown off extempore, on the spot,
While the generous blood ran red and hot,
But one that his wisdom had long ago meant
To put in force when he found the moment
Psychologic and melodramatic
For making the favour more emphatic.
And when he touched on the extra space,
And ventured to hope it would meet the case
Of the housing problem, and quickly cure
The ills of Posen's deserving poor—
Why, then on the actual men, it seems,
For love of whom he had launched these schemes
At Heaven knows how much fiscal cost,
This strangely liberal move was lost,
And the thing was a most amazing frost.

VII.

You can take a Pole, as I understand,
And play on his nerves with a German band,
But you can't convert his natural temper or
Get him to jig for a German EMPEROR. O. S.

Notabilia Ficta.

[MR. SEDDON: "One can never tell where one will finally go, but at present I am perfectly satisfied with New Zealand." From *Notabilia Ficta* in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.]

FOLLOWING the above excellent example, notwithstanding the painful ambiguity of its opening sentence, *Mr. Punch* proposes to pluck from time to time a few similar flowers of rhetoric or platitude. He begins with a single instance, suggested by the character of one of our greatest living Maximen.

Mr. Hall Caine: Loyalty and patriotism are perfectly summed up in the noble saying—*ego et meus rex*.

Every Accommodation.

FROM the Hotel advertisements in *Bradshaw* we take the following (decently suppressing the name and place):—

"FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.—Hunters and Saddle Horses kept. Posting in all its branches. Open and Glass Hearse, and all equipments for First-class Funerals."

There is a catholicity about this which recalls the functions of St. Martin's-le-Grand, where "posting in all its branches" includes the conveyance of dead letters.



SARTORIAL TACTICS.

Lord R-b-ts and Mr. Br-dr-ck (at German Manœuvres, to entry). "PERMIT ME, MY GOOD FELLOW." (To one another) "AFTER ALL, WE HAVEN'T COME HERE FOR NOTHING!"



AN EXPERT OPINION.

Smithereens, Co. Donegal.

DEAR SIR,—Nothing will impede progressive legislation in the Transvaal more than the proposed dynamite tax. An article of daily use—in fact a national industry—in my own country, dynamite reduces over-population, clears open spaces, but, above all, is an unsurpassed medium for putting pressure on a despotic Government. A timorous local officialdom is therefore naturally protectionist in policy. Placed in the hands of a corrupt oligarchy (with a time-fuse attached) the explosive will instantaneously secure the free speech and individual independence so dear to a young country. I enclose a specimen. Yours,

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

LITERÆ INSANIORES.

(Twenty-First Century.)

I. FROM A LETTER IN THE "TIMES."

... "amounting to a public scandal. Yesterday, for example, I had to travel from Dover to London. There was not a vestige of a thunder-cloud in the air, so that, on this occasion at least, the habitual excuse of the South Eastern Electric Railway—that of 'atmospheric electrical disturbances'—was unavailing. None the less, Sir, we were actually one-and-a-half minutes late in arriving at the terminus, and our rate of travelling worked out at 122·5 miles an hour! And this, if you please, was a so-called 'express' train! Long-suffering as the public is, the South-Eastern directors will find that there are limits to its patience. Possibly it may seem to them a fine piece of humour to describe as an 'express' a train which crawls painfully along at little over two miles a minute, but I ask the aid of your powerful journal to assure them," etc., etc.

II. FROM A LETTER IN THE "DAILY NEWS."

... "A regrettable chapter in the history of the Liberal party, now closed, we trust, for good. Our internal dissensions have wrought untold mischief. They have delayed the righteous administration of this country by more decades than we care to count. But we will not waste time over unavailing regrets. The gloomy night is ended, the tardy dawn is here at last. The period of disunion is over; with closed ranks and unanimous battle-cry the Liberal party begins to-day its march to victory.

"I had written this much when there came into my hands the speech delivered last night by the leader of the



Captain Smythe (a good soldier, but no Society man, to his hostess). "I HAVE TO THANK YOU, MRS. BROWN, FOR AN EVENING WHICH HAS BEEN—ER—AFTER TWO YEARS ON THE WELD, MOST ENJOYABLE."

Opposition in the Lords, in which he allowed himself to criticise somewhat sharply the policy of his *confrère* in the Commons. His description of it as 'crass idiocy' seems to me, at this juncture, not wholly wise. Just when we hoped that we had gained complete unity," etc., etc.

III. FROM A LETTER IN THE "DAILY CHRONICLE."

"... with honest indignation the correspondence headed 'Should Men Work?' Shame, Sir, shame, I say, upon my fellow-women who allow such a question even to be asked! Is chivalry, then, quite extinct? My dear husband cooks our little dinner, and prattles with darling baby—yes, Mr. 'Iconoclast,' sneer, if you like!—but, rather than ask that tender and fragile

creature to work, I would cheerfully be an aërial-bus-conductor. And I have yet to learn," etc., etc.

IV. FROM A LETTER IN THE "FIELD."

"... threatens, in my opinion, to spoil the game. I do not deny that the previous novelties introduced from the other side of the Atlantic have proved beneficial to golfers. But this new Smackwell ball, which the worst driver on the links can send a mile or more, even with a topped stroke, is by no means a blessing. I do not mind paying a fair price—say £5, or so—for a good ball, but nine guineas is really too much. I have no pretensions to speak as a first-class player, for I seldom complete an eighteen-hole course in less than twenty-five strokes, yet I venture to urge," etc., etc.

HAPPY SHADES IN COLLEGE.

(To the Master of Trinity.)

In from the narrow winding street
 We pass as we were wont to pass,
 Avoiding still with timorous feet
 The level lawns of sacred grass.
 And, even as happy shades might sport
 Through a bright space of storied tombs,
 We saunter through the grey old Court,
 And mark, each one his ancient rooms.

The gates are there on either hand,
 Their niches crowned with founder-kings;
 Still with a pensive murmur bland
 The ripple of the fountain sings.
 Yes! peopled by another race
 And alien to our hopes and fears,
 It is, it is, the dear old place,
 Unchanged through all the changing years.

Lo! shadows of our buried prime,
 Not as we were but as we are,
 With all our heavy load of time,
 Master, we come to you from far.
 A gathered troop of wandering ghosts
 Caught up and newly called from sleep,
 To you and your array of hosts
 Back from the vanished past we creep.

If, as we throng into the Hall,
 Our steps, that erst were light as air,
 With labouring gait sedately fall;
 And if you note our grizzling hair;
 And if the word we fain would speak
 Dies on our lips and we are dumb;
 And if the tear is on our cheek,
 Master, forgive, since we are come.

We, who were once imagined men
 Too gay to guard our fleeting joy,
 At your behest we come again,
 Our minds reversed, to play the boy.
 And while we still prolong the night
 Intent to make the hours creep slow,
 Jealous and in our own despite
 We feel the treasured moments go.

* * * * *

But one who from a window leant,
 (May Heaven forgive the graceless youth:
 No harm that fresh-faced fellow meant,
 But, ah, he spoke a bitter truth.)
 He smiled, he opened wondering eyes
 And called a friend—"This sight is queer!
 What brings," he said with some surprise,
 "This crowd of fogies trooping here?"

He could not chill our glowing hearts:—
 When, each his boyhood's friends among,
 Our shades replayed their ancient parts,
 We felt, we knew that we were young.
 And, ere we pass, our meed of thanks
 Shall to our hosts be duly paid.
 We lived a day—the Stygian banks
 Reclaim their own, and we must fade.

R. C. L.

DURING the recent gales the s.s. *Scot* was not spoken till several days overdue. She was known in nautical circles as "the unspeakable *Scot*."

A HOLIDAY NOTE.

SIR,—For the benefit of many whose vacation is as limited as their means, may I be permitted to suggest an outing from my own personal experience? Thank you. When within hail of the big ship *La Marguerite*, anyone "*qui a le pied marin*," and no "impedimenta" or other incumbrances, may *en garçon* make a pleasant holiday by crossing to Ostend and back (to Margate or Tilbury), which, if *Miss Marguerite* is half-an-hour or so unpunctual, gives a good eight (or twelve, according to your point of departure) hours, there and back, of sea breeze, with plenty of room on board to take your accustomed exercise. Of course you know Ostend by heart and you don't want to land, or if you do 'tis simply to enjoy a cup of coffee, such as can be made only on the Continent, and a light cigarette, and then once more aboard the gallant barque. Given a fine day and a calm sea, and though you may have about nine hundred or a thousand other souls and bodies on board besides yourself and friends yet they are of no account as far as you and your small party are concerned, since they are like the poor—not as being "always with us," but as described in the familiar verse:—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad
 How many poor I see,
 And 'cos I never speaks to them
 They never speaks to me;"

and, "weather permitting" (*tout est là*), they are all enjoying themselves quietly enough, as Ostend does not offer to 'ARRY and 'ARRIET the irresistible attractions of the Boulogne *quai*, where, so to speak, it is all "beer and skittles." So the Ostend trip is not much of a favourite with 'ARRIET and 'ARRY.

I gather from some expressions which fell from the lips of an elderly lady that an infallible remedy against *mal de mer* was "once upon a time" invented by some Irish Pope of the name of ROACH. Hence probably the infallibility of the remedy. Perhaps this eminent Pope, of whom I never heard till now (but that fact is not absolutely against his historic existence), being sick of the See, determined to vacate it and take a simple cure. This is a byway of history which I must look into. But there are scraps of knowledge to be picked up *partout* even on a holiday trip at sea by

Your own TRUSTED TOURIST.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

In *Mrs. Clyde* (METHUEN) JULIEN GORDON relates the story of a social career. The scene is laid partly in Boston, partly in New York, with the inevitable visit to Europe. My Baronite is not familiar with the name of the writer, but is inclined *chercher la femme*. Set a woman to describe a woman. Only a woman could enter into the zest of *Mrs. Clyde's* pursuit of a favourable position in the social firmament. Only a woman could fully picture the glory of her success, the pity and pathos of her declining years. Also, only a woman would write a paragraph like this:—

"The tea bell rang through the house. The table was set with cold ham, two mince pies as side dishes, preserves in saucers, at each plate dough-nuts and apples in plated baskets. *Mrs. Dunham* poured the tea; *Mr. Dunham* carved the ham. *Ellen* bore in the hot biscuits, which she dispensed."

That is not inviting, and, happening on an early page, is calculated to send the reader off to some other book. If he holds on he will come to a fine dramatic scene, swiftly, vividly described, where *Mrs. Clyde* calls upon the mother of the youth who has run off with her daughter, retreating after battle royal. *Pauline*, the stolen daughter, is an interesting study of a kind widely differing from the mother. The book is, indeed, full of character, which JULIEN GORDON handles with increased ease and skill as her task advances.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



AFTER THE PICNIC.

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.—IV.

It is over. I, too, have played the Volunteer—not without glory—on the tented plain of Sarum. Six days have I manœuvred and done many things which, at my time of life, I ought not to have done. I have lain for hours prone on my stomach in dripping grass. I have fed on tomatoes, and steak-pudding, and cheese and other forbidden fruit. I have made my couch for seven nights on Mother Earth, my aching head pillowed on a kit-bag whose principal surface-contents were boot-trees and dubbing-tins and similar hardware, vainly seeking to supplement my damp pyjamas with elusive army blankets. For if by good fortune they happened to belong to my nearest tent-companion, they were promptly jerked away, more in anger than in sorrow, from my shivering limbs, whereas, if they were my rightful property, they wriggled away of their own accord. Nevertheless, for three days I revelled in the primitive simplicity of the life: I even drank beer and cider. On the fourth, offended Nature asserted herself; rheumatism, sciatica and indigestion marked me for their own, and on the seventh I hobbled home, a decrepit invalid with blistered feet.

My numerous female friends are, I find, only too anxious to restore me to health. "Mind," says one of them, in the postscript to her last letter, "I insist on your trying Pine Pills. My bootboy's aunt has had exactly your symptoms for years, *and she lives on nothing else.*" (The italics are my own.) Another recommends Liver Beans. She writes that her cook has cured her housemaid's knee with them, or her housemaid her cook's knee—I forget which—and that I positively must take to them. And I am afraid I shall have to, in spite of the fact that I am neither a cook nor a housemaid, and that as a rule one doesn't have indigestion in one's knee. Finally, I have another friend, who does not wish me to try any remedies, for the excellent reason that she says I have nothing wrong with me. Pain? Oh, dear no: there's no such thing. Good is all: therefore, obviously, all is good. Apple tart, for instance? Certainly. Why, then, does it produce this tired feeling of having swallowed a live lobster with red-hot claws? Isn't that indigestion? Not at all, that's imagination. So to please her, while she is "treating" me, I call it by that name. But it still hurts.

After this somewhat painful digression, let me say that for those who are still young I can imagine no healthier and more attractive life than that of camp. Nowhere is a young fellow likely to run across such a host of pleasant and kindly companions, or such a universal spirit of good-fellowship. The recruit will find the older members of the corps, especially those of his own tent, almost squabbling with one another as to which shall show him how to adjust the straps and buckles of the fearful and wonderful harness which the patient private has to wear; how to roll his coat, and clean his rifle, and put on his leggings, and shake his bedding, and brail up the tent, and all the thousand and one little tasks which fill up the time from parade to parade. Their chief weakness is to talk of the first duty of a soldier, and then neglect it. For instance, one man in my tent, having informed me that the first duty was to keep one's impedimenta on the right side of one's palliasse, invariably placed his own on the wrong, that is, the left side, and then looked reproachful when he discovered my well-dubbed boots sitting on his only clean shirt. Another—he was an Editor, fairly well informed and comparatively unassuming—was always so busy talking that he never made his bed, which consequently formed the nucleus of a general rubbish-heap for the rest of us. Yet he was quite the old soldier, and really thought himself rather smart till the Adjutant pulled his trousers down—over his leggings. From him I learnt the following tent-rules. If you wish to dispose of cigarette

ends, matches, bits of oily rag and so forth, throw them out at the back of your tent, so that they may seem to have come from the door of the tent behind. (We threw ours on the top of his blankets, but that is by the way.) If you must touch the tent when it is raining, do it over somebody else's bed. If you hear the word "fatigue" dropped by one in authority, run like a hare. Don't bring six boot-laces, or dubbing, or brown-polish, or scissors, or buttons, or a looking-glass, or razor-strops to camp with you. They only fill up your kit-bag, and someone else is sure to have them.

Camp-life makes one feel wonderfully like an ant. We were all so much alike, and we were so busy and so tiny, and we showed such remarkable instinct in finding our way to our own particular cranny in the ant-heap. At five in the morning, long before any sensible cocks were about, we were white ants (the punctilious few arrayed in shoes and towels), scurrying backwards and forwards to the bathing-pool which, to the huge surprise of the rest of the brigade, we had had constructed by the engineers. The red ants with the north-country accent were never tired of looking at us—we were such beggars to wash. Afterwards, till 6.30, followed a time of brushing, a brushing of chins, and hair, and teeth, and nails, and boots, and a cleaning of tents and bedding and rifles, which lasted without any interval for relaxation till the bugle went for Adjutant's parade. Then once more a scurrying, more orderly this time, and in a few minutes the ants are drawn up in regular grey rows, forming compact little companies, while the Adjutant rides about on a horse and calls us the most striking names he can think of. And, to do him justice, we deserve them, at the beginning of our training. At the end—well, we may not be finished soldiers, but, at least, we know (or think we do) as much about the new drill—well, as our officers.

The rest of the day—day after day for the whole week—is made up of meals and manœuvres, during which last we look more than ever like ants as we crawl about the hill-side, scattered rows of little dots, firing at foes which are invisible with cartridges which are blank; and as we crawl and lie and double (though it's ill doubling with an aching stomach), I console myself with the thought that though each little individual ant seems rather ineffective, it takes a brave man to put his hand into a nest of them. And, having gone to the ants myself, I appeal with some confidence to the sluggards who still form the majority of the population, to follow my example, and consider their ways.

Told in Gath; Published in Ascalon.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have had a funny little print put into my hands. It calls itself *The Protest, a Journal for Philistines*. Methinks it doth protest too much. It says that it starts this month with a "Growthful Idea," and its "Great Hope is to keep young, bright and protestful." Oh why did the *Westminster* invent that hideous word "pushful" for the contamination of the unfledged? You will be greatly shaken, Mr. Punch, to hear that *The Protest* considers that you lack the Sense of Humour. It says: "Don't read *The Protest* if you suffer from Insomnia: read *Punch*." Personally, I do not suffer from Insomnia, but I am nevertheless tempted to follow this advice.

I am always a little sorry (especially when they show, as here, a distinct promise) to see the very young journals start in this kind of key: because it is recognised, in the profession, as the sure sign of impending fiasco. Let us hope that our young friends will survive this early fault, and ponder the words of THACKERAY (although he belonged to your Round Table) where he reflects upon the young *Esmond's* affectation, and says, "*We grow simpler as we grow older.*"

Yours, dear Mr. Punch,

ONE OF THE ELECT.

THE OPEN "VELDT."

(A South African Story; as told in the sixpenny monthly magazines.)

By "Col. D. STREAMER."

It was nearly six o'clock on a warm evening in June when PIET GABRIEL VAN DER BEZEIDENHOUT, of Pifflekop, returned to the desirable family kraal which had been the home of his ancestors ever since the days of the Great Trek.

In the distance the chimes of the Dutch Reformed Church of Spoofburg were anxiously summoning worshippers to *Biltong*, as evensong is called in this country, the loud *disselboom* echoing pleasantly across the lofty snow-capped *spruits*, and losing itself in many a deep sheltered *krantz* where the *kop* (or native policeman) watered his flock of patient *dongas*, and the timid *bles-bok* hopped from twig to twig among the Cape-gooseberries.

Outside, upon the open veldt, PIET GABRIEL could hear the amorous merecat calling to his mate from the branches of some fragrant mimosa bush, while the occasional growl of an ant-bear gave evidence that one of these alluring little creatures was engaged upon its nightly avocation with as fond a hope of success as the obedient sluggard of the proverb.

Fortune had proved singularly favourable to PIET of late. His prickly-pear harvest promised to be a more than usually good one, and the tall mealie trees that cast their welcome shadows on his "lands" were already heavy with luscious fruit.

He flung down the armful of carbines of which he had that very afternoon relieved a too-confiding Yeomanry patrol, and sat down to his evening meal with a hungry smile.

After a frugal repast of home-made *Veldtschoen*, washed down by a tankard of the light *Karoo* of the country, PIET drew an empty packing-case to the grand piano (but lately left behind by a Flying Column of the enemy, and now the chief piece of furniture in the room), and began to sing that well-known ballad entitled:—"O, MARY, go and call the trek-ox home, across the sands of De-Aar!"

He was then about to attempt a simple ditty which he had picked up from an adjacent blockhouse, with the well-known refrain of "TOMMY, put the kettle on, we'll all have condensed milk!" when a beautiful type of early Dutch maiden, weighing some seventeen stone in her hat, burst into the room.

Her face wore a look of wild alarm, and yet left sufficient space for the display (if necessary) of several other expressions.

"Volkslied!" she exclaimed, in the patois of the Colony.



ONE OF "LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES."

"Rooiniks?" was PIET's not unnatural query, as he scratched his head with a puzzled air and an explosive bullet.

"Donkerhoek, aasvogel!" she retorted with quiet dignity; and not till then did PIET understand the full import of her warning.

Realising too late that his house was surrounded by the hated "Khakis," he hurriedly concealed the tell-tale carbines in the grand piano, which, in its turn, was hidden from view by a dozen wooden champagne cases labelled "Hospital Comforts," attached a white flag (of which he possessed a varied assortment) to his knob-kerry, and, thoroughly expecting every moment to be his next, seized a bottle of Imperial Boot Polish

(Advt.) from an adjacent cupboard, and divested himself of all his clothes but two.

To black his body all over was the work of an instant, and when a disgusted British Colonel of Militia entered the room a moment later, it was to find a trembling Kaffir sitting in the place of the notorious rebel whom he sought so anxiously.

"Dop!" exclaimed the Colonel, who was noted for his felicitous choice of expletives. Then, turning angrily upon the inmates of the room, "What on earth did they want to drag me into this business for?" he asked.

"Kopje!" replied PIET GABRIEL BEZEIDENHOUT, which really summed up the situation with remarkable lucidity.



GUILDERSTEIN IN THE HIGHLANDS.—No. 2.

Mrs. G. "WE MUST LEAVE THIS HORRIBLE PLACE, DEAR. THE KEEPER HAS JUST TOLD ME THERE IS DISEASE ON THE MOOR. GOOD GRACIOUS, THE BOYS MIGHT TAKE IT!"

A UNIVERSAL BOON.

ALTHOUGH the Great are fairly free
From carking care, their flesh is heir to
Some ills which small men never see,
And wouldn't think of if they were to.

None but the truly Great can feel
The chilling sense of desecration
Induced by strangers who reveal
No knowledge of their name and station.

But now there dawns a happier day,
For some deft bookman has collected
The traits by which our Great Ones may
Be instantaneously detected.

The Great Man's walk, his frown, his laugh,
His taste with tailor, hosier, hatter,
Will all be shown by photograph
And choicely worded reading matter.

Thus little men the Great may know,
The Great enjoy their salutations,
And both their various ways will go
With mutual self-congratulations.

CHARIVARIA.

DR. JAMESON has declared that his Raid was an abominable one, but the Poet Laureate is still silent as to his poem on the subject.

THE KAISER has made a triumphal march through Posen in charge of the police. Poles without flags were the principal feature of the decorations.

THE UNITED STATES Naval Manœuvres were suddenly stopped to allow ladies to visit the flag-ship. This has aroused much indignation, which has only been allayed by the statement that this would not be permitted in actual warfare.

THE SHAH has beaten his MINISTER OF WORKS at billiards. There was once a SHAH who was beaten by his MINISTER OF WORKS (since deceased).

FROM Holy Russia there is little news this week except that a capital invention is now in use on all convict ships, con-

sisting of a hose attached to the ships' boilers for turning steam on unruly convicts and boiling them alive.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING having decided to move from Rottingdean to a house four miles from any railway station in order that he may enjoy rest and quiet, one of our enterprising newspapers has published the poet's new address, and a special service of motor cars for excursionists will soon be running from the nearest railway station.

FOR wheeling a truck carrying 3½ cwt. over a policeman's foot in Cheapside, a man has been fined 2s. 6d. at the City Summons Court. This is cheap, and there is no reason why it should not become one of our most popular amusements.

AMONG recent donations to the Dublin Zoo was a horse "for the use of the carnivora." No such gift was made when re-mounts were in demand.



OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

MISS CANADA (to her Guardian, SIR WILFRID LAURIER, on his return from visiting England and France). "SO YOU'VE SEEN MY TWO GRANDMOTHERS; HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM?"

SIR WILFRID. "WELL, MY DEAR, THEY ARE *BOTH* SO CHARMING, THAT I'M SURPRISED THEY DON'T KNOW ONE ANOTHER BETTER!"

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

IV.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

We found Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL before the pier-glass in the midst of remarking, "Yes, men of Oldham." He turned as we entered, observing that he would not be long: he had only the peroration to deliver. This he discharged into the receiver of a phonograph for future reference.

He then removed the pebble from his mouth and with pardonable pride directed my attention to a stuffed vulture of singularly noble physiognomy.

"Is it the vulture?" we asked.

"None other," he said with a sigh. "It never got over my escape, and died in great agony shortly afterwards. The



"It never got over my escape."

man's best friend is his Major. And yet I am bound to cross the Pond."

"What are your new subjects?"

"The House of Commons—and its reform. The British Army—and its reform. The British Navy—and its reform. The Universe—and its reform."

Noticing by his side a morocco-bound copy of *Savrola*, we asked Mr. CHURCHILL if it was true that his American namesake had actually asked him to change his name.

"The Americans," remarked Mr. CHURCHILL oracularly, "are a great nation."

Baffled at this point, we asked our Admirable CRICHTON if he were writing another romance.



"Yes, men of Oldham."

taxidermist, a man of great penetration, pronounced its heart broken, a unique event in vulture circles, though the *Spectator* does record an instance of a determined act of suicide on the part of a pelican. I am writing a little memoir for the Natural History Museum at RAY LANKESTER's request. The people of Durban presented me with the bird, stuffed. South Africa is indeed the land of gratitude."

We admired the bird, and contrasted its noble conduct with that of the vulture which preyed on the vitals of PROMETHEUS.

"Yes," said Mr. CHURCHILL, after musically chanting some lines from *Aeschylus*, "it never told its love. Major POND wants me to send it to America as a sort of advance agent for my next lecture tour, but I can't spare it, and yet I hardly like to refuse." A



"The duties of confidential adviser to Lord Roberts are not light."

"Ah!" he said darkly. "But surely you would not stop at one?" we protested. "BEACONS-FIELD—"

"I have many projects," he broke in, "and time is short. The duties of confidential adviser to Lord ROBERTS are not light. ROOSEVELT is impetuous and has to be constantly held in check." Here Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL significantly drew on a pair of boxing-gloves. "Oldham's claims are neither few nor insignificant. There are the articles on Oratory, Strategy and Tactics, that I have undertaken to write for the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Polo must be played with some regularity, or where will England be when the Americans come again? The Harris Tweed industry must be maintained against the



"That's how I fetch Oldham."

calumnious onslaughts of prejudiced pedants. DE WET's forthcoming book will need an authoritative answer. Lord HUGH CECIL has to be watched."

He sighed, but was quickly his boyish self once more. Turning a complete back somersault he alighted with deft dexterity on his feet in a fighting attitude,

"That's how I fetch Oldham," he exclaimed with a ringing laugh. And we left him still equipped with the boxing-gloves in which he invariably writes his lectures.

The Approaching End of the Age.

A FINAL MAN . . . would like Engagement as Dispensing Help, &c. Can speak Welsh.—*Advt. in The Lancet.*

This last accomplishment, if persevered in, should ultimately qualify the gentleman to become the Final Man.

RONDEAU.

WHEN all is said, and thought, and done,
There's nothing new beneath the sun—
An observation, I confess,
That comes to us in Eastern dress,
The copyright of SOLOMON.

But why should I the sentence shun,
And struggle for a fresher one,
Since nothing new my toil can bless
When all is said?

And Israel's king, whose sands were run
Before my thread of life was spun,
By simple luck—no more or less—
He managed *my* ideas to guess!
Yet he has fame—while I have none
When all is said.

ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

IV.

M. SANTOS DUMONT, aéronaut, was charged in the interests of the atmosphere with the serious offence of not flying.

Mr. HENRY BIRD, who appeared for the prosecution, said that the case was a bad one. M. SANTOS DUMONT, although gifted with the extraordinary power of controlling an aerial machine, spent all his days in no longer using it. So far from flying at the present time, he had been found in a South-Eastern train. He announced a flight from the Crystal Palace round St. Paul's and back again, but it did not come off. He crossed to America to fly, and returned without having left the earth. It was an injustice to the atmosphere, and serious damages were claimed.

Mr. H. G. WELLS, called for the prosecution, said that certainly a man who could fly ought to fly. It ought to be made criminal for a man who could fly to take a cab. Personally he was not flighty, but he liked to think that his books had been the cause of flight in others.

Mr. JOHN SCOTT MONTAGU, M.P., Editor of *The Car*, said that it would be well if the case was dropped. The need of the present time was the development of the automobile. M. SANTOS DUMONT, by his fantastic tricks in mid air, was dragging a red herring across the trail. The more the prisoner didn't fly, the happier he, the witness, would be.

The Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., said that he couldn't think why he had been called in this case. Nothing was further from his capacity than flying.

The prisoner in his defence said that circumstances had been against him. He was always ready to fly; he lived entirely on aerated bread and drank nothing but soda water; but accidents would happen. He went to the Crystal Palace to fly, and someone ruined his

balloon; he proposed to fly round the Campanile at Venice and it fell before he could get there; he crossed to America to fly, and found it a land of sky-scrapers; moreover everyone was "fly" there.

He further promised that if the Bench would let him off this time he really would give English people the chance of seeing him control his machine.

The Bench acquitted the prisoner.

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"THE GUIDING OF THE GLOBE ENGENDERED THIRST."

Stephen Phillips's "*Ulysses*," Act I., Sc. 1.

regarding the charge as frivolous, on the understanding that he would read and report on Mr. HENRY JAMES's new novel, *The Wings of a Dove*.

Mr. GUY BOOTHBY, literary athlete and photographer, was charged under the Factories Act with overworking thirteen typewriters.

Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM, Inspector of Typewriters for the Royal Humane Society, said that he had paid a surprise visit to the prisoner's house. He found him dictating serial stories into thirteen phonographs, and descending to a lower chamber found thirteen typists furiously at work. Their machines were groaning

with pain; indeed, the shrieks uttered by one of them, which, he afterwards ascertained, was reproducing a humorous yarn, were poignantly piercing. On calling upon the prisoner to desist from dictation, he was told that nothing could check the divine afflatus before dinner time. When that was reached the machines were prostrated with fatigue, and two or three of them were quite *hors de combat*.

The prisoner, who looked the picture of rude health, denied, in his defence, that the typewriters were overworked. He took his exercise that way, just as some men rode horses or bicycles, and others drove motors or played ping-pong. The typewriters were devoted to him. A young friend of his named MARY had a Baa-lock lent her by the prisoner, which followed her everywhere—even to school. Happier typewriters than his could not be found; the only sad moments in the house were when he had finished a novel and could not begin another. These intervals were, however, only of momentary duration.

Mr. A. P. WATT corroborated. He said he had never seen more cheerful machines than the prisoner's. The noises heard by the inspector must have been shrieks of delight.

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON said that he also was a literary athlete. He did not employ so many machines as the prisoner, but he had six constantly at work, yet they never complained. The physique of a typewriter was far more robust than the inspector supposed. He had one quick-firing large-bore machine that had fought with Remington's Scouts, and was now delighted to assist the witness in giving a waiting world the story of the romantic adventures of the captain of a Swiss submarine at the bottom of one of the canals of Mars.

The Rev. CLAUDIUS CLEAR stated that no self-respecting man of letters could dispense with labour-saving appliances. Simultaneous sextuple reviewing was quite impossible without resort to such machinery. For his own part he preferred a Nicoll-plated free-wheel, driven by a Kentish fire-engine.

Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS said that if a *Quarterly* reviewer were fairly entitled to write four reviews of the same book he could not see why a novelist of so fecund an imagination as Mr. GUY BOOTHBY should not be allowed to employ thirteen, or even thirty, typewriters. He had himself tried the ambidextrous use of a stylograph, but found it no longer equal to the task of coping critically with the output of the minor poets.

The Bench acquitted Mr. BOOTHBY of cruelty, but ordered him to grant his typewriters an eight-hours day.



KNOW THYSELF!

Miss Featherweight. "I TELL YOU WHAT, ALFRED, IF YOU TOOK ME FOR A ROW IN A THING LIKE THAT I'D SCREAM ALL THE TIME. WHY, HE ISN'T MORE THAN HALF OUT OF THE WATER!"

THE SILLY SEASON.

THE House is up. The Season's dead.
The Coronation's over.
The last distinguished guest has fled
By Liverpool or Dover.
No longer BOWLES pursues his prey
Or WINSTON CHURCHILL capers;
SEDDON has got no more to say—
There's nothing in the papers.

In vain at breakfast I peruse
The columns set before me,
There's not a thing worth calling news,
And "leaders" always bore me.
Reams on the Education Bill
From Tadpoles and from Tapers,
That sort of nonsense makes me ill—
There's nothing in the papers.

The King of ITALY's gone home
Pleased with his stay in Prussia,
LOUBET is going to visit Rome,
Quiet prevails in Russia.
BOTH & Co. are back again,
Delighting all the gapers,
KRUGER is better, so is STEYN—
There's nothing in the papers.

Three motor cars have been upset
By their adventurous drivers,
A ship's gone down, and nothing yet
Is known of the survivors.
A Prelate states his disbelief
In Father GALTON's vapours,

An Alpine climber's come to grief—
There's nothing in the papers.

In France the closing of the schools
No longer leads to tussles,
And anti-British ardour cools,
Or seems to cool, in Brussels.
The SHAH has spent ten thousand pound
In Paris at a draper's,
The usual crop of tourists drowned—
There's nothing in the papers.

UNPROFESSIONAL CONDUCT.

A CORRESPONDENT, who is an earnest student of the police news, has been deeply interested in the report of certain proceedings at the North London Police Court, where a lawyer argued that such an expert thief as his client would not steal an eighteenpenny clock. After searching in the Law Reports he is enabled, in the following extract, to furnish a precedent for this line of argument:—

Counsel, addressing the jury, represented the absurdity of accusing the unprincipled wretch (whom he was ashamed to be defending) of breaking into a church after evening service and stealing the collection. A man with his record flew at higher game than

that. He had burnt down an orphanage in 1881, and, though acquitted of forgery in Australia on a technical point (he could neither read nor write), was known to have shot a police inspector a year later.

Incidentally, he could prove an alibi; his client was breaking into a Bank fifty miles away at the time. But, even assuming that he was sober so late in the evening—a large assumption—would a really smart man (*gratified blush from the prisoner, which was instantly suppressed*), who could escape from Newgate and blow up an arsenal, be in want of a beggarly church collection?

To sum up, the prisoner was too bad to have committed the crime—*this* crime. True, he had owned to his guilt on being arrested, but he implored the intelligent gentlemen in the jury-box to place no reliance on the word of a perjured—

Here the jury stated that they had heard enough, and acquitted the prisoner, who left the Court without a stain on his character.

On a ball, despatched by Mr. JESSOP to the boundary at a speed that eludes the naked eye—"Not lost, but gone for four."



STAG-HUNTING ON EXMOOR.

THE MIGHTY ATOM.

[“There is now ready one of the most remarkable novels ever issued in the English tongue.”—*Publishers’ Advt.*]

The Landing-place in Stratford-on-Avon Churchyard.

Verger. Trippers! The cry is, still they come. But who
Come paddling in this ancient weird canoe?
Although with constant care they bale the boat,
They scarce can keep the crazy craft afloat.
And what a spectral crew! No mortals these.
My hair stands upright—terror shakes my knees.
Fain would I fly, but paralysing fear
Forbids my limbs their use and roots me here.
Hark! What is that? What strange sepulchral dirge
They chant as up the stream their bark they urge!

Chorus Without.

Row, brothers, row!
We are nearing our haven.
The boat’s a bit slow,
But row, brothers, row!
We’ve only to go
To Stratford-on-Avon.
So row, brothers, row!
We are nearing our haven.

The boat puts in at the landing-place. Shades of FIELDING, THACKERAY, DICKENS, SCOTT, etc., disembark.

First Shade. Ho, Verger, where’s the shrine? Nay, what
can ail thee?

Why blenchest? Wherefore should thy courage fail thee?

Verger. O many weird and wondrous trippers come
On cheap half-day excursions down from Brum;
And Yankees too—but never did I see
So strange a party. Tell me, who are ye?

Chorus.

Through the dark and gloomy portals
From the Islands of the Blest,
Where securely Fame’s immortals
From their life-long labours rest,
We have come in CHARON’S wherry,
Which we found was leaky—very.

For there whispered us a Rumour
Of a mighty master-mind,
Great in pathos, power and humour,
And in sentiment refined,
Who by popular criterion
To us satyrs was Hyperion.

So, defying all disaster,
Off we started down to lay
At the feet of this great master
Each his meagre crown of bay.
For we could no longer bear them
When a mightier should wear them.

Verger, you have heard our story.
Guide us therefore to the shrine
Where the literary glory
Of our country so doth shine,
That with reverent emotion
We may pay our pure devotion.

Verger. With pleasure, gentlemen. This way, please!

First Shade.

Scott!

He’s making for the church-door, is he not?

Second Shade. Dickens! What does it mean? Have they
enshrined

Already in the church this master-mind?

Verger. Already? Yes.

First Shade.

How swiftly out they ferret,

In this enlightened century, true merit!

Verger. Swiftly? Why SHAKESPEARE has been——

Shades.

SHAKESPEARE! Oh!

Verger. Why, what’s the matter? Wherefore stare you so?

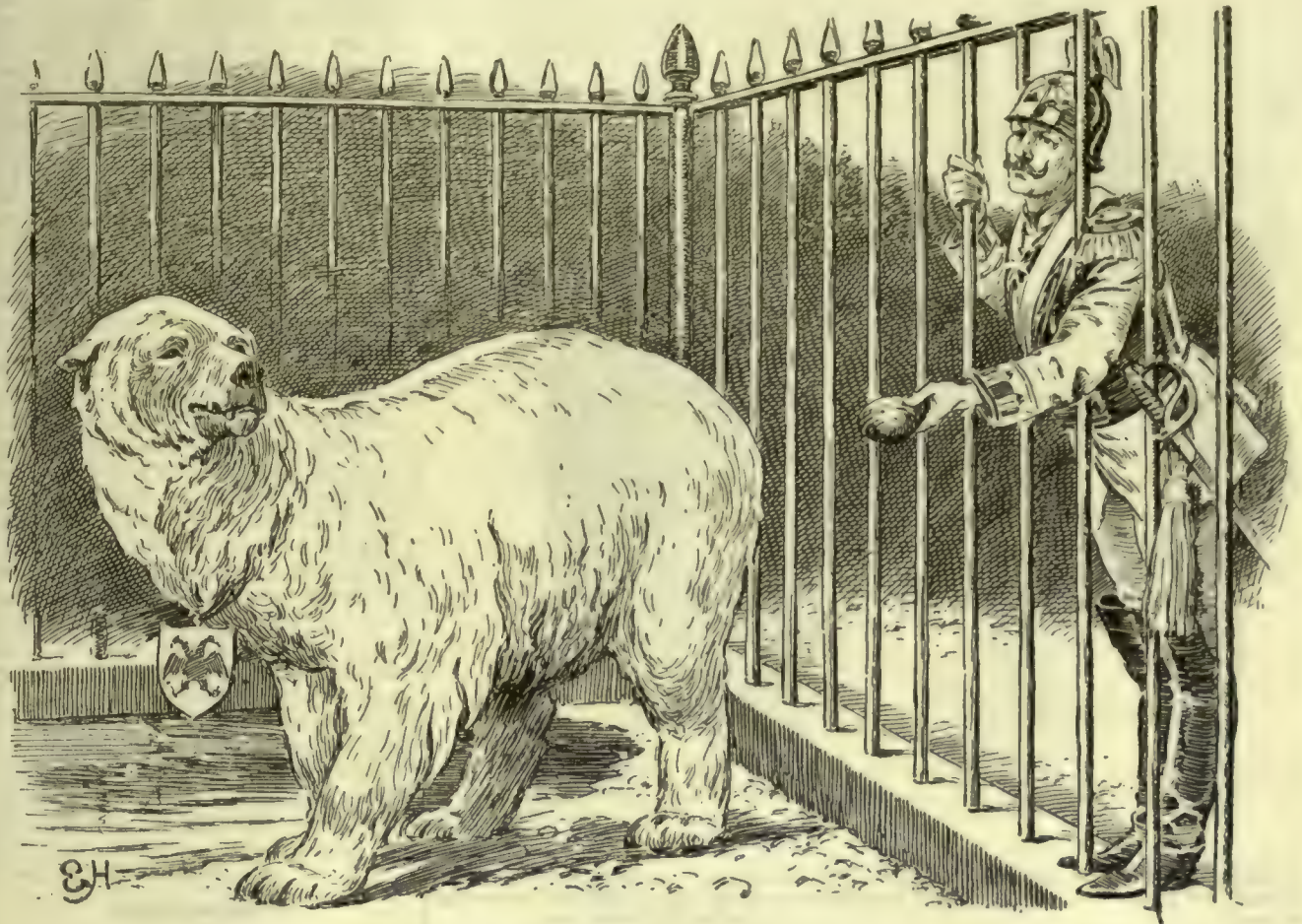
Chorus.

He thinks we’ve come from Elysium,
Like trippers who throng in their legions,
To visit the tomb of SHAKESPEARE, whom
We’ve got in the Nether Regions;
Why, we’ve come to call on a greater than all
Your WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES—drat ’em!—
On one who is prized and advertised
As a very much mightier atom.
Yes, that’s why we’ve come from Elysium
At the early cock’s reveille—
’Tis to visit of course the great new force,
The marvellous Miss CORELLI.

Intelligent Foreigner (looking up from his “Bædeker” as he passes the Army and Navy Stores). If you please, is
zis ze War Office?

Very Intelligent Native. No; it’s a place of business.

In the preface to a poem in the *Chronicle* it is reported that
Mr. MAX PEMBERTON has been describing professional football-
players as “hired ruffians,” and “trained footpads worrying
a leather ball.” Mr. KIPLING must look to his laurels.



THE PRO-POLAR BEAR DECLINES THE BUN.

[“POSEN, Wednesday, September 3.—I learn that some of the Russian officers here, although guests of the KAISER, have spoken Polish and secretly fraternised with rich Polish families, assuring them ‘We are your brothers!’ This action has caused much comment.”—*Daily Mail*.]

“LODGINGS.”

WHERE are the beds all stuffed with brick?

Where are the towels damp and thick?
Where does the cooking turn you sick?
In lodgings!

Where do we get through pounds of tea
And milk enough to fill the sea?
Where dwells the most aggressive fl—?
In lodgings!

Where is the mantel decked with shells?
Where do they never answer bells?
Where are those horrid sinky smells?
In lodgings!

Where is the slavey far from clean,
Her eye a pool of sullen green,
Her buttons few and far between?
In lodgings!

Where do they keep a hungry cat,
Who takes a taste of “this” and
“that,”
Leaving you simply bones and fat?
In lodgings!

Where does the dust lie thick and deep,
And horrid spiders round you creep
Because they never brush or sweep?
In lodgings!

Where do we meekly bear all ills,
Nor dare dispute the weekly bills?
Where do we stay *against our wills*?
In lodgings!!

TRANSATLANTIC ICEBERGS.

THE Americans who visit Yewrope appear to be of two kinds—the noisy and the quiet. It may be that the tranquil ones come from the New England States, and the hustling ones from Chicago and the great West. However this may be, one’s first impulse would be to associate with the quiet people. The squeaking, screaming, nasal conversation of the others is insupportable. No doubt their raucous voices distress the placid Americans also, and prompt some of the latter to speak so softly that their murmured words become absolutely inaudible. I doubt if anyone anywhere

speaks in as low a tone. The London physician’s bedside voice is a shout compared to it. After the vigorous conversation of French or Germans or ordinary Americans, this soft whisper is as soothing as the ripple of a stream against moss. But a stay of some days in an hotel full of unduly quiet people seems like a temporary sojourn in a tomb.

There is one such at Heidelberg, an excellent hotel high up in the fresh air above the Castle, where recently I discovered more of the very tranquil Americans than I had ever met before. “Met” is not the word. One might stay there for a month, and sit every evening in the smoking-room with the same men, and never “meet” them. Also one would never hear them. One would only see them, as one might see some marble statues in a conservatory. As for the ladies, young and pretty, or middle-aged and—let us say, with complexions less pleasing—they maintained a still more discreet silence.



Old Gentleman (to James, whom he has recently promoted from the farm to be his body-guard).
 "JAMES, GO UP TO MY STUDY, AND IN THE THIRD DRAWER FROM THE TOP YOU WILL
 SEE —"
 O. G. "YES. HOW DID YOU FIND THEM?"
 James. "CIGARS, SIR?"
 James. "VERY GOOD, SIR!"

They never spoke to male strangers, naturally, or even female strangers. They never spoke to the other American ladies, and they hardly ever spoke to the members of their own party.

I have to lament one unfortunate indiscretion on my part. In a large room intended for smoking, and provided with a piano used by the ladies, two of the glacial American girls, guarded by their frigid friends, were playing one day at ping-pong. I was wading through a German newspaper and they came and played close to me. Curiously enough, instead of having some superlatively silent racquets, made perhaps of petrified cotton wool, they used the worst kind, producing the original horrid, irritating noise of that despicable game. As I read on, gradually reaching the verbs at the end of each journalistic sentence, I became aware that the noise ceased, and I discovered that the ball was under my chair. Without reflecting that I had never been introduced, I picked up that ball and handed it to the American girl. I did not speak, I did not look at her, I merely bowed respectfully.

Yet after that indiscreet intrusion she and her friends always glared at me—if "glared" describes the aspect of icebergs—as at a dreadful Englishman, who might after a month say "Good morning" to her poppa.

It was pleasant, among these gloomy travellers, to meet a cultured Parisian family, whose charming good manners did not prevent them from smiling or speaking. They spoke audibly, though softly, and, again unlike the Americans, they appeared to take an intelligent interest in everything.

Once only they seemed depressed. They returned to the hotel one evening and sat silent for a time, and then, one by one, Madame, Mademoiselle, Monsieur, and the son, gravely wished me "Bon soir," and vanished.

"Can it be," I thought, "that this family, so gay, so charming, has at last been frozen by the American atmosphere? Shall I return to England a sort of snow man?"

The next morning it was all explained. "Nous étions abrutis," said Monsieur, "nous sommes allés dans un restaurant allemand manger un vrai Abendessen."

Of course at our German hotel the excellent cook served up no German dish of any kind. Everything he gave us was French or English. Like all enthusiasts, the French family had gone to the extreme. They had not tried a *Kalter Aufschnitt*, because they were already acquainted with *viandes froides assorties*; for the same reason they had avoided *Rhein Salm* and *Äpfel*; they had rejected a *Grüner Salat*, which was merely a *salade de laitue*; and they had not been tempted to eat some *macédoine de fruits*, although it was called a *Gemischter Kompot*. And on that occasion good white German wine was not for them, since it is really not so very unlike Graves or Chablis.

Determined to have something entirely new, they had boldly attacked a supper which no German would attempt. They had eaten *Schinkenbrot*, and *Wurst*, and *Kartoffelsalat*, and *Sauerkraut*, and *Pfannkuchen*, and *Schwarzbrot*, and *Pumpernickel*, and each one of them had drunk two large glasses of Munich beer. It was all such a change from Paris; you could get none of those things *chez PAILLARD*, or at the *Café de Paris*; they had never eaten such a supper before—and Heaven forbid they should ever eat such a one again!

The next day they went on to Bayreuth, and left me, though not for many hours, alone in the silence of the American icebergs.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

TO BACKSHEESH.

O TYRANT of these latter days,
 No cunning can evade you;
 How very few are found to praise,
 How many to upbraid you!
 I pay your toll, I grant your boon,
 And, when you deem it proper,
 I tip with silver, like the moon,*
 At other times with copper!

When, on a memorable day,
 I wore the badge of Hymen,
 For your sake I became the prey
 Of cabmen, porters, flymen;
 The wizened verger seized on you
 With wonderful avidity;
 Alas! the love-god's retinue
 Had much of his Cupidity!

Though some would end your reign, and free

The land from your abuses,
 More spreading palms each day I see
 Than tropic isle produces!
 Though Britons never will be slaves,
 Thanks mainly to our shipping,
 Despite our patriotic staves,
 We all are slaves to tipping.

* By yonder blessed moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.
Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 2.



PARDONABLE EXTRAVAGANCE.

She (getting tired). "SPEECH IS SILVER, BUT SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

He. "WELL, IF SPEECH IS ONLY SILVER, ONE CAN BETTER AFFORD TO WASTE IT."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. SEDDON has left us. At the moment of departure he sent a letter of thanks to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, referring to that organ as a "valuable paper." This was duly published. But as a similar testimonial appeared in the *Daily Express*, we are still left in doubt as to the relative places occupied in the Great Man's estimation by these two leaders of public thought.

A man at Colchester named TOLL confessed to the murder of an American at Kansas City. The American authorities were communicated with, and they cabled back, "Extension of TOLL not desired." Does this stand for "extradition," or do they suppose we still torture our prisoners on the rack?

At Werchoturiskoje a coachman was savagely assaulted by a man with a red beard. On hearing of this the chief constable (a student of *Sherlock Holmes*)

ordered the arrest of all the red-haired men in the neighbourhood. Twenty-seven men were accordingly thrown into prison, which then caught fire.

The commission sent out under the auspices of the Foreign Office to inquire into the mysterious "sleeping sickness" in Uganda, is making considerable progress, and it is confidently expected that a cure for Foreign Office clerks will shortly be discovered.

In New York 40,000 children are excluded from the schools owing to lack of accommodation. There is a great desire among English school-children to emigrate to the States.

The Boer delegates have announced their intention of appealing for subscriptions to the people of all civilised countries. The Teuton Press makes no attempt to conceal its jubilation at the inclusion of Germany in this category.

Our bright little contemporary, the *Motor Car Accidents Record*, announces that it will shortly be enlarged to double its present size.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.—A King Fisher has been seen at Loch Muick.

AD DULCIE RIDENTEM.

How time does flit!
How sweet 'twould be
Could DULCIE sit
Upon my knee
As when a chit
Of two or three;
Ah! Dulce sit!

This daily fitte
I coo and bill,
To DULCIE writ
With wooing quill;
Ah! if by wit
I win my will—
How Dulce erit!

THE BRITISH ASS SPEAKS OUT.

[At the opening Congress of the British Association, Professor DEWAR in his Presidential speech attributed the commercial decline of England to a scandalous economy in technical education. It should be said that the Professor is not to be confused with the Sir THOMAS DEWAR who collaborated with Mr. DAN LENO in arranging a Comic Charity Cricket Match, played on the same date, at the Oval.]

At Belfast, where the orange blooms,
The world has fixed its eye on
The portent of the "British Ass"
Assembled in a solid mass
To coach the British Lion.

I scan the President his speech:
How pertinent, how true are
The homilies he utters there—
Greatest (but one) of all who wear
The honoured name of DEWAR.

He laid a facile finger on
The points that most concern us;
Naming the faults we ought to cure
If we would stay our swift but sure
Descent to sheer Avernus.

He weighed the case as one who probes
The germ of epidemics;
And scathingly exposed the cue
To Britain's fall: the thing is due
To disregard of chemics!

Touching the wide commercial worth
Of alkali and acid
He found our training sadly crude,
But, worse than this, our attitude
Was criminally placid.

Take coal-tar. How can patriots mark
With undisturbed emotions
To what a scientific pitch
The Germans raise its use, so rich
In dyes and smells and potions?

These Teutons filch our industries
As fast as we invent 'em;
Our total skill in chemic lore
Compared with theirs is little more
Than thirty-three per centum!

Our lavish rivals look beyond
To-day and many morrows;
CARNEGIE'S Institute sustains
A system for "collecting brains"
Like butterflies or Corots.

Meanwhile we squander year by year
On secular researches
Largesse enough almost to keep
(Bought by the gross you get them cheap)
Our infant schools in birches!

And so the others pass us by
Knee-deep in mere stagnation,
Still haggling over wordy views—
LLOYD-GEORGE'S and the Lord Knows HUGH'S—
On cleric "Education."

O. S.

We learn from the *Sunderland Daily Echo* that "the publishing firm of WORMSER, of Amsterdam, announces that it will publish General DE WET'S boot in a few months' time." We shall still hope to have the other boot published eventually, so as to be on the same footing as our troops, to whom he so constantly showed a clean pair of heels.

AN UNFINISHED COLLECTION.

A SILENCE had fallen upon the smoking-room. The warrior just back from the front had enquired after GEORGE VANDERPOOP, and we, who knew that GEORGE'S gentle spirit had, to use a metaphor after his own heart, long since been withdrawn from circulation, were feeling uncomfortable and wondering how to break the news.

SMITHSON is our specialist in tact, and we looked to him to be spokesman.

"GEORGE," said SMITHSON at last, "the late GEORGE VANDERPOOP—"

"Late!" exclaimed the warrior; "is he dead?"

"As any doornail," replied SMITHSON sadly. "Perhaps you would care to hear the story. It is sad, but interesting. You may recollect that, when you sailed, he was starting his journalistic career. For a young writer he had done remarkably well. The *Daily Telephone* had printed two of his contributions to their correspondence column, and a bright pen picture of his, describing how LEE'S Lozenges for the Liver had snatched him from almost certain death, had quite a vogue. LEE, I believe, actually commissioned him to do a series on the subject."

"Well?" said the warrior.

"Well, he was, as I say, prospering very fairly, when in an unlucky moment he began to make a collection of editorial rejection forms. He had always been a somewhat easy prey to scourges of that description. But when he had passed safely through a sharp attack of Philatelia and a rather nasty bout of Autographomania, everyone hoped and believed that he had turned the corner. The progress of his last illness was very rapid. Within a year he wanted but one specimen to make the complete set. This was the one published from the offices of the *Scrutinizer*. All the rest he had obtained with the greatest ease. I remember his telling me that a single short story of his, called *The Vengeance of Vera Dalrymple*, had been instrumental in securing no less than thirty perfect specimens. Poor GEORGE! I was with him when he made his first attempt on the *Scrutinizer*. He had baited his hook with an essay on Evolution. He read me one or two passages from it. I stopped him at the third paragraph, and congratulated him in advance, little thinking that it was sympathy rather than congratulations that he needed. When I saw him a week afterwards he was looking haggard. I questioned him, and by slow degrees drew out the story. The article on Evolution had been printed.

"Never say die, GEORGE," I said. 'Send them *Vera Dalrymple*. No paper can take that.'

"He sent it. The *Scrutinizer*, which had been running for nearly a century without publishing a line of fiction, took it and asked for more. It was as if there were an editorial conspiracy against him."

"Well?" said the man of war.

"Then," said SMITHSON, "GEORGE pulled himself together. He wrote a parody of '*The Minstrel Boy*.' I have seen a good many parodies, but never such a parody as that. By return of post came a long envelope bearing the crest of the *Scrutinizer*. 'At last,' he said, as he tore it open.

"GEORGE, old man," I said, 'your hand.'

"He looked at me a full minute. Then with a horrible, mirthless laugh he fell to the ground, and expired almost instantly. You will readily guess what killed him. The poem had been returned, but without a rejection form!"

Mr. DAVITT has condemned the naming of potatoes after Lord ROBERTS, Lord KITCHENER, and other Generals by the Irish Agricultural Department. Quite so; the potato is a *pomme*, not a *pom-pom*, *de terre*. The right people to call the "tubers" after are Messrs. YERKES and PERKS.



OUR NON-COMS.

Orderly Sergeant (to officer). "BEG YOUR PARDON SORR, BUT I'M WAN RATION SHORT. WHO WILL I GIVE IT TO!"



THE CRICKET ON THE SHELF.

CRICKET'S dead. No longer now
The ball upon the bat impinges,
Laurels drop from off the brow
Of JACKSONS, FRYS, and RANJITSINHJIS.
Autumn leaves will soon be red—
Cricket's dead.

Though with many a place and date,
Ovals, Lord's, and Crystal Palaces,
Statisticians divagate
Into columns of analyses,
All their interest now is shed—
Cricket's dead.

From the beach the tripper flits
And the blatant German band rues;
Mr. BALFOUR intermits
Education with St. Andrew's,
Bunkers now and rocks ahead!—
Cricket's dead.

Once again the *Gay Lord Quex*
Irritates Sir EDWARD RUSSELL,
And with "*talionis lex*"
Comes PINERO to the tussle.
I—but angels fear to tread—
Cricket's dead.

The gun incarnadines the bird,
MORGAN corners our armadas,
From Dalmeny never a word
Says the noble lord of *Ladas*,
That historic quadruped—
Cricket's dead.

But these verses might go on
From one cover to another;
Muses of Mount Helicon,
Your afflatus I must smother!
I have said what I have said—
Cricket's dead.

THE THEATRICAL "PAR" OF THE FUTURE.

["We may be at the outset of a lamentable period, in which the drama will decline, and criticism will usurp all the functions of entertainment."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THE revival of *Herod* at His Majesty's Theatre last night was rendered interesting chiefly by reason of the appearance of the dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, who descended the steps of the palace after the death of *Aristobulus*, and to the huge delight of a large audience, told both author and actors precisely what he thought of them. At the conclusion of what was a veritable *tour de force*, the curtain was raised six times in response to vociferous demands for the artist, and the remainder of the evening seemed comparatively flat and unprofitable.

The most palpable hit in the new pantomime of *Sindbad the Sailor* at the Lane was made by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER,

Miller (looking after Cyclist, who has a slight touch of motor mania). "WELL, TO BE SURE! THERE DO BE SOME MAIN IGNORANT CHAPS OUT O' LONDON. 'E COMES 'ERE ASKIN' ME 'OW MANY 'ORSE POWER THE OLD MILL 'AD GOT."

who, during the transformation scene, demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of a crowded house the connection of this particular myth with Scandinavian legend. Notwithstanding the length of the turn, the gifted performer was compelled by the gallery to repeat it three times, and the out-of-date harlequinade was in consequence judiciously omitted by the management.

The attractions of the *Belle of New York* have been considerably strengthened by the inclusion of Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT'S name in the bill. An inimitable series of entertaining reminiscences now takes the place of the former absurd exhibition of whistling in the shop scene, and

much good advice is given as to the dangers of the stage as a career. This would doubtless have been even more valuable a few years ago, when there were still to be found young persons desirous of becoming players, as was only natural when the stage was not a mere vehicle for the exposition of the critic's art. We have, however, changed all that. The ladies of the chorus, some of whom may have had pasta going back to the *ancien régime*, appeared thoroughly to appreciate Mr. SCOTT'S observations. They will be repeated every evening until further notice, and may be obtained, we are desired to state, in an attractive cover, at all railway stations, price one penny.



THE CANARY'S CHALLENGE.

From the far Harz his parents came :
 He from his birth had learnt to tame
 The longing wild, the deep delight
 That spurs th' untutored bird to flight
 Up in the azure belts of air,
 He knows not why, he recks not where,
 But up and up above the ground,
 And on and on, and round and round,
 Till, tired, but at his own desire,
 He stays his sudden flight of fire,
 And floats and sways and checks his fall,
 Then drops, a tiny feathered ball,
 His notes of passion spent and spilled,
 And all his eager quiverings stilled,
 Down from his height, and so retrieves
 His strength amid his sheltering leaves.
 No fierce desire for freedom stirred
 The little cage-born British bird.
 Comfort he had, and soon resigned
 The native wildness of his mind ;
 And, still contracting to his cage,
 Forgot his ancient heritage,
 His sires' untrammelled life forgot,
 Forgot their airy flight, but not
 The gift that erst had marked them free,
 That kept him bound—their minstrelsy.
 He was his home's delight, and grew
 To love his master ; and he knew
 His gentle mistress and her care,
 And kissed her lips and sang her fair.
 GLADYS he loved, who served his needs,
 And DORIS with her freight of seeds ;
 And oft he shook his trembling tongue
 With note on note together strung,
 Intent to greet in glad surprise
 Sweet CICELY of the shining eyes.
 And he was manumitted too
 From his dear cage, and lit and flew
 Out and about through all the room's
 Expanse, a flash of yellow plumes.
 Perched on a chair he would prolong
 His pure ecstatic burst of song,
 Then seek his master's hand, and then
 Hop meekly to his cage again.

* * * * *

They took him down one summer's day,
 And bore him, cage and all, away,
 Far from his loved familiar home
 To England's verge and o'er the foam.
 Within the Custom-house the crowd
 Was striving, jostling, talking loud :
 Some talked in Anglo-French, and some
 Talked English—nobody was dumb.
 The porters of that seaport town
 Banged each his load of luggage down ;
 Worn travellers, fumbling at the locks,
 Opened a trunk, a bag, a box ;
 Costumed officials barred a path
 To women voluble with wrath ;
 And boys were darting here and there,
 And all was chaos and despair—
 When on that crowd, in heat immersed,
 Three clear cool notes of music burst.
 A moment's pause, and then it thrilled
 In one triumphant swell that filled
 The shed our throng was pent within :—
 Oh, how it seemed to pierce the din

With rapier thrusts of melody ;
 The porters half forgot their fee,
 And all the noise died down and seemed
 Asleep, while still the bird-voice streamed
 In sudden twists, in quivering twirls,
 In rippling rows of liquid pearls,
 Gushing, as in a thirsty land
 A fountain splashes on the sand.
 For a short space no sound was heard
 But CICELY's little captive bird
 Who sang as if his heart must break,
 With mere excess of trill and shake,
 And flung the challenge of his notes
 Defiant down the Frenchmen's throats.

He ceased ; the clamour rose again,
 And so at last we caught the train.

R. C. L.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is a long time since my Baronite read a novel of such entrancing interest as *The Twickenham Peerage* (METHUEN). Mr. MARSH bases his plot on an incident as old as SHAKESPEARE's day. He pulls the strings so deftly that he makes the worn-out topic live again with pristine vigour. My Baronite never spoils a novelist's game by disclosing his plot. He recommends the gentle reader to get the book and find it out for himself. In addition to its breathless interest, it is full of character and bubbling with fun.

The Vultures (SMITH, ELDER) are the diplomatic representatives of England, France, and the United States. Mr. SETON MERRIMAN bestows upon them this name in token of their habits of foregathering in certain capitals whenever war is imminent. With the assistance of Mr. CARTENOR, representing Great Britain, M. DEULIN, France, and JOSEPH P. MANGLES, U.S.A., Mr. MERRIMAN gives vivid pictures of the condition of things in Warsaw, where order still reigns under the iron heel of Russia. In accordance with his excellent manner when planning a novel, he makes a thorough study of the topography, history, and national characteristics of the country in which the scene is set. In this case it is Poland, and clear light is flashed upon life in Warsaw. The princely house of BUKATA, father, son, and daughter, are admirable studies of character. But my Baronite confesses he does not care for the three Vultures, who are, or are designed to be, the principal personages in the story. They become a little tiresome with their affectation of capacity for seeing through a ladder beyond the range of ordinary ken. This is a conversation that takes place. "An old traveller said, as he passed CARTENOR's table at the Club, 'The world must be quiet indeed, with you here in London.' 'I am waiting,' replied CARTENOR. 'What for?' 'I do not know,' he replied, placidly continuing his dinner." This sort of thing is repeated with wearisome iteration. It was done in real life once for all, and much better, in the case of a lady still alive, whom many of us know. Seated by the side of DIZZY at the dinner table, in critical times when Russia was threatening Constantinople and British interposition was looked for, the hostess, having discussed and settled the political situation, said to her distinguished guest in thrilling whisper, "What are you waiting for?" "I am waiting for you to pass the mustard," said DIZZY. And, like CARTENOR, he "placidly continued his dinner." THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

An article on "Dress and Fashion" in a well-known daily paper makes the following statement, which Mr. Punch quotes for what it is worth :—"In hose, extraordinary strides have been made of late."



CHURCH THEATRES FOR COUNTRY VILLAGES—THE BLAMELESS BALLET.

[“Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has expressed himself in sympathy with the scheme of the Rev. FORBES PHILLIPS for running theatres in connection with the Churches in country villages.”]

THERE WOULD, OUR ARTIST IMAGINES, BE NO DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING WILLING CORYPHÉES AMONG THE PEW-OPENERS AND PHILANTHROPIC SPINSTERS OF THE VARIOUS PARISHES.

SUNSHINE THE TEMPTRESS.

THE bee is on the heather and the sun is on the Ben—
Ho, there! Bookworm, shut your musty tome!
Come, ramble by the river that is leaping down the glen,
Come, climb the purple upland where the wild deer roam.

I will show a thousand beauties which you 'll never, never see

In your fusty, dusty volumes if you 'll only follow me:

You shall see the waters falling,
O'er the sandy shallows brawling,
Dashing, splashing,
Gaily flashing
Over rock and under tree.
And I 'll show you, lying cool
In his deep and inky pool,
All secure, the wise old salmon
Whom the angler cannot gammon.
There he lies serenely sleeping
While above him flashes bright
The frolic troutlet leaping
In the light.

Come and scramble through the heather where the hill-tops touch the sky,
Come and scale the peaks of granite where the eagles soar on high.

See the white-tailed rabbits near you—
How they scuttle when they hear you!
Hurry-scurry
In their flurry
Swift as lightning off they fly.
And I 'll also show you where,
With his antlers high in air,

Unapproachable of men
Stands the monarch of the glen.
At his sweet will he shall ramble
Over leagues of upland lawns,
While around him gaily gambol
Fairy fawns.

A BUN MOT.

At the Confectioners' and Bakers' Exhibition at Islington the public were defrauded of much enjoyment by the omission of several allied industries, which would have been of the deepest interest. For instance, no attempt was made to explain the properties of alum as an article of diet, though its well-known heated fragrance gladdens many a neighbourhood when the ovens are opened of a morning. Another strange oversight was of certain invariable ingredients (described as “fruit” in the trade) contained in penny buns, Bath buns, and scones. We refer to short lengths of stalk, blackened skins, and stains of various colours, widely supposed to be portions of currants, sultanias, or even raisins. But the separation of the original crude fruit from the “fruit” as presented to us by the baker clearly involves a perfection of careful, mechanical skill that might well have formed one of the chief attractions of the show.

May we express a hope that the above-named industries will be included in the curriculum of the National School for Bakers, recently opened at the Borough Polytechnic? Many sacred institutions are being torn from us in these revolutionary days; but the Englishman will not readily part with the foods and refreshments of his youth.

“A QUESTION OF THE HOUR.”—Asking a Railway Porter the time of the next train's departure for your holiday resort.

"BOZ" AND BOULOGNE.

"Now," says the genial Châtelain de DARDELOT as we sit at his table enjoying our coffee, *chasse*, and cigar, after an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette* accompanied by "the generous" to which we three pilgrims, being thoroughly conscientious, had done no more than strict justice—"I propose driving you to the pretty church at Condette, where you will see on a tombstone an inscription that will specially interest you" (this to me), "as a member of 'The Boz Club.'"

Kind Madame la Châtelaine was sure that there could not be a better way than the one proposed of spending the afternoon. One of her daughters, as well up as her father in all the local traditions, would be of the party, while the Châtelaine herself and another daughter, her "understudy," would await our return and welcome us with a "five o'clock," meaning tea, *et cetera*, the latter being for those who might prefer this variant in refreshments.

So with our Châtelain gaily driving *à la française*, with cracking whip and (apparently to timid hearts) dangerously loose reins, we, in a light waggonette and pair, one of us on the box with our gallant coachman, and three in the open well behind—which, being innocent of any doors, gave more than one of the party an occasional chance of being left "well behind" on the road—were triumphantly conducted round all sorts of queer corners, skirting ditches yawning to receive us, and projecting banks, now down on one side, now up on the same side and down on the other, with "*Hé là-bas!*" to a carrier's cart blocking up the way, until the carrier himself, in the politest manner possible, emptied himself and the contents of his cart into a *fosse*, his courtesy being acknowledged by the Châtelain with a cheery nod and smile, and "*Mille remerciements*," until we were taken at a sharp trot round a right-angled corner into a by-lane and landed at the gate of an unoccupied house standing in its own (or somebody else's) park-like grounds. No help required from groom or coachman, nor from a handy man (there wasn't one) on the premises, as the Châtelain is prepared for such emergencies, and suddenly produces from somewhere a chain and a kind of rope halter, with which our "steppers" are fixed up to a ring in the wall to be left there till called for again by us. Beautifully situated is the house, with lovely views, and a courtyard overshadowed by a big tree in the centre, which must have been the counterpart of the house that was in CHARLES DICKENS'S temporary occupation on the other side, *not* the Condette side, of Boulogne. But CHARLES DICKENS may have stopped at this place for a short time before finally taking up his abode in the country nearer to, and north-west of, Boulogne, where he occupied a house on the Calais Road, "on the very summit of the hill," with "a private road leading out to the Column" (see Book vii, *Life of Dickens*, pp. 457-468).

Our host, having remounted his box and adroitly turned the horses and carriage quickly and safely round in a space wherein the unaccustomed eye would not have seen room for the manoeuvring of a small donkey-cart, we were conveyed at a sharp trot to the village, presumably of Condette, where in the garden of the quaint old inn the landlord's son keeps some half dozen falcons, which, with their red hoods over their heads and their beaks and still sharper eyes, conveyed the idea of a party of rich old miserly money-lenders (queer birds these) on the look-out for something to pounce on. They were very friendly, out of business hours, while their owner exhibited them. We regretted being unable to see the sport; but they were not going out that day. Pleasantly saluted by hostess, host, and "PHILIP the Falconer," a bright and intelligent youth their son, we were then personally conducted to the Church and Terra Sancta of Condette, which visit had been from the first *le bout de notre pèlerinage*.

The Church of St. Martin—again presumably so, since there is an ancient statue here representing St. MARTIN on horseback (the figures are, I think, of wood, and coloured)—is as pretty and bright as heart of man could wish a simple country church to be, scrupulously neat and clean, and quite free from anything like that tawdriness of decoration which, so frequently met with abroad, offends the peculiarly English sense of the fitness of things. Then, taking us into the graveyard of the church, our Châtelain silently and impressively points to a square tomb of pure white stone, on the face of which is the inscription here reproduced *textuellement*:

"*Ici repose le corps de Monsieur Ferdinand Beaucourt, épouse de Françoise Mutuel. Né à Bethune, Décédé à Condette Le 8 Mai 1881, à l'âge de 75 ans et 8 mois.*"

DICKENS knew this worthy gentleman from 1853 to 1856. So it is likely that he may have changed his residence after DICKENS had left, and have settled down at Condette. On another side, at right angles to the above, is clearly cut the following inscription:—

"*The Landlord of whom Charles Dickens wrote, 'I never did see such a gentle, kind heart.'*"

Here we stood for some time, each one of us liking rather to meditate than to break the silence.

The sincerest thanks of our party are due to our Châtelain *et Châtelaine* and their bright daughters who had arranged for us so interesting a pilgrimage, and had so delightfully carried it out. And the weather! Well, it was of all late summer days the most glorious, and never was one more enjoyable. And that, *Mesdames et Messieurs*, is the verdict of us all here expressed by A PROGRESSING PILGRIM.

THE SONG OF THE DOUKHOBORS.

[*"The Doukhobors, a colony of whom was recently planted in Manitoba, have abandoned the use of horses, cows, and all domestic animals, which they refuse to keep in servitude."*—*Daily Paper*.]

THE DOUKHOBORS! The Doukhobors! Who does not yearn to be

So absolutely uncontrolled—so fabulously free?
So potent are their principles, the zealous folk I sing
Extend the rights which they enjoy to every living thing.
The cows in that community no longer are subdued;
No dog among the Doukhobors remains in servitude.
With institutions of their own the creatures are content;
The marmosets have got a Mayor, the pigs a President;
The kittens, if you pull their tails, consult solicitors;
The very rabbits have their rights among the Doukhobors.

THE DOUKHOBORS! The Doukhobors! With their distinctive views

They lend a new significance to words we often use.
If I were going to the dogs, I should not find it hard
To go where dogs enjoy the height of popular regard.
To call a Doukhobor an ass implies a compliment,
And sheepish looks improve a man, by general consent.
When ladies call each other "cat," in our domestic wars,
I like to think how sweet it sounds among the Doukhobors.

THE DOUKHOBORS! The Doukhobors! Consistent as they are,

They go, perhaps, upon the whole, a little bit too far;
And though I've travelled many lands, from Hind to
Helsingfors,
I do not mean to try my luck among the Doukhobors.

ON the mysterious disappearance of Prince RANJITSINGH from the cricket field during part of the season:—

"The Black-Bat Knight has flown."—*Tennyson*.

DE OSCULIS JABOLENDIS.

DAPHNE, ah, what foolish fellow
Tastes the honey of your lips?
As the wasp from golden-yellow
Apricots, all ripe and mellow,
Sweetness fondly sips.

In the tresses, fair and golden,
Of your rich luxuriant hair,
Is his fluttering fancy holden,
Whom your artless arts embolden,
And its beauty rare.

Foolish boy! he little guesses,
As with them he loves to play;
There are microbes in those tresses—
In the lips that he caresses
What bacilli stray!

I, of kissing sworn despiser
(Since I knew your broken vow),
Once of spurious gold a miser,
Growing older—yes, and wiser—
Study science now.

SIPS FROM ALL SAUCES.

(By our Lunacy Commissioner.)

GREEBA CASTLE, the residence of Mr. HALL CAINE, is lit entirely with liquid air. Mr. CROCKETT's amanuenses use 900 quarts of ink annually.

Mr. H. G. WELLS has announced his intention of swimming the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne next Friday in the company of the Sea Lady.

Miss MARIE CORELLI's name has been mentioned 11,941,264 times in the press since April 1st.

Count VON BUELOW, the German Imperial Chancellor, drinks nothing but barley-water. His intimates call him BILL.

Mr. PLOWDEN, the humorous magistrate, is a wonderful Arabic scholar. He considers the Koran the greatest book in the world after Mr. JEROME K. JEROME's *Three Men in a Boat*.

Mr. KIPLING's new Motor-car is christened "Rikki-Tikki." The motive-power is bonzoline, and the chauffeur is a full-blooded Mameluke, who saved his master's life during a free fight in the congested districts of Lompalanka.

We understand that a revised version of BIZET's famous opera is now being prepared by Mr. HARMSWORTH, under the title of *Auto-Carmen*. The principal rôle is assigned to Mercedes.

WANTED, AN S.P.C.I.

A RECENT number of *Country Life* points out that no one sorrows for the millions of insects destroyed by the unseasonable weather. How callous, how ice-cold must be the heart of a nation that forms societies for the protection of horses, dogs, cats—even birds; yet turns away unmoved at the distress of a common house-fly! A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects is



AN EMPTY EMBRACE.

"'ERE Y'ARE! HUMBERELLA RINGS, TWO A PENNY!"

a simple necessity to keep in bounds the unbridled ferocity of the English people. Such a League would, of course, forbid the sale of the murderous powders of KEATING, and the insecticides concocted by bloodthirsty horticulturists. Fishing, except with artificial flies, would be abolished. Also entomologists. Medals would be conferred on landladies refusing to destroy multitudes of happy little insects at the request of lodgers, selfishly intent on a comfortable night's rest. Our most gifted novelists would be encouraged to devote their works to delineations of insect life; and England would thrill to the stormy career of the bluebottle, swiftly, tragically ended in

a cup of tea; or breathlessly follow the gloomy orgies of the silent blackbeetle, closed in the haggard light of morning by the fated tread of the relentless cook. The nation's tears would flow for the fragile moth, choked with camphor and driven from her flannel home to perish in the treacherous blasts of spring; and righteous wrath would descend on the charwoman, with rigorous broom rending the cherished web of the distracted spider. Who will head the movement?

PADEREWSKI LATITUDES.—The Roaring Fortes.



Uncle Jack. "THE PROFESSOR HAS A MUMMY QUITE TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD."

Elsie. "OH, MUMMY, WILL YOU BE TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD WHEN ME AND CYRIL ARE GROWN UP LIKE HIM?"

SPORT OR BRUTALITY?

ON Monday the £1,000 prize for the Long-distance Obstacle Drive from Hyde Park Corner to the Bank (using the same horses) was secured by Major JUGGINS. After a delay of some weeks owing to weather, the alarum punch sounded at dawn to good start at some two miles an hour, JUGGINS being greased all over as protection against rigours of an English summer. Interior of vehicle loaded with 3 dozen loaves, 1 gallon of whisky, 1 barrel Jacob's Oil, 2 pairs sea-boots, 2 doctors, and 1 (one) Church of England chaplain; Press drag in the rear.

Cinematographed during breakfast at 8.30 opposite MASKELYNE AND COOK'S; Piccadilly (which was decorated throughout) being "up" to allow laying of six inches of gas piping. Stopped for furious driving opposite SWAN AND EDGAR'S by policeman, who demanded JUGGINS' number and family history. By clever steering crossed the Circus in half-an-hour. Asked how he felt, JUGGINS answered "middling"; 2 ozs. brandy at once injected by the doctors.

Course altered to E. by S. at Waterloo Place owing to a block. At the Carlton bar 1 pint Bovril and 60 minims alcohol

(diluted in 3 gills soda-water) were taken; the horses had their legs rubbed down with brandy, were fed with the whites of 20 eggs, and re-shod. JUGGINS, though labouring heavily, told an interviewer he meant to do it; had suffered much more on his celebrated Islington-Baker Street ride.

2.30.—Dense crowds collected in Trafalgar Square by foot messenger sent on hours before—telegraphing being found too slow, and telephones out of order. Took on board 2 dozen fresh loaves and 1 barrel salt pork, while horses trod water in puddle under Nelson Column.

At Griffin at 7.30. Received Freedom of City and address from LORD MAYOR, alluding to valuable military lessons of the Drive and vindication of London locomotion. Search light turned on and Fleet Street beautifully illuminated. Took 4 inches beefsteak dissolved in half-gallon beer.

Band and military guard on parade at the Bank, where JUGGINS, whose dogged pluck in having his horses thoroughly lashed during the last hour was much admired, struggled home at 11.30—the first athlete to accomplish the feat within 19½ hours. A public subscription has been started.

NOTABILIA FICTA.

Mr. Seddon (magnanimously). "England, with all thy faults I love thee still!"

Mr. John Redmond. "The political situation in Ireland is in some respects laughable. But where comedians are concerned I prefer WYNDHAM at the Criterion to WYNDHAM at Cork."

Mr. Carnegie (to the interviewer of the "Skibo-reign Eagle"). "After all, the true *Triumphant Democracy* consists in entertaining Royalty."

Mr. Max Pemberton. "A man who plays ping-pong need not necessarily be an Iron Pirate. A man who plays golf may still write for the *Daily Mail*. But a man who kicks a football for hire is capable of murdering his own mother-in-law."

Madame Humbert (on laying down Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR'S "Phantom Millions"). "C'e cher Tay Pay! How perfectly he has appreciated me!"

Sir Gordon Sprigg. "After a threatened attack of suspensiditis, I am recruiting among the Dutch."

Lady Harberton (summing up the relation of costume to capability in the "Should Women Work" controversy). "Dux femina facti; divide et impera!"



A DUET WITH A DIFFERENCE.

GENERAL BULLER sings—

"IN MAKING A BARGAIN, THE TROUBLE WITH JOE
IS HIS METHOD OF MEETING DEMANDS WITH A 'NO!'"

MR. CHAMBERLAIN sings—

"IN MAKING A BARGAIN, THE FAULT OF THE BOER
LIES IN GETTING TOO MUCH AND THEN ASKING FOR MORE!"

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

IX.—THESPIA ON WIRES.

It was last night that we found the tent on the green and read the placards. We at once decided to come. SKILBECK of Balliol, who is with me, has spent to-day looking up details about mimetics and the dithyramb. It is only the prospect of this evening that has buoyed us up all day. Saturday in this Hampshire village has not been idyllic. It has poured with rain since the early morning; of the people in the inn the most were drunk, and the rest cyclists, which SKILBECK described as Scylla and Charybdis. There was a third class—the drunken cyclists, but that was of no help in the situation. To read the philosophy of KANT in a room above the bar has been impossible; we have shunned facing Scylla and Charybdis in the coffee-room. But this evening has come, and it should be some compensation for the dulness of the day to see a powerful travelling company in a "Strong Representation of *Drink*."

We are glad to get inside the tent. The walk through the mud from the inn has been; considered as a dramatic preparation, unfortunate. It is pleasurable, however, to find that we rank as front-row plutocrats for sixpence. The twopenny pit gape at us with awe-struck curiosity. The overture has begun: a five-year-old coon song on a metallic piano. SKILBECK murmurs triumphant references to the dithyramb. The stage looks very small; apparently it is a pigmy company. It should be a unique experience to see them in *Drink*. At last the curtain rises by several stages, and we experience our first emotion. It is a Marionette Show.

Act I. is in full swing. A wooden-faced inebriate has left his wife and child at home for the superior attractions of the village inn, ably presided over by a treble-jointed publican and his falsetto son. The dialogue between the three is instructive. The speakers appear to be possessed by a desire for temporary dismemberment; furthermore, whichever of the trio is for the time being silent collapses against the wall in an attitude suggestive of intoxicated impotence. The moods and passions of the speakers seem to produce in them anatomical effects of the most alarming nature; SKILBECK with difficulty restrains his "pity and terror" on the publican, in a fit of sudden joy, shedding his left foot.

The publican's wife enters, and we now see that her son's voice is an inheritance. A flirtation ensues between her and WOODEN-FACE, her husband and son leaning helpless against the wall, and watching the scene with comatose



He. "BUT I TOLD YOU TO MEET ME IN THE SLIP CARRIAGE!"

She. "WELL, HOW WAS I TO KNOW WHEREABOUTS IN THE TRAIN IT WOULD BE!"

apathy. Then enters WOODEN-FACE's wife—from her voice evidently a sister of the publican's lady—and her rival subsides against the wall beside her drunken relatives. Mrs. WOODEN-FACE implores her husband without effect to return to his simple cottage where his little cheeld awites him. To them comes a grey-faced clergyman with a splay foot, and attempts to reclaim WOODEN-FACE.

There is by now leaning against the wall a row of no less than four characters in various stages of alcoholic excess. They are joined—his temperance speech concluded—by the minister; his collapse is, if anything, more serious than that of his wall-companions, for his right leg is doubled into the small of his back. The latest entrance is the Cheeld; she has golden hair, and is apparently suffering from small-pox. This makes it hardly surprising that

WOODEN-FACE should resist her appeal—an appeal to which the metallic piano adds its persuasion—of

"Farver, dear Farver, cummome!"

But it cannot excuse him for projecting a pint-pot along an obvious wire at his offspring's head. The Cheeld falls, and so does the curtain—by segments. A countryman behind us is shaken by a long dry sob.

Act II. in the dying Cheeld's bed-chamber is affecting to a degree. The Cheeld, with agitated convulsions of her head and arms, announces with some confidence to a row of intoxicated mourners by the wall that she is going to be an Angel, and is eventually at the close of the scene borne to a blue merino heaven in the arms of two spasmodic Cherubim. The countryman's sobs are by this time heartrending, and SKILBECK, leaning back, fails to give him any comfort by the assurance

that he is merely undergoing an Aristotelian catharsis.

Act III. is soon over. In it we see WOODEN-FACE a reformed character—a striking example of child-murder as a cure for alcoholism. Integrity and respectability combined are suggested by a frock-coat, grey flannel shirt and no collar. He is reconciled to his wife, and, by the time the curtain works its passage down again, there is every indication that he means for the future to lead a better—if still a spasmodic—life.

With purified emotions we rise to leave the tent. I cannot but feel that the effect is about to be completely marred when I see the owner of the marionettes appear *in propria persona* before the curtain to conclude the entertainment by singing a comic song. I seize SKILBECK, apologetically seeking a parallel in the satyric drama, and hurry him out into the wet—not quite in time to escape a last impression of a melancholy-looking man in a greasy dress suit, averring with a show of nasal enthusiasm that when he goes out on the hi-ti-ti it is a bit of all right.

OUR TOWN REGATTA.

I AM free to confess that I felt rather flattered when I was asked to “come on” the Committee of the Shrimpton Town Regatta: I am equally free to admit that my sense of exaltation did not last very long. I did not know so much about Regattas then as I do now.

We held our preliminary meeting in the back parlour of “The Dog and Dough-nut,” Mr. JOHN WOPSLEY, the local butcher, in the chair. This gentleman having called for, and partly consumed, a pot of “four-arf”—whatever that mysterious liquid may be—opened the proceedings by saying that Shrimpton ought to do the thing in style, with “no ‘arf measures and no niggard ‘and.”

This, being purely academic and committing nobody to anything in particular, was received, as all such pious expressions should be, with unstinted applause.

Then we came down to cold detail, and after two hours’ discussion I reeled faintly out of the awful atmosphere of tobacco smoke and fumes of strong drink, to breathe the pure night air once more.

Several similar meetings followed, and then at last came the great day.

I need hardly state that the elements were not with us. On Regatta days it is an almost invariable rule that the sea should be choppy and the wind blow hard. On this occasion it was also remarkably cold.

We were adorned with red rosettes and sent on board the Committee boat

early: far too early, I thought, as that primitive craft jumped and rolled at her moorings in a most uncomfortable manner. I had brought a goodly supply of sandwiches and tobacco with me, but, somehow or other, I cared for none of these things. “Once on board the lug”—I mean Committee boat—they seemed to lose all interest for me.

The first event was a swimming race; the competitors started from the shore and made our boat the winning post. I wished they had not done so, as one candidate after another clambered in and dripped all over our clothes.

There was an objection on the ground that the winner was not qualified—the second man, in his excited protest, waving his arms violently and spraying the Committee liberally. We finally pacified them by promising an extra prize, to be provided out of our private pockets.

Then came a rowing contest. There were cross objections here, and again we resorted to the same cowardly expedient, after Mr. WOPSLEY had taken off his coat and threatened to fight the first and second coupled.

We then received from the shore an intimation that the Town Band declined to play any longer unless an extra fifteen shillings was guaranteed them.

The fun began to be fast and furious when WOPSLEY inadvertently sat down on the breach of the small signal gun and “touched it off” with a terrific report. Poor WOPSLEY was knocked overboard by the recoil, whilst the sailing boats moored in the Bay mistook the sound for the signal to start their race.

They all broke out their jibs and raced past the “imaginary line,” but, being taken unawares, such confusion prevailed among them that, rounding the Committee boat, the *Saucy Soapsuds* missed stays, and ran right into the devoted craft on which we were “dreeing our weird.”

What became of the rest of the Committee, at the moment, I did not know. I found myself clinging frantically to the *Soapsuds*’ bowsprit, and being borne onward o’er the bounding main at a perfectly awful rate. A moment of horrible suspense, and then strong hands—too strong hands—grasped me by the slack of the trou—by the waistband, and hauled me aboard.

I looked up, expecting to find the honest, kindly, brown-bearded faces which sea-novel readers are always told await them when rescued from the cruel ocean’s hungry jaws. But I saw instead three young Cockneys in very dirty “sweaters,” glaring down at me over their sunburned noses in a way which

made my blood run cold, and heard the leader’s brief address:—

“Garn, yer silly cuckoo! wodjer mean by gettin’ in our w’y an’ spilin’ our chanst ter win? Y’ ought to be biled, blank yer, y’ spindle-shanked ‘umbug!”

I venture to say that I shall not be found serving on the Committee of the Shrimpton Town Regatta next season.

TO OUR TRUSTY FRIEND.

“It is rumoured that an American Building Trust is to be formed, with a capital of some sixty-six million dollars, to take in hand the reconstruction of London.”—*Daily Paper*.]

So, Uncle SAM, you’ve cast your eye

On London’s brick and stucco greatness,

And you propose a Trust should try

To lick it into up-to-dateness.

That’s real kind; we feel you’ve made

A truly neighbourly suggestion—

But have you adequately weighed

The difficulties of the question?

Say, are you sure that your Combine

(Or is it *Combine*?) will be grounded

In all the classes of design

With which we love to be surrounded?

Can you, for instance, emulate

Our Ludgate Bridge’s gorgeous gilding,

Erect the Fleet Street Griffin’s mate,

Or beat the Admiralty building?

Can you prepare us plans to rank

With British Art’s supreme creations?

Could you have built the Birkbeck Bank,

Or Paddington and King’s Cross Stations?

Will you, when decorating walls

(Like some with whom we’re well acquainted),

Declare the frescoes in St. Paul’s

Are not so bad as they are painted?

If so, we greet you—oh, but stay,

It’s only right for us to mention

That others in the building way

Are giving us their best attention;

And so we fear you cannot come,

Unless the Trust that you announce’ll

Put by a fairly handsome sum

To pension off the County Council.

The Red Earl (Conte Rosso).

OUR brilliant contemporary *Il Corriere della Sera* describes the London County Council as:

“una specie di Consiglio provinciale, che ha già adattato nel Governo della metropoli arditissime riforme a vantaggio delle classi povere, riforme iniziate dal suo primo presidente lord ROSEBERRY, il quale all’epoca della sua amministrazione si acquistò il titolo di *Conte Rosso*, perché gli si attribuivano tendenze socialiste.”

May we trace here a confusion with Earl HERBERT SPENCER?



'THESE TRAILERS ARE SPLENDID THINGS! YOU MUST REALLY GET ONE AND TAKE ME OUT, PERCY!'

C. F. Brock
1902



*Blinks (who is somewhat nervous, and has just been peppered by occupant of the adjoining butt).
"DON'T SHOOT AGAIN! I SURRENDER!! I SURRENDER!!!"*

LITERARY RUMOURS.

Mr. Punch is glad to be able to supplement the Publishers' Lists by the following preliminary notices, hitherto crowded out owing to the rush of the opening season:—

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose *Confessions of an Opinion-Eater* has long been out of print, is preparing for publication before Christmas a novel entitled *Temporary Power: a Study in Supremacy*. The work, we understand, is to be dedicated, without permission, to the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR.

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD is engaged upon a new edition of the *History of Selborne*. The introduction will, it is said, be more strictly critical than appreciative.

Mr. R. W. PERKS is still hard at work upon his *Tale of a Tube*.

LORD ROSEBURY is at present enjoying a retreat, having had a notable success with his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

Mr. GERALD BALFOUR's new novel, *The History of Jonathan Very Wild*, is to be dedicated to Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, as a mark of sympathy with him in the want of success which has attended his shipping enterprises.

General BOTHA's book will be entitled *Reitz and Wrongs of the Transvaal War*; while General DE WET has decided to call his *How to be Happy though Harried*.

The name of Mr. REITZ's new work clashes with that of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, though differing from it in the sub-title.

It is to be called *Temporary Power*; or *After the "Armistice."*

Still another edition of *Shakspeare* is announced. This time it is the "Empire" edition, the first volume of which will be *Love's Labour's Lost*, with notes by Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P.

Amongst novels of the season likely to be popular may be mentioned Mr. GINSON BOWLES' *Talky and Co.*, and *The Blast of the Barrons*, by the defeated candidate for Leeds.

There will shortly appear a new volume of verse by Mr. H. ARNOLD-FORSTER entitled *La Bellville sans Merci, and other Poems*.

THE CULT OF CULTURE.

[*"The University Extension Lectures have this year proved a greater success than ever."*—*Daily Paper*.]

CULTURE! 'Twas the primal passion
Of ADOLPHUS, ex-P.-T.,
And he thrilled in strangest fashion
When that word he chanced to see.
What it meant, or what effected,
Little, little he suspected;
How it was to be detected
Was a mystery, thought he;
But he knew that, like a vulture
Famished, he was craving Culture,
Culture with a big, big C.

Slowly season followed season;
Still no nearer drew the goal,
Though he fancied feasts of reason
And imagined flows of soul.
Lighter joys he flouted. Wherefore
Maidens fair but foolish care for?
Love was not what he was there for,
Neither was the flowing bowl.
Still of things sublimer dreamt he—
Still, alas, he fasted empty,
Empty as a sideless hole.

Then by chance he heard one mention
That which filled his heart with glee—
University Extension

Lectures at a modest fee.
"Ha!" ADOLPHUS cried, delighted,
"Now shall all my wrongs be righted,
Nor shall ignorance benighted
Any more my fortune be.
I will read the golden pages
Of the Greek and Roman sages:
Sages are the men for me."

So the lectures he attended,
With a note-book in his hand,
And ADOLPHUS comprehended
All that he could understand.
Now he's cultured, and with pride he's
Fond of quoting THUCYDIDES;
AESCHYLUS and EURIPIDES
Are, he thinks, a poorer brand:
For to them is great SOPHOCLES
As an oyster to the cockles,
Cockles sold behind the Strand.

THE GNAT GAME.

THIS is a game for the hot summer nights. It combines the pleasures and advantages of Patience, hunting, innocent gambling, and acting in a farce. It is more difficult than any known form of Patience, and the player is more often defeated, but, like Patience, it requires only one player, and is therefore a great resource to the solitary. The hunting element will be apparent later on. It has the excitement, without the sinfulness, of gambling, the stake being merely a night's rest; very clever or very lucky players may sometimes win the whole; the opposite kind of players may lose the whole, and there is any number of intermediate stages. As for the farcical element, no player with any sense of humour can fail to perceive the exquisite irony and comicality of the whole business. This is especially striking when for any reason, such as a difficult task to be performed the next day, the stake is of exceptional importance to the player. The apparatus is simple. The player wears a suit of pyjamas—any colour or pattern will do—and must be supplied with a candle and a box of matches, unless the bedroom where the game is played is lighted with electricity—which is not usual, as it is exclusively a country pastime—and with a towel. Nothing else is needed, except the gnat. The species required is not to be found everywhere, for the common gnat is of little use. But low-lying districts in the South of England, and more especially near the junction of a river with the sea, can generally be relied upon to produce the required gnat between the middle of July and the end of September. It is of a comparatively large size, and its hum and bite resemble those of the mosquito. [N.B. The game can be played with the mosquito also, if the player is willing not to handicap the insect with a mosquito net. But the amusement is enjoyed at its best by the unsuspecting, and we therefore confine the account to gnats.] People with exceptionally good nerves and very heavy sleepers are unsuited to the game. But for all others it provides a pastime of absorbing interest. We can perhaps best give an idea of it by describing a game actually played.

This game was played at a house in Sussex, in a valley of the South Downs. The player repaired to his bedroom at eleven p.m., tired with a long day's golf. He had to be up betimes the next day to get through some difficult legal work in London, work for which a clear head and a quick wit were necessary. He reflected that a good night's rest, after the golf, would put him in that desirable condition. This reflection marks the beginning of the game, being part of its humour. He smiled with satisfaction as he looked at the nice clean sheets. Remembering that smile afterwards, he shrieked at the irony of it. He was a rather nervous person and a bad sleeper, but on this occasion he fell asleep at once. He had been asleep about ten minutes, as he found from his watch afterwards, when he was aroused by a loud hum in his ear, and immediately afterwards by a prick on his nose. He brushed his face with his hand and composed himself again. The process was repeated at intervals of a minute from 11.15 to 11.45. Then the player lit his candle and looked for the gnat. [The score is now—gnat 1, player 0. Every fresh manoeuvre on the player's part counts 1 to the gnat; the death of the gnat counts 10 to the player, its final expulsion from the room 5.] From 11.50 to 12.10 the player flicked about the room with a towel. Then, the humming having ceased, he blew out the candle and got into bed again. At 12.15 he was again aroused, and lit the candle again. This time he walked stealthily round the walls of the room with the candle in one hand and the towel in the other. This part is always done, but is merely formal, like the salute in fencing; the gnat never wants to be squashed on a wall. At 1.5 the player tried a different move, which was to flick the gnat out of the window, shut



Mr. Moper (ending a very uninteresting story about himself). "AND ALL THAT LONG, DREARY TIME, YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY IMAGINE HOW MUCH I BORE!"

She (wearily). "OH YES, I CAN INDEED!"

the window at once, and be stuffy till morning. He flicked from 1.5 till 1.45, then the humming ceased, and he shut the window. Candle and bed as before. At 1.47 the humming recommenced, and he was bitten on the hand. 1.50 to 2.15, flick and window as before. 2.15, candle and bed. Bite on lip. 2.17 to 2.40 flick and window. This series of moves was repeated seven times between 2.45 and 4.5. At 4.5 two sleepers in adjacent rooms, disturbed by the opening and shutting of the window, commenced an amusing dialogue out of their windows with the player. This is an interlude which often adds to the charm and variety of the game. At 5.10 the gnat gave up, and the player lay awake, enjoying the songs of the birds, distant coos, and so on, till he was called.

In this game it was at first not certain if the gnat had been expelled, because by 5.10 the room was full of light, which has a quiescent effect on gnats. In such cases the player counts $2\frac{1}{2}$, so that the score would have been—player $2\frac{1}{2}$, gnat 14. Later on, however, the gnat proved it had not been expelled by biting the player in his bath. So the score was—player 0, gnat 14. It is unnecessary to insist on the variety and sporting character of this pastime. There is scope in it for much ingenuity and acumen. And, above all, it has an excellent moral effect in teaching us self-control. Swear-words count 1 each to the gnat.

ON HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN A MOTOR-CAR.—"That's good; 'mobled queen' is good."—Hamlet.

LATTER-DAY FABLES.

II.

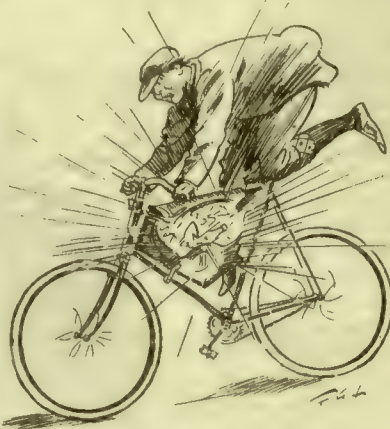
The Fable of the Young Lady who went upon the Stage.

THERE was Once a Young Person who yearned for the Triumphs of the Stage. The Artistic Side of the Business did not appeal to her, but she thought the Whole Thing would be Rather Nice. She lived in the Suburbs with Mamma, and Papa, who was an Elderly Company Promoter with a funny Little Habit of Occasional Bankruptcy and a New Brougham and Pair directly after the Disclosures.

She put on one Side all thought of Musical Comedy or SHAKSPEARE, and determined that she would make a Speciality of the Wicked Line of Business. She would play the Lady who was labelled CORALIE or FIFI, and was sometimes a Café Chantant Person, but More Often a Cosmopolitan Countess with a Leaning to Cold Poison in the Last Act. That of Course would mean a Magnificent and Wiggly Death Scene, with London at her Feet to-morrow Morning and an American Tour to Follow. These Details of her Career having been arranged she started to look for an Engagement.

She heard from Papa, who met a Man at the Club who knew the eminent journalist and critic CLEMENT SCOTT, that Mr. TREE was not at all Satisfied with the Lady who was going to play the Second Lead in his Next Production. So ELVIRA (her Home Name was really EMMA) wrote a Sweet and Lengthy Letter to the Amiable TREE, saying she was Sure she would do for the Part, and when would he make an Appointment for her to call? Also could her Understudy play the Part on Saturdays, as that was the Day she wanted to go Round the Other Theatres? And she didn't want any Salary, but her Name, of course, must be on the Programme Larger than anyone Else's.

She waited Two Days for an Answer, and then, thinking there must be a Mistake, called at the Stage Door and asked to see Mr. TREE. But the Stage Door Keeper, who was used to this Sort of Thing, said that the Extra Ladies were all Engaged, and if it was for Seats there was no Free List. This annoyed ELVIRA (who felt quite like EMMA just then), and she went Home and thought Seriously of writing to PINERO and asking him if there was a *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* Part in his Next Play and might she have It? But Papa, who had just put a particularly Frosty Mine on to the Market with Unparalleled Success, said No. He would Buy her a Play, and she could give an Afternoon Performance at a Disengaged



MEM. FOR CYCLISTS ON TOUR.

DON'T FETCH HOME BOTTLES OF SODA IN YOUR CARRIER IN HOT WEATHER.

Theatre and so successfully smite the Public without being under Obligations to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE or any of Them. Now this was Rash of Papa, for in his Middle-aged Youth, and before he made Enough Money to attend Church regularly, he belonged to a Club which attended Trial Performances and said Things Aloud about the Acting. Still he meant kindly, and gave ELVIRA (her Home Name was EMMA) a Large Cheque to go on with.

The Performance, celebrated on a Foggy Afternoon, was not a notable Success. As ELVIRA had Never been on any Stage before she felt about as Comfortable as a Cat in a Hot Oven. She forgot her Words, and the Stage Manager, who was a Cold-Blooded Professional, rang down the Curtain at the Request of the Manage-



["A small ozone-generating machine has been tried at the Tivoli, and proved a complete success. In three weeks' time a large plant will be at work." —*Daily Telegraph*.]

HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE LONDONERS TAKE THEIR HOLIDAYS IN PENNY WHIFFS?

ment, who feared there was going to be a Riot. ELVIRA, who had lost the Hang of the Plot, hearing the Tumult, wanted to go on and tell the Audience that the Author was not in the House, but that she would convey to him their Favourable Verdict. She was Dissuaded from this by the Advent of Mamma, who exclaimed "My Poor Child!" and folding her in a Loose Wrapper shepherded her to the Dressing Room. The Press Notices were pithy, and Two of Them nearly tempted ELVIRA (who almost wished she was EMMA again) to Suicide with a Hairpin. But a Sudden and Kindly Attack of Influenza stayed her Hand, and when she recovered the Papers had a big American Blizzard to talk about, and her Matinée was a Back Number.

Then ELVIRA (who really was getting Quite used to the Name) tried to obtain Engagements to recite at the Ballad Concerts like Mrs. KENDAL and Miss HANBURY. But the Ballad Concerts were unkind even than Mr. TREE. They wrote Back and asked for Press Notices and what she had Done. ELVIRA could not expose the Matinée Remarks, so the Ballad Concerts fell Through.

The Suburb grew quite interested in ELVIRA (though they knew she was EMMA), and after she had recited "Ring out the False, ring in the True," at a Midsummer School Tea began to ask her when she would play in London, so that they could go and see her. This Friendly Interest woke up ELVIRA. Through Papa, who knew the Hebrew who was financing the Theatre, she at Length obtained an Engagement. Perhaps it was hardly the Leading Part, but still it was an Engagement. It was to Walk On in the Second Act and drink Tea while the Principal People said Clever Things in the Centre of the Stage. And she Also understudied the Maid who came on in the First Act and said, "The Dressmaker is here, Mum."

So that ELVIRA became a Real Actress at Last.

MORAL. — There wouldn't be any Supers if everyone played leading parts.

THE following statement has been handed on to Mr. Punch by one of the editors of a more favoured journal. Discretion precludes the publication of the specialist's name.

"DEAR SIR, — Supposing the following information might interest a great number of the readers of your esteemed Journal, I hereby take the liberty to give you notice of it.

Yours respectfully, —

A seldom jubilee celebrated on August 28th the well-known specialist — at Säckingen, Baden, Germany, in ordering the *one millionst* cure."

•Can this modest blast emanate from our old friend *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*?

FROM THE PERSIAN.

[The graceful Oriental practice of writing verses on all occasions is not neglected by the Shah of PERSIA. The following translation of some lines scribbled on the back of a Hippodrome programme do but scant justice to the delicacy and beauty of the original. They are a record of the strongest impression made on the SHAH during his recent visit to London.]

ENLIGHTENED Europeans say

Demand alone creates supply;

So that a keen observer may

At any time espy

The things for which the public calls
On London's many-postered walls.

To bring the Londoner supplies

Men ravage earth and sky and sea;

But, though it may inspire surprise,

The fact appears to be

That far above all else he sets

Extracts of meat and cigarettes.

Are they on British models planned,

These bloodless ones, who reckon good

The sickliest sort of smoking, and

The feeblest form of food?

Their ancestors were ever ripe

For steak and pudding and a pipe.

A dismal prospect! Yet it's crossed

By one refulgent ray of hope;

No people can be wholly lost

That thinks so much of soap!

They must be washing off the grime

Of London nearly all the time.

O my Belovèd! Envy not

The English, for their joys are dust.

Content thee with a simpler lot,

And things that one can trust.

Old Omar never sighed for these

And suchlike sorry luxuries.

For lack of soap we'll not repine

While, underneath a shady tree,

I can collect a jug of Wine,

A loaf of Bread, and Thee!

As for the book of Verses, I

Myself will yield a full supply.

OUR YOUNG BARBARIANS.

CHÈRE MÈRE,—Nous sommes ayant un haut vieux temps, vous pariez. La France est une campagne terriblement rhum, mais pas demi-poudreux sur le trou. Nous avons eu un croissant déchirant, sauf que DICK, qui est un choquant méchant matelot, regardait très vert. Quand je le serrais hermétiquement, il confessait qu'il sentait comme s'il avait bridé la bride avec M. LE DIABLE à l'Aquarium. Quand Dieppe soulevait en vue, et il venait au palier, nous étions chacun dans une dépêche si fleurissante que nous venions en dedans d'un as d'envoyant chacun l'autre dans le tiroir de M. DAVID JONES. Cependant, nous échappions par la peau de nos dents,—mais, sur mon mot, c'était un cri perçant jovialement étroit.



RESOURCEFUL.

Keeper of Public Gardens (to little girls, whose dog has been roaming over the flower-beds).
"NOW THEN, YOUNG LADIES, DON'T YOU KNOW THE REGULATIONS? NO DOGS ALLOWED IN 'ERE UNLESS THEY'RE LED."

"OH, BOVVER! HERE, FIDO! GOOD DOG! CATCH HOLD AND LEAD YOURSELF ABOUT!"

Nous arrêterons la nuit ici, parce que M. SMITH souhaite de payer un appel sur un ami; mais, comme il ne peut pas se rappeler dans quelle rue celui-ci se pend en dehors, ni dans quel quartier sont ses mines d'or, il n'a pas vraiment le hasard d'un chien de le trouver.

SMITH est une espèce très décente, le prenant tout autour, mais, si je n'avais pas le jeune DICK, je le trouverais un sanglier affreux. S'il n'est pas dans l'amour, il est à la porte prochaine. Il y avait sur le bateau une fille avec des lèvres rouges, et il la mélangeait toute la voie dans une manière tuante. Une chose exposera qu'il faut être noix mortes sur elle.

Toutes les chaises de pont étant pleines, il se plantait sur les planches nues à ses pieds, disant qu'il préférerait cette siège à aucun fauteuil. Bien et bon. A table d'hôte ce soir dans l'hôtel, DICK ôtait doucement la chaise

derrière SMITH, le causant à s'asseoir un peu brusquement sur le plancher, parce qu'il savait combien il le préférerait. Mais SMITH entraînait dans une amorce régulière, et disait que DICK avait une joue confondue. C'est vrai, la joue de DICK est illimitée; mais, jamais le moins, ce temps-là il a eu SMITH sur le pain rôti. Je ne veux additionner que, quand M. SMITH prenait sa permission de Mlle. CARROTTES, quelqu'un pouvait voir avec un demi-œil qu'il se sentait coupé en haut. Et il a eu un paroxysme des bleus jamais depuis.

J'attends que vous aviez mieux me laisser avoir une autre chique ou deux par et par, mais pour le cadeau nous avons assez à aller sur avec. Maintenant il faut que je me sécherai en haut. Si long, chère mère!

Mon amour à tous les chevreaux.

Votre toujours,

RÉGIE.

CARTHAGO NOVISSIMA.

[The new naval base for M. PELLETAN'S "Holy War."]

NEAR Tunis (Northern Africa) there lies
In an extremely pleasant situation
That city's port, whose ultimate demise
CATO proposed with damned iteration;
Upon the site where MARIUS sat in pain—
Rebuilt by Rome and re-erased by Arabs—
Silence and stark oblivion share their reign
With dusky bats and desultory scarabs.

This *résumé* of Carthaginian lore
Is not advanced without sufficient reason;
Strange prodigies have struck the neighbouring shore,
Right in the centre of the silly season.
A sort of whale has just convulsed the scene
(Though "Punic faith" should still perhaps be
doubted);

It was the Minister of French Marine,
And this was, roughly, how the monster spouted:—

"Tunis! Refulgent replica of France,
That mother famed for her exotic daughters!
Well may you eye with proud and envied glance
Your graces reproduced in Gallic waters!
'Gallic,' I say, for here we have a lake
Locked and patrolled by our defiant cruisers,
Where you enjoy, with power to bind or break,
Me and my mates as your offensive bruisers.

"Here I foresee another Carthage rise,
Like that persistent fowl, the fabled Phoenix,
A 'sanatorium' of war-supplies
Run on the lines of modern hygiénics;
French, by the memory of that amorous pyre
Which she, the late lamented Dido, died on,
It shall transcend the purple fame of Tyre
And have, I hope, an extra touch of Sidon.

"Using this base, from which to work the foam
And flaunt our flag in every creek and cranny,
We will, if necessary, humble Rome,
Repeating history with a naval Cannæ;
While, as for Albion—through this Midland Sea,
Imperviously corked like bottled soda,
We'll bar her passage; this, I think, should be
A fitting way of wiping out Fashoda!

"Now that a smart campaign, superbly planned,
Has proved our strength against Religious Orders,
The hour is ripe for us to put in hand
Another Holy War, beyond our borders;
Where France, the fount of sweetness and of light,
A female Jove triumphant over Saturn,
Shall dissipate the brutal powers of night,
Largely constructed on the German pattern.

* * * * *

"The simplest words, if one but twist their sense,
Tend to disturb the European status;
Yet I have contemplated no offence
During my fit of maritime affluatus;
There's Italy, an independent race
That has for me a singular attraction—
I could not bear to think that she should trace
In my remarks one whiff of warlike action.

"Republican by choice, and deeply read
In doctrines based upon the Reign of Terror,
My patriot's heart may possibly have led
My Ministerial judgment into error:—

I must consider well what I'm about
Lest I should rudely shock *ce cher* DELCASSÉ,
And he should freeze me, ere my time is out,
Into the semblance of a *marin glacé*." O. S.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

My Baronite is not surprised to find *The Influence of Mars* (GRANT RICHARDS) in its second edition. It is likely to go much further. In planning her work MRS. ANSTRUTHER has been inspired by a happy thought. Whilst other pens have dealt with the Transvaal War amid the clash of arms and the varying courses of the Titanic struggle, she has made a study of its influence in home circles. Her range is a wide one, embracing all classes of domesticity, from the drawing-room to the kitchen. She is at home with the denizens of either sphere. *Martha*, the little maid, seated on the edge of the kitchen table twisting the corner of her apron, bereft of her *Jim*, fallen in battle, is as real as is the country squire with the town house who volunteers for service in the Yeomanry and is rejected on account of fell disease, warranted to carry him off in six months. Mrs. ANSTRUTHER tells her stories with a literary style the perfection of which is reminiscent of French art. An irritating trick of purposelessly introducing rows of asterisks at the end of innocent sentences cannot spoil the pleasure of the reading. But it is worth her forgetting. She has the gift of conveying a life story in a couple of sentences:

"Then MRS. GERRY laughed. This was one of the most annoying things about her. She laughed always. So many things amused her in which her husband saw no humour whatsoever."

Here is a dire tragedy of common life—the vivacious woman with a keen sense of humour, and the dull-brained man who can see nothing to laugh at.

DR. BREWER is dead, but his works do follow him in new editions of his invaluable *Reader's Handbook*. Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS have just issued one painstaking edition. It is something less bulky than its predecessors, but nothing of prime value has been omitted, whilst some new matter is added. It is one of the books of reference my Baronite treasures on an accessible shelf.

In *A Son of Gad* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. STEUART, designing to compound a novel, brings to hand some familiar ingredients. There is the proud but poverty-stricken Scottish chieftain, whose castellated home has passed into the hands of the rich American. The rich American has a pretty daughter; the chieftain has a high-spirited, noble-minded son. The son wants to marry the daughter, but she is rich and he is poor, so he will have none of it. The obvious follows. The millionaire smashes up; the chieftain's son, whom he has put in the way of some good things, has grown rich; he buys back the castle of his fathers and lives happy evermore with the daughter of the temporarily impoverished millionaire. There are other details, including the faithful but gruff retainer who starves himself in order to help his old master. These things are useful in their way. But my Baronite finds something more is necessary to make a good story.

The Sheep Stealers (HEINEMANN) breaks fresh ground, and VIOLET JACOB tills it with exceeding vigour and success. The scene is set in the Wye Valley in the earlier half of last century. It deals with the Rebecca riots, introducing the reader to quite a multitude of life and blood characters, habited in their daily apparel, conversing in their ordinary way. My Baronite is not quite sure whether the author be man or woman. When describing female apparel he thinks it must be a woman; when a horse is being dealt with he "spies a man's peard beneath the muffler." However that be, the work is admirably done, adding fresh zest to the pallid appetite of the way-worn novel reader.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"WHEN LEAGUE MEETS LEAGUE."

(A Proposed Compromise. See "Punch" of July 30, p. 57.)

The Knight (to the Dragon). "ON SECOND THOUGHTS, DON'T YOU THINK, SIR, THAT YOU AND I MIGHT SETTLE OUR LITTLE AFFAIR AT A ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE?"





Lady (artistic). "How I ENVY YOU LIVING HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY!"

M. F. H. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR FRIEND CONSTABLE IS, BUT I THINK HE'S PRETTY COOL SAYING THIS IS HIS COUNTRY. WHY, I'VE HUNTED IT FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND HOPE TO PUT IN TWENTY MORE!"

"THOSE WICKED MUNICIPIA!"

[*Vide the Times on "Municipal Socialism."*]

Good city-fathers of Torquay,

What mean these curious habits?

A grave municipality

Descend to trade in rabbits!

You owned the fields to keep them in?

But, all the same, it was a sin!

And, doughty councillors of Leeds,

Why add to local burdens,

And spoil the trade, by your ill deeds,

Of Mr. ELI SPURDENS?

Why wage such war against a bus

And plant electric trams on us?

Ah! see what havoc you have made!

How quickly spread such vices!

The Wolverhampton "fathers" trade

In ice, and sell their ices!

And Cardiff docks the price of fish

Till 'tis a quite plebeian dish!

Our "municipia" far and wide

"Stampede towards Socialism,"—

A sin the *Times* thinks near allied

To Heresy or Schism;

You hardly realise, I know,

The fearful lengths to which you go!

For, when you all become intent

On turning into traders,

We recognise the instrument

Of socialist invaders:

Yes, though the ruse you hardly saw,

You are the tools of BERNARD SHAW!

THE LATEST JOURNALISTIC ADVERTISEMENT.

(As managed in France.)

Two rival French newspapers, the *Matin* and the *Journal*, have recently distributed gifts to their readers. The *Matin* began it in July. Instead of spending fifty or a hundred thousand francs in advertising a new *feuilleton* novel, it had the brilliant idea of giving away presents, ranging in value downwards from a villa, completely furnished, worth 18,000 francs, to its "Constant Readers." At the beginning of this month it announced that it had spent 140,000 francs, and the "*Surprises du Matin*" were still dangled before the eyes of an astonished world. The *Journal* has of course been obliged to follow suit.

Is it possible that this idea will cross the Channel? Shall we have the "Surprises of the ——" followed by the "Presents of the ——" ? Shall we see distributors eagerly pressing envelopes, containing orders for villas, and carriages, and jewels, and so forth, into the hands of tranquil citizens arriving by the morning trains, or of country people in market towns, or even of those in obscure villages? It would brighten the foggy days of autumn, and bring happiness to many a suburban home. At least it might.

Judging by the lengthy articles in the *Matin*, the *surprises* are not always appropriate. The rural postman, who walks all day, might get the grand piano, and the sedentary music-master might be staggered by the possession of a motor-car. A teetotaler would get the dozen of champagne, and an old lady receive the silver cigar-case. One would never know one's luck. As for the semi-detached villa at Brixton, it would almost certainly go to a millionaire in Park Lane, who would not know what to do with it. However, he might give it to his chaplain or his librarian.

SHANDÆAN.

SIR,—In No. III. of his interesting and amusing *Memories of Older London*, appearing in the *Saturday Review*, September 13, Mr. SHAND says, "In the old days the theatre was the cheapest of rational amusements," and he goes on in the same article to inform us that "five shillings was the price of a stall." This may have been the price in "the old days," but in the days of the "*Older London*"—and it is of these he is professedly writing—there were no stalls, either at Drury Lane, Lyceum, Haymarket, Adelphi, at Punch's Playhouse (subsequently the Strand Theatre, where I, being then a boy of about twelve, saw COMPTON as *Perquillo*), or at any theatre, excepting always Her Majesty's during the Italian Opera Season.

Well do I remember seeing, from my superior position in the dress circle, the Lyceum pit crammed up to the orchestra in order to witness the performance of CHARLES MATHEWS in *Patter v. Clatter*, and of Madame VESTRIS and JULIA ST. GEORGE in one of PLANCHÉ's Christmas-tide extravaganzas. Of the prices for admission I cannot speak from personal experience, as "*in statu pupillari*," between twelve and fifteen, I was invariably "treated," but having had occasion recently to consult some old "bills of the play," I think I am not very wide of the mark in saying that the price of admission to the dress circle was four shillings; five shillings might have been the price of a seat in the first two rows; and there was "half-price to all parts of the house" at nine o'clock. When subsequently a few rows of stalls were introduced between the orchestra and pit, the price of admission to these was five shillings a stall, and to this select part of the House there was no half-price.

Mr. SHAND's estimate of "little ROBSON" is *à peu près* exact. ROBSON never could have been a tragedian. His pathos was genuine; but his appreciation of tragedy was so intense that he would have been utterly overpowered by it and unable to act at all, had not his quick perception of the ridiculous come to his instant relief, and then he, who, a second before, had moved the house to tears or had frightened it by his desperate intensity, was now the cause of its "inextinguishable laughter." He was the perfect embodiment of the very spirit of "Extravaganza," which includes "burlesque," and has never had his equal.

Mr. SHAND's memory plays him a trick when he mentions the clever actor, "great for melodrama," as "DANIEL WEBSTER." "Not DANIEL at all," as the unfortunate Mr. Winkle tried to explain to the irascible little Mr. Justice Stareleigh. DANIEL WEBSTER, candidate for the U.S. Presidency and subsequently Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is the one referred to in Bon Gaultier's Ballad of *The Snapping Turtle*, when

"Winking first at CLAY and WEBSTER"

the Judge awards the champion, the American St. George,

"The hundred dollars due you,
All in Pennsylvanian bonds."

"And this," as the prologue says of Sir John Falstaff, "is not he." Of course Mr. SHAND meant "BENJAMIN WEBSTER," popularly known as "BEN WEBSTER," and briefly as "BEN." And, *à propos* of "BEN," Mr. SHAND says of him that in his (Mr. SHAND's) memory, DANIEL WEBSTER was always associated with *The Green Bushes*. "DANIEL" may have been, but not "BEN." *The Green Bushes* (or, as they came to be known, on account of the many years the piece remained an "Adelphi favourite," "*The Evergreen Bushes*") was a melodrama perennially popular at BEN WEBSTER's theatre, it is true; but it was not one in which the Manager himself played, although he might have done so, on occasion, having been in his time a versatile actor. Surely *The Green Bushes* recalls to

a playgoer of Mr. SHAND's experience the names of Madame CELESTE, MISS WOOLGAR, "TEDDY" WRIGHT, PAUL BEDFORD, and the sepulchral O. SMITH as the villain *Black Murtagh*.

After the theatre to EVANS's. To this place of nocturnal entertainment, long since swept out of existence by "the Early Closing Hours" Act, I will not follow Mr. SHAND, but on the threshold, pausing to bid him a good appetite for supper, I venture to suggest to him that he is scarcely just to PADDY GREEN's exceptionally good choir of boys and men, and that the ancient "Herr VON JOEL" was, "in consequence of his long services, retained on the establishment," not "*on the strength of the establishment*." Perhaps Mr. A. INNES SHAND will have already detected and corrected his own "slips" in such weighty details of absorbing interest, ere this appears in print, writ by his very truly,

TRISTRAM.

A CASTLE-BUILDER.

(To G. C. D.)

AND so in ancient Oxford an office holds you fast;
You've done with Dean and Tutor, and life begins at last.
Exams. are all behind you; you've doffed your cap and gown—
But still you're up at Oxford, though lately you went down.

An architect! I bow, Sir, and, as I ply my pen,
The future parts before me and shows another WREN,
A WREN who once at Oxford was honoured with a blue,
Who rowed a race at Putney and much resembles you.

Ah, well, we'll leave the future; the present has its pains:
My future WREN is busy with struts and joists and drains.
With fancied aisles and arches he fills his eager head,
Then leaves his dream-Cathedrals and sits and plans a shed.

I linger far from Oxford, but I shall see again
Some day that shining city with all her troop of men.
Fate may be blind and stubborn: it cannot keep me far
For ever from the Isis, for ever from the Cher.

And if good luck shall guide me to meet and greet you there
I'll draw you, ay, and build you a castle in the air,
With towers and spires and ramparts and everything shown plain
That makes a well-built castle as castles are in Spain.

So plan with rule and measure, and sometimes write to me
Who linger far from Oxford and look upon the sea,
The wild sea that divides us, and cannot bless the chance
That fixed you fast in Oxford and sent me off to France.

R. C. L.

A Bray-hard from Bengal.

It would seem that the Jabbergee type embraces certain malign possibilities which Mr. ANSTEY's charming wit has either overlooked or ignored. For a really wanton display of Oriental imagination in the handling of facts and figures Mr. Punch has seen few performances to match the protest of "A Calcutta Correspondent" against the "magnification" of the VICEROY. Teeming with unconscious humour, it was published, and taken quite seriously, by the *Daily News* in a recent issue.

An Unsatisfactory Conclusion.

"COLON," says the *Daily Mail*, dealing with Venezuelan affairs, "is the terminus of the Panama Railway." Mr. Punch does not want to appear punctilious, but he thinks it ought to end with a Full Stop.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

V.—MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

I FOUND MR. PHILLIPS nodding over Homer. His apartment is charming,



"My favourite part was the *Ghost in Hamlet*."

reflecting its owner's tastes at every turn. A portrait of Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS hangs over the mantelpiece, a pendant to *The Stoning of Stephen*, after CARLO DOLCE. The poet as he welcomed me toyed with a paper-knife, the handle of which was carved into the resemblance of Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN, a very chaste article. Cigarettes and refreshments stood on a handsome Haymarquetric table, a gift from Mr. TREE.

"You are tired?" I said.

"A little drowsy, that is all," Mr. PHILLIPS replied in his deep, resonant 22-H.P. voice. "You see I never sleep at night, but occasionally, like HOMER here, I nod by day. By the way, it is odd that no one puts forth the *Land of Nod* as HOMER's birthplace."

I laughed. Mr. PHILLIPS, as a wit, has yet to be recognised; but good things drop from him continually.

"Do you ever regret the stage?" I asked.

"Never," he said. "But I was successful, successful. My favourite part was the *Ghost in Hamlet*. Ah, if all ghosts walked, to use a technicality of my former profession, as regularly as I did!"

The topic was a painful one, and the poet's fine eyes filled with tears of sympathy for less favoured Thespians. I hastened to change the subject.

"How do you do your work?" I

asked. "The readers of 'Mr. Punch's Sketchy Interviews' are dying to know."

"I compose best on the type-writer," he said. "A Bar-Yöst. free-wheel. I bought it cheap from the Orthopaedic Hospital, which may account for some of the criticisms of my metre. It's a wonderful worker, good stepping action, but when it takes the bit between its teeth, I'm done. That's when those long soliloquies get in."

"Don't you get fearfully tired?" I remarked.

"Oh yes, but then I take plenty of exercise. I adore ping-pong. But cricket is my true vocation. When things come to the worst, by which I mean when every theatre has its *Ben Hur*, I shall take to cricket, like C. B. FRY, and describe matches from the pitch in blank verse."



"I adore ping-



pong."

"And have you no other relaxation?"

"Ah well, an occasional burglar is very refreshing. I get quite slim with them. But when they corner me, I reason with them: failing that, I rhyme."



"An occasional burglar is very refreshing. I get quite slim with them."

"And what is your new play to be called, Mr. PHILLIPS?" I asked, as he held the door open and lifted one of his redundant feet in a valedictory spasm.

"*Molasses: or the New Beerbohm Treacle*," he said.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

[An F.R.C.S. writes to the *Times* to complain of the scientific jargon adopted by lecturers at the British Association. He complains especially of this sentence:—"In certain compound tumours the atrial wall, in the egg development delimited by a pair of ectoblastic invaginations, in the bud development may be formed from the parental endodermic branchial sac."]

WHEN'ER upon the atrial wall
I see a compound tunicate,
I thank my stars that after all
Mine is no ectoblastic pate.
The dolt I am I'd rather stay
Than join the British Asses' bray.

Hee haw!

Hee haw! Hee haw! a pedant pack,
I'd give them all the branchial sac.

AN Ostend telegram reports that the Swedish smack Receiver has saved part of the crew of the barque Salmo, which was abandoned in a sinking condition. Mr. Punch cannot help hoping that the "smack receiver" in this case was another GRACE DARLING, and that the said smack was as hearty as it was well-deserved. He of course interprets the word in its more gallant sense.

AN OUT-AND-OUTING.

(A sketchy notion for a light-hearted tourist.)

AFTER a perfectly delightful trip to Bruges and Blankenberghe, we returned, *via* Ostend, in the *Princesse Clémentine*, under the command of an alert and courteous captain, to whose kind forethoughtfulness it was due that the "spindle side" of our talented travelling company escaped the disheartening inconveniences of what is generally considered rather "nasty weather." Punctuality is the courtesy of Royalty, and the *Princesse Clémentine*, even with wind, tide, and pelting rain against her, arrived at Dover almost to the minute expected.

There is a *tremblement* at Ostend in consequence of the banishment of all gambling from the Kursaal after this season. Up till now "the play's the thing" was the motto for the Kursaal; but henceforth "the conscience of the King" will not permit his liege subjects to encourage the gambling proclivities of their visitors. To what purpose are "the tables" to be turned? Well, virtue is its own reward, and Ostend, relying on natural resources, can afford to dispense with these superfluous attractions. But 'twas honest gambling, and these tables are not supported by "legs." Nay, so mighty particular are the authorities that rule the *Cercle* within the Kursaal that the biggest "pot," as I am informed, can no more be granted the *entrée* without a guarantee from his banker, coupled with a personal introduction from some member of the *Cercle*, than can any *premier venu*, not being a member of (say for example) the Athenæum Club, walk into its hall, hang up his straw hat on a vacant peg, and summon the eminently respectable butler to receive his order for a nice little *recherché* bachelor dinner.

Due formalities, occupying quite three days, having been satisfactorily complied with, the aspirant for "honours easy" may then be admitted to all the privileges of the "inner circle," including those of losing more than he can afford, and paying such amount in cash down on the nail. So strict are the controlling authorities and their representatives, acting as doorkeepers, that, on one occasion, when a distinguished English nobleman, who happened to be staying "for one night only" at Ostend, presented his card at the entrance of the Club and requested admission, the janitor in uniform replied that "the usual formalities were essential, and could in no case be dispensed with."

"But," explained the aristocrat, "I am here for only one night."

The official pitied him; "*Milor* should have arranged his journey otherwise. Perhaps on his way back——"

"But," persisted the noble applicant, "I am not returning."

The official could only shrug his shoulders sympathetically. That *milor* was not returning was indeed sad.

So, as a last move, to overcome the worthy doorkeeper's stern sense of duty, the English *milor* says in his most superior manner, "My good man, I am a personal friend of King LEOPOLD. If his Majesty were here——"

"Ah! pardon, *Milor*! *ça ne fait rien*," the official interrupted, with strict politeness.

"*N'étant pas membre du Cercle, à vous comme à tout le monde l'entrée est interdite, bien que vous étiez l'ami du Roi de carreau lui-même!*"

Whereupon he drew *Milor's* attention to the *règlement*, thus worded: "*Pour être reçu parmi les membres, il suffit d'adresser deux jours à l'avance au secrétaire*," etc., etc., and *milor* had to retire, disappointed perhaps, but lost in generous admiration of the custodian who was like poor Tom Bowling in the ballad, inasmuch as "faithful below he did his duty."

It is to be wished that Belgium would come into line with all other nations in the matter of time. Of Belgium it may truly be said that "her hours are numbered"—differently, that is, to those in France, England, Germany, and Italy. Forgetting this Belgian peculiarity in reckoning, our plan was to leave Ostend early, say, "10h. 10m.," arrive at Bruges in about twenty-five minutes, spend the day among the interesting art collections (including *l'Exposition des Primitifs Flamands*), with an interval for lunch at the *Hôtel du Commerce* (good and reasonable), and to return about four o'clock. But on the card of trains there is no such hour,

in the afternoon, as four o'clock! Four in the morning is sufficient for them: they won't allow four o'clock to reappear in the afternoon. But instead there is, on the train-list, 13'55 o'clock, 14'32 o'clock, 16'24 o'clock and so on up to 22'45 o'clock. In Belgium "five o'clock tea" would be "seventeen o'clock tea!" As a heroine in one of IBSEN's plays is always exclaiming, "Fancy that!"

However, one gets accustomed to everything, and so our plan was settled to return by the 16'24 o'clock train; which we did, after passing a delightful day among the old armour, the ancient relics, the various curios, and the "*Primitifs Flamands*" here collected. Of these many were very old friends, only in new places.

So back to Ostend to dine, to "face the music," always first class in choice and execution, in the Kursaal, and the next day to visit Blankenberghe, going there by one of the early town trains ("*chemins de fer vicinaux*"), then, after



(Sketched on the pier just after the arrival of the boat.)

'Arry (viewing stormy sea in a telescope). "MY EYE, MARIA, COME AN' 'AVE A LOOK 'ERE. THE MOTION OF THE WAIVES IS SIMPLY GRAND!"

the pleasantest time possible at Blankenberghe (which, as everyone knows, or ought to, is an ideal bathing-place and marvellously safe for children, there being no horses, cabs, carriages, or motors, between the houses and the *plage*), returning by the 16.45 train, passing *en route* the pretty little sea-side resort called "Le Coq."

Such, in brief, was the four days' pleasant holiday, which, if lightly tripping sufficeth, is one this present tripper can confidently recommend.

CHARIVARIA.

THE power of the motor-car as a death-dealing instrument is at last to be officially recognised. A permanent corps of Automobile Volunteers is to be formed.

It is announced that shooting is to be taught at Sandhurst. Firing in the actual building will be still discouraged.

A grant is to be made to loyalists in South Africa who have suffered loss through the War. In certain quarters it is felt this is a mistake, as it is calculated to irritate those colonists who rebelled.

Mr. REITZ has made a new Peace proposal. "If they give us back our country, I will be friendly with England," he has declared. The Government is said to be considering the offer. If it be not accepted, Mr. REITZ intends to expose us in every town in Europe, and to destroy the good opinion of England that is always prevalent on the Continent.

In view of his indiscreet after-dinner speeches, M. CAMILLE PELLETAN has been reminded that a Naval Minister had better stick to water. It is rumoured that he will publish an account of his African trip under the title of *The Camille's Hump: or, The Pelletan in the Wilderness*.

The first year of the first arbitration before the Hague Peace tribunal has begun.

Wake up, England! One of our newspapers, which prides itself on being up to date, has only just published an account of NAPOLEON's imprisonment at St. Helena.

In Mr. HALL CAINE's forthcoming dramatic version of *The Eternal City* the appeal, it is announced, will be through the strength of the drama to the imagination, and not through the splendour



Irate Individual. "CONFOUND IT, WAITER, DIDN'T I TELL YOU I WAS IN A HURRY, AND ONLY WANTED ONE EGG? WHY THE DICKENS DID YOU BRING ME TWO?"

Waiter (rather hurt). "I THOUGHT, AS YOU WAS IN A HURRY, SIR, I'D BRING TWO, 'COS ONE OF 'EM MIGHT BE BAD!"

of the costumes and scenery. These last will, however, will be kept in reserve for an emergency.

Another attempt to swim the Channel has failed. The steamship companies do not try to conceal their satisfaction at the failure of all endeavours to find a cheaper way to France.

When charged with stealing cheap cigarettes at Yarmouth, a boy admitted that he had smoked the stolen articles at the rate of fifty a day. The magistrate considered he had been sufficiently punished.

Nine additional Destroyers have been ordered for our Navy. There are some who consider this is not sufficient,

but, as a matter of fact (as a French expert points out), this is really equivalent to eighteen, as each may be expected to break in two.

REUTER's correspondent at the German manoeuvres has stated that at the end of a cavalry charge of thirty-two miles "not a single horse was blown out." Naturally. They were not at all tired.

A SHORT STORY.

In the merry month of May,
Fast together linked were they—
HYMEN played a lively tune.
But how brief is love's young day!
Bound together in the May,
They were parted by the JEUNE.



YEOMANRY MANŒUVRES.

Corporal (to town recruit, on stable guard for the first time). "NOW, YOU 'VE GOT TO PATROL THESE 'ERE LINES, AN' 'AMMER IN ANY PEGS THAT GET LOOSE, AN' GENERALLY LOOK AFTER THE 'ORSES."

Recruit (whose knowledge of horses is of the slightest). "AND WHAT TIME AM I TO WAKE THE 'ORSES IN THE MORNIN'?"

WORK FOR A LONDON EISTEDDFOD.

[According to tradition, Queen ELIZABETH gave instructions that the Eisteddfod authorities on music should be given power to subject every itinerant minstrel to a sort of musical examination. If he was found to fall short of the due standard his diploma should be taken away, and he should be commanded to take to some respectable trade.]

We have been favoured with the following examination paper, which is obligatory for all street "musicians":—

1. Explain the different kinds of *time*, specifying, without any prevarication, how much you have "done" at various periods of your career; and show what course you follow (i) when a policeman is off his beat; (ii) when he is using his bâton too freely.

2. Do you know the meaning of the following musical directions:—*basta! va via! fermate! hinweg! move on!* and if so, why do you invariably disregard them?

3. Have you ever heard of JOHN LEECH? What was his special aversion, and why was he justified in the same?

4. Quote the rest of the poem beginning:—

"Grinder who so renely grindest
At my door the Hundredth Psalm,
Till thou ultimately findest
Pence in thine unwashen palm!"

Calculate the average value (to the nearest hour) of "ultimately."

5. What is the difference (if any) between yourself and your monkey, as a judge of music? If you are a German band, omit this question, as it might be insulting to the monkey.

6. State your preferences in the matter of "pitch," comparing respectively those (i.) at a public-house corner, (ii.) outside a boarding-house full of benevolent and elderly ladies, and (iii.) close to a literary man's front door. Indicate at which of these you may expect 'arf-a-pint, coin of the realm, or a pitched battle.

7. Give any autobiographical details that may with safety be published (in view of the police and extradition laws). Mention the cause of your uninvited appearance in the metropolis, whether, for instance, it be due to laziness, expulsion from a music-loving country, or a desire to escape conscription.

8. Can you give any satisfactory reason for your continued existence?

N.B. It is not expected that any candidates will pass this paper. (To do this, it will be necessary to get above full marks.) All who fail will be requested to devote themselves at once to the occupation of asphalt-laying, or else to return to their native country as rogues and vagabonds. Any individual detected with more than a hundred per cent. of the marks will be prosecuted for endeavouring to obtain money, diplomas and recognition under false pretences.

A Good Resolution.

THE following notice has been forwarded to Mr. Punch by a Parent:—"I am desired by the Governors of Sedburgh School to communicate to you the following resolution passed by them: That in the September term of 1902, and in all subsequent terms, a charge of £1 10s. per term be made for the washing of each boy."



RECORD PERFORMANCES.

FRANCE. "LUCKY GIRL! SHE'S GOT HER 'TERRIBLE' BOY HOME AGAIN. MY 'ENFANT TERRIBLE' APPEARS TO BE HOPELESSLY AT SEA."

[The "blazing indiscretion" of the French Minister of Marine has lately been the subject of general European comment.]



GEORGE.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Windermere, Monday.—GEORGE is the crew of our sloop. When I say our sloop, of course I mean the sloop is the skipper's. A many-sided man the skipper. Runs a cotton mill, a manufactory in Lancastria, a colliery somewhere else, and eke a copper mine in Wales. Incidentally, he plays the oboe.

These merely episodes in a day's work. The skipper really is a born mechanic, a sort of English EDISON. Has invented delicate instrument which, fixed up in a Town Hall, controls the hour of every clock in the borough. Makes each show a different time. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who has gone into the matter, says I have no idea how much this apparently simple device adds to the interest of local life. An even more important invention of the skipper's enables him to steer a ship from land. Whether it is not more convenient to follow the ordinary procedure and steer it from the ship itself is a matter of opinion. Quite uncanny to see the skipper comfortably seated in his billiard room, apparently reading the newspaper, actually steering a launch steaming between Lowater and Lakeside.

After all, the skipper happiest when steering his own sloop. She is a gem: sister ship (little sister, of course) to *Shamrock II*. Being a man of affairs, accustomed to look ahead, the skipper never comes aboard without lugging a pair of sea-boots, an oil-skin of bright yellow, and a sou'-wester.

"You never know what may happen," he says, casting a shrewd weather-eye across the fleckless surface of the Lake and round the everlasting hills, on which the glory of September sunlight falls.

What really did happen during the first three days of our cruising was a little monotonous. The faintest breath of wind on the broad sails of the *Anita* sends the sloop through the water, with a pleasant gurgling sound at the bows. On our first cruise we were bound for Ferry Inn, which, in Lake society, plays the part of the Terrace of the House of Commons for London folk. To take tea on the lawn at Ferry Inn, built on a tiny promontory commanding full view of Windermere, is its custom of an afternoon. After two hours spent in whistling for a wind we were still some three miles distant from the Ferry. At this rate tea was hopeless. But there was promise of arriving in time for breakfast. Here's where the foresight of the skipper, indicated by sea-boots and sou'-wester, triumphed. In his fleet is included a spacious steam



HIS POUND OF FLESH.

Financier (tenant of our forest, after a week's unsuccessful stalking). "Now, LOOK HERE, MY MAN. I BOUGHT AND PAID FOR TEN STAGS. IF THE BRUTES CAN'T BE SHOT, YOU'LL HAVE TO TRAP THEM! I'VE PROMISED THE VENISON, AND I MEAN TO HAVE IT!"

launch. Captain sent out with sealed orders, which brought him alongside at critical moment, took us in tow, and, as *Lloyd's* report testifies, the *Anita* was signalled off the Ferry in time for 5 o'clock tea.

Returning to head of Lake circumstances slightly varied. This time the *Anita*, after drifting a mile on the way homeward, lay a painted ship upon a painted ocean. After brief waiting we were transhipped into the launch, and so home to dinner.

Worst of all happened next day. Being Sunday, steam launch not out. In the evening, enticing breeze ruffling bosom of Lake, we went out for sail.

Anita, dancing before the unwonted wind, went gaily off for full four miles. Then the wind dropped, leaving us helpless, becalmed, alone on the Lake. Just gone half past six, and dinner at eight. The skipper, rigid at the helm, made the most of every puff of wind. In an hour done a mile. The puffs became more infrequent. Every prospect of spending night on the Lake, with no grub but the skipper's sea-boots. Tried to make light of it. The joke of the sort that, after long acquaintance, seems to pall.

Gloom and despair settling down on company and crew, when a boat shot out from the land. Proved to be the

good Samaritan, who had observed our plight. Having in these latter days built his soul a lordly mansion house on Windermere, possessed himself of a boat and added to his establishment a son (a bright, shapely, Eton boy), he put off to our rescue. Boarded his boat and rowed ourselves home, leaving GEORGE to make his way back to the sloop's moorings at Bowness if and when the wind willed.

One other day, our last on the Lake, all the world was changed. There was a wind coming out of the South that made the Lake foam at the mouth, and a day later filled the newspapers with stories of wreck strewn the coast, from Cape Clear to Dover. Before it the sloop, eager for the strife, beat all the way down to Lakeside, coming back before the wind in a fashion that laughed at steam launches.

Not much yet about GEORGE. He'll be continued (and concluded) in our next.

CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ!

[It is understood that Dr. LEYDS has taken up an irreconcilable attitude with regard to the surrender of the Boer Generals, and looks upon the peace merely as in the nature of an armistice.]

LET others leave the tented field,
Lay down the sword and tamely yield;
Let recreant burghers bow the knee
And own an alien sovereignty,
LEYDS shall be to his ancient foes
Unconquerably bellicose!

His is the heart that nought can tame,
His are the deeds that all acclaim;
BOTHÀ, DE WET, and DE LA REY
And General CRONJE, who are they?
Their deeds are dim, their glory fades
Beside the loud repute of LEYDS.

The Hague has seen his prowess shown
And Europe heard his trumpet blown;
His knightly figure, all confess,
Did great achievements in the Press,
And—from his Belgian retreat—
This great man never owned defeat!

Choosing a comfortable spot
Where bayonet and shell were not,
He plied a very valiant pen,
Bidding the fighters come again.
And no one ever heard him whine
When bullets thinned the fighting line.

While others bore the battle's brunt
He showed a calm unruffled front.
The wounded Dopper on the veld
His steadfast spirit could not melt;
Still from the land where he had gone
He stoutly cried, "Fight on! Fight on!"

When others, clad in war's array,
Though beaten, still renewed the fray,
He urged them on into the breach,
Himself securely out of reach,
And when they finally gave in,
He still was sure that they would win.



A MODERN TRAGEDY.

"WHAT'S WONG? A DOOSE OF A THING'S
HAPPENED! MY NEW FELLOW HAS FOLDED
ALL MY TWEUSERS WITH THE CWEASE DOWN
THE SIDE, DON'TCHERKNOW!"

Thus unperturbed and unsubdued
He kept his dauntless attitude,
Nothing could bend his stubborn will,
And quite unbent he keeps it still;
BOTHÀ and Co. may sheathe their blades,
But never, never Dr. LEYDS!

In Europe, lapped in utter peace,
And amply guarded by police,
Where never bullet whistles near
To shake a brave man's heart with fear,
He nails his colours to the mast,
And breathes defiance to the last!

And I imagine no one knows
The end of this preposterous pose;
Year after year will pass from sight,
But LEYDS will not give up the fight,
Still consecrating every day
To this imaginary fray,
Until in the last ditch he lies
And—metaphorically—dies.

FINIS.

[In the *North American Review* a discussion has been raging among eminent writers in regard to the statement of M. JULES VERNE that the day of the novel is over.]

JULES VERNE declares the novel's dead,
Or else, at least, its doom is pending;
Why, then, we hope, when all is said,
That it will have "a happy ending."

THE CURSE OF FICTION.

IS WRITING FOR MONEY A NATIONAL EVIL?

THERE are no signs of diminution in the controversy aroused by the famous International footballer, Mr. G. O. SMITH, who, in a recent letter to the *Daily Mail*, denounces the writing of novels for money as a national evil. A few of the communications on both sides of the question are given below:

WASTED SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

It is not so much that novelists are paid for their deleterious work as that thousands of English men and women, boys and girls, spend their Saturday afternoons in reading these poisonous productions instead of recruiting their health in the open air. That is the real objection. Only the other day I came across a strong lad poring over *Captains Courageous* when he might have been playing Association with the other boys of his age and learning to be a man.

GOAL POST.

NO GREAT MEN WRITE NOVELS.

I am delighted to see you have fearlessly tackled this great evil. Agility and mobility are the prime factors in national efficiency, and the writing and reading of novels involves a sedentary existence, conduces to dyspepsia, and impairs the eyesight. I can state on the best of authority that neither Lord KITCHENER, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, nor President ROOSEVELT has ever written a novel.

ARNOLD WHITE.

THE TESTIMONY OF A CHAMPION.

As a boy I was very partial to novelettes, but my game improved 50 per cent. after I gave them up. I now read nothing but the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which helps me to keep on the lee side of staleness.

PETER LATHAM,

Amateur Racquet & Tennis Champion.

FOOTBALL A RECUPERATOR.

Mr. G. O. SMITH's letter seems to me an unwarrantable attack on a very worthy and respectable body of men. The labourer surely is worthy of his hire; the novelist no less than the football professional. And this reminds me that I owe footballing a great debt, for when in the midst of writing my romance, *The Impregnable City*, I had a nervous breakdown. I was cured only by spending a much-needed holiday in watching a football match.

MAX PEMBERTON.

NOVELS LEAD TO LYING.

I have no doubt that there are literary men whose lives are blameless and whose tendencies are not homicidal, but there is no doubt but that the capacity to tell stories leads to lying in all its branches, particularly when



DAVID WILSON 1902

The Poet (for this is not an anarchist, but a gentleman with a reputation for amorous and facile verse)—

"WHAT WOULDST THOU HAVE! AH, WITH MY PASSION JEST NOT!
BUT TAKE MY HEART-BLOOD'S OFFERING——"



The Tree (unconsciously collaborating). "A CHESTNUT!"

a high price is put upon one's romances.

HALF-BACK.

BELL'S LIFE WORTH LIVING.

The craze for fiction has done more than anything else to weaken the fibre of the nation. A good dictionary, a good atlas, a good history of the war, and the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* are all that a rational mortal need desire.

PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

MR. G. O. SMITH EXPLAINS.

Finally Mr. G. O. SMITH writes to make an addition or two to his original letter. "I find it necessary," he states, "to explain my purpose a little more clearly. I did not say that all writing was bad, as many of your readers seem to think, but that to write books for hire was an unmanly and degrading act. Ink is cheap, paper is cheap, nibs are cheap: why should a man who has the Heaven-sent faculty of combining the three put a price upon his efforts? Should he not either lavish them upon fellow beings free of charge, or hold his hand? The act of making other persons pay for one's own pleasure in literary composition is simply brazen piracy."

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

II.—CUSTOMS AND HABITS.

["Government has declined to exempt from Customs' duty telescopes and binoculars imported by military officers, on the ground that, although an officer's or soldier's uniform and equipment are generally exempt, this exemption cannot be extended to articles which may be used for other than military purposes."—*Times of India*]

Do not let the tidings shock you,
Bearers of the badge of Mars,
If they *won't* exempt binoculars.

Well, they *won't*. Their cares are heavy.
It's as much as they can do
To provide the yearly revenue.

And, beyond a doubt, they saw the
Pressing need of this design;
But I wonder where they'll draw the
Line!

E'en the sword, when free from shedding
Gore, is oft employed to make
Deep incisions in a wedding
Cake.

And it looks, I can but own, as
If these non-exemptions hit
Nearly everything that's known as
"Kit."

Not alone the outer texture;—

But the mysteries within,
Gauze, and silk, and flannel next your
Skin.

These are not reserved for martial
Use or warrior enterprise,
These are worn in quite impartial
Wise,—

Dusk or dawn, no matter where, or
What may be the form of dress,—
In the boudoir, barrack square, or
Mess.

Well, it's what we all get used to;
But suppose there came a day
When some beany youth refused to
Pay;

Would they work their dark intention
Through, and with unholy thumbs
Confiscate his nevermention-
ums?

Perpetrate a hideous blunder?
Bid their Monarch's servant go
Forth in almost—no, by thunder!
No!

O ye gods that rule the State, be-
ware of evil men's advice,
And, as ye are good and great, be
Nice!

DUM-DUM.



[The *Daily Telegraph* gives instances of London policemen having answered the questions of foreign visitors in the visitors' own languages.]

MR. PUNCH'S SUGGESTION FOR THE AUTHORITIES TO STEP IN AND UTILISE THE LATENT ERUDITION OF THE FORCE.

THE MISADVENTURES OF THE HON. HERCULES BROWNE, C.M.G.

THE East plays many tricks with the men whose days are passed in its thin, transparent atmosphere and its blinding sun-glare, but it tampers with nothing so vitally as with their sense of proportion. This, of course, has nothing at all to do with the climate—a scape-goat which is made to carry not only the burden of its own sins, but those which belong to the whisky-bottle—since it arises solely from the circumstances in which the exiled European is placed. To be a big man in a small community is very bad for the character; to be a big official in the East is simply destruction. It is well enough so long as the big official remains on his own proper dung-hill, where he may crow unopposed by rival roosters, but sooner or later the age-limit of his service is reached, and the superannuated civil servant is forced to retire to the wilds of West Kensington, or to some similar corner of the land which, though he calls it "Home," and boasts that he has served it loyally, has never so much as heard his name or that of the cranny of the Empire in which he has been for so long a shining light of surpassing brilliancy. The sudden change from eternal sunshine to haze and fog of an almost equal permanency is only typical of that other greater change in the estate of the man who is its victim. From being the Hon. SO-AND-SO SNOOKS, Member of the Council, Head of Such-and-such a Department, and Heaven knows what besides, he becomes suddenly plain Mr. SNOOKS, an obscure and not too wealthy individual, an object of interest to nobody, robbed in a moment of those salutations in the market-place which he has learned to regard as his just tribute. When he opens his mouth for the purpose of enunciating some of those dogmatic opinions for which he is

famous, he is shocked to find that his slow words are not listened to with the respect, the bated breath, to which his former experiences have accustomed him. Quite "junior" men argue with him fearlessly; others either ignore his views or contradict him flatly to his face. The whole scheme of things seems to have gone awry, and he suffers from a sense of unmerited injury, outrage and ingratitude. In fact he has fallen from the Seats of the Mighty, and the jar is a very nasty one, which sometimes sends him soured and discontented to a premature grave.

I have viewed these tragi-comedies with a great deal of sympathy and compassion, for I have been privileged to witness the greatness of the great little men of the East in the heyday of their majesty, and I know what the fall must mean to them. The completeness of that fall has never surprised me, but none the less I must own to having experienced something very like astonishment when I found the man whom I had last known as the Hon. HERCULES BROWNE, C.M.G.—one of the most lordly of our "little tin gods"—seated, hatless, torn, dishevelled, battered, and swearing furiously in Tamil, on the pavement of Pall Mall at half-past ten o'clock on a rainy winter's night. Four footmen in the livery of the Omnigatherum stood grinning on the steps of that well-known Club, and as I watched a fifth joined them, and threw a coat, hat and umbrella at the Hon. HERCULES, hitting him with each missile in a most dexterous fashion.

I loyally retrieved the Hon. HERCULES and his scattered property, put him and them into a cab, and drove off hurriedly amid the cheering of a crowd of street loafers. The temper of the Hon. HERCULES was as ruffled as his person, and I felt that it was more than my life was worth to question him as to his recent adventures but I took him

to his house, somewhere on the other side of Earl's Court railway station, and handed him over to his wife. While doing so I was able to disabuse my mind of its first disgraceful impression, for it was plain to me that, whatever else he might be, the great man was perfectly sober. My curiosity, however, was piqued, and I later set on foot an enquiry as to the events of the night, with the result that I succeeded in eliciting the following distressing facts.

The Hon. HERCULES, who a few weeks earlier had retired from the service of the Asiatic colony in which it had been my privilege to enjoy his condescending acquaintance, had been invited to dine at the Omnigatherum by a friend. On arrival at the Club he had been informed that his friend had not yet put in an appearance, and he was shown into a waiting-room, in which he fumed and ramped for a matter of half-an-hour. A feeling of incomprehensible neglect had been present in his mind pretty constantly ever since his landing in England, and the fact that his friend had now kept him waiting for his dinner without excuse or explanation added to his sense of injury. At last his dignity could bear the insult put upon it no longer. He had been invited to dine at the Omnigatherum, and at the Omnigatherum he would dine. He rose from the arm-chair into which he had thrown himself, and with that magnificence of deportment which had always characterised his movements, stalked up the big staircase, and seated himself at a table in the dining-room. The waiters looked at him curiously, but he had passed the hall-porter, and his presence was no affair of theirs. His air of self-confidence and assurance did the rest. He ate his dinner in state, paid for it under his own name without protest, and then betook himself to the smoking-room for the enjoyment of his coffee and a cigar.

In all this he had no sense of irregularity, of being guilty of an impropriety. On the contrary, he was too thoroughly imbued with the idea of his own importance, his own claims to consideration, too convinced that whatever the Hon. HERCULES saw fit to do *must* for that very reason be right, that he never so much as thought of questioning the fitness of that which he was doing. If anyone had whispered to him the suspicion that the members of the Omnigatherum would not be pleased if they learned the use which he was making of their sacred and exclusive mansion, he would have treated the notion with scorn. For more years than he cared to count he had walked unquestioned into all the resorts to which his fellows had access, warmed by the pleasing consciousness that he was thereby conferring rather than receiving a favour. For him English life was a thing hopelessly out of focus. The imposing figure of the Hon. HERCULES BROWNE, C.M.G., had for long bulked so big on his mental horizon that he could not of a sudden accommodate himself to a world in which plain HERCULES BROWNE, no more to be dignified with the title of "Honourable," was an unconsidered atom, and in which the letters after his name signified nothing more exalted than "Colonial-Made Gentleman."

Wearied at length of solitude and inaction, the Hon. HERCULES reared himself out of his arm-chair, and began to roam at large through the Club. He did not wish to return home yet awhile, for he shrunk from revealing to his wife the painful fact that he had suffered from the intolerable insult conveyed by his friend's failure to keep his appointment. In the near past men had tumbled over one another to do him reverence, to run at his bidding, to come at his beck, and had vied with one another for the honour of entertaining him as their guest. Never until this evening had the horror of his fall been written so plainly for him; but he would conceal the fact from the wife in whose eyes he was still to be counted among the great ones of the earth. Meditating these things in a sullen and discontented spirit, the Hon. HERCULES wandered through the great, warm,



Bertie. "MUMMY DEAR, I'M GOING TO TAKE MINE OFF, AND STRETCH 'EM IN THIS, LIKE PAPA DOES, TO KEEP 'EM FROM BAGGING AT THE KNEES!"

brilliantly-lighted and thickly-carpeted corridors until chance led him into the card-room of the Club. Here he seated himself in a vacant chair near one of the tables, and watched four men playing a game of bridge. He was himself a keen lover of the game, and he presently became engrossed in observing the play and the fortunes of the strangers near him. His chair placed him on a level somewhat below that of the men at the table, and this accident enabled him to detect the fact that the player nearest to him was dealing in a very peculiar manner. The cards which he gave to his opponents were slipped from the top of the pack in the ordinary way, but those to himself and his partner came now and again not from the top but from the bottom of the deck. The Hon. HERCULES could hardly believe his eyes. He stared in blank astonishment. He could just see the bottom card of the pack by sinking a little lower into the cushions of his chair. It was the ace of hearts. A moment later the dealer had given a card to his partner, and behold the ace of hearts had vanished!

That was at once enough and too much for the Hon. HERCULES. He rose up, portentous, dignified, awful, with that "Day of Judgment" look upon his face which had so often brought terror to the hearts of recalcitrant juniors. His duty was plain. A man of his standing and position, he felt, was bound to put a stop to such ill-doing as this when enacted under his very nose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I very much regret the necessity which compels me to take this action, but this gentleman" (indicating the delinquent with a splendid gesture) "is not dealing fairly. I have been observing him for some moments, and I have detected him in the act of cheating."

The players laid aside their cards, and four faces, all flushed, angry and indignant, were suddenly turned in the direction of the Hon. HERCULES.



PAST BEHRING.

N.B.—THE 10.15 THROUGH ARCTIC EXPRESS IS AN HOUR LATE.

[According to the *Daily Mail* Mr. HARRY DE WINDT can see no engineering difficulty in the way of the Behring Straits Railway.]

"Who are you, Sir, may I ask?" said the three men who had not been accused, in hostile chorus.

"I am Mr. HERCULES BROWNE," was the answer, spoken with all the dignity which the utterance of that great name demanded.

"Are you a member of this Club?" asked the chorus.

"I have not that honour," said BROWNE, with portentous solemnity. "I came here to dine with a gentleman of my acquaintance—Mr. FISCHER."

One of the men called a waiter and whispered something to him. He departed hurriedly, and an awkward silence followed, during which BROWNE stood uneasily in the centre of the hostile group, which scowlingly ignored his presence.

"Here is my card," he said at length, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, and tendering the pasteboard to the gravest looking of the four strangers. The man refused the proffered gift, and turned his back on the Hon. HERCULES with the utmost insolence.

BROWNE's breath was completely taken away by this fresh outrage, and before he could find words in which to frame a suitable protest the waiter reappeared, followed by the hall-porter who had admitted the Hon. HERCULES earlier in the evening, and a crowd of furtively grinning footmen.

"Has Mr. FISCHER been in the Club this evening?" asked the man who had declined BROWNE's card.

"No, Sir," said the hall-porter.

"Has he ever brought this gentleman into the Club before?"

"No, Sir. Never seen the gentleman in my life, Sir."

"Now then, Sir," said the youngest of the card-players. "Will you kindly explain yourself?"

The man whom BROWNE had accused of cheating beamed upon him with vile triumph. The Hon. HERCULES felt as though this were an evil dream. His indignation and horror fairly choked him; he could only stammer out,

"I am Mr. HERCULES BROWNE . . . I'm a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order . . ."

"Be damned to you," interrupted the youngest young gentleman, airily. "We are going to invest you with the Most Distinguished Order of the Boot. Here, you fellows, out with him!" And at the word, and at a sign from the man who had acted as spokesman to the party, the waiters rushed at the Hon. HERCULES, seized him violently in spite of his outcry and his struggles, shot him down the stairs in a series of ungainly and wholly involuntary bounds, wiped the hall with him, and finally dumped him down upon the dripping pavement without the building.

But the thing which hurts the Hon. HERCULES more than all this is the fact that his friend FISCHER, who has had some trouble with the Club committee, far from offering an apology or expressing regret for the affronts to which his guest was exposed, has written to say that he, BROWNE, had only himself to blame, and that he, FISCHER, has no further use for his, BROWNE's, acquaintance.

This surely, thinks the Hon. HERCULES, is adding insult to injury.

H. C.

The Child is Father of the Man

["Officers on being recalled in case of emergency will be junior in the rank in which they served at the time of their retirement."—*Army Order.*]

SCENE—Orderly Room. Capt. McVICKERS, Sen. (Reserve of Officers with 30 years' service) has been reported by the Adjutant to Capt. McVICKERS, Jun. (Senior Officer with 3½ years' service) for being late for drawing rations.

Capt. McVickers, Sen. I'm very sorry, Sir, but my servant—

Capt. McVickers, Jun. Nonsense, Sir, don't bring me those old soldiers' stories. They might pass when I joined, but they won't wash now. (To Adjutant.) Give this officer an extra duty—as orderly officer.

[Parent salutes and exit.]



Cyclist (whose tyre has become deflated). "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A PUMP?"

Yokel. "'Ees, Miss, THERE'S ONE I' THE YARD."

Cyclist. "I SHOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU WOULD LET ME USE IT."

Yokel. "THAT DEPENDS 'OW MUCH YOU WANT. WATTER BE MAIN SCARCE WI' US THIS YEAR! OI'LL ASK FETTER."

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

POOR old Canada! It seems as if Providence had fated her always to struggle under the overpowering weight of a vast misconception in the eyes of the great British public. For years, from an English point of view, she has been the land of snow and ice, of awe-inspiring infinite cold, the great lone land of the Red Indian, the grizzly bear and the midnight sun. The Dominion Government, half hopeless, yet never despairing, has struggled heroically to dissipate the vapour of ignorance, to let the light of truth shine in on the millions of darkened minds. At last it has succeeded, but with deplorable results, due to the blinding effect of an excess of light.

I have just come off the top of a Liverpool Street to Pimlico 'bus. The driver glared at a newspaper contents-bill which told of a train running off a bridge into a river and drowning fifty people. He turned to me.

"That'd maik a fair bit uv a splash!" he said, "w'd'n't it? I shoold loike t'v seen 't." I ventured that I had seen a whole train run into a river, as a result of heavy rains having weakened a bridge pier.

"Where?" he asked.

"In Canada."

He gazed pensively at his horses' heads for a few seconds. Then he evidently decided that it behoved him to say something.

"In Keneda! Ow, yus. W'en 't rines owt there in th' troppies it do rine, down't 't!"

The Canadian Arch has more than done its work. Ten years hence we may expect to see the following type of article in the London newspapers inspired by the Office of the High Commissioner for Canada.

"Prof. X. FLORER and his party of scientists have just returned from the Great Bear Lake and Coppermine River region. Contrary to general belief they report that at no time during the year was excessive heat experienced, the members of the expedition finding it possible to work at all hours of the day, without experiencing nervous prostration. They found the climate to be delightfully cool and bracing, and deny absolutely that locusts and dust-storms are among the country's objectionable features. The expedition has once and for all proved the utter falsehood of the stories which have so long gained credence—stories to the effect that the shores of Coronation Gulf and the Arctic Ocean are so overgrown with

various species of cactus and prickly pear as to make travelling extremely difficult. We hope that in view of these—etc., etc."

A MINOR LAMENT.

Of politics, persons or sport
I could always make verse of a sort,
Or write an ephemeral lay
On the weather, the crops, or the day;
But now—when I tackle a lyric
I'm forced to conclude and deplore
That my talent was merely empiric;
I cannot make rhymes any more.

I was wont, I remember, to sing
To my Lady like, say, anything,
And shoved every word I could shove
Into ballads that babbled of love.
But now—though my passion's as hearty
I've lost all my previous lore;
A sad and prosaic old party,
I cannot make rhymes any more.

Perhaps in the fulness of time
I shall learn how to scan and to rhyme,
Find out how my poems were made,
And remember the tricks of the trade.
But now—I am nought but a talker,
A deadly inveterate bore—
Since someone abstracted my *Walker*
I cannot make rhymes any more!

IN THE PURLIEUS OF THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE.

NOTHING impresses the casual visitor to Monte Carlo so much as the studied decorum of the place, and the deliberate restraint put upon their emotions by the plungers of the Casino. I understand that Mr. JONES, the author of *Chance, the Idol*, has made a scholarly research, *in situ*, into the manners and customs of the Principality of Monaco. This must account for his having discovered many things which commonly escape the careless eye of the bird of passage. The figure of his Fortune-teller for instance—a sort of oracular Cassandra, of Endor extraction, painted, dishevelled, mercenary, who from the steps of a popular restaurant recommends to her votaries a course of red or black (symbolised by her cheeks and her hair)—is not one that has occurred too obtrusively in my more limited experiences of Monte Carlo. Certainly, if the type became at all usual, it would sensibly increase the labours of those excellent agents whose task it is to assist the inconvenient across the border.

Again, the experience of the amateur goes to show that the most advanced kind of gambler, as he strolls unaffectedly to the tables after dinner, allows himself no further licence than to say, tentatively, to his companion: "I am in mourning for an aunt-in-law; I think I shall go on the black;" or "I have observed a stuffed flamingo in a shop-window; I propose to flutter on the red." But Mr. JONES has seen ladies on the eve of a plunge standing in gorgeous salons, crushing bank-notes in their uplifted right hands and crying "*Rouge gagne! Rouge gagne!*" in the confident voice of a fanatical Crusader waving his bloody sword on the outer ramparts of Jerusalem. He has seen gaudy youths come bounding at this juncture into the apartments of these inspired ladies, merrily shouting "No, no! On the contrary, *Rouge perd! Rouge perd!*" and returning on an almost instantaneous shutter, having only escaped immediate death because the revolver has failed to trace the site of their elusive modicum of brain.

I do not wish to cavil. After all, the pit and the family circle (those bulwarks of the drama) cannot be supposed to know their Monte Carlo; and in any case it is the business of the playwright, as his art is understood, to improve on the facts. But I cannot help feeling, though this is Mr. JONES's own affair, that if such was the picture which he had determined to present, he has wasted a great deal of his precious time (if nothing of still greater value) over local explorations.

For the rest, where the author comes in touch with human nature, I find his main theme only too pitifully possible. That the behaviour of *Ellen Farndon*, in following up her retired lover and trying to win him to marriage by making enough money at the tables to pay his debts and start him in a domestic career, should have in it more of shamelessness than her original lapse from virtue, need astonish nobody who has grasped the extravagant lengths to which a woman may be carried through mere lack of imagination. That she should delay the consummation of her prime purpose by wasting her winnings on *confections de luxe* (as the *Times* critic would call them) with the idea of recapturing his affections is equally conceivable. But Mr. JONES, who is on sure ground here, seems still to have committed an error in subscribing to the noxious fashion of writing his chief part round a particular personality. It is said to fit Miss LENA ASHWELL like a glove. The simile is very exactly apposite. The part does fit her like a glove; and like a well-fitting glove, produces the effect of a lifeless simulacrum of the living hand. If one might dare so far to depart from the conventions of modern dramatic criticism as to pass reflections on the performance of an actor, as distinct from the work of a playwright, I should venture to hint that that

exceptionally intelligent performer, Miss ASHWELL, is overwhelmed by a sense of what is expected of her by those who associate her talent with a specific type. She pitches the note of impending tragedy too high at too early a stage. Her tone over commonplaces of speech is fraught with a pathos that rives the marrow. She receives the idea, let us say, of luncheon at a restaurant less cheerfully than a man might view the prospect of breakfast immediately prior to his execution. Her state of morbid intensity becomes an obsession. The gamut is exhausted half way through the rising scale, and the iterated hammering proceeds on the top note till it is worn out and the lid is suffered to descend.

Into the, rather lurid atmosphere of our melodrama the delightfully ingenuous performance of Miss WINIFRED ARTHUR-JONES brings a very gracious relief. Her looks and her speeches are alike charming—which may explain how it was that the watch-dogs of the Casino allowed so young and guileless a speculator to pass its portals—and in the pleasant irony that surrounds this character the father-author shows at his best. Miss KATE SERGEANTSON (who, to be frank, has a not very stimulating presence) made a quite decent attempt to interpret the part of the worldly *Lady Mary*, who has the inconspicuous soul of ALAN LEVERSAIGE in her social keeping. He will make *Ellen Farndon* an "honest woman" if she (*Lady Mary*) says he is to. *Lady Mary* objects on principle to gambling, but if the result should be a clear £10,000, she would not enquire too curiously into its source. Yet with all this brutal cynicism which protests against the acceptance of the girl's sacrifices unless the margin left over from them reaches an irreducible minimum, she is not without a touch of plain womanly sympathy for *Ellen's* embarrassment. It is a character not too stereotyped, but recognisably true in its inconsistencies.

I cannot honestly join with the critics in denouncing the runagate lover (played with a right absence of colour by Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE) as too fatuously contemptible. Is this, we are asked, is this poor-blooded creature the kind of man whom so strenuous a woman as *Ellen Farndon* would risk her eternal weal and a good sprinkling of golden louis to retrieve? Personally, I think he is precisely the type of person on whom such a woman would so waste herself. Let any man, though he were as modest as the present writer, consider the relative neglect almost habitually shown to superior men, and he will, with me, support the judgment of Mr. JONES.

Mr. TITHERADGE, in the minor part of the girl's father, was admirably within the picture: and it only remains, since I missed Mr. STERNROYD's appearance in the first act, to speak of the performance of Mr. ESMOND in the now indispensable rôle of friend of all families concerned. Out of compliment to the proprietor of the Theatre in which he was playing, Mr. ESMOND endeavoured with spasmodic success to reproduce the pleasantly gruff intonation of Mr. WYNDHAM. But though he played most capably, it would have needed the inimitable skill of Mr. WYNDHAM's self to throw off all those excellent admonitions without permitting their platitudinous character to be suspected. Mr. ESMOND also failed to maintain the reserve that is necessary to this kind of part. He had the initial advantage, as I was sincerely pleased to notice, of representing a gentleman who was supposed to be suffering from an incurable malady of the lower limbs, which precluded his hopping about the stage in the manner that Mr. ESMOND usually affects. But even so he could not conceal his possession of that quality that is so fatally over-rated in the profession; I refer to his faculty for "keeping things going." And, indeed, his physical infirmity only seemed to leave his mind more terribly alert.



She (to returned warrior, enthusiastically). "AND I SUPPOSE YOU ALMOST LIVED ON HORSEBACK OUT THERE?"
He. "WELL, YES, TOWARDS THE END OF LADYSMITH WE DID. IT MAKES RATHER DECENT SOUP!"



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

LEAVES upon the ground,
Russet-red and yellow;
Apples that abound,
Peaches, ripe and mellow;

Pheasants—dying game—
Mornings chill and sober—
One and all proclaim:
“Now it is October.”

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

X.—THE CAUSE OF THE WEAK.

“OH I sye, come an’ ave a look at this! Lover-ly meat! Nar then, ’oo’s goin’ t’ ave a pahnd o’ this for eight-pence? Buy-buy-buy-buy-buy!”

The butcher is a young and vigorous man, prematurely bald. Standing outside the shop he holds, lovingly poised in the palm of his hand, a slab of meat, a sample of the serried pink and white rows illumined in glowing colours by the waving oil-lamps behind him. He directs his invitations chiefly to the matrons who, accompanied by small girls with net-work baskets, pass critically from shop to shop, intent on converting into solid foods for to-morrow the earnings that their husbands had fondly hoped to liquefy to-night.

“Ere—hi—missus, come an’ ave a look at this ’ere for a bit of mutton! There’s a Sunday dinner fer the ole man! Buy-buy-buy-buy-buy!”

The butcher pauses to mop the top of his head, which is shining with his rhetorical exertions. A passing navy lurches towards the shop. The butcher stretches out a hand just in time to prevent him falling into a headless corpse that swings ignominiously by its hind legs in the doorway.

“Nar then, my lad,” he cries good-humouredly; “steady-wo-ho!”

The navy, on recovering his balance, draws himself up with dignity.

“’Oo are yer torkin’ to?” he demands.

“Steady’s the word,” observes the butcher cheerily.

The navy surveys him with severe displeasure.

“’Oo are yer callin’ yer lad?” he demands. “I’m not yer lad.”

“All right, ole man,” returns the butcher, “don’t go gettin’ of yer shirt aht abaht it.”

The navy looks at him steadily.

“If I choose ter get my shirt aht,” he observes with hauteur, “I shall get it aht.”

“All right, ole man,” returns the other, “’oo’s preventin’ of yer?”

The navy seems to find some difficulty in discovering an adequate reply to this riposte.

“Look ’ere,” he says eventually, “don’t you try ter tork ter me, because I won’t ’ave it.”

“Come buy-buy-buy-buy-buy!” calls the butcher.

“Callin’ me yer lad,” says the navy. “I’m not yer lad.”

“Oh buy-buy-buy-buy-buy,” continues the butcher; “lover-ly meat.”

“For two pins,” declares the navy perseveringly, “I’d put my fist through yer bloomin’ ’ead.”

The butcher desists from his invitations.

“You’d do wot?” he demands.

“I’d put my fist,” repeats the navy, “through yer bloomin’ ’ead—fer two pins.”

“Oh yer would, would yer?” remarks the butcher.

“I would,” says the navy.

There is a pause.

“Oh no yer wouldn’t,” observes the butcher sophistically, “not through it.”

“Yes I would,” returns the navy, “right through it—fer two pins.”

The butcher regards his adversary with infinite scorn. By an obvious effort he returns to his business. The navy shows no signs of departure.

“Wah! Callin’ me yer lad,” he repeats loudly.

There is no response from the butcher, who turns his back to select new samples of meat. The navy proceeds to remove his coat with a good deal of pomp and circumstance.

“I’ll tell yer wot I’m goin’ ter do,” he observes. “When you’ve stopped torkin’ I’m goin’ ter put my fist through yer bloomin’ ’ead.”

And then suddenly there is a new arrival on the scene in the person of a little thick-set man with a knotted hand-

kerchief round his neck. He walks up to the navy.

“Wot?” he demands impressively, “you’d threaten to ’it a pore ole bald-’eaded man? D’yer think I cawn’t ’it a man?”

The butcher looks up suddenly. The navy picks up his coat.

“Wot’s ’e wanter call me ’is lad for?” he demands in self-justification. “I’m not ’is lad.”

“Why shouldn’t ’e call yer ’is lad?” returns the newcomer. “Ain’t ’e old enough ter be yer father? You’d threaten to ’it a pore ole bald-’eaded man?” D’yer think I cawn’t ’it a man?”

The navy is with difficulty struggling into his coat. The butcher is looking his champion up and down with dumfounded indignation.

“D’yer think I cawn’t ’it a man?” repeats the knight-errant truculently.

“I don’t sye nothin’,” replies the navy, “about wot you can do or wot you cawn’t do.”

“Ho, that’s all right,” returns the knight-errant, “becos I’m goin’ ter teach you to threaten a pore ole man wot might be yer father. D’yer think I cawn’t ’it a man?”

The butcher is a scarlet picture of unrest. The navy has become suddenly confidential. He makes an attempt to draw the knight-errant aside.

“Look ’ere, ole man,” he observes, “you’ve got your livin’ to earn, an’ I’ve got my livin’ to earn. Goo’ night.”

He holds out his hand. The knight-errant rejects it with loathing and disgust.

“You was threat’nin’,” he maintains, “to ’it a pore ole bald-’eaded man.”

Suddenly the butcher pushes his face between them.

“’Oo are you a callin’ pore?”

The knight-errant is staggered. The navy gracefully accepts the background.

“’Oo are you a callin’ a pore ole man? Wodder you wanter go interferin’ for?”

The knight-errant remains speechless.

“There’s some people,” states the butcher savagely, “as is always interferin’ with wot don’t concern ’em. That’s your sort.”

“E threatened to ’it yer, didn’t ’e?” challenges the astonished knight-errant.

“An’ wot’s it got ter do with you if ’e did?” demands the butcher. “Interferin’ ’ere an’ callin’ people pore.”

There is a pause.

“Well an’ why shouldn’t I call yer pore?” hazards the knight-errant argumentatively.

“Don’t yer do it, that’s all,” returns the butcher. “I’ll tell yer wot’s the matter with you. You want a thick ear, that’s wot you want, or yer wouldn’t go about interferin’.”



ONE TO TOMPKINS.

Stout Gent. “THAT’S THE WORST OF YOU, TOMPKINS, YOU WILL PUT ON SUCH A LOT OF SIDE!”

Tompkins. “WELL, I’D RATHER PUT ON SIDE, OLD CHAP, THAN SUCH A DOOCE OF A LOT OF FRONT!”



A GENERAL PROSPECT OF YE DEER STALKING DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD.

From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

"I want a thick ear!" stammers the outraged knight-errant.

"Yes, a thick ear," repeats the butcher.

"An' 'oo's a goin' ter give it ter me?" demands the knight-errant.

"I will," returns the butcher, "if yer shove yer wye in 'ere interferin'."

"You'll give me a thick ear?" queries the knight-errant.

"I will."

There is a pause.

"I should like," remarks the knight-errant, "to see yer do it."

"Well, don't you come interferin' 'ere, that's all," says the butcher.

"There's gratitude," he observes bitterly. "I come 'ere an' tike 'is pawt, becus I sees 'e's only a pore ole bald-headed ——"

Thud.

The promised thick ear has been administered.

There is a brief scuffle, of which the butcher sustains decidedly the worst

part. As a climax he is knocked backwards into the swinging, headless corpse, bringing it with him to the ground with a good deal of clatter.

A crowd has collected in a moment. The navvy is helping the butcher to his feet. The knight-errant is hybristically expressing his complete readiness to fight anyone else who wants it. A policeman arrives, and the butcher, who has been hitherto in a state of coma, begins to struggle violently in the navvy's grasp, imploring to be allowed to "get at 'im."

"Oh, look at 'is eye!" exclaims a female voice in the crowd. "Pore ole man! It's a shame!"

The crowd take up the cry, and the knight-errant is driven protesting away by the policeman, followed by a virtuous and indignant mob.

In the doorway of the shop the navvy is assisting the butcher to apply a piece of his own meat to the injured eye. A sympathetic group of matrons looking on are expressing the opinion that what

the bullying cur wants is hard labour. Far down the street the knight-errant, released by the policeman, is making his way home, still followed, at a respectful distance, by a hooting group of moralists.

A SCIENTIFIC WOOPER.

"DRINK to me only with thine eyes"—

And if you happen to survive a
So curious potion, pray advise

How it affects the conjunctiva !

This problem, which my mind absorbs,

A veritable Gordian knot is :

How can maids swallow with their orbs?

Where's the protecting epiglottis?

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath"—

For Science' sake, my ANGELINA.

And hope you noticed underneath

Those buds of *rosa damascena*.

No high-flown zeal my soul uplifts,

And as for ardour, I've not got any ;—

I simply send you floral gifts

To help you forward with your

botany!

GEORGE.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL
DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Windermere, Monday. — GEORGE is a Lancashire lad. His drawland accent, both incommunicable on paper, add charm to his narrative as he leans over the gunwale of the sloop, watching for the ripple that promises wind. He has signed on for the season, acting as crew when the skipper sails the sloop in the July Regatta. Out of the season he goes back to his earlier vocation as a fisherman. He owns his own boat, now lying up in Morecambe Bay; occasionally sails it himself.

This he did through seven weeks, when he happened upon those shrimps. One day, casting his net some miles out from Morecambe Bay, he hauled aboard a great catch of the finest shrimps. Having loaded his boat he made for land and the market. Did he put in at Morecambe Bay, where all his mates lived? Not GEORGE. He made for a neighbouring port, shipping his shrimps straight for the Manchester market, receiving sixpence for every quart.

Occasionally necessity compelled him to look in at Morecambe, and all the chaps were anxious to know where he was fishing and what luck he had.

"But they didn't get to know," GEORGE says, quietly.

In the ordinary way he goes a-fishing with a mate, sometimes two. On one voyage his companions were two brothers. Whereby hangs a tale. On a day in a rough sea one of the brothers was accidentally knocked overboard. After the fashion of fishermen, confessed by GEORGE, "TUMMAS couldn't swim." He sank like lead. Over all the turbulent sea, far and near, there was no sign of him. The surviving brother, abandoning hope, began to bewail the loss of TUMMAS.

"Why, there's TUMMAS!" said GEORGE, pointing to a head appearing over the port side of the boat, followed by a drenched figure.

Sure enough, it was TUMMAS. Going overboard he snatched at a coil of rope. It payed out in embarrassing length, which landed TUMMAS unpleasantly near the bottom of the sea. When the rope was taut it occurred to him that he might as well go aloft. So hand over hand he came up the rope,



"GO BACK, MY BOY, GO BACK AND COME OUT **THE WAY YOU WENT IN.**"
"THAT'S WHAT I BE DOIN', MISTER."

emerging to be greeted by GEORGE'S matter-of-fact incontrovertible remark, "Why, there's TUMMAS!"

GEORGE is not given to wasting words in what some people might regard as exciting moments. At anchor in his boat in Morecambe Bay a sudden squall came on which lashed the sea into foam. The fishing boat dragged her anchor, and peril of drifting ashore was imminent. Voices from the pier urged GEORGE to run his boat alongside, where ropes would be ready for the rescue. That meant wreck of the boat, and GEORGE "wanted it." His mate, faced by the imminence of sudden death, "went silly," as GEORGE puts it.

"Run into the Promenade!" he yelled.

GEORGE took a look round the raging sea. Fisher boats, he tells me, never run before the wind. They can beat up against any gale. But his sails were not set. So he resolved on the perilous course of running before the wind, drag-

ging the anchor. First of all he had his demented mate to dispose of.

"I couldn't," he explained, "mind the ship and have him goin' on silly."

He accordingly led the terrified man to their common sleeping berth, shoved him in head first and locked the door. Then GEORGE took the tiller, and running before the wind, braved out the storm on the open sea.

He ever had short ways with mates in difficulty. On another day, out in stormy weather, with the net over board, his mate, attempting to haul it in, fell into the

sea. GEORGE threw him a rope, but it fell short of his grasp. After the marvellous fashion of fisherfolk BILL HIGH too, with water, water everywhere, had never learned to swim. He sank, and GEORGE was left lonely on the stormy sea.

However, business was business. There was the net, and it must be hauled in. So GEORGE set himself, unaided, to the task. It was made the greater by discovery of extraordinary good luck. Not for days had he had such a haul. GEORGE thought sadly of the one who was gone, whose heart would, in other circumstances, have been cheered by prospect of his share in the miraculous draught. Sweating and straining, GEORGE at length succeeded in hauling up the net, and lo! at rest within its folds was BILL HIGH.

He was apparently drowned and done for. But GEORGE was not the man to let a mate die for lack of effort. Getting the body aboard, not waiting to extricate it from the net, he knelt upon it and began what he understood to be the process of restoring the apparently drowned.

"I kneaded him for nearly two hours before he came round," said GEORGE. "Next day he had to go to 'orspital, and," he added reflectively, wondering how in the circumstances such things could be, "they found he'd broke five ribs." As for BILL HIGH, having tried drowning and suffered GEORGE'S process of restoration, he prefers drowning.

SOMETHING "TERRIBLE!"—What does the exclamation "Great Scott!" mean? Henceforth, of course, it can only be taken as an allusion to Captain PERCY SCOTT, C.B., followed by several "notes of admiration."



CIVILISATION.

AN INTERNATIONAL
COMPLICATION.

"It is stated that England has annexed the neutral territory of Fouracre Island in the Pacific."—Telegram in *Le Malade Imaginaire*, Thursday.

"The statement that British troops are in occupation of Fouracre Island, which is being circulated in some of the Continental papers, seems to be entirely without foundation. In official circles all knowledge of such a thing is denied."—*The Thunderer*, Saturday.

"It is hardly probable that France or Germany will make a *casus belli* out of the Fouracre dispute. They are neither of them in a fit state for war at the present moment. In any case, the interests of Empire demand imperatively that England's foot shall not be lifted from the path in which . . . &c., &c."—*The Early Shout*, Saturday.

"An exciting story reaches us from the captain of the *Ciudad Pittsilla*, a Spanish sloop trading in the South Pacific, which throws more light on the Fouracre incident. He put in, as usual, at the island for the purpose of exhibiting his new stock of beads on the beach, but was at once attacked by the inhabitants, who opened fire on him with bows and arrows. He was only able to get back to his vessel just in time, and the anchor was hardly raised ere a swarm of canoes approached the ship. The captain affirms that in the stern of each canoe was seated a man dressed in a blue uniform. From the description given we have little difficulty in recognising the uniform of the London constabulary. We hear that the KAISER has telegraphed to the captain to congratulate him on his fortunate escape, reserving to himself, however, the right of re-publication."—*New Chicago Error* (Paris edition), Monday.

"The story of Fouracre Island receives new and picturesque embroideries. It is impossible to take it seriously, but we may say that the Foreign Office has disclaimed all knowledge of the island and everything connected with it. If there is anything in the rumour at all, the only possible explanation is that King TOOROOLOO may have engaged some London policemen, independently, as a private bodyguard. Nothing is known, however, at Scotland Yard."—*The Thunderer*, Tuesday.

"The Fouracre dispute has assumed a more serious aspect than was at first anticipated. While no one can regret more than ourselves the employment of force, the pluck shown by the handful of Englishmen on the island wholly discredits those who maintain that Great Britain is on the down grade.



Angela. "OH, DON'T MIND PLUTO, MR. BROWN. HE WON'T BITE UNLESS HE SEES YOU'RE AFRAID OF HIM!"

If events should unfortunately lead . . . all good men and true . . . the War Office . . . the Admiralty . . . of heavier calibre . . . etc., etc."—*The Early Shout*, Tuesday.

"There can no longer be any doubt as to the annexation of Fouracre Island by Great Britain. If by nothing else it is sufficiently proved by the past aggressive history of that country. But it is vain for British statesmen to think that France will submit tamely . . ."—*Le Malade Imaginaire*, Wednesday.

"SIR,—I have observed with surprise that some stir is being caused by rumours of British uniforms having been seen in Fouracre Island. I think I can offer a satisfactory explanation of the circumstance. In my capacity as Secretary to the Society for the Regeneration of Fouracre Islanders, I have from time to time superintended the sending out of parcels of clothing contributed by

the generosity of the public. In the last parcel, if my memory do not deceive me, there were among other things a few old policemen's tunics, acquired, I believe, at a sale of theatrical properties and presented to the Society. It is highly probable that these are the uniforms in question.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN JONES, Hon. Sec. S.R.F.I."
—Letter to *The Thunderer*, Thursday.

"The rumours of wars in connection with Fouracre Island, which have found favour with some of our contemporaries, have, as we expected, dwindled down to nothing. *Cælum non animus mutant qui trans mare currunt*; the policemen's tunics have well sustained beneath an alien sky the dramatic interest which they were wont to evoke in some temple of the mimetic art in . . . etc., etc."—*The Early Shout*, Friday.



Tom (writing). "I SAY, BOB, I'M RUBBING IN THE LOCAL COLOUR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FOLK AT HOME—COULD YOU HELP ME TO SOME CORRECT FISHING EXPRESSIONS—JUST TO GIVE THE THING AN ATMOSPHERE?"

Bob. "I'VE HEARD A LOT ONE TIME AND ANOTHER, OLD MAN, BUT THE ONLY ONE I REMEMBER IS—'PASS THE FLASK'!"

THE MOTORS' DEFENCE UNION.

A PEDESTRIANS' Protection League is being formed to uphold the rights of foot-passengers on the highways. As no bane is without its antidote, an opposition union is to be organised, having in view the adoption of the following regulations:—

1. Every pedestrian must carry on his front and back a large and conspicuous number as a means of easy and rapid identification.

2. No foot-passenger shall quit the side-walk except at certain authorised crossings. In country lanes and places where there is no sidewalk the ditch shall be considered equivalent to the same.

3. Each foot-passenger about to make use of such authorised crossings shall thrice sound a danger-signal on a hooter, fog-horn or megaphone; and, after due warning has thus been given, shall traverse the road at a speed of not less than twelve miles an hour. The penalty for infringement to be forty shillings or one month.

4. Any pedestrian obstructing a motor by being run over, causing a motor to slow down or stop, or otherwise deranging the traffic, shall be summarily dealt with: the punishment for this offence to be five years' penal servitude; dating from arrest or release from hospital, as the case may be.

5. Should the pedestrian thus trespassing on the highway lose his life in an encounter with a motor car, he shall not be liable to penal servitude; compensation for shock and loss of time, however, shall be paid from his estate to the driver of the car, such amount being taxed by the coroner.

6. All cattle, sheep, pigs, swine, hares, rabbits, conies, and other ground game, and every goose, duck, fowl, or any animal whatsoever with which the motor shall collide shall, *ipso facto*, be confiscated to the owner of the motor.

7. Any comment, remark, reflection, sneer or innuendo concerning the shape, speed, appearance, noise, smell, or other attribute of a motor car, or of its occupants, shall be actionable; and every

foot-passenger thus offending shall be bound over in the sum of £500 to keep the peace.

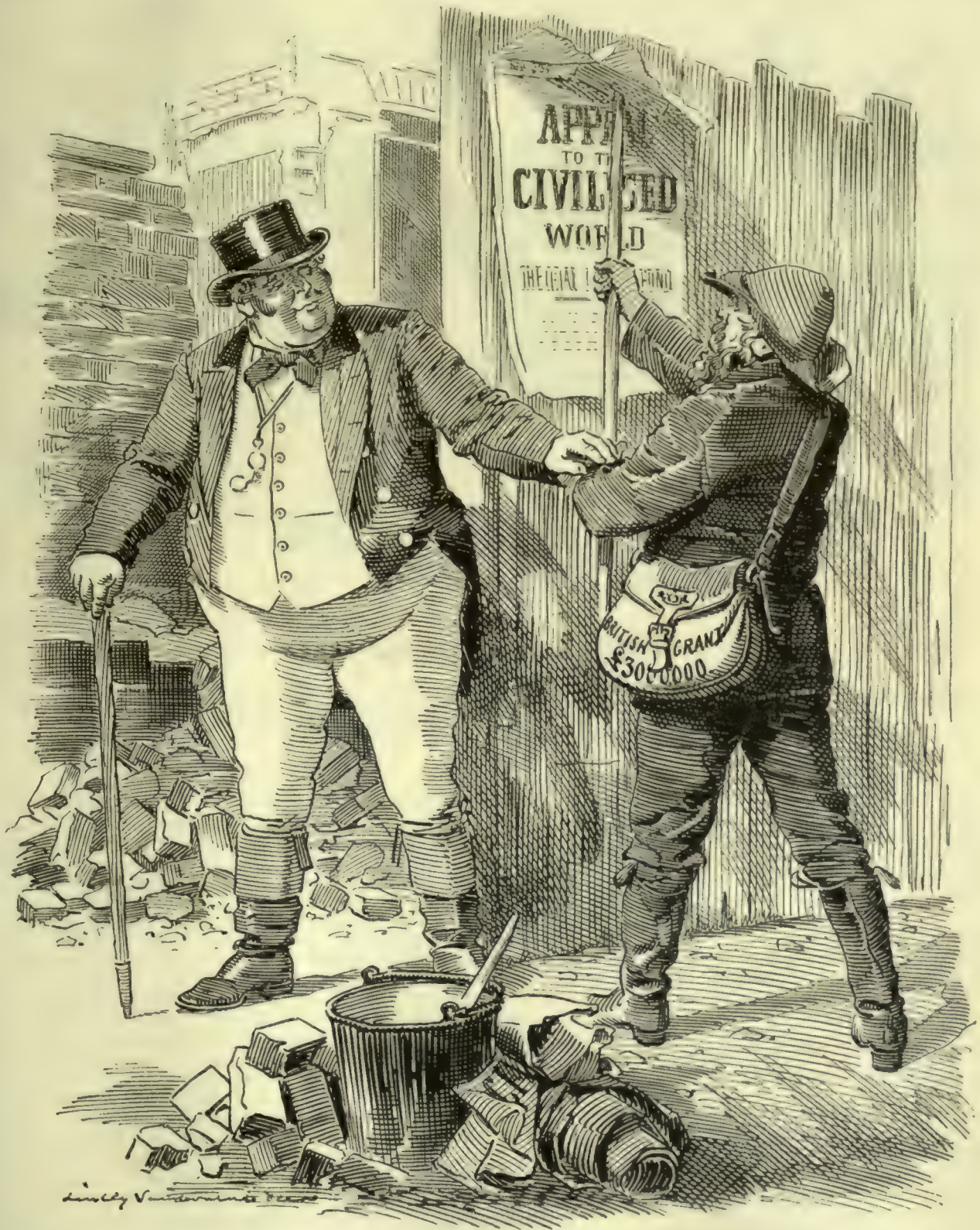
The Lament of the Smithfield Marketers.

[*"The price of beef has risen three-pence."*
Daily Press.]

Is there no prospect of relief,
And must these lines a moral point?
If higher rise the price of beef,
The times will soon be out of joint.

MR. PUNCH invites sympathy for the unique case of an "aged gentleman" who has lately advertised in one of the Service journals for a Hospital Valet. "His health," says the advertisement, "is perfectly good, but he has been severely injured, by the upsetting of an express train in his legs."

AN official denial has been given to the rumour that M. PELLETAN's marine pronouncements were in the nature of a *ballon d'Orsay*.



“A WORD IN SEASON.”

MR. BULL. “LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND. STICK THAT UP, IF YOU LIKE; BUT I THINK YOU’LL FIND THAT I TALK LESS THAN THE OTHERS, AND DO MORE.”





SO ALIEN TO THEIR METHODS.

Chorus of Virtuous Company Promoters (with emotion). "OH! WE TRUST THAT NOTHING SO UNSEEMLY WILL OCCUR!"

[In referring to the fresh discoveries of gold-bearing areas in the Transvaal, the *Times* says, "It is to be hoped that no attempt will be made to anticipate by speculation the value of discoveries which have yet to be proved and tested."]

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

MR. LOUIS BECKE has for some years been writing fact and fiction based on his experience in the South Sea Islands. His latest work, *The Strange Adventure of James Sherrinton* (FISHER UNWIN) shows that his hand has not lost its cunning nor the Pacific its freshness of adventure. His story dates back thirty years, when the South Sea Islands were harried by a piratical horde of white men who added slave-stealing to other avocations. It is a striking coincidence, happening at a time when the world is still shuddering at the earthquake in Martinique, that Mr. BECKE should close his story with a powerfully written description of a similar calamity, which rids him of some of his characters at a time when their continued existence becomes embarrassing.

The Eton Glossary, by C. R. STONE (SPOTTISWOODE & Co., LTD.). Whether this little book will be used by the new boy on his first arriving at Eton, or whether it will be included in their curriculum by tutors engaged in preparing the youthful TOMMIES and HARRIES for entrance into Lower Fourth Form life, the Baron is unable to forecast, but that it will interest a considerable number of Old Etonians is, he ventures to think, highly probable. To the Old Etonian who, in respect to the enjoyment of Eton reminiscences, is as young as ever he was, this little dictionary of Etonian Dialect "as she is spoke" is most interesting and amusing. "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*" What memories to an Etonian of some fifty-five summers do not such terms as "After six," "Bill," "Athens," "Brocas," "Call," "Check-night," and "Construe," *cum multis aliis*, recall! To many ancient Etonians the more

modern terms will be unfamiliar, as indeed to the Baron are many that must have been in common use in his own time, when, under the rule first of HAWTREY, then of GOODFORD, he, the Baron, was in *statu pupillari* sub WILLIAM GIFFARD COOKESLEY, the kindest and most eccentric of "tutors," as he was one of the most exacting of Fifth Form Masters. To many an Oppidan most of the purely "College" terms and phrases in this *Glossary* will be entirely new.

The "leaves" (meaning "leave to go away for a holiday") mentioned in the *Glossary* were unknown in the Baron's time. "Leaves" in his book were mere leaflets to those now granted; such, for example, as "Lord's leave," when the Cricket Public School matches are on; for "Henley," when the boats contend; for "Bisley," when the Rifle-boys gain their marks; and for "Winchester," when the Etonian Eleven plays the Wykehamite team. Are the boys more studious now than formerly? More athletic than in days of yore? No; the Baron believes that the Etonian of to-day differs not one whit from the Etonian of yesterday, or from the Etonian of many yesterdays long ago. Etonians of all ages, wherever they may be, will "Swing, swing together," as the boating song has it, though by the way, personally the Baron objects to the word "swing"; yet, after all, if the alternative expression "hang" be substituted, the sentiment is equally true, as they will "hang together" and do a good turn one to the other, strangers though they be, on the strength of "the friend in need" being an "Old Etonian." Presumably this sentiment is common to all great schools, and is a true and honest one; a sentiment without any sentimentalism.

One note more. On re-opening the *Glossary* the Baron comes on the word "*Tick*," and he reads, "*This is gradually dying out at Eton.*" Alas! Is there no longer faith to be placed in Etonian promises? Have tradesmen grown unkind? Has the Etonian tradesman assumed "*Ready, aye ready*" as his business motto, thereby signifying "*Terms cash only*"? If this be so, then the Baron is a genuine *laudator temporis acti*, when payment of coin over the counter was the exception, not the rule. Be this as it may, the Baron, drinking to the prosperity of Eton and the health of the precious STONE who has compiled *The Eton Glossary*, concludes with "*Floreat Etona!*" and may it not be long ere HENRY's holy shade is revisited, as ghosts revisit the glimpses of the moon, by

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

[One of the ladies' journals has just published a "*Secrets of Beauty Number*," in which much stress is laid on the duty of cultivating beauty as distinct from the vulgar habit of "*making up*."] *SCENE—The School of Beauty.*

Professor. Ladies, Woman should be fair—

'Tis the aim of her existence—
And when Nature 'gins to wear
Let her summon Art's assistance.
Therefore, ladies, 'tis your duty
To attend the School of Beauty.

First Student. Yes, the Professor's right. She does not lie.
I would be beautiful.

Second Student. And I. *And I.*
All.

Let us start without delay,
Beautifying as we may
Features, figure, hands, and bust—
'Tis our duty, and we must.

Let us Romanise our noses,
Round our chins, and blush like roses,
Let us learn the master's skill—
'Tis our duty, and we will.

First Student. Take, oh take these lines away
That so deeply have been worn,
And these hairs so flecked with grey,
Signs that tell when I was born;
But my dimples bring again,
Bring again;
Lures of love that lured in vain,
Lured in vain.

Professor. This, Madam, will I gladly do;
I'll see that each beholder
Shall set you down at twenty-two,
And not a moment older.
Come, listen! In the foremost place
Beware of soap and water,
For this is how to wash your face,
My daughter, O my daughter.

You take this paste and rub it well
On any part that's skinny—
Enormous quantities I sell:
The price is half-a-guinea—
For twenty minutes massage in
With circular slow motion,
Then carefully anoint the skin
With this, my Sovereign Lotion.
Next dab with Satin Cream: it's nice
And cools the face. A spot 'll
Be quite sufficient, and the price
Is six-and-six a bottle.

Then take a wax cloth (two-and-nine)
And polish your complexion,
And it will be as fair as mine—
In other words—perfection.

First Student. What! is this all I have to do
To make my skin "*wax satin*," too,
The texture all admire in you—
So tender, natural and true?

Professor. And for the hair, which makes you old,
This wash—'tis not a dye—is sold;
Apply a little, and behold!
The sun has kissed your love-locks gold.

Second Student. Enough for her. What can you do for me?
In every other item, as you see,
My beauty's perfect, but—and here's the rub—
My nose is what the vulgar call a snub.

Professor. O, that can be managed without
A doubt;
I've a neat little instrument here,
My dear,
Which I fit on the nose,
And it thereupon grows
To the nose you would have it appear.
Of fashions I'll show you a score,
And more;
I can make it whatever you please
With ease—
Any pattern that you say,
Greek, Roman, *retroussé*,
And all at the lowest of fees.

Second Student. Give me the fashion book, and let me see.
Eureka! Here is just the nose for me.

Professor. Your taste is perfect, Madam, for you choose
The "*Aphrodite*." Let me turn the screws.
It will not hurt you, though it looks alarming.
There! How is that? You like it?

Second Student. Charming!
All. Charming!

Professor. Come, ladies! To your mirrors haste away,
And let us get to work without delay.

Chorus of Students.

The new régime of Satin Cream
We hasten to begin;
We'll round our face to forms of grace
With pegs for nose and chin;
Our fading hair we'll lave with care
In simple, harmless wash,
And if you cry that it is dye,
We only answer "*Bosh!*"
For this distinction try
To see with single eye:
We sink to no
Such habits low—
We wash—we do not dye.

And next we start with simple art
To brighten up our eyes;
Our lashes, too, we change in hue—
But note! we use no dyes.
If used with skill, a tonic will
Make any eye-brows grow,
And if you cry, it's "*make-up*," why,
We only answer "*No!*"
For this distinction try
To see with single eye:
Such wicked arts
Offend our hearts—
We simply beautify.



OUR RESERVES.

A.D.-C. "WHAT THE DRUCE ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE RIGHT IN THE LINE OF FIRE? CLEAR OUT AT ONCE! THEY'RE FIRING BALL CARTRIDGE, NOT BLANK. Unmoved Private (who has found an excellent place from which to view the attack practice). "THER' NOW. WE WAS JUST A-ZAYIN' AS WE THOUGHT 'T'WAS BULLETS BY THE ZOUND OF 'EM!"



"A NICHT WI' BURNS."

TO MARTHA IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE sun of whom the poets sing we see him less than they did;
The beams he tricked so bravely once are miserably faded;
And where we tramped the stubble-fields with early exultation
The tardy corn bears witness to the god's degeneration.

Our longitude has gone astray, our latitude's perplexing;
Barometry's a patent sham, thermometry's as vexing;
And soon the *Polar Times* will tell, with other chilly topics,
How some new NANSEN died of frost who tried to find the tropics.

Our coal-supplies are giving out: it isn't strikes that kill them;

We drain our cellars every day, and every day we fill them.
So heap the fires with crackling logs, but while you heap remember

You'll have to keep a steady blaze from now to next September.

It's all the sun, the sulky sun, the sun who fails to dye blue
The inky tracts of upper air he used to keep so sky-blue.
He lets the fog come creeping up, and, though the churl could do it,

He never tries to draw his bow and send an arrow through it.

But still for this I owe him thanks:—that lately, as he rolled round,

Obscured from every anxious eye, to take his daily cold round,
He roused him from the lethargy that seems to suit his dim age,
And took a smiling look at you, and printed off your image.

That's how I have your photograph: you only sent me one, Miss;

I'd like to have a dozen such and all as nicely done, Miss.
I'd frame them all in silver frames and place them with the few sets

Of photographs of equal rank with this from Massachusetts.

Now if the sun should still be hid I think I can defy him:
He little thought when printing you your face could thus supply him.

One point, a point of mere detail, awaits your prompt decision:—

Why not come over here yourself, and oust your printed vision?

R. C. L.

"BOZ AND BOULOGNE" NOTES.

À PROPOS of "Boz and Boulogne" [for which overhaul a certain number of *Mr. Punch's* hebdomadal series, for September 17, p. 188] mention was made of Mons. F. BEAUCOURT, the landlord of CHARLES DICKENS, when the latter occupied a house close to Boulogne. From M. le Châtelain DE DARDELOT I have received some interesting information. When writing "Boz and Boulogne" it was difficult to reconcile CHARLES DICKENS's own statements in his letters, as to the position of his house just outside Boulogne, on the heights, with the position of the country place pointed out to me, as the latter, being a good six miles south of Boulogne, could not have had a back door opening on to a path within a short walk of "The Column" (a point that everybody at all acquainted with Boulogne knows), unless the estate extended from Condette to that site, which it doesn't now, and never did. Monsieur F. BEAUCOURT had a house north of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where CHARLES DICKENS visited occasionally, and he possessed also a small country homestead at Hardelet (this is the place indicated as above mentioned), south of Boulogne, where he spent a portion of the summer.

On one occasion CHARLES DICKENS, having been invited by Monsieur BEAUCOURT to the Hardelet "Bungalow," the visitor was so delighted with the air, the view, and the quiet of the place (I personally can testify to the excellence of all three), that he remained there a few days (sending to his house north of Boulogne for a supply of clothes, books and papers), and later on returned there. Of this fact, vouched for by my good friend the Châtelain, I cannot find any mention in CHARLES DICKENS's letters: yet as some of his interviews with M. BEAUCOURT, either recorded in full or alluded to in these letters, may have taken place during one of these visits, it is quite likely that CHARLES DICKENS, to whom a walk of five or six miles was but as a matter of a few paces would be to an ordinary pedestrian of sedentary occupations, neither jotted down the *locale* of the interview, nor made any *mem.* as to his brief stay.

It will be interesting, not only to the members of the Boz Club, but to all Dickensians, to learn that in the village of Hardelet are several persons possessing little souvenirs given to their parents by CHARLES DICKENS; mere trifles, such as a picture frame or a book, and so forth, treasured by them as precious relics.

The Mayor of Condette, M. E. HURET-LAGACHE, now a hale and hearty octogenarian, remembers conversing with DICKENS between 40 and 50 years ago, in M. BEAUCOURT's country house at Hardelet. Perhaps the Boz Club, of which Lord JAMES OF HEREFORD is the distinguished President, might like to choose Hardelet and Condette for a Dickensian pilgrimage next spring-time? It is a mere suggestion.

What a pity it is, and what a loss to us now, that the idea never occurred to CHARLES DICKENS of taking *Mr. Pickwick*, *Snodgrass*, *Winkle* and *Tupman*, and *Sam Weller*, over to France! An imitator, one G. W. M. REYNOLDS, did presume to write a book entitled *Pickwick Abroad*. It was a hopeless failure. Imagine the impudence!

"A PROGRESSING PILGRIM."

P.S.—"A Progressing Pilgrim" begs to thank numerous correspondents who have so kindly sent him various interesting details for which he regrets that space is not available in these "Notes," which here come to an end. A paragraph from one letter, however, I may quote to the effect that "DICKENS did not occupy a house on the Calais Road," and the writer adds, "even FORSTER's definition is hardly accurate." This, in a measure, confirms what has been written by the "P. P." above as to the site of CHARLES DICKENS's house.



CONVERSATIONAL PITFALLS.

Irene. "DO YOU REMEMBER KITTY FOWLER?"

Her Friend. "No, I don't."

Irene. "OH, YOU MUST REMEMBER KITTY. SHE WAS THE PLAINEST GIRL IN TORQUAY. BUT I FORGOT—THAT WAS AFTER YOU LEFT!"

"EVER THE BEST OF FRIENDS, PIP?"

If *The Best of Friends* is not the best of titles for a Druriolopian melodrama, at all events its author, Mr. CECIL RALEIGH, has given Manager ARTHUR COLLINS some of the best of opportunities for gratifying the tastes of a sensation-loving and spectacular-piece-admiring public. A more effective banquet scene than the one in the "Duke's Hall" has rarely, if ever, been seen on any stage, and when Sir HENRY IRVING appears at this Home of the National Drama it is to be hoped that, should *Macbeth* be produced, Mr. COLLINS will pay special attention to the great Banquet-sans-Banquo scene in *Macbeth*. The final *tableau*, where the action is supposed to take place in the upper gallery and in the room under the roof of a lofty music-hall, is a triumph of stage-management.

There is one strong situation which is as telling in action as it is original in design. Fortunately it is in the capable hands of Mrs. JOHN WOOD, who, with her sudden transitions from broad humour to pathos, and from fierce invective to rollicking fun, proves herself, for the hundredth time, a past-mistress of her art, and skilled comedian of wonderful resource.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE's rendering of the Boer General, not a very popular character with the public at the present moment, is notably fine; his elocution is perfect, and his acting worthy of a better part in a better piece.

Mr. C. M. LOWNE is, every inch of him, and he must be quite a six-footer, the somewhat eccentric Duke of Richborough, who at one moment with effusive politeness and charming cordiality invites an entire second-rate circus company to his house, and the next, rudely, nay, most

abusively, kicks them out. The young Earl, assuming the haughty and irascible aristocrat, he who wins the hand of *Mercia de Marco* (a gentle-mannered young lady in the slack-wire and acrobatic line, quietly played by Miss DANKS) finds a gallant representative in Mr. REEVES-SMITH, while his college chum, *Paul de Lahne*, a young Boer, who has been sent up to Oxford as the seat of Lahne-ing, is admirably impersonated by Mr. CONWAY TEARLE. As the jovial soldier-servant, afterwards valet, Mr. HERBERT STANDING does good service; and Mrs. RALEIGH once again takes on her shapely shoulders a fair share of the heavy burden of villainy whereof the remainder is borne by that accomplished scoundrel, dramatically speaking, Mr. IVAN BERLYN as *Eketoff*, who is to Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD's *Emmanuel Réo* very much what, in the well-known melodrama, *Robert Macaire* is to *Jacques Strop*.

It is all effective, and the audience testify to its popularity, of which no small portion is due to the musical ingenuity, the dramatic appreciation, and undaunted energy of that enlightening conductor, Mr. J. M. GLOVER, whose "mailed fist," with a bâton in it, conducts his men through tortuous tangles of musical sympathy with suffering mortality, strong in brass, forcible in wind, sobbing in *pizzicato* string-pinch-ing, they emerge, happy and glorious, in a grand burst of National Anthem.

Supposing the entire *corps dramatique* to have lost their voices, could not the whole story be told in dumb show, to Mr. J. M. GLOVER's sympathetically descriptive music? Nay, could not Mr. GLOVER tell it all himself with his own action, semaphorically speaking? The suggestion is worth the consideration of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS. The drama has come to stay till Christmas, when enters King Pantomime, and then even "*The Best of Friends* must part."

SOUTH AFRICAN PROSPECTS.

OUR Johannesburg correspondent begs us to impress upon any of our readers intent on going to South Africa that the state of things out there is somewhat unsettled and discouraging.

Would-be colonists should note particularly that it has been almost impossible, since the end of the War, for anyone to earn a living without working for it—unless a Boer both by birth and by lack of education. Determined emigrants are warned not to come out, at present, if blind, crippled, idiots, or similarly incapable, such misfortunes being likely to afford able-bodied competitors a distinct advantage over them.

Our correspondent particularly urges (and his high position in the political world should lend weight to his opinions)—

1. That emigrants should bring with them sufficient money to maintain themselves for a few weeks, seeing that salaries are not paid to strangers in advance.

2. That they should have some sort of reference or written character. (Even ex-irregulars should observe this rule, their previous service not being considered sufficient guarantee of moral perfection to satisfy local requirements.)

3. That they should likewise bring enough bricks and mortar to build a house, the present output of such materials in the Colony not being large enough to meet the Boer demands—much less those of loyalists or ex-Uitlanders.

4. That they should also provide themselves—if desirous of farming—with such accessories as haystacks, oxen, families, barns, grain, waggons, labourers, Rinderpest cure and Tse-tse-fly-papers. With these few effects in hand, the country provides exceptionally hopeful prospects to farmers and stock-breeders.

The emigrant is further recommended to acquaint himself with the elements of the Kaffir language, customs and general mode of life, and to study their comfort, so that no ignorance on his part—which is now unaccepted as an excuse in the criminal courts—may lead him to commit any heinous offences against his dusky superiors. Many a well-meaning stranger has found himself thrust into irons for using offensive language or threatening actual violence to a poor nigger [this expression must have been overlooked by the Kaffir censor] who had, through mere inadvertence, barged him into the gutter. The English seem inclined to imagine that a condition of society exists to-day similar to that enjoyed before the Anglo-Boer war, when the blacks held a position of equality with, or even



Grandma. "DEAR ME! SPENT ALL THAT SIXPENCE IN CHOCOLATES! THINK HOW MUCH NICER IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TO HAVE HAD IT STILL REPOSING IN YOUR POCKET."

Willie (regretfully). "YES, IT WOULD."

Grandma (seeing an opportunity of inculcating a moral). "TELL ME WHY, NOW."

Willie. "OH, SO THAT I COULD GO OUT AND BUY SOME MORE, GRANDMA!"

subservience to, the white population of the South African Republics.

A deplorable state of destitution exists throughout the country. Many miners from Cornwall or Wales have already had to give up such extras as green peas out of season and mid-day champagne. Our readers should also bear in mind that clothes, as well as eatables, are exorbitantly expensive. Clerks may be seen, nowadays, going to their offices in common felt hats or turning up at the club to dinner without evening dress. The approximate cost of living is as follows:—

	Per week.
Apartments, with window .	£1 1 0
" " with table, chair, and bed complete (pictures extra)	2 2 0
Board (plain)	3 3 0
" (ad lib.)	5 5 0
" (with attendance) not available.	

Lights, bed-clothes, use of hat-rack and umbrella-stand, wear and tear of floors, table-cloth, cutlery, condiments, water (beyond three pints per diem), are charged extra. Most trades and professions are overcrowded in the new colonies. There is, however, a great dearth of aeronauts, dancing-masters, and publishers.

A NOMINAL ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting of the Library Association in the Council Chamber on Tuesday, September 23, among many distinguished speakers, Mr. GUPPY, representing JOHN BLAND's Library, arose to "emphasise the extreme importance of proper collation." Quite the true Guppian spirit! Who among the readers of *Bleak House* will not at once call to mind the celebrated "collation," a most "proper collation?" It was provided at mid-day at the "Slap-Bang" eating-house by the hospitable GUPPY to his friends SMALLWEED and JOBLING, whose names, it is a matter of regret to notice, are absent from the record of this meeting in the Birmingham Council Chamber. Where was the susceptible SMALLWEED, with his monkeyish ways, and the hungry but lively JOBLING, who performed his task (of dining) silently, "getting over the ground in excellent style, and beating Messrs. SMALLWEED and GUPPY easily by a veal and ham and a cabbage." Although "such a meeting as this" (of old friends) would have "made amends" for much, yet it is something once again to see the Dickensian name of GUPPY coming to the front in so good a cause as that of a "collation."

BEATUS ILLE!

["It is now stated that Mr. KRUGER will probably leave for Mentone in the middle of October . . . Mr. REITZ and his two sons talk of settling in Madagascar."—*Daily Paper*.]

My friends, let not your grief be loud :
Indeed, dear friends, 'tis not so ill ;
Behold the upright head unbowed,
The righteous unforsaken still !

Here in this highly favoured spot,
By this blue sea, in this mild air,
I have secured a modest cot,
And I propose to winter there.

From hence I can survey the land
From which I fled and feel no pain ;
The rolling veld, the roaring Rand,
Will never call me back again.

League upon league of spume and foam,
Of barren sea and shrieking sky,
Divide me from my ancient home.
Would I retrace them ? Not I !

The heaving ocean has for me
No charm to lure me from this shore,
I am (like NELSON) sick at sea,
And I shall never tempt it more.

My wants are few. I do not pray
For wealth and all the wrong it
breeds ;
My income, I am glad to say,
Amplly suffices for my needs.

I saved a very decent sum
In those fat years when I controlled
My country's fortunes. None shall come
To rob me of my hoarded gold.

My high position in the past,
And my adventurous finance,
Permit me to retire at last
In comfort to the South of France.

Here will I sit me down and bask
At ease upon this heavenly coast.
What more could anybody ask ?
Yes, I am luckier than most.

Poor JOUBERT's dead and under ground,
The doctors shake their heads at STEYN,
And worthy BOTHA fusses round
Asking for money—quite in vain.

REITZ and his sons fare to and fro,
Seeking some fertile patch of ground
In Madagascar. Let them go ;
I shall not miss them, I'll be bound.

DE WET makes speeches far and wide ;
No one attends to what he says ;
The rest no doubt are occupied
In similarly futile ways.

So they go on. And only I
Fling old ambitions quite aside,
And with sublime philosophy
Accept the goods the gods provide.

And when the south wind softly blows
I creep towards my favourite seat,
Lay back my head and dream and doze
Serenely in the noonday heat,



OUR ARTIST, WHILE STAYING IN THE COUNTRY, THINKS IT WOULD BE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR STUDYING CALVES.

And feel while MILNER, night and morn,
Cudgels his brains and tasks his wit,
And CHAMBERLAIN exalts his horn,
The exile has the best of it !

A FABLE.

[In the opinion of the German EMPEROR large Army corps are not suited to the requirements of the British Empire.]

"CLAWS seem a trifle long," remarked the Eagle casually to the Lion.

"Think so?" replied the Lion, inspecting his pedal extremities with indifference. "I like 'em long myself. Matter of taste, of course."

"Oh, certainly, certainly. Purely a matter of taste, as you say. They do

say, though, that claws are not being worn long this year."

"Yet yours appear to be moderately substantial."

"Mine? Oh, ah. Yes. Mine. Yes. But of course what may be excellent taste in an Eagle, in a Lion on the other hand—"

"The question," observed the Lion with some hauteur, "of what is and is not suitable for Lions is one to which I have devoted a long, and, I trust, not unprofitable lifetime."

And with a thoughtful look upon his mobile countenance he resumed the congenial task of sharpening the criticised members on the trunk of a local tree.

THE PLAY AND THE BOOK.

[Mr. HALL CAINE is here supposed as reluctantly consenting to receive an interviewer during the performance of his melodrama at His Majesty's Theatre. The writer of these verses acknowledges his indebtedness to "M. W." for the account of a similar interview in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.]

You ask me how I did it? whence inspired
This brain achieved that wonder of womanhood
Whose lips, her anarchist lover's cause at stake,
Inform the gendarmes, so to save his life,
And make my masterpiece the thing it is?
Why, then, 'twas just a story came my way,
Not *ben trovato* (how the language clings!)
But *vero*—chronicled fact, base ore i' th' rough
That craved the crucible's refining flames.
I live the hidden life, else you had heard
Just how it fixed my fancy, this same tale,
Far back i' th' wilds of Russia, steppes and such;
Brooded above my pillow, dazed my dreams
Like fumes of vodka, gripped my waking thoughts
So in a vice I could not throw it off.
Meanwhile the summons o' duty drew me home
Pledged to supply the imminent claims of Man;
And not alone the general human race,
Hungry to have of me the final word
On crucial phases, Christian and the like—
But the particular Man, the Island world
Nestling about the base of Greeba's towers,
Where I already moved, a thing apart,
Elect of Nature's predeterminate choice
To be the Manxman's guide against the hour
When Kings should moor their barques in Ramsay Bay!
Yet still in that loud boom o' th' market-place
And clamour o' Fame through which my hermit's mind
Went uncorrupted, I—I waited on,
Nursing the heavenly vision next my heart.
At length the way was clear; I knew at length
The instant call of Rome, and I obeyed.

And here's my audience kindly predisposed
Since all the world has read my book, you say?
Too flattering! Call it ninety-nine per cent.
But there's a difference, mark, 'twixt play and book,
Since *Roma* dies i' th' tale, and here she lives—
A stroke of genius, though I say the word,
And illustrates the higher use of art,
How it was made for man, not man for it.
You've seen the acting version (HEINEMANN)?
No? Yet the work's on sale i' th' intervals.
Yes, quite my own idea, not TREE's at all.

Ah! there's the *Serenata*! That's my brave
MASCAGNI! How the local colour stirs
The Roman in the restive bones of me,
Till Italy, my foster-motherland,
Throbs in my dancing veins! Once more I seem
To see the Eternal City painted red
(BÆDEKER's hue); once more I seem to hold
Her inmost secrets in my hollowed hand.
Nay, nay! I'd not divulge affairs of state,
Vatican complots, schemes o' th' Quirinal,
Concerns that touch the immediate heart of things,
Pantingly mix wi' th' moment's breathing life—
Nor let my little finger use a force
Might rudely compromise a Pope's career
For whom I entertain profound regard,
The fruit of intimate knowledge. These my actors
Are types that symbolise perennial truths,
And should retain, some thirty seasons hence,
Scarce less of import than they have to-night;
Though present principalities and powers
Meantime should drink the dust, and leave my play
Still running nicely. Hush! *La Donna* speaks! O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"FROM the rapt loneliness of her cradle, from her secret fountains where the red sundew glimmers and cotton grasses wave unseen, Dart comes wandering southward with a song." This is *The River* (METHUEN), by whose mighty stream runs, through sunshine and storm, the thread of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTT's last story. Since he refrained from giving up to clerical duty in an insurance office what was meant for mankind, the author of *The Human Boy* has been steadily making his way in Literature. *The River* places him in the front rank of living novelists. His descriptions of Dartmoor and Dart are unequalled since BLACKMORE ceased to paint them. The men and women, more especially the men, with whom he peoples the scenery, need fear no comparison with creations of the Master. *Nicolas Edgecombe*, a warrener by occupation, a simple-hearted, high-souled gentleman by every instinct, is one of the finest characters my Baronite has come upon in the fiction of the still young century. His neighbours and companions in the same humble walk of life have the shrewdness, simplicity and humour that mark the character of some of SHAKESPEARE's country louts. Attempting to comfort the warrener in sore distress, Mr. Chugg, the water bailiff, says:—"Us often has to look back over half a lifetime afore us can tell what Providence be up to. An' if us could always get the bird's-eye view—which in general we can't—us would always see Providence in the right of it." A comforting doctrine, worthy to be laid to heart.

The scene of *Anna of the Five Towns* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is laid in the Potteries. Of this hive of industrious humanity Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, who knows it *au fond*, gives a succession of striking pictures. The story is slight but admirably told. Old *Tellwright*, the miser, who has scraped together £50,000 and allots a sovereign a week for the household expenses of two daughters and himself, is a striking piece of portraiture. My Baronite is not drawn towards *Henry Mynors*. He is much too good for human nature's daily food. As *Anna* discovers before she unaccountably married him, he is tainted with touch of the Pharisee. *Anna* herself, a straightforward capable housewife, is another excellently drawn character. The only point wherein she is disappointing (save in marrying the Pharisee) is that she did not earlier deliver herself from the thralldom of her tyrannical and avaricious parent. They are all common people in the Five Towns, but they are all real flesh and blood, each profoundly interesting in his or her way.

It was a peculiarly happy thought on the part of Mr. OWEN SEAMAN to dedicate his amusing parodies, which having at various times appeared in Mr. *Punch's* pages (chiefly under the head of *The Book of Beauty*) are now republished in one volume entitled *Borrowed Plumes* (CONSTABLE), to "The Authors, many of them my friends" naively explains O. S. "whose methods I have here attempted to imitate." A soft dedication turneth away wrath, and the oil of geniality is soothingly preventive of possible irritability. But that the reader will not find herein aught set down in malice is assured, since it has received the *imprimatur* of Mr. *Punch*, which is the best guarantee for its wit, wisdom and good nature.

In digression, which is the better part of autobiography, lies the charm of Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE's *Bar, Stage, and Platform* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), as he shows himself a master of this particular art. A capital anecdote about the *Bar* recalls to his mind an equally good story about the *Stage* or the *Platform*. He has much that is amusing to say about Amateur Theatricals: and, going off at a tangent, he records a pleasant rejoinder of the PRINCE CONSORT to an objection raised by the Heralds' Office, concerning certain quarterings, which must have caused Rouge-Dragon and Co. to "sit up,"



Bernard Partridge.

"CASTING PEARLS—"

Marylebone Bumble (to Mr. Carnegie). "GO AWAY, MY GOOD FELLER! WE DON'T WANT NO BOOKS 'ERE!"

[*"Marylebone is not going to allow itself to be bribed, even by Mr. Carnegie, to encourage reading within its borders, and so it has declined that gentleman's offer of £30,000 for the provision of free libraries."*—*Westminster Gazette*, Oct. 1.]



and, as the Baron fancies, now appears in print for the first time. Mr. MERIVALE'S early days seem to have resembled in some particulars those of little *David Copperfield*, and here the narrative is humorously pathetic. He recounts not a few entertaining anecdotes of THACKERAY, and he gives just praise to DICKENS, but his memory plays him a trick when he quotes from *Pickwick*, and tells us how a certain incident recalled to him "the Pickwickian episode of *Prodgers* and the lantern." The "lantern" is all right (see pp. 175—78, vol. i., *Pickwick* Victoria Edition), but there is "no such a person" as "*Prodgers*" on in this particular scene, of which the hero in question is merely mentioned as "the scientific gentleman." Verification of quotation would have saved Mr. MERIVALE from this error. The author, it appears, has seen some strange sights in his time, as, for instance, "BILLY WARNER" (of Harrow), "who sold brandy balls in a very long red coat with very large brass buttons." At p. 276, where he is rattling off a story about himself and "two chums" at Monte Carlo, he concludes by telling us "we pocketed our gains, buttoned our breeches, and withdrew, as both joyfuller and wiser men." Had our author not been in such a hurry he might have added "pockets" to the "breeches," and then this passage in the narrative would have been unexceptionable. This book being, as the Baron has already testified, full of good things, is hereby strongly recommended by the Faculty, whose representative is

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE FINEST PLEASANTRY IN THE WORLD."

["... the Court was in an uproar from the moment the magistrates took their seats... Counsel for the Crown was rudely interrupted by the defendants... much to the delight of the crowd... After some particularly riotous scenes the police were called on to clear the court... One of the defendants was supplied with meat and bread in court."—*Globe*.]

Counsel for the Crown. The prisoners are charged—

A Defendant. Charged a dale too much for their accommodation. Oi'd loike a bit o' lunch to go on wid. Oi havn't aten a morsel since last time.

[*Loud cries of "Shame on the Polis for shtarvin' of um!" "Shtick up fer yer roights, avick!" "To h— wid the magistrates!"*]

Chairman of the Bench. If these observations are repeated, I shall clear the Court.

Second Defendant. Arrah thin, clear yer own muddy brain first!

Chairman (indignantly). Are these indecent interruptions to continue?

Third Defendant. 'Coorse they are.



C. L. SKAUP.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"I INTEND TO COME AND SEE YOUR WIFE THIS AFTERNOON. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SOONER."

"THANK 'EE KINDLY, MISS. IT 'LL BE LIKE A BOTTLE O' PHYSIC TO HER!"

First Defendant. Oi tell ye Oi'm shtarvin for me lunch. Oi'll take a sandwich and a shmall bottle o' porther.

[*Refreshment brought in by order of the magistrates. Defendants indulge in a sort of "free-and-easy" picnic in the solicitors' well, after which they light dirty clay pipes. Crowd bursts into loud cheers.*]

Counsel for the Crown (resuming). As I was saying, the Defendants are charged with intimidation in this neighbourhood, and so complete has been their system that up to the present moment

none of our witnesses have dared to venture near the precincts of the Court. We have, however, now endeavoured to get them here by the aid of the Police and a small covered van. If we succeed in this—

First Defendant. Ye will not. What-iverdecision these fat-headed magistrates give, we shan't obey ut. Even if they acquitted us, we wouldn't walk out o' the Court! Ould Oireland for iver!

[*Vociferous cheering, in the midst of which the Court was cleared, and the magistrates, under police protection, left for home.*]

ARCTIC ADVANTAGES.

You may drown, you may starve, you may freeze,
Your raiment the Eskimo haply may steal of you;
Your limbs may drop off by degrees,
Or a stray Polar bear may perhaps make a meal of you.

You may feed upon blubber, or dogs,
Your ships may be scrunched by an iceberg to splinters;
You may grope in the region of fogs,
Oppressed by the gloom of perpetual winters.

Yet thither should invalids fare
(Say experts), if Heaven has blessed them with gumption;
For one thing is certain, that there,
Whatever else ails you, you won't have consumption.

"A VERY EXCELLENT PIECE OF VILLONY."

Tit. And., Act II., Scene 3.

NOT since he "came out complete in two parts" (like a short story) in *The Prisoner of Zenda* at the St. James's has Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER been so perfectly fitted with a character as he is with this of *François Villon* in Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY'S successful Romantic Play, entitled *If I were King*. How this line must recall to Offenbachians the "*Si j'étais Roi de Béotie, J'aurai des sujets et des soldats!*" But this by the way, and *François Villon*, King of France for a week, having soldiers and subjects galore, makes the best use of the former and obtains the goodwill of the latter. King LOUIS THE ELEVENTH has a mysterious dream, which none can interpret for him satisfactorily, wherein he has seen "a star," doing something,—I could not catch what it was,—and naturally enough (at the St. James's at least) he beholds in Mr. ALEXANDER, as *Villon*, the bright particular Theatrical Star, realising to the full his otherwise inexplicable vision.

Now, when this "*Villon* of the piece"—a double-dye'd *Villon*, unkempt and ragged as he appears in the first act, and about as disreputable as villains are made—that is, according to his own account of himself in this play, and in ROBERT STEVENSON'S *A Lodging for the Night*—when this same *Villon* is washed, shaved, combed, groomed, and put into "gorgeous array," then begins a brief fantastic career to which that of *Ruy Blas*, the Lacquey, is a matter of curiously slight importance.

ALEXANDER may have other worlds (dramatic) to conquer, but so far as a gay and gallant hero of genuine romantic melodrama can have it all to himself he stands alone, triumphant. Fortunate is he too in his *prima donna*, whose name, Miss JULIE OPP, as representing a charming "ladye of high degree," is so suggestive, to any Cantab, of the list whereon he himself may have figured as a "Junior Op." Miss OPP is *Katharine de Vaucelles*, a beautiful lady-in-waiting, and, "as everything comes to one who waits," into her arms tumbles *François Villon*, poet, politician, patriot, field marshal, conquering hero, and in fact any number of single gentlemen rolled into one. For dignity and sweetness commend me to Miss OPP as *Katharine*, the proud and loving; but for simulation of scorn and exhibition of violent temper commend me not to JULIE OPP. Impersonating the heroine she falls short of her own high standard, as, by the way, do all persons who give way to over-mastering fury, and so perhaps she may be artistically right after all.

But 'tis with Miss SUZANNE SHELDON, as the boy-coated *Huguette du Hamel*, that the audience sympathise. Hers is a part most important in the drama, a part that "grows upon you," a part that from the first rouses curiosity; for, as *Huguette* madly loves *François*, and as *François* has a soft corner in his heart for her, if he and *Katharine* are to

be united at the last, and everybody to be made happy; as everybody should be in all well regulated romances, then 'tis clear that the weaker vessel, yept *Huguette*, must go to the wall. So, opportunely, she, rushing in between *Thibaut* (Mr. LYALL SWETE) and the object of his vengeance, receives the stroke of the assassin's dagger, and becomes, *par excellence*, the heroine of the play. True that *Kate* offers her life to save *François*, but in doing so she is only imitating the example of the dauntless and devoted *Huguette*, who has died to save the man she loves. It is the author who is her assassin, and in making her a martyr, he, having no resource at his command, sacrifices to her all the interest that his other heroine has already, temporarily, aroused. *Huguette* becomes, undoubtedly, the heroine of the piece, though this was never the author's intention. It is this repetition of motive, this poverty of resource, that constitutes the weak point of the drama, and renders the last scene of all so comparatively uninteresting.

It is magnificently placed on the stage, the scenic artists, Messrs. HANN and TELBIN, having given us of their best (as indeed have all concerned in the production), and that it is thoroughly well acted throughout, effectively stage-managed by Mr. REYNOLDS, and fitted with appropriate music by Mr. ROBINS, goes without saying. And that it has come to stay for some time is a fair certainty.

"ONCE ON BOARD THE CUTTER—"

"As you're a bad sailor I won't ask you to come for a cruise, old man," said my yachting friend BACKSTAY, "but just run down to Ryde from Saturday to Monday. I promise not even to get under way, and you'll like the life on board."

I went. I *did* like the life on board—there was a dead calm—feeding and cooking were excellent, the champagne superb.

Dear old BACKSTAY!

Next morning he came into my cabin and said, "Tumble out, old man, and we'll go overboard."

That appeared to me rather a drastic method of taking one's morning bath. I explained this to BACKSTAY, and he laughed and told the Steward to bring me one of those horrible rubber arrangements to tub in. I tried twice to get into it, and finally rolled the whole affair (and myself) over on the cabin floor, entirely spoiling the carpet.

Breakfast over, BACKSTAY suddenly suffered from an inspiration.

"We'll have the cutter out and sail down to Cowes," he said.

So we scrambled over the side into a cockle-shell with a sail in it. I was about to sit beside BACKSTAY in the stern portion, when he said:

"No, old man, I want you more forrard—there"—indicating a bare-board seat, which I found most unsympathetic—"that trims the boat better, and you can get hold of the sheets when I tell you."

I murmured that I didn't want any sheets—a thick blanket, folded over several times, would have seemed much more attractive.

BACKSTAY sat in the stern with the string—I mean ropes—all round about him: a hopeless-looking tangle. The sail went flap! bang! and then suddenly the long stick—boom, I think it is called—came flying over, hitting me unpleasantly hard on the right ear, and hurling my cap into the sea. Of course I had to go bareheaded all the rest of the morning.

Suddenly we heeled over at a frightful angle, and I slid right down to the side. Clutching a rope, I just saved myself from a watery grave.

"Is this—er—is this quite safe, do you think?" I asked nervously.

"Perfectly," answered my host, never taking his eye off the mast, which seemed to me to bend in the most extraordinary way. "Do you think our stick is buckling?" he asked; "it's a new one I'm trying. Hope it won't go."

I would have given much to have been able to "go" myself—ashore for choice—especially as the wind was decidedly freshening, and every now and then a small wave jumped suddenly into the boat.

BACKSTAY laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Sit right down in the bottom of the boat, old man. It'll trim her better," he said.

I didn't know what he meant by "trimming," but I looked fearfully at the four or five inches of water swashing about, and then at my best blue serge trousers. However, there was no help for it, and down I sat, giving a little gasp as the cold water first reached me.

A strong breeze suddenly sprang upon us.

"Now we'll go about!" cried BACKSTAY, putting his helm hard up. "Leggo! now haul in your lee sheet—no, no! not that! Haul in your—oh here! catch hold of the tiller, and let me come. Luff!—Luff!" he almost screamed.

Now what would any man—I mean any ordinary business man, as opposed to these buccaneering, "yachtclubby" seafarers—do, under such circumstances? I tried my best—I caught hold of every rope I could see and frantically pulled them all—and even *that* seemed wrong! And when, to crown it all, he told me to take the tiller, and talked that ridiculous nonsense about "luffing," I really felt offended. He ought to have known that that kind of jargon would not appeal to me in the least.

We turned round—tacked, I mean—somehow, but a lot more water came on board and I got the full benefit of it, both in my face when it arrived, and afterwards whilst sitting in it. And then BACKSTAY—who sat dry, *par parenthèse*—exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Isn't this ripping?"

"Dripping, you mean," I replied rather acidly. "When shall we return to the yacht?"

"Oh, plenty of time. We can beat back in an hour."

I don't know what he meant by beating. All I can say is that we never reached the yacht for three mortal hours, and I was starving. That unpleasant experience cost me a new serge suit, an attack of mingled lumbago, rheumatism, and sciatica, and a brand-new yachting cap.

D—ear old BACKSTAY!



THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Recruit. "LOOK 'ERE, MISTER, IT AIN'T NO GOOD. THIS SADDLE WON'T GO ON THIS 'ERE 'ORSE. I GOT IT OVER 'IS 'EAD ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAN'T GET 'IS LEGS THROUGH NOHOW!"

MOTOR QUESTIONS.

WHAT rushes through the crowded street
With whirring noise and throbbing beat,
Exhaling odours far from sweet?

The motor-car.

Whose wheels o'er greasy asphalte skim,
Exacting toll of life and limb,
(What is a corpse or so to him)?

The motorist's.

Who flies before the oily gust
Wafted his way through whirling dust,
And hopes the beastly thing will bust?

The pedestrian.

Who thinks that it is scarcely fair
To have to pay for road repair
While sudden death lies lurking there?

The ratepayer.

Who as the car goes whizzing past
At such law-breaking stands aghast,
(For forty miles an hour is fast)?

The policeman?

Who hears the case with bland surprise,
And over human frailty sighs,
The while he reads between the lies?

The magistrate.

HIPPODROMAQUATIC.

A WONDERFUL Show at the London Hippodrome. *Phroso* is as much a puzzle for those interested in mechanism as must have been the Monster to the visiting friends of



Jose, the Mysterious Parliamentary Mechanical Figure.

Frankenstein. Odd! But the first moment *Phroso* appeared his face and manner seemed quite familiar to me. The eyeglass was wanting, but the absence of the orchid was fully atoned for by the general orchidness of *Phroso's* movements. In this sketch the figure is eyeglass'd and button-holed *de rigueur*. It is a pity this "Mysterious Mechanical Doll" does not appear in a comic scene of dialogue with some one in Lieutenant COLE's line. *Phroso* is taken too seriously: he is not yet quite accustomed to London society, and his manners are altogether too stiff, though now and again he unbends, on which occasions he reminds us of the strange case of Mr. *Smallweed*, who, after a fit of anger, had to be pummelled and straightened out before he could resume the conversation; and so it is with *Phroso*, who, being a perfectly irresponsible party (and so far the resemblance to Jose ceases), has to be closely watched by his exhibitor lest he should inadvertently tumble off the platform, or take some such serious false step as would damage his springs for life. *Absit omen!*

But *Phroso* is only one among the many attractions in the sort of perpetual-emotional entertainment at the Hippodrome. There are the three fascinating Sisters KLOS in their "Unrivalled Gymnastic Exercises," sometimes far apart, sometimes KLOS together; and there is M. SCHAFFER the juggler who, to his own cheek, or rather on his own unaided chin, walks about balancing a sentry-box with a sentry in it; finally giving a marvellous exhibition of Sentry-fugal force by chucking away the box with a jerk of his head and sending the soldier flying, quite appropriately, between "the wings."

Pretty pigeons play with Mlle. ELLA BRADNA, and the "Statue Dog" belonging to MISS CHESTER, the sportswoman in white, would delight the heart of any artist by its immobility as a setter. This tableau is recommended to the attention of Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A. These are a few of the shows, eighteen in number, which are dealt out, not in sequence, but apparently according to the exigencies of the moment, so that No. 9 may perhaps follow closely on the heels of No. 2, and No. 4 may appear immediately after No. 8. Thus the entertainment is full of surprises. But the surprise of all is the New Hippodromatic sensation, written by ALICIA RAMSAY and RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA, with music by CARL KIEFFERT, and admirably stage-managed by Mr. FRANK PARKER. Deeds of daring, not words. *Parker verba*: "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."

This Hippo-melo-drama is a lesson to all melodramatists. Observe! a drama, well plotted, spiritedly acted, with such a sensation scene in it as could not be attempted elsewhere, is given to a delighted and excited audience (crowded from floor to ceiling) and lasts scarcely twenty minutes! The scene is "set" before the very eyes of the audience, the

"carpenters" rising to the exceptional occasion, as does also the water which bubbles up from the vasty deep, and is, it may be hoped, at least lukewarm, since the entire *dramatis personæ*, ladies and all, including the female villain *Ravanola* (capitally played by Miss MADGE GIRDLESTONE, who might be a twin sister of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH), have to take headers, and with the horses, plunging in off the bridge, they have, every one of them, to swim for dear life to the subaquarian stables and bathing-machine-dressing-rooms. The whole company gets on swimmingly: everyone striking out his (or her) own line for himself, thus following the noble example of the self-sacrificing authors, who must have struck out their own lines (by handfuls) in order to bring the drama within the necessary limit of time and tide. With pistols banging, guns shooting, dynamite exploding, a Lodore-like mountain torrent rushing down, and from under the earth springs welling up, it is a Fire-and-Water drama which is drawing, as it deserves to draw, all London. Manager Moss was not in the house, or he would have acknowledged the plaudits *more rotundo*. If there be parched lips among the excited audience, there is not a dry skin among the energetic actors, on whom the Order of the Bath is nightly and daily conferred. It is a performance that goes swimmingly.

THE LOST ART.

Ah! the art of conversation—has it fled

With the dead?

Is there no one to appreciate the *mot*

Or to wait with eager eyes

For the wisdom of the wise?

I am driven to surmise

It is so.

For the people of the present never stop

Talking shop;

They have idiotic hobbies which they run,

And they gabble o'er the port

Of their everlasting sport—

Monomaniacs, in short,

Everyone.

Hear the cyclists talking gradients and hills,

Brakes and spills,

Hear them adding on the mileage, till one feels,

As one listens to the sound

With a misery profound,

That one's brain is whirling round

Like their wheels.

Then the chatter of the fishers—how it slips

From their lips!

Rod and tackle, flies and salmon—till you wish

You could drown them in the sea

Or consign them to the Dee,

Where they really ought to be

With their fish.

Nor can golfers boast of any better wit—

Not a bit!

With their bunkers and their caddies and their greens,

And approaches that have rolled,

And the halves that they have holed—

Little tales that should be told

The Marines.

Yes, the art of conversation must have fled

With the dead;

Not a single soul will listen when I start

To converse upon a line

Which is singularly fine

And peculiarly mine—

Ancient Art.

UNDER M.V.C. RULES.

["A new game called Vigoro has been invented, which combines the characteristics of cricket and lawn-tennis. A trial match has been arranged at Lord's, in which many county players are to take part, and Lord HAWKE has announced his intention of introducing it into New Zealand during his forthcoming tour. It can be played all the year round, and, as the ball used is of soft india-rubber, equally well by both sexes. Batmen, bowlers, and fieldsmen are all armed with racquets."—*Daily Paper.*]

From the "Sporting Man" of Dec. 5, 1910.

.... "And so ended the first of the five Test matches. We hold no brief for England, but we feel that it cannot be denied that the better side won. Except for an hour on the first day, when Miss SMITH and Miss ROBINSON were at the wickets, the New Zealanders were completely outplayed. And this, in spite of the fact that the luck went dead against the home team from the outset, for with MACLAREN unable to turn out, and Miss JONES suffering from acute neuralgia, England was by no means at its full strength. Again, during the majority of the three days snow fell heavily, and it is common knowledge that Lockwood is never at his best on a snowy wicket. Indeed, we seriously question the wisdom of the selection committee in playing him. On his day, it is true, Lockwood is the finest bowler in England. The peculiar twist of his racquet which invariably precedes an off-break is a secret which he shares with no other fast bowler. But since it was obvious from the outset that there would be snow, we think the committee should have given the place to Miss BROWN, who rarely fails to do well on any wicket, and is known to have a partiality for the Lord's ground. However, England won. That is the main point, and a victory so decisive will be the most fitting answer to the pessimistic letters which have appeared repeatedly of late in the columns of the Press. Our players may have their off-seasons, but, in view of this victory, it cannot be said with any semblance of reason that English Vigoro is degenerating. The first of the Test-matches has added immensely to the prestige of English Vigoro.

In fielding we still have much to learn from our visitors. The performance of the New Zealanders in England's first innings, and indeed throughout the match, was a treat to behold. Anything finer than the catch by which Miss SLOGGINSON dismissed GILBERT JESSOP it has never been our lot to witness. At first sight the hit appeared perfectly safe. The ball had all the well-known force of Mr. JESSOP's racquet behind it, and, as so often happens with soft india-rubber balls, was swerving nastily. Miss SLOGGINSON, however, though fully thirty yards away, and up



Mabel (soliloquising). "DEAR ME, THIS RELAXING CLIMATE MAKES EVEN ONE'S PARASOL SEEM TOO HEAVY TO HOLD!"

to her waist in a deep drift, nevertheless contrived to extricate herself and arrest the ball on her racquet just as it was about to clear the ropes. A wonderful effort, which brought down the house, together with a small avalanche from the roof of the pavilion.

HIRST and RHODES both appeared a little stale. Playing since January without a break has had its effect on the two Yorkshire cracks, though their deliveries never looked easy. By a curious coincidence each secured his thousandth wicket this season in his first over.

In conclusion we have to thank the committee of the M.V.C. and Ground for their treatment of the Press representatives. The new stoves in the Press Box are an excellent innovation. We

wish we could express equal praise for certain of the other arrangements in force at Lord's. The growing habit of stopping the game at five o'clock for a hot potatoes interval is the curse of modern Vigoro. It annoys the spectators, and is quite unnecessary.

UNDER the head of "Varieties" the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* makes the following statement:

"Temperance has been promoted in the *fer de lance*, the most deadly snake in the world."

Light, however, is thrown on this dark saying by a subsequent paragraph to this effect:

"The recent eruption has rid Martinique of the French Army by controlling the canteen and substituting coffee, tea, and cocoa for intoxicating drinks."



Customer. "I THINK YOU SHOULD BEGIN TO CHARGE ME HALF PRICE, SHEARS, THERE'S SO LITTLE TO CUT NOW."

Shears. "OTHER WAY ON, SIR, I FANCY. WE OUGHT TO CHARGE DOUBLE. LOOK AT THE TROUBLE I HAVE TO FIND IT!"

THE SCHOLAR GIPSIES; OR, WILD LIFE AT OXFORD.

AN "AMERICAN MOTHER," shocked by the dinginess and dirt of an undergraduate's room at Oxford which she visited in the "Long," asks in the *Times*, "Ought I to subject a lad, after four years of student life at Harvard, in rooms hung with fresh yet inexpensive paper, carpeted with soft-toned rugs, furnished with perfect simplicity, but with regard to comfort and cleanliness, to the squalor of such rooms as I was shown?" Criticism has also been passed on the absence of bath-rooms in the

Oxford Colleges. From the mass of correspondence provoked by these protests we select the following letters:—

O. B. writes:—What can the American lady expect if she selects her University so unintelligently? Such is the cleanliness of the rooms at Cambridge that men are in the habit of taking their meals off the floor. On his last visit to his old college Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT compared it to a new pin. It is surely notorious that both Universities once sported the same colours, but that owing to its objection to soap and water Oxford's ribbon became dark?

S. HOPE writes from the Bodleian:—The American Mother should try again, nearer the Historic building. Cleanliness is next to Bodleyness.

The President of the O. U. B. C. writes:—If the Harvard man comes to Oxford I can guarantee that he will be "tubbed" regularly every afternoon.

Mr. ARNOLD WHITE writes:—In our University education we have much to learn from the great free Republic of the West. At Oxford our young barbarians are the slaves of a vicious and obsolete system of enervating classicism. At Harvard every student's room is a "Liberty" Hall.

The American lady's son writes:—I want to point out that the whole thing is a mistake. The Mater doesn't understand. The fact is I was bored to death at Harvard by art-pots and mantel borders, antimacassars and portières, and the kind of things that she likes. I don't want any more of it, and I hope the Oxford people aren't going to get WARING and GILLOW and MAPLE down on my account. To be able to spill cigarette ash about comfortably is my ideal.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford writes:—We have taken the letter of the American Mother so much to heart that it has been decided to examine also in *literæ mundiiores*, and to give a degree H. E. (Harvard's Equal) to the undergraduate with the cleanest person and rooms. The *vivâ voce* will include such questions as:—

Good morning, have you etc.?

Detail the reasons why a certain article won't wash clothes.

Explain why a woman looks old sooner than a man.

Complete the chain between *saxon* and *savant*.

Why did the person in the famous story very imprudently marry the barber?

Account for the dying GOETHE's plea for more Sunlight.

NATURE STUDY.—*The Stormy Petrol*, a beast of prey originally met with in the Surrey jungle, whence it has spread rapidly over the face of the country. Of a fierce, vindictive disposition, much given to the demolition of old ladies and stray cattle. Very little is known of it beyond its pungent odour, by which it may be traced for many miles.

In the French military term for "company firing"—*feu de peloton*—it seems that some explanation is to be found for M. PELLETAN'S "blazing indiscretion" at a recent dinner. He must have been fired by the company.



THE CUNARD SAVVAGE.

THE SALT THAT FAILED.





Jack. "WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THESE COUNTRY PLACES IS THAT EVERYTHING IS SO PRIMITIVE. THE GOOD WOMAN HERE TOLD ME THAT SHE GOT THE WATER FOR OUR TEA OUT OF THE WELL."



Chuckle-headed farm labourer (thinking to interest the "quality"). "OI'VE JUST BEEN A-FISHIN' ABOUT IN OUR WELL, AND LOOK WOT I FOUND!"

CHARIVARIA.

We are glad to hear that the Korean EMPEROR, who recently died, is now quite well.

The Tobacco War has entered on a new phase. The American and British Companies have now combined to attack the consumer.

This year's Lord Mayor's Show should be a noble pageant, for SIR MARCUS SAMUEL is a Spectacle Maker.

As though times were not already bad enough for artists, MR. RUDYARD KIPING has now taken to illustrating his own books. The artists are up in arms about it, and it is reported that, by way of retaliation, several intend to take lessons in spelling with a view to writing the text for their own drawings in the future.

Captain WELLS has had the effrontery to refuse to obey the orders of the *Daily Mail* and resign. Onlookers are holding their breath and wondering what will happen.

The Captain, it is said, will insist on a Chief Officer for the City being

appointed, who must be a naval man. Others hold that it is more important that such officer should be used to fire than water. A naval officer who has been under fire would, we should say, be the ideal.

Realism has never been carried quite so far at Drury Lane as in the present drama. One day last week a British shell that was intended to demolish a Boer hut burst prematurely and injured five Englishmen, and the War Office is said to have registered a protest against actual incidents of the War being reproduced.

The fact that no photograph of Miss EDNA MAY has been published in the ——— since last week is, we learn, due to a misunderstanding in the editorial department. Steps have been taken to rectify the error, and it is understood that several of Miss MAY's portraits will appear as usual in all subsequent numbers.

Despite the close secrecy that was preserved on the subject, information leaked out, before the opening night, to the effect that the author of *The Eternal City* (MR. TREE's new production) is MR. HALL CAINE. This gentleman (who lives a retired life in the Isle of Man) is said to have written several books.

THE WORLD'S LOSS.

I FEEL that I was formed to sweep
The heart-strings of the human race—
Nay, more—my power could overleap
The utmost bounds of time and space:
The fires of inspiration play
About my frame from head to heel;
I feel—well, I can hardly say
Exactly how it is I feel.

Can one suppose no man was meant
To strike a nobler, loftier note
Than that which left the world content
When SHAKESPEARE, or when MILTON
wrote?
Banish the thought! The nations cry
For such an one, if such there be;
Nor shall they cry in vain, for I
Am confident that I am he.

Yet just at present, I confess,
I cannot grant my fellow-men
Hope of immediate happiness
From any effort of my pen—
Upon its point the quivering ink
Hangs impotent in weary doubt,
Because I simply cannot think
Of anything to write about.

"WHY SHOULD LONDON WAIT?"

13 ACRES of good Fog to Let up to Christmas.
Apply ———
North Eastern Daily Gazette.

A "VERY-NEARLY" STORY.

(Not at all by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

ONCE upon a time—not very long ago—an Eminent Writer met a Modern Child.

"Approach, Best-Beloved," said the Eminent Writer, "come hither, oh 'scruciating idle and pachydermatous phenomenon, and I will tell you a 'trancing tale!"

The Modern Child regarded him with mild curiosity. "Feeling a bit chippy?" he asked, "slight break in the brain-box? Or why do you talk like that?—No, can't stop now, I'm sorry to say."

"But you must, Best-Beloved! You've got to, oh, 'satisfiable Chimpanzee! Can't you see that I'm an Eminent Writer, talking in this way on purpose to please you? And you don't even know how the RUDDIKIP got His Great Big Side! Do stop and listen!"

"Oh, anything you like," said the Modern Child, sitting down wearily. "Let me light a cigarette. Now, drive ahead!"

"Down at the back of beginning, oh extremely Precious, there was a little RUDDIKIP. And he was the most 'defatigable creature that anyone ever knew. There never was a creature so specially and 'scusably 'defatigable. And first he grew several Tails, which the 'defatigable RUDDIKIP said were Plain, but all the other creatures said were highly-coloured, and very fine indeed. Then he made many other inventions in the day's work, and sang songs too, and everybody agreed that there never was such a 'defatigable RUDDIKIP, and his little side began to grow—'cause he couldn't help it. 'Cept when he tried a Light that Failed; then he got a hump instead. So, Best-Beloved, the 'defatigable RUDDIKIP pleased all the big people and creatures, and they all shouted out 'Hurrah! Well-done!' just as loud as ever they could shout. Then he said:

"I have pleased the big people; it behoves me to do something for the rising generation of muddled oafs"—which was the way the RUDDIKIP talked after his Side was grown big. So next he said a pretty piece about a most 'strordinary SPORKY & Co., but the young muddled oafs only said, 'Pah! Bah! Pooh!'—which hurt the feelings of the RUDDIKIP. 'Sons of the Spuming Spring-tide!' he snorted (and no one knew what was meant) 'I will now turn to the Small Children, and I shall address them in decapitated polysyllables.'

"Wherefore and 'cordingly, oh Best-Beloved, the most-and-altogether-beyond-record-'defatigable RUDDIKIP took his little pen, and he wrote. Then they took the writing of the 'defatigable

RUDDIKIP, and put it in beautiful, big black print. For they knew, oh Approximately Invaluable, that this is the kind of talk you like, and that you would thank the RUDDIKIP ever so much for tales written just in this way!"

"Chuck it!" said the Modern Child, as he rose and fled.

THE NEWEST MODEL.

"Quem Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat."

ARMY ORDER. VERY SPECIAL.

War Office, All Fools' Day, 1903.

PAST endeavours to attract recruits of the desired quality and in the numbers hoped for having lamentably failed, the following revised regulations for the conciliation of the private soldier are now issued for the guidance of all concerned.

1. The period of drill shall not exceed thirty minutes *per diem*, to be fixed at such time of day as shall be most convenient to the majority of privates interested.

2. No private having engagements of his own at the time fixed for any drill—all arrangements in accordance with Clause I. of these Regulations notwithstanding—shall be required to attend at such drill.

3. Any private in whose opinion it is likely to rain, hail, or snow during the period fixed for any drill shall be excused from attending on his stating such opinion to the officer or non-commissioned officer in command.

4. Any private who may consider himself aggrieved or insulted by the behaviour towards him of the officer or non-commissioned officer in charge of the drill, may fall out.

5. Any private who is bored by drill may fall out.

6. Privates proceeding to the ranges for the purpose of musketry training shall be conveyed thither—otherwise than by railway—in breaks provided at the expense of the officer in charge of the party, who shall also be required to furnish at his own expense the requisite cornets-a-piston, flags, and beer.

7. Any private finding it inconvenient to himself to attend musketry training shall be excused therefrom. Should he fail in becoming efficient in musketry for any year, his company commander will be severely punished.

8. Every private shall be allotted a separate bed and sitting-room in barracks to himself on joining, to be furnished according to his tastes, but at the public expense. He shall also be allotted a valet to himself, and a housemaid and commissioner shall be provided for each group of privates at the public expense.

9. Every private shall be provided with a latch-key into barracks on join-

ing. Should he consider it undesirable to return to barracks for any night, he may put up at the best hotel in the town where his regiment is quartered, his bill for supper, bed, and breakfast, but not for luncheon, to be charged to the commanding officer of his regiment.

10. All privates shall be *ex officio* honorary members of the officers' mess. Meals taken there shall be defrayed at the public expense, but light refreshments, cigars, &c., shall be charged to the commanding officer of the regiment.

11. In order to promote good feeling between all ranks of the service, company commanders, or, in the event of their becoming insolvent, their subalterns, shall be required to furnish each private of their respective companies with such pocket monies as he shall see fit.

12. Every private who may be dissatisfied with any of the provisions of this order, or the manner of their being acted on by his officers, may send in a confidential report (A.F. X.X.X. 1001) to the Secretary of State for War, who will at once attend to it.

It is desired to impress on commanding officers and their subordinates how important the survival of the private is to the well-being of the Army, and of those answerable for him to the nation. The degrading and detrimental habit hitherto prevalent of treating him as though he were merely a senior public-schoolboy or University undergraduate, and not innately endowed with an intelligence considerably beyond his years, must therefore no longer be tolerated. Commanding officers and others, while in no wise abating their zeal for the smartness and efficiency of the British Army, must not allow such zeal, by over-ruling any of their men's most cherished ideals, to endanger the maintenance on paper of a sufficient number of private soldiers to preserve the peace of the tax-payer.

(Signed) BR-DK-CK.

Secretary of State for War AND
Commander-in-Chief.

THE *Daily Mail* of October 3, in its notice of the new play at His Majesty's, speaks of "Mr. TELBIN's palace, with St. Peter's in the background, and Mr. HARKER's studio, with the Coliseum seen through the wide window." The courtesy of these two gentlemen in lending their respective properties for the purposes of reproduction cannot be too much commended.

SUGGESTION.—Offer a prize for the best verses on tobacco in the form of cigars, cigarettes, or varieties for pipe-smoking. Let the successful competitor receive the degree of "Bacca-Laureat."



FOR KAISER AND FATHERLAND.

[“The German Emperor, in an overflow of high spirits, recently compelled the admirals and officers present on the Imperial Yacht to go through a series of gymnastic exercises. As some of them were rather inclined to be portly, it was a piquant spectacle.”—*Daily Paper*.]



THE EFFECT OF THE "PANAMA" CRAZE ON THE
"STOVE-PIPE" HAT.

DUKE, A DRAY-HORSE.

ONLY a horse! But who can well decide
How much was lost when *Duke*, the dray-horse, died?
Mildness inborn and honesty untaught,
Majestic patience and sagacious thought,
Faith that endured and love that knew no end—
Such was old *Duke*, our huge and dappled friend.
Oft have I seen him pacing on his way,
Single, or paired with *Paladin*, the bay,
Now on the level, calm and debonair,
His shaggy forelock tossing in the air,
Now, his neck stretched, his breathing quick and deep,
With pointed forehoofs clawing up the steep,
Till, when the top was won, he'd pause and seem
A mammoth spectre in a cloud of steam.
The little children marked with wondering eyes
His swelling muscles, his gigantic size,
Forsook their sports to flock about his knees,
And pat and smooth him while he stood at ease.
Then *Duke*, refreshed and resolute and gay,
Leaned to his work once more and drew the dray.
How firm his footfalls, while the noisy load
Came rumbling after, struck the echoing road!
How, without effort, mightily he moved,
Joyous and proud and grand and unreprieved;
For all he knew of whips was this in brief:—
They sometimes cracked and sometimes flicked a leaf.
Let others flinch—he could not be afraid
On whose broad back no lash was ever laid.
And when at eve within his stall he stood,
Massive but tired, and munched his simple food,
His body cool, his legs washed down and dried,
His honest forehead in his headstall tied,
While on the air the rhythmic sound was borne
Of steady teeth all grinding at the corn—

If, on his rounds, his well-loved driver came,
Patted his flank and softly called his name,
Straight, making room, he shifted on his bed,
And pricked his ears and lifted up his head,
And, strong in love as in his gesture meek,
Laid his soft nose against the man's rough cheek.
Still, when the slow withdrawing step was heard,
He looked and mutely asked another word;
Then the sound faded and the horse was fain
With one deep sigh to turn and munch again.

Next to this friend, throughout his hours of rest
One little comrade always pleased him best,
A stunted cat, a cat so inky-black
She seemed a blot upon his good grey back,
Where oft in meditation rapt she lay,
Kneading his skin, and purred the time away.
Nor did she fail to bring her kittens all
For *Duke's* approval to the straw-laid stall:
Kind in her purpose, in her method rough,
She seized her vocal offspring by the scruff,
And laid them one by one, an offering meet,
In anxious triumph at her playmate's feet,
Who looked and snuffed and wondered what they were,
And gazed again, but never hurt a hair.

True to the end and staunch, whate'er befell,
Farewell, strong body, gentle heart farewell!
Service and zeal and kindness and sense—
You gave them all, nor craved a recompense;
But, proud to own and quick to understand
The trifling tribute of a flattering hand,
Toiled at your task with undivided mind,
Grateful for this:—if only men were kind.
So if I let my pleasant fancies stray
Beyond the limit of your earthly day,
Grand as in life, old friend, I see you stand
Cropping sweet clover in a happy land,
Where no hills tire, no granite gives you pain,
But grass grows deep and all is level plain,
With spreading trees to make a green retreat,
And rippling streams to cool your unshod feet;
And not a fly, howe'er the heat increase,
To move your tail or mar your perfect peace. R. C. L.

THEY were talking of a friend whose University career
had not been a distinguished success.

"I saw him the other day," observed first Clubman to
t'other, "and he looked very much aged. As a novelist
would put it, 'his brow was furrowed.'"

"Ah!" observed his companion, "that must have been
the effect of his last examination when he was 'ploughed.'"

Big Game.

["*Pesth.* (This is a place, not an apposite remark.)—On the estate of
Count ZICHY in Weissenburg a battue on a large scale came off recently in
honour of the Grand Duke NIKOLAUS CONSTANTINOVICH. During the
battue the Grand Duke shot five beaters, while Count ZICHY brought
down four."—*Kölnische Zeitung.*]

THE English sportsman takes his aim
Intent to grass the winged pheasant;
The foreigner thinks all is game:
He drops an h and grounds a peasant.

DEGREES OF LATITUDE ON THE ATLANTIC.—It has been
suggested that the Roman Canonical Law discouraging the
marriage of First Cousins should be applied to Morganatic
Combines. Our American Cousins would then be more
restricted in their opportunities for obtaining "lines."

CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX.

As a place of extreme quiet—not to say sleepiness—it would be difficult to beat Caudebec-en-Caux. It is not so quiet as it was twenty years ago, when the nearest railway station was seven miles away, and at times it is really bustling if two motor cars arrive at once; but on the whole it is still unlike Paris, or London, or places of that sort.

It is not entirely cut off from the world. There is the steamer on the Seine, between Rouen and Havre, and there is the little train on the branch line which will bring you slowly from the junction for Paris. This train goes to and fro four times a day, as the younger waiter of the hotel informs me with some pride. He is a Caudebecois, who has never been further than Rouen. "Mais," says he, in a tone of apology and regret, "*ce n'est pas comme Yvetot. Là il y a huit ou dix trains par jour.*" Yvetot is a small station on the main line from Paris to Havre, and appears to him to be an important junction for European traffic, a sort of Frankfort, or Munich, or Basle.

The rambling inn at Caudebec is clean. As usual in French provincial hotels, *le patron* does very little all day. At times he drives out in a cart. At other times he chats with his acquaintances in the café on the ground floor. But his chief work is to take off his cap to visitors, raising it a little to those on bicycles, and removing it entirely to those in motor cars, being equally polite, however, to all. *La patronne* does everything else. She welcomes the coming, and speeds the parting, guest, directs the waiters, answers the telephone, keeps the accounts, writes out the bills, looks after the café, and manages the kitchen, where she makes omelettes which are superb.

Except fishing, there is not much for the people of Caudebec to do. However, like all their countrymen, they wish for nothing better than to stand on the quay with a rod and line, just as other Frenchmen do in Paris, and Rouen, and everywhere. That they usually catch nothing does not seem to diminish their enjoyment at all. They will stand under an umbrella in pouring rain, still catching nothing. Others, less fortunate, will stand also in pouring rain, enviously watching them catching nothing. One day I saw a patient angler catch a fish six inches long. He admitted that he had been fishing for half-an-hour. It is only fair to state that it had not rained—at least, not heavily—during that time. To encourage him I remarked that he had the advantage of being in the fresh air. "Et puis," said he, "il y a le poisson."



Mr. Pipsqueak (more proficient with the "long-bow" than the shot-gun). "YESTERDAY I BROUGHT HOME SEVEN BRACE. NOT BAD, YER KNOW. FIRED ONLY FIFTEEN CARTRIDGES. TO-DAY HAVEN'T GOT A SINGLE BIRD. NONE TO BE SEEN."

Horrid Boy. "'COURSE NOT. IT'S EARLY CLOSING DAY AND ALL THE SHOPS ARE SHUT UP!"

[Mr. Pipsqueak wishes "horrid boys" were shut up also.]

That is about the last epithet I should have used to describe it. I should have chosen *assomant*, but I did not tell him so.

As for the visitors, they make excursions, and they make water-colour sketches, and they make endless amusement during the few fine days of summer for the quiet inhabitants. *Les Anglais* and *les chauffeurs*. What marvellous people they are, strange beings who live ever so far away, further than Yvetot, further even than Rouen, and come to look at the spring-tide rushing, in one wave, up the river from the sea. The excursions are charming, especially on the Seine. But getting on the steamer

stop; it only drifts in mid stream, and you are taken out in a small boat and hauled on board by your arms, or your collar, or your neck.

I tried this way of returning one very windy day, from the ferry at Jumièges. The ferryman and his comrade, assisted by the carter, a *garde forestier* and various bystanders, had just got a heavy cart down the slippery slope on one side, and up the steep slope at the other, when the steamer appeared at the bend of the river. There was no one to take me out; I was miles from the railway-station; and the next train did not go for four hours, and the next boat for two days. As I stood helpless, the ferryman's wife, with six children



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART. VENICE.

and two dogs, burst out of her cottage, and jumped into the boat. She pulled at the chain of the little anchor; it was immovable. She pulled and pulled, but in vain. She would not let me help her, so I stood on the bank with the *garde forestier*, the six children and the two dogs, and gave way to despair. The steamer was almost opposite us. Suddenly the anchor came up, she screamed "*Embarquez, embarquez*," I was pushed into the boat by the *garde forestier* and the children, and hauled on board the steamer just in time. The landing at Caudebec was much worse, for there the westerly gale and the rapidly flowing tide from the sea produced an excellent imitation of the Channel passage. The steamer bobbed up and down, and the small boat alongside bobbed up and down much more. The boatman held on to a rope like grim death. A fat Frenchman made the first leap and landed safely. His wife followed, and fell on the boatman. Then I stepped down. By this time the narrow space in the bow was completely filled, and we were wedged up against a cross seat, while the boatman yelled "*Passez derrière*" frantically. Then some English ladies jumped down upon us, and a stout old gentleman precipitated himself upon the struggling mass. We clung to each other and got ashore safely, but the Havre and Rouen steamers on a stormy day are not exactly the sort of conveyance for the aged or the infirm.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

Mr. Punch's advice to those who are anxious to get stout. Buy it.

A SUGGESTION.

[*"A propos of marriage customs, the Jakuns arrange matters in a way that might well be copied among some of us. The woman's relatives subject the intending husband to a severe examination in his prospects."*—*Daily Paper*.]

Now that the seaside season is ended, parents and guardians of marriageable girls may probably find it a labour-saving device to supply themselves with fifty or a hundred neatly printed circulars in the following form:—

SIR,—Your marked attentions to my daughter (*name to be filled in, or, in case of divided attentions to two or more daughters, all the likely names*) at (*insert name of watering-place*) having

been reported to me by several credible witnesses, including (*specify them, as for example, "the above-mentioned MAUD," or "my youngest boy THOMAS, who, as you are doubtless aware, is an absolutely fearless amateur photographer"*), I have to request you to fill up the subjoined return, and let me have same by the end of this week without fail, as the matter is urgent.

1. What is your total annual income (if any)? Having regard to the rate of increase of rates and taxes, in how many years do you calculate it will be reduced to nothing?

2. What is the amount (average for last three years) expended by you in club subscriptions, dinner parties, week-end trips to Brighton, soda-water, sundries, and all the other habits you will naturally desire to abandon in case of your marriage?

3. Are you financially interested in either of the following institutions?—(a) Musical comedy; (b) British railways.

4. Have you any rich bachelor uncles or maiden aunts? How would you describe the degrees of cordiality existing between you and them respectively?

5. Have you any friends at Court, in the extended sense of that phrase?

6. What is your opinion of the proposition, "What's enough for one is enough for two"?

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.,

This circular should be kept under cover until a fitting occasion arises for its despatch. To leave it lying about in the drawing-room would not only be disconcerting to male callers, but might even defeat the object for which it has been prepared.



HE COULDN'T SEE THE POINT OF IT AT ALL!

THE GREATEST OF THESE.

["Charity Blankets, Brown and Grey, per pair, 2s. 11d."—*Draper's Advt.*]

LADY BOUNTIFUL, muffed and furred,
With a gracious smile and a kindly
word,

Drives abroad in her coach and pair
To visit the poor, who are all her care.
Empty-handed she comes not nigh,
Never a door she passes by;
At every cottage her carriage stops,
And charity blankets down she drops.
Blankets brown and blankets grey
Lady BOUNTIFUL gives away—
None of your common or "Witney"
brand,

But specially made and specially planned
By a philanthropic firm, to keep
Poor shivering paupers warm while they
sleep

When wintry storms do howl and blow,
And the world is a desert of ice and
snow.

Lady BOUNTIFUL simply dines
On a score of meats and a dozen wines,
Which JEAMES and JOHN and a well-
trained band

Of silent and orderly menials hand.
Then, wearied out with her works of
love,

She seeks sweet sleep in her room above,
Where a couple of maids with gentle care
Brush my Lady BOUNTIFUL's hair,
Wrap her soft in a silken gown
And tuck her warm in a bed of down.
There she sleeps, as sure she must
Who lives so well, the sleep of the just,
While now and then her thoughts are
blest

With dreams that will not spoil her rest,
And visions about her pillow hover
Of the many shines that her charities
cover.

A cheap and simple route to Heaven—
Charity blankets at two-and-eleven.

EXPLOITING THE FIRST-HAND.

A WELL-KNOWN publisher (whose name shall be kept dark) has thought fit in an advertisement of a novel by a well-known authoress (not Miss MARIE CORELLI, by the way) to say:—

"In London Society, as everyone knows, Mrs. — is one of the most sought after of women. She can thus write of high life upon no mere second-hand acquaintance with it."

So bad an example is pretty sure to be followed, and we may soon expect to see paragraphs framed on the same intrusive model. As for instance:—

Miss AMARYLLIS INTESHADE is about to give the world a volume of short stories, with the tender passion as the *motif* of them all. As it is notorious that the authoress is the most proposed-*débutante* of the Coronation year, she



G. C. STANLEY.

Hostess. "YOU'RE NOT GOING ALREADY, PROFESSOR, SURELY!"

The Professor. "I'M SORRY TO, MY DEAR LADY, BUT I HAVE BEEN WORKING SO LATE ALL THE WEEK I FEEL I MUST HAVE MY BEAUTY SLEEP TO-NIGHT."

Hostess. "THEN I MUSTN'T KEEP YOU. I'M SURE YOU NEED IT, POOR THING!"

clearly writes with an amount of experience that can hardly be excelled or even equalled.

Blacksheep is the title of a forthcoming work by an anonymous author. We understand that as he has *valcted* some of the most gentlemanly scoundrels in Europe a lively and piquant book may confidently be looked for.

LORD LETTEM HAVITT's book on *Mayors I have Met* is in the press and will be ready almost immediately. As Lord LETTEM HAVITT holds the record for freedom of boroughs presented for service in South Africa, it is clear that some entertaining experiences can hardly fail to be recounted.

MR. HIPPO POTAMUS has just completed

the work on animals on which for some years past he has been engaged. As MR. POTAMUS is himself an awful beast, he writes with first-hand knowledge of his subject.

THE SITUATION.

(After Browning.)

By A STALWART RADICAL.

GILBERT JESSOP is spliced,
Black MICHAEL's let loose,
REDVERS BULLER's in Devon,
Lord HUGH's nigh upcurled:
October's well iced,
Brum's playing the deuce,
Mr. ASQUITH's at Leven,
All's right with the world.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN is always welcome in the circulating library or in one's own. His reception will be none the less friendly because his latest effort, *In King's Byways* (SMITH, ELDER), is not a substitute for the old three-volume novel, but is a series of stories, each complete in itself. Of the most difficult art of short-story writing Mr. WEYMAN is past master. The scenes are laid in France in the days when HENRY THE FOURTH was King. There is none to excel Mr. WEYMAN in the art of reproducing the colour and the dirt, the bustle and the loneliness, the sound and the smell of the wicked place. My Baronite delights in the very name of the streets. The Place de Grève, the Chatelet, the Pont au Change, and "the Rue de Tirchasse, where it shoots out of the Rue de Béthissy." During the last hundred years Paris has suffered many humiliations, none more petty or more poignant than the renaming of its streets to meet the passion of the moment. Through these narrow paths Parisians of the seventeenth century wend their ways, for the most part squabbling and fighting, frequently with HENRY of Navarre, all unknown, playing a hand in the game. It is true the rapid succession of pictures is of the two-pence coloured order, dear to boyhood's heart. But in these days of Eternal Cities, Sorrows of Sardanapalus, and similar artificial flowers of fiction, a taste of the good old robust style is refreshing.

Wonderful England is presumably issued by Mr. GRANT RICHARD for the Christmas delectation of children. It is, however, a book of the sort that parents and other elders of the household are exceedingly likely, in assumed absence of mind, furtively to carry off for enjoyment in their private rooms. Mrs. ERNEST AMES has written the verse as well as illustrated it. Both are excellent. But the illustrations in their graphic touch, their brilliant colouring, and their sly allusiveness, are inimitable. Mrs. AMES touches a variety of topics and illuminates all:

"Here 's the great House of Commons,
Where everyone's mind
Is absorbed in some scheme
Of relief for mankind."

My Baronite, interested in the topic, looks for a picture of the House, probably with Mr. WEIR on his legs. What he discovers is a rapid sketch of the Terrace, in the foreground a big red parasol only partially hiding the figure of an Hon. Member and a lady in sea-green dress engaged in deep conversation.

The scene of Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER's latest novel, *Fuel of Fire* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is laid in the district of an exceedingly matter-of-fact town, whose identity is not hidden under the name of Silverhampton. The plot is, however, cleverly invested with an attractive air of romance. The home of the hero, dating back to the Wars of the Roses, was in good old-fashioned manner made the subject of ill-boding prophecy. Thrice it was to be burned down. Twice the fate had been accomplished, and the story narrates how the third calamity was brought about. It is a deftly devised plot, throughout commanding the attention of the reader. But, as usual with Miss FOWLER, the sketches of character and the conversation that sparkles on every page form the distinction of the book. In quite different ways *Lady Alicia* and *Mrs. Candy* are delightful. The latter has qualities that, as happened in Miss FOWLER's first book, recall to my Baronite the touch of the vanished hand that wrote *Adam Bede*. A shrewd observer of human nature, more especially when developed in female form, Miss FOWLER has the gift of wise and witty expression of her impressions. *Mrs. Candy* probably knows nothing of the personnel of the House of Commons. If she had closely studied Mr. WEIR since his entrance on the scene, she could

not more accurately or more trenchantly have described him when on his legs addressing the Speaker. Speaking of herself, *Mrs. Candy* says, "Every drawer and cupboard in my mind is so full of remarks that it simply won't shut, and the more I try to empty it by making the remarks the fuller it seems to get."

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

IDYLLS OF THE KING.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR'S BILL.

... So the king,
Moving as one that goes to meet his doom,
Scarce curious what the end, and slightly bored,
Drew on to that great battle of the Bill.
And by him lightly rode his uncle's son,
That had for battle-axe a crosier's crook,
And on his blazoned shield a running scroll,
"Ware HUGH!" (for so he spelled it, but the sound,
Intoned as he intoned it, called to mind
Brer Fox, in that old REMUS tale, that cried
"Wahoo!"), and lipped his clarion, letting forth
Loud parish voluntaries, and the air
Rocked, and the High Church banners flapped their folds
As at an organ's blast; so well he blew.

But they, the heathen, lying close and low
(For so a common hate had overborne
All lesser difference of each from each)
In hollow places by the river's marge,
Outwashed with windy riot of autumn rains,
Abode the coming of the blameless king;
Being, the most part, heathen not at all
But variously Christian, so they said;
Yet—for they chose to found a heathen league
With less of worship than the heathen use
(Such cleave at least to idols, wood or stone),
Liefer than swear by any Christian creed,
So it were not their own peculiar kind—
Before they followed ARTHUR's way of grace,
Bristling with toll-bars, they would see themselves
Damned. So a common hate had overborne
All lesser difference of each from each.

But of the knighthood some there were that stood
Doubtfully by the king, and spake apart
Of compromise beneath their curving palms,
Or dealt in menace, like Sir FLAGELLANT,
He that was wont to whip the laggards on.
But ARTHUR took his battle-club and cried,
Not boastfully, but with a plaintive voice
Lacking conviction, "O my Table Round!
I am addressed to do this hole in one,
Or let *Ex-Bulger* perish in the act!"
But he, the bold Sir BRUM LE CHAMBERLAIN,
Whom some had held to be the rightful king,
Mused in a trance, wherein the Empire showed
Larger than other creeds, and musing rode
With one spur dangling.

So the knighthood drew
Down to the river's marge; and ARTHUR said,
"I hear the FOWLER at his watery snares,
And shrill Sir FIFE that whistles with his REIDS."
Then to his own dear heart:—"Or this or that;
Either the Bill, or I myself, must pass;
But whether that or this, I cannot tell,
Nor care so very greatly, no, not I."

O. S.

NEW BOOK.—*Slips that pass in the Night*. By a Sub-Editor of a Daily Paper.



Demard Partridge.

NO ADMITTANCE.

(Even on business.)

Mr. Braddock. "CAN'T ADMIT YOU WHILE IT'S GOING ON. WE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT AFTERWARDS."
John Bull. "LOOK HERE. YOU'VE TAKEN MY MONEY, AND I MEAN TO COME IN."



Little Girl (in carriage, seeing motor for first time). "OH, PAPA! LOOK! THE HORSES HAVE RUN AWAY, AND THERE'S THE CARRIAGE RUNNING AFTER THEM! Isn't it FUNNY!"

ROBERT HIGSON, D.F.

[“The inaugural meeting of the Dickens Fellowship was held last night . . . The objects of the Society, as explained by Mr. HALL CAINE, are the promotion of good-fellowship, morality, and truth as expounded by the master writer of the Nineteenth Century.”—*Morning Post*, Oct. 7.]

HIGSON always was a trifle eccentric, but it was a shock to meet him in the Strand attired in a strangely-cut coat, white knee-breeches, and silk stockings.

“Morning, Higson,” I said, attempting to pass him, “fine day!”

“A fine day indeed,” he said, grasping my arm. “A *very* fine day—one of the finest days I ever remember. You will permit me, my friend—my dear, good, kind friend—to offer you some refreshment?”

It appeared to me that HIGSON must have had some already, and I told him so.

“Nonsense, nonsense!” he cried. “I insist—in the sacred name of good fellowship I insist!—MARY, my dear”—thus he addressed the waitress in the shop into which he had dragged me—“I’ll trouble you for a steak, two dozen oysters, a bottle of port, and two glasses of brandy-and-water.”

“Don’t keep them,” said the waitress

shortly—not altogether to my surprise, for I perceived that the establishment was an “A.B.C.” depôt.

“Bother!” said HIGSON, speaking for a moment in his ordinary tones, “that’s the worst of these blessed rules—they’re so hard to keep nowadays—MARY,” he resumed in his former manner, “the solemn time has come for us to part. Let me address you in my best blank verse, reserved for my emotional remarks. Virtue, my dear, virtue alone will bring complete and satisfying happiness. And now I’ll just chuck you under the chin and be off.”

“Come out of this!” I gasped, as the waitress hastily disappeared to fetch the manager, “come out of this, you lunatic—and tell me what fool’s game you are playing!”

“It’s nothing of the sort,” said HIGSON, as we regained the street. “I’ve just joined the ‘Dickens’ Fellowship,’ and I’m ‘promoting good fellowship, morality, and truth as expounded by’ that celebrated author. Look here, I’ve drunk no brandy-and-water for the last hour, and that’s clean against Rule 16. Or shall we have a jorum of punch? Not even that? How am I to live up to my principles if no

one will help me? Look, here are the Law Courts. Shall I go in and give comic evidence? Or would you like to see me fight a cabman?”

“Neither, thanks,” said I. “And I fancy that you’ll find what *you* term ‘the Dickens’ theory of good-fellowship’ a little difficult to carry out in these days.”

“Oh, no,” replied HIGSON. “You just come and stay with me for Christmas! We shall fill the wassail-bowl, and heap the logs high on the roaring fire, and the dear old chimes will ring out across the snow-covered fields, while the hours pass quickly with snapdragon, blind-man’s-buff, and forfeits—I forget the rest, but it’s very beautiful.”

“Yes,” I said, mockingly, “and you’ll gather round the fire and tell stories and—”

“No, no,” said HIGSON, quickly, “that’s wrong. They’ve altered that rule. We’re not to tell stories, but to read aloud from one of two masterpieces. Our President insisted on this.”

“And what are the masterpieces?”

“*The Christian* and *The Eternal City*. Do have some brandy-and-water!”

This time I consented. I felt I needed it.

HALL-MARKED WITH THE BRAND OF CAINE.



THE announcement of a new play at Mr. TREE's theatre is in itself a sure and certain "draw" for several weeks. If, for many nights and *matinées* to come, His Majesty's be crowded to overflowing, as it was on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Punch's Representative, it will be no irrefragable testimony to the success of Mr.

HALL CAINE's melodrama, but will simply witness to the popularity of the present management and to the stimulated curiosity of the public which has never yet been treated to the sight of a real live modern Pope "in his habit as he lives," on the stage of any theatre.

A long time ago, at the Lyceum, if this deponent's memory rightly serves him, there was a play called *Sixtus the Fifth*—a name very generally and most perversely rendered as *Fiftus the Sixth*. But in this instance the Cardinal, who was the principal character in the drama, was elected Pope only a few minutes before the fall of the curtain on the last act, so that, to all intents and purposes, as far as the spectators were concerned, the Cardinal remained "as he was" at the commencement of the play and of the Conclave. That occasion was the nearest to the present over-bold attempt, made by CAINE-and-able management, at placing a Pope on the stage, for which not a few there be who would like to haul CAINE over the coals. This imaginary Pope is styled *Pius the Tenth* (a muddle-headed invention, seeing that there has been a Pope PIUS THE NINTH, and that, in all probability, there will be at some future time a Pope PIUS THE TENTH), and in his unreal Pontificate are supposed to happen the stirring events that actually did occur in the pontificate of PIUS THE NINTH.

Let it be at once conceded that Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, to whom the impersonation of this most important figure is confided, plays the *rôle* with such dignity and true artistic feeling that the influence of the character is recognised and acknowledged—I may even say reverently acknowledged—by the discriminating audience, on whose feelings it would distinctly jar were the actor to come out of the picture and appear before the curtain in answer to the well-deserved plaudits. Others appear in front and bow their acknowledgments, but not so the artistically conscientious impersonator of His Holiness. And he is right. Mr. BRANDON THOMAS makes the part as important as it was intended to be, though it scarcely adds to its truthfulness to represent an Italian speaking Latin with broad English pronunciation; but perhaps this trifle escaped the notice of the learned author at rehearsals. As a matter of dramatic fact a *Pope*, be he who he may, is absolutely unessential to the plot. A Cardinal Secretary of State, such as was, in the time of PIUS THE NINTH, Cardinal ANTONELLI, would have served the purpose far better, that is, if such a character be wanted at all out of the novel where this eminent ecclesiastic "with a past" might have been left without damage to the melodrama. Excise the Papal scenes and you have a play rather less strong than *La Tosca*, of which in more than one respect *The Eternal City* is decidedly reminiscent.

What is the *Baron Bonelli* but *Baron Scarpia*? Does not the scene where *Roma Volonna*, standing on the right-hand side of the stage, fingers the pistol with gradually strengthening purpose, while her intended victim, *Baron Bonelli*, is seated on the left-hand side of the stage, smoking and talking with his back turned towards her, forcibly recall the situation where *La Tosca*, standing at the supper table ("R.H."), with deadly intent clutches a knife, while *Scarpia* ("L.H."), with his back towards her, is writing at

an *escritoire*? But HALL CAINE, who, as compared with dramatist SARDOU, is "infirm of purpose," unites the lovers in the last scene, and so follows the fashion of what after all—or after HALL—is only old-fashioned Adelphi, or transpontine, melodrama writ large, and here, produced in splendid style at His Majesty's, backed up by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's well-earned reputation, is raised to a higher level as a work of art than if it had been produced, as it might have been years ago, at "Queen VICTORIA'S Own Theayter," then known as "The Vic," where it would have been the right play in the right place.

Mr. TREE, as *Baron Bonelli*, is excellent, *cela va sans dire*, as also is Mr. ROBERT TABER (who always suggests to us what a HERMANN VEZIN, Junior, would be if there were "such a person") as *David Rossi*. On the fair shoulders of Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER falls the burden of the drama, and her *Donna Roma Volonna*, "Sculptor, and Ward of *Bonelli*," and, so to express it, "understudy" to the invalided invisible wife of this middle-aged sensualist, is a record in her career, though she is severely overweighted. For is she not pitted against SARA BERNHARDT as *La Tosca*? The surprise of the piece (to a majority, but not to Mr. P.'s Representative) is in the *Bruno Rocco* of that thoroughly sound artist, Mr. LIONEL BROUGH. To this character, out of the whole list of *dramatis personæ*, and putting aside Mr. THOMAS's portrait of the Pope as "*hors de concours*," is given the finest chance in the play; and when that chance comes, Mr. BROUGH seizes it and turns it to the very best account. But for him this scene might have been deleted with advantage to the play. Mr. HALL CAINE should be deeply grateful to the clever experienced actor who "has pulled him through." The talented Brough-Bruno family, including his wife *Elena* (Miss FRANCES DILLON), *Francesca*, his mother-in-law (Miss MAY BROUGH), and *Joseph*, *Bruno's* son, Master NOEL COMPTON (a very first-rate small performer with, it may be safely assumed, a promising dramatic career before him), form quite a little domestic drama of their own, and the memory of their happiness and grief, and of the tragic end of the ill-treated *Bruno*, who has in him "more of the antique Roman than the Caine," lingers with us after all is over and we have gone to our rest-aurants.

The play is magnificently mounted, and, no doubt, the music, specially composed by Signor MASCAGNI, is well worth hearing apart from the play. That this eminent musician's work must be artistically sympathetic and appropriate is evident from the fact that it goes unnoticed by the majority, and though there is just a little too much of unintelligible singing to "music heard without" (it might be "choruses without words"), the accompanying "melodrame" never once distracts the attention of the audience from the main action.

THE *City Press*, in defending the Corporation against the attack of Mr. BURNS, M.P., says:—"The charge that 'its public gluttony is as notorious as it is costly' is . . . unfounded. Certain allowances are made to committees for entertainment purposes; and, from time to time, the Corporation, as the mouthpiece of London, welcomes Royalties to the Guildhall." Mr. Punch is of opinion that 'mouthpiece of London,' in this connection, is good.

ANOTHER CRYPTOGRAM.—The name *Caliban* has been thought to be cryptographic for "cannibal." That SHAKESPEARE intended this to be the reading of the monster's character is sufficiently shown by the complaint, cleverly assigned to another *persona* for purposes of disguise: "Not a relation for a breakfast."—*Tempest*, Act V.

CANADA AS SHE IS MISUNDERSTOOD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Reverting to your recent article under the title *The Great Misunderstood*, let me say that I am so glad that I did not publish my great work on "Canada, Her History, Customs and Resources" before visiting England. As planned, it would have been very unsatisfactory to people with settled opinions, of whom I have met several since landing on your hospitable and interesting shores.

As you are doubtless aware, the old contention that "What is, is" is rapidly giving way to the doctrine that "What is believed to be is is." (It is just possible that there is an "is" too many in that sentence, but as that only increases its metaphysical subtlety I hope the proof-reader will let it stand.) Having this in mind I have recast the materials of my book along new lines and added much that will be received here with placid approval, and in Canada with joyous wonder. By publishing the following prospectus you will confer a great favour on a fellow British subject.

"CANADA, HER HISTORY, CUSTOMS AND RESOURCES."

CHAPTER I.—The discovery of Canada by the French and its recovery by the British—the original inheritors of the earth.

CHAPTER II.—The invention of the tuque and snowshoe costume, with a study of their subsequent effect on "The Ballet of All Nations," as it is still presented in all the capitals of Europe with the original cast.

CHAPTER III.—The geographical position of Canada, with map and historical footnote showing the value of disputed territory when Downing Street wishes to establish friendly relations with Washington.

CHAPTER IV.—A digression in which the author proves conclusively that when the North Pole is finally discovered it will be found to be somewhere near the centre of Canada.

CHAPTER V.—An appreciation of the Roast Beef of Old England and Wiltshire bacon as met with on the hoof in Ontario and the Canadian Northwest.

CHAPTER VI.—An exhaustive paper on Canadian fruits, in which it will be shown to the confusion of the scientific world that apples, grapes, peaches, pears, and plums, ripen within the Arctic Circle.

CHAPTER VII.—Interviews (properly expurgated) with prominent Canadians regarding Mr. KIPLING'S *Lady of the Snows*, and Sir GILBERT PARKER'S



Lady Customer (at Bric-à-brac Shop). "I THINK YOU ARE VERY, VERY DEAR!"
Proprietor. "HUSH! NOT SO LOUD, MISS. MY OLD 'OMAN BE POWERFUL JEALOUS!"

Hudson Bay stories as an advertisement of Canada.

CHAPTER VIII.—The exports of Canada—dealing fully with Sir WILFRED LAURIER, philanthropic millionaires, and several plausible brands of red whisky.

CHAPTER IX.—The imports of Canada, with special reference to younger sons who need a change of venue. Instances will be cited of black sheep pasturing for a few years on the plains of Canada, and then returning to their happy homes with only slight Southdown markings.

CHAPTER X.—Conclusion—Canada's place among the younger nations that can ride and shoot. Assurances of continued loyalty and selections from the best "O-My-Country" poetry of "Canada's lyric choir."

It may interest you to know that I intend to remain in London for some time. To tell the truth, I am a trifle afraid that, when my book is published, popular enthusiasm will run so high that each of my fellow Canadians will want a fragment of me as a souvenir.

Yours warmly, C. A. NUCK.

TO TOM SAWYER.

[MARK TWAIN's cousin, Mr. WILL CLEMENS, a New York journalist, says:—

"Most of MARK TWAIN's characters were taken from life. *Huckleberry Finn* is MARK TWAIN himself. *Tom Sawyer*, now seventy-five years old, is the proprietor of a prosperous drinking saloon in San Francisco."

AND are you nearing seventy-six?

I held you as a deathless boy.

And do you dexterously mix

The drinks that give your nation joy?

A bar! how poor a lot for you!

Yet Mr. Dooley keeps one too.

And MARK, how oft does MARK drop in

To talk old Mississippi days,

And join you in a whiskey-skin,

And backward glance with wistful gaze

To those young times ere law was made,

And Injuns lurked in every glade?

My present drink is ginger beer,

So void our taverns of delight.

But ah! if your saloon were *here*,

How would I doff the Rechabite!

How would I quaff, and bless my luck,

The while you yarned of JIM and HUCK!

THE FINAL TEST.

"WELL," I said, "when is it to be?"

PETTIFER sighed gloomily.

"Never," he replied. "Never. It's all off. Absolutely off. We have parted, and for ever. I loved that girl, SMITH, with an asbestos-defying passion to which no words of mine can hope to do justice. We were made for each other, SMITH. She disliked parsnips. I loathed them. We both collected postage-stamps. We both played ping-pong. Our tastes, in short, were identical, and the union, you might have thought, was of the sort that is made in Heaven. But, no. Far from it."

"You appear broken-hearted," I said, at the same time offering him the only consolation within my reach.

"Absolutely. Thanks. When. Not too much soda. Right. Utterly broken-hearted."

"Then why——?"

"I will tell you. Do you read the——?"

His voice sank to a reverent whisper as he mentioned the name of one of our great halfpenny journals.

"Regularly," I said, uncovering. "It has a circulation five times as large as any penny morning paper."

"It is too true," said PETTIFER.

"Well, I, like you, am a constant reader of that great periodical. It is to that fact that I owe my present misery. A few days since I saw in its columns an article, brief but replete with interest, addressed to those about to marry. 'No man,' said the writer,

'should marry without previously examining his *fiancée* with the utmost strictness on the subject of music.'

"Music?"

"Precisely. The idea is that you play selections, and mark the effects. By these means, said the article, thousands of unhappy marriages might be prevented annually. I resolved to try the scheme. The result is as you see. Four days ago——"

"I know," I interrupted hurriedly; "four days ago you were a thing of life and joy, whereas now——! Well?"

"There was a good deal more of it," said PETTIFER querulously; "but that is certainly the gist of what I was about to remark. Well, I tried her first with an extract from SAINT-SAËNS. It took her fancy from the first bar. That was a good beginning. Intelligence and a well-balanced character belong to the girl who admires SAINT-SAËNS. I proceeded. She seemed pleased with a sonata of BEETHOVEN's, and positively encored the Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*. I gathered, therefore, that she was not only artistic but exceedingly tender-hearted."

"Then why did you——?"

"I am coming to that. On the following day I opened with a few bars of OFFENBACH. To my dismay she was undeniably attracted by them."

"What did that imply?"

"Cunning. Guile and cunning of the worst description. I began to think that the pleasure she had exhibited at SAINT-SAËNS and BEETHOVEN might—nay, must—have been a mere veneer. I resolved to stake my all on a final test. Fixing her with my eye, I began to play a little thing of my own, a beautiful little piece in five flats, key of G. Scarcely had I struck the keys, when from the street outside came the raucous strains of a peripatetic barrel-organ. The effect upon LUCINDA—I should say Miss ROBINSON—was electrical. She sprang to her feet, ran to the window, and began to listen with every symptom of extreme pleasure. The ruffian in charge played three airs, all extracts from that idiot BROWN's latest comic opera."

"You don't like BROWN?" I queried.

BROWN is PETTIFER's deadliest rival in the world of music.

He ignored the remark.

"When he had finished," he said, "she threw him half-a-crown, closed the window, and requested me to continue. I excused myself coldly, and retired."

"Yes?"

"The same evening I wrote to say that our engagement was at an end, and that, on receipt of a fully stamped and addressed envelope, I would return her letters."

THE LUCK BRINGER.

A MAGICAL stone, purporting to be a copy of a talisman worn by the ancient PHARAOHS, has lately been put upon the market. For the ridiculously small sum of half-a-crown, it will confer upon the purchaser Success in Business, Fortune in Speculation, Happiness in Home Life, and various other blessings. We append a few quite unsolicited testimonials:—

DEAR SIR,—Your Hokus charm arrived by this morning's post and has already worked wonders. On rushing, as usual, to the station, I trod upon a piece of orange peel, and only fractured my right leg and dislocated my shoulder instead of breaking my neck. This will enable me to enjoy a quiet six weeks in hospital in place of my usual fatiguing holiday. I was proposing overnight to insure myself against accidents to-day, but that expense will now be quite unnecessary, as I can hardly come to grief in this excellent institution, at any rate for the next month or two. I can't sufficiently thank you, but remain

Yours gratefully,

TAPLEY MARKS.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased with the Hokus you have sent me. It has brought me almost within reach of great good fortune several times during the last few days. The very day I bought it I took it out with me to pay a call on an heiress. I proposed to her at once, relying on the talisman, and am happy to say I was *proxime accessit*, so to speak. She only said she loved another, and that my suit was out of the question, as they were going shortly to be married. But she was quite nice about it, though firm. Again, last Monday I backed the winner at 30 to 1, and should have made quite a little pile, only the gentleman with whom I had invested my fiver could not be found. Still, I had the moral satisfaction of seeing how splendidly your charm was working. The next day, too, I almost got a good appointment worth £1,500 a year. I was told that my name appeared among the selected three out of five hundred. And yesterday I just missed the train by a second, when endeavouring to catch the boat express to Southampton. If I hadn't been wearing the Hokus, I'm sure I should have missed it by quite a quarter of an hour, and I had a splendid run for my money. I could give many other instances, but these will show that I have good grounds for believing in the wonderful efficacy of your discovery. Please make any use you like of this testimonial.

Your sincere well-wisher,

SOLOMON GULL.



"I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU ABOUT AGAIN AFTER YOUR LONG ILLNESS, JAKES."

"THANKEE, MARM, THANKEE! BUT I BE THAT OLD, 'TWARNT 'ARDLY WUTH THE TROUBLE O' GETTIN' WELL."

SIR,—Your luck-bringer is a perfect cinch—in fact it overdoes it some. I have just got engaged to three summer-girls at once, and I guess I'll have to get you to fix things straight. I am mailing the contraption back to you so as you can adjust it right along.

Yours,

EUGENE P. VAN TOZER.

Newport, U.S.A.

Miss AMELIA MIGGS is much obblidged for the arfcrown okus you ave sent me. She as at once give notis to the missis and broke orf with her young man. i cannot bemean myself to suchlike and ham now goin to bee a lady.

Yours waiting for the luck
too turn anny minit,

AMELIA MIGGS.

Indian Medical Student (after attending a lecture by a famous Theosophist).
"Sir, you should go to hear him. He is the most eloquent man I ever heard. He spoke for three hours and never thought once."

MR. PUNCH'S COUNTRY RAMBLES.

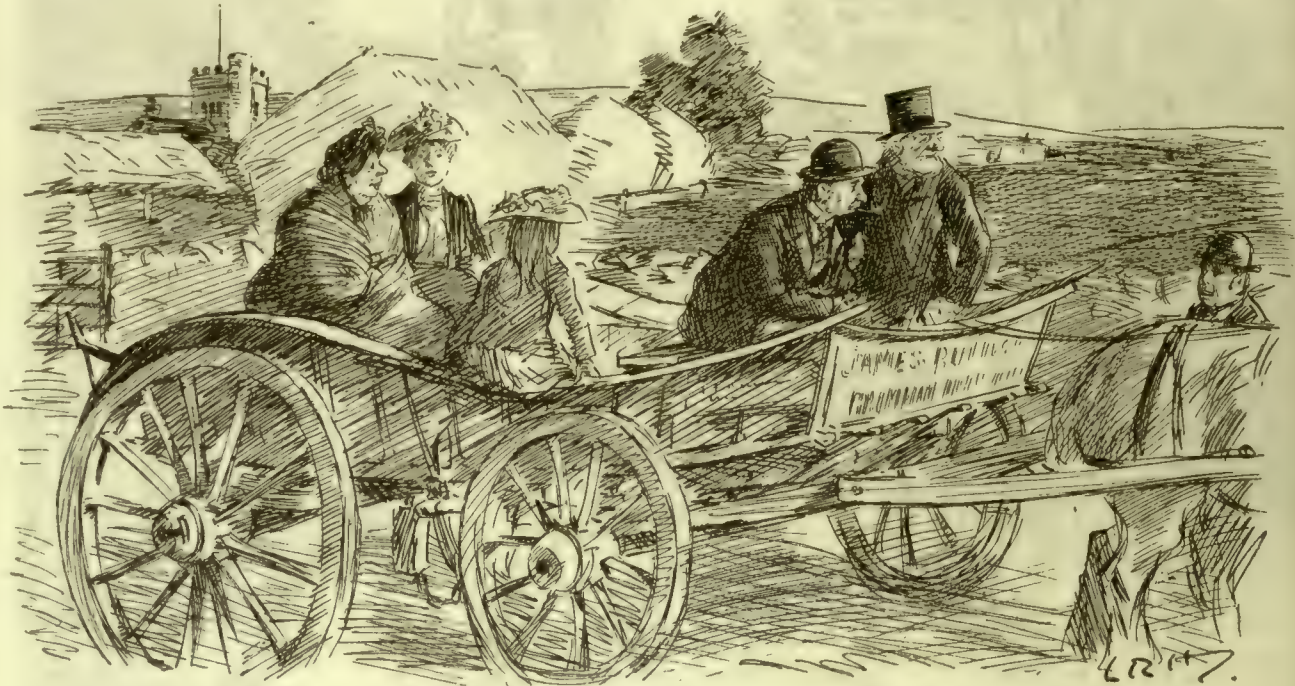
(With acknowledgments to the
"Daily Chronicle.")

A MEMORABLE afternoon may be spent by taking the train to Muggleton, and walking from there by way of Mudford, Sloppington, Stickborough-in-the-Marsh, Drencham St. Swithuns, and Swilling-spout to Poddleton-on-the-Slosh. The whole district is full of memories of the great HODGE family (before it migrated into the towns). Quite a number of mute, inglorious MILTONS are buried in Poddleton churchyard, but a few people may still be seen in the market-place on Saturdays.

Route of Ramble.—Alighting at Muggleton Station (too much reliance should not be placed upon the elocation of the local railway porter) leave the refreshment room resolutely on the left (as you will need to keep your intelligence clear), and proceed in a north-north-east-half-northerly direction along a winding lane, until Mudford Beacon appears in the rear. Then turn back

across six meadows and a ploughed field, following alternately the bed of a stream and the right bank of the canal until Sloppington is reached. From there follow the boundary line between the counties of Mudshire and Slophire as far as Stickborough: from two to seven miles further on (according to the best local computation) lies Drencham, where is a remarkable pump. Leaving this landmark southwest-by-west, veer sharply to the left twice, and pursue a zig-zag course. If, at the twenty-second field, you are not within easy reach of Swillingspout it will be because you are incapable of following this brief chronicle. From the last-named place the nearest way to Poddleton is through the railway tunnel. It is not public, but persons have sometimes succeeded in getting through. Poddleton is nine miles from a station, but an omnibus walks the distance occasionally, when the horse is not required for funerals or other purposes.

Length of Ramble.—Doubtful. Has only been done in sections.



Passer-by. "WHY, WHEREVER BE GWAIN', JARGE, THIS TOIME O' DAY!"

Jarge. "OH, WE'M A-GOIN' INTO THE TOWN TO ZEE THIS 'ERE COMET AS THEY TELLS ABOUT!"

[Wednesday, October 8.—*Daily Mail* announced that "To-night and to-morrow night PERBINI's comet is expected to be at its best and brightest."]

JOURNALISM À LA MODE.

THE duel between General PERCIN and M. POLLONAI, at Ville d'Avray last week, must surely mark an epoch in journalistic "enterprise." Here is an account of the combat culled from the *Evening News*:—

"The men were anxious to fight out their quarrel without other witnesses than the seconds and the doctors, so they drove out from Paris to M. GAST's villa in two swift automobiles, which, they thought, left all the journalists behind them."

Vain thought! They reckoned without the strategic genius of the modern Pressman. For the report goes on:—

"There is, however, a wall which overlooks the garden of the villa in which the two men fought, and on this wall was perched a reporter of the newspaper '*La Presse*'!"

Happy newspaper *La Presse*! Happy journalist, securely perched upon a neighbouring wall to witness this heroic conflict! It is an exquisite picture—the two elderly gentlemen scudding away from Paris on panting automobiles, the reporters hot-foot after them, and one, out-running his fellows, or perhaps led by some diviner instinct, "perched" on his wall and calmly noting the details of the fray. Was ever combat between fire-eaters rendered more completely, more adorably ludicrous?

But the precedent set by that journalistic strategist on his wall will not be allowed to die. He has set the pace, as it were (like the poor General's automobile), and others must follow. Thus, the following items of news may be expected to figure ere long in the enterprising columns of the same journal which secured a report of the PERCIN duel:—

"Monsieur TEL, the celebrated scientist, died at his house in Passy last night. Every effort had been made to keep his approaching decease strictly private, and the house was guarded by police. One of our reporters, however, contrived

to secrete himself under the bed, and while there was able to note down upon his cuff the last speeches of the dying man. The deceased, who appeared to feel his position acutely, said . . ."

"The marriage of M. BLANC with Mlle. ROSE took place at the residence of the latter's parents yesterday. The wedding was very quiet, owing to the recent death of the bride's uncle, and the Press were not admitted. Our Representative, however, by peeping through the keyhole, was enabled to secure a view of at least a part of the ceremony, and his description is as follows. The bride wore . . ."

"The reconciliation between M. and Madame FANFAN is now understood to be complete. No statement has been issued to the newspapers, but our Representative, by climbing on to the roof of an outhouse which commands a view of their sitting-room, and using an opera-glass, was able to ascertain that the pair are now apparently upon the most friendly terms. . . ."

"The President of the Republic dined quietly with his family and a few friends at the Elysée last evening. It was announced that the occasion was quite private, but a member of our staff, disguised as a gentleman, contrived to figure among the guests, and was able to note down the conversation on the back of the menu. The President said:—. . . ."

The circulation of the fortunate journal which is able to command the services of this resourceful staff should attain colossal proportions.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—We understand that Mr. BALFOUR, who, as everybody knows, is a disciple of HOBBS, has employed his truncated holiday in putting the finishing touches to a new work entitled "*Cupidity and the Place-hunters*."



George Jones.

A FINAL EFFORT.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR B. LEE. "DO YOU THINK WE SHALL GET TO THE POLE?"

RIGHT HON. JAMES CHAMBERLAIN. "WELL, SPELL IT 'P O L E' AND I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF WE DID."

RIGHT HON. A. B. (with keen sense of humour). "HA! HA!"



THE SO-SO STORIES.

I.—HOW THE CAMILLE GOT HIS HUMP.

Now this is the tale of how the CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE—got his big Hump, which he still has and is likely to keep.

You must understand that the CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE—used to live on ink, not nice blue-black dichroic ink like we have at home, but nasty French ink, and he had a 'normous Geyser pen and a 'rific hairless paper pad, and he used to sit down and write 'mendous articles (which is Magic).

And one day he got tired of ink and thought he'd take to water instead—although he might have tried red ink, which is a beautiful medium to write in, being as red as scarlatina and much more wholesome. But this obstinaceous pertinaceous farinaceous (aren't they beautiful long words, Dearly Beloved?) CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE, remark—said he would have water and plenty of it, and so he set out to walk to the Mediterranean Sea.

Now while the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE was walking across France in the direction of the Equator, Dearly Beloved, they caught him and made him a Minister of Marine (which is also Magic), but all he said was "Humph," and he pursued his solitary strategic way towards the Mediterranean Sea.

When he got to the Mediterranean Sea he was so 'scruciating hungry that he insisted on having a Punch—which is a meal some hours later than Lunch, Best Beloved—and while he was there he rose to his feet and exclaimed in a voice of thunder and lightning, "Why shouldn't the Mediterranean Sea, which I observe basking in refulgent prosperity, pacification and dampness all around me, belong entirely to the Land of Frogs and French polishers?"

This is the way that Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLES always talk.

And everybody at the Punch said, "Just so."

But exactly at that moment old Father Bull stomped in.

"What were those words," he asked in a stentorian whisper, "that smote upon my auscultant auriculars?"

This is the way that old Father Bull always talks.

And the CAMILLE—the Pelletan Mediterreletan CAMILLE, you must remember, Dearly Beloved—said it again.

"All right," said old Father Bull, and he thought no more about it, but when the CAMILLE got home he was spanked by his uncle the HANOTAUX, with his hard, hard hand; and he was spanked by his older uncle, the DELCASSÉ, with his harder, harder port-



JOSEPH'S SURFACE UNRUFFLED.

Wilhelmina Harcourt. "'PRETTY FANNY'S WAY,' INDEED! I HOPED HE'D LOSE HIS TEMPER! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE EVEN ME USE A 'QUALIFYING ADJECTIVE'!"

folio; and he was spanked by his third uncle, the LOUBET, with his hardest, hardest ruler; and although he said he never said it, he went away into "Scurity," which is a very dark place, with the most 'mendous 'normous and 'rific Hump you ever saw, Dearly Beloved.

THE STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY.

[“Lord KITCHENER might be a great general, but he certainly did not understand women.”—*Lady Lecturer at Leith.*]

To what end, asks *Mr. Punch*, more in sorrow than in anger—to what end this brilliant career, these laurels, the gratitude of a nation, if the hero proves after all to be no more than an ordinary man? In the interests of efficiency it must not be allowed that our general officers should fail to understand the fair sex! A thousand times no. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in offering for consideration the following paper, to be passed by all officers superior to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

1. Give a brief account of (a) EVE and the apple, or (b) HELEN and the siege of Troy; describing as shortly as possible the effect of either on the world's history. Draw your own conclusions.

2. To whom was the name GLORIANA given? Mention any contemporary ladies of military instinct to whom this *sobriquet* might be aptly applied.

3. What reasons are there for supposing that a battle-field is specially suited for pic-nics?

4. Explain why, in the event of disagreements between the wives of the Colonel and a Captain, it is advisable for the Captain to exchange, and state the advantages he will gain thereby.

5. What course would you pursue in a half-finished campaign if a lady assured you that your conduct was a series of errors? Would you begin it all again? Give your answer in moderate language.

6. Are you in favour of adding to the training of cadets an authorised course of drawing-room instruction? If so, what form should it take?

7. What military or prophetic significance has the phrase “Monstrous Regiment of Women?” If none, what does it mean?

8. Explain the importance of the postscript, and estimate the relation of a woman's words to her thoughts (a) when she means to conceal them; (b) when she tries to express them.

9. Give the contexts of the following passages, with short critical notes:

“Woman is not undeveloped man, But diverse . . .”

“Woman is at once the delight and the terror of man.”

“To the Ladies, formerly our superiors, now our equals!”

THE REMOUNT MAN.

(A War Office Portrait.)

He wasn't a man of exceptional *nous*,
 But he gave his whole time to the job;
 He mayn't have been an Admiral Rous,
 But he knew a mule from a cob;
 He never did justice to himself,
 For his duties overtasked him,
 And he frequently missed the actual gist
 Of the questions that we asked him.

He was only the very roundest peg
 Stuck fast in the squarest hole,
 But you mustn't conclude from that, I beg,
 That he wasn't a worthy soul.
 We found him fixed in a fourth-floor flat,
 When the war cloud burst around him,
 He was doing his best, like all the rest,
 So we left him where we found him.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. I.—PRELIMINARY.

THERE seems to be no doubt about it: Britain is waking up. This condition, of course, like almost all other striking and important events, dates from the moment when Lord ROSEBURY inscribed upon his banner the magic word Efficiency. To be sure, he did not enter into particulars. So much condescension could not reasonably be expected from one who is raised far above the ordinary frailties, jealousies and ambitions of mankind, and who, moreover, has attained that exalted position by a long course of severe work, by an ascetic abstinence from the mere amusements, pleasures and frivolities of men, and by a punctilious devotion of all his energies to the public good. All that such a man can do is to utter something resounding, something that will appeal to the man in the Tube as well as to the man in the street, or the automobile, or on the platform, or even in the home. Then the minor lights come along, the Vice-Presidents of the Liberal League and other orators, and Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, and even Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and (in the intervals between expressing their supreme but affectionate contempt for one another) they—well, you would suppose they'd fill in the outlines, so to speak, of the great man's vast design, tell us all definitely where we fail and why we fall short; why the Germans are beating us in commerce, the French in railways, the Russians in diplomacy, and the Americans in every possible department of human activity. But, Heaven bless you, that's just what the minor lights don't do.

First of all, as is proper enough, they tell us that we are the most magnificent people in the world; that we have done, and are constantly doing, deeds that no other nation could even attempt to imitate; that we are magnanimous beyond belief; that it is impossible to contest either our virtues or our universal supremacy in all those matters that make nations truly great; that foreigners hate us because we are too successful—but that, by the way, there is one point that must be mentioned, one question on which we need to wake up, and that is the great, the paramount, question of Efficiency. That if we do not promptly become efficient we are lost; that other nations are efficient, and have therefore gone ahead of us; that our War Office is both incompetent and a hotbed of favouritism; that our Army can never be what it ought to be until our officers are totally different from what they are; that our Navy is under-manned, under-gunned and under-boilered; that our business men are sunk in sloth; that our public schools

cannot teach; that our elementary education is absurd; that our Cabinet Ministers are mere dilettanti, and that, in short, so miserable is our condition that, unless something immediate is done, we shall plunge into an abyss of ruin from which no amount of tardy wisdom will avail to extricate us. And the audience, which has cheered the first part of this speech with exaltation, applauds the final portion with a proud but gloomy enthusiasm, and goes home to bed with a stern resolve to make all the others efficient, or to die in the attempt.

Next morning, JONES, who has been reading the speech, meets BROWN in the accustomed suburban railway carriage which daily takes them to the City:—

"I see," says BROWN, in the tone of a man announcing the loss of a battle or the collapse of Westminster Abbey, "I see these confounded Americans have done us out of another contract for bridges, and the Germans, curse them, are simply shoving us out of China."

"Of course they are," says JONES; "but what else can you expect? We're not efficient, and I quite agree with Lord What's-his-name that until we are we're bound to go to the dogs."

"True for you," says BROWN. "We've got to wake up."

Thereupon JONES hastens to his office, reads a few letters, gives a few orders, and dashes down by a mid-day train to his favourite golf-links; while BROWN, after a heavy lunch, snores away the afternoon in an armchair in his private room; and both of them return home in the evening complaining of the severity of their labours, and thanking Heaven that they are not as Americans or Germans are.

However, I have said enough to show that, with all this talk of efficiency and waking up and changing our methods and wiping out reproaches that for some reason or other seem to be clinging to us, we may be brought face to face at any moment with almost revolutionary changes in all our departments of life. It will be the object of this series of articles to show men how, even under these altered conditions, they may still attain success in a variety of professions and occupations—in short, how they may become efficient.

HUMANITY AND THE HOOLIGAN.

THOUGH the hobnail of the Hooligan is painting Lambeth red, Though his belt is chipping pieces from the law-abiding head,

Though policemen in infirmaries are racked with gastric pain,

He is still alive and kicking,—for the law must be humane.

Now and then by district magistrates he's "bound to keep the peace,"

Or is given a month's hard labour—"for this sort of thing must cease,"—

Though that only gets his muscle up to do the same again, We have got the consolation that the law is quite humane.

So the gently nurtured Hooligan still tramples when he can On the unprotected stomach of the unoffending man, Or bestrews the street with fragments of constabulary brain, For it's only to the Hooligan the law is so humane.

Cutting a New Acquaintance.

Major Longi'th' Bow. I met a Brahmin once with "JOHN SMITH, London," carved on his back. You see he was standing motionless in one of those pious trances which nothing is allowed to interrupt. In this state he was found by a cheap-tripper, who took him for a statue and cut his name as usual.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Captain (to Erorn, who, owing to illness of one of the team, has been dragged in to play at the last moment). "COLLAR HIM, YOU FOOL!"



"THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT."
THE ONLY ONE WE KNOW.
(With Apologies to Mr. Crossman.)

SHALL FICTION DIE?

In answer to the fears that have been expressed in the *North American Review* on the above question, Mr. *Punch* proposes from time to time to publish outlines of plots with a view to preventing the threatened decay of this splendid industry.

No. I.—THE NOVEL OF AFFAIRS.

Hero . . . ARTHUR PONSONBY, a handsome young engineer.

Heroine . . . LETTICE QUAYLE, a beautiful and virtuous waitress in the employ of the Aërated Bread Company.

First Villain . . . Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN.

Second Villain . . . Mr. SCHWAB (of the Steel Trust).

Deux ex Machina . . . The Maelstrom.

Mr. PONSONBY, after a lover's quarrel with the fair LETTICE, goes off in a temper to Monte Carlo. There he naturally loses all his money, and is about to blow his brains out when Mr. SCHWAB emerges from behind a convenient olive-tree and bids the young man stop. Then, as agent for Mr. MORGAN, Mr. SCHWAB offers the young engineer £5,000,000 for his services for one year. PONSONBY accepts the offer and swears a

frightful oath to fulfil all Mr. MORGAN'S orders for that period. Mr. SCHWAB pays the hero £5 on account and then reveals the awful plot. Mr. MORGAN has been refused a front seat at the Delhi Durbar, and has resolved to ruin England in revenge. He engages PONSONBY to alter the course of the Gulf Stream by erecting a huge barricade off the coast of Florida. Thus the Gulf Stream is to be diverted from the British Isles to Norway, and Great Britain will become a second Iceland. As our hero has pledged his word, in spite of his agony of mind he must carry the work through. However, he discovers an error in Mr. MORGAN'S calculations. The Gulf Stream is diverted and the Trust King pays our hero the balance of his little account. But the Gulf Stream is sucked in by the Maelstrom, and emerging from it, runs south, lapping all round the English Coast and converting England into a semi-tropical country. Mr. MORGAN in despair drowns himself in the Maelstrom with a full confession in his right boot. ARTHUR PONSONBY is created a Peer under the title of Baron MAELSTROM, because he has rendered it unnecessary for the British public to wear overcoats in August. He marries the waitress at Westminster Abbey, and Mr. AUSTIN publishes an aërated ode in honour of the occasion. Mr. SCHWAB, when last heard of, is earning a precarious livelihood by pruning the County Council cocoa-nut palms in the Strand.

It is hoped that Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS will certainly purchase the dramatic rights in order to secure the "Drowning Millionaire in Maelstrom" scene for Drury Lane.

THE BURNING QUESTION.

WELL, old man. Back again! Had a good time?

Worse luck! Oh, ripping!

Playing well?

Top of my game. Driving like a blooming hurricane. "Why, there's a hole there—496 yards it is—and I drove it in two.

You didn't!

I did, honour bright.

Well, all I can say is you're a bigger—I mean a longer driver than I thought. But—what were you down in?

Let's see. Six, I think it was. Or seven. Iforget.

Shocking bad green, though, and I was off my putting. But anyhow, I know I was hole high in two.

H'm!—did you say four hundred, or three?

Four. Four hundred and ninety-six yards. In two.

That's practically five hundred. Any wind?

Not a breath.

Two hundred and fifty yards a shot. Why, that's more than I—more than even EDWARD BLACK—by-the-by, what ball were you using?

Ball? Oh, er, one of those rubber-filled things. Forget which.

Ah! That proves it.

Proves what?

Why, the *Daily Mail*. It's right for once. It said the other day that those Yankee balls don't make any difference except to short drivers. So if it makes all that difference to you—

All what difference?

All *that* difference. I'm not good at subtraction sums when they run into three figures. But anyhow it proves—

D'you mean to imply that I'm not a long driver?

I don't imply. I know. I simply say that it proves—

Look here; if you know so much about it, why don't you go in for the *Golf Illustrated* exam.? It's open to all leading amateurs. Of course they have asked for your opinion?

As a matter of fact, no, they haven't. But—

You don't mean to say so! I thought from the way you talked—

Well, you weren't far wrong. Mind! I don't pretend to be one of them yet. But if *you* can make one of those golf balls bounce two hundred and fifty yards, why, we're *all* going to be leading amateurs—as long as we can afford 'em.



OVERHEARD AT A MOST ENJOYABLE LUNCH.

Epicurean Fly (indignantly). "CONFOUND YOU, SIR! WIPE YOUR BOOTS BEFORE ALIGHTING ON THE BUTTER. YOU'VE JUST BEEN WALKING IN THE ONION PICKLE!"

BOZIANA.

In a second article on "Boz and Boulogne" I regretted that DICKENS had not given his Pickwickian heroes a trip on the Continent, and still more heartily regretted that a book entitled *Pickwick Abroad* should ever have been written by one G. W. M. REYNOLDS. "This book," I am informed, "is very rare, but has some value, as solving one of the most disputed of all known jokes. In CALVERLEY's celebrated examination paper on *Pickwick*, Question 12 is 'Anythink for air and exercise,' as the very old donkey observed ven they voke him up from his death-bed to carry ten gentlemen to Greenwich in a tax-cart.—Illustrate this by stating any remark recorded in the 'Pickwick Papers' to have been made by a (previously) dumb animal, with the circumstances under which he made it. This," continues my correspondent, "has quite the Sam Weller flavour (the only one in the book as far as I could see which has), and I have known a dozen or more of people searching *Pickwick* again in despair to find it. CALVERLEY rather unfairly put it in quotation marks, but did not give its source. It was with the greatest joy, therefore, that I accidentally ran into it in REYNOLDS's *Pickwick Abroad*."

My correspondent adds that neither Sir WALTER BESANT nor Professor SKEAT, with whom BESANT was bracketed for the "Calverley Pickwick Prize," knew anything about the source of this quotation. The Hon. W. WARREN VERNON, in some interesting and amusing notes on CALVERLEY's questions, admits that "the Donkey quotation is not to be found in *Pickwick*," and proceeds to give the three instances, therein mentioned, of dumb animals being temporarily gifted with speech. The first is what "the Polar bear said to himself when he was practising skating"; the second records what "the parrot said," etc.; and the third is given by Sam to Mr. Pickwick, when, as an inducement to the latter to see Arabella the bride, with her husband Nathaniel Winkle, he said, "If you know'd who was near, Sir, I rayther think you'd change your note, as the hawk remarked to himself with a cheerful laugh, ven he heard the robin redbreast a-singing round the corner."

Mr. VERNON writes that CALVERLEY's question was probably "invented" by that eccentric humourist "as a trap." It was no invention, but CALVERLEY silyly picked out the one good thing in *Pickwick Abroad* and "somewhat unfairly" used it.

From France I have received an interesting letter à propos of what I may term the villégiature of CHARLES DICKENS at Condette, the little house pointed out to me as his, though it is not mentioned by him in his letters, and, as far as I can judge, only indirectly alluded to. M. HURET LAGACHE, now eighty years of age, for over forty years Maire of the Commune of Condette, and for eleven years President of the Chamber of Commerce at Boulogne, writes, in a private letter, from which I have permission to make this extract:—

"CHARLES DICKENS, le célèbre écrivain, a habité la maison de M. BEAUMONT-MUTUEL"—(this is the "bungalow" that I visited last September near the Château d'Hardelet)—"il y faisait en 1864 son séjour favori et y restait, de temps en temps, une période de 8 jours; il a laissé quelques souvenirs parmi quelques habitants, et vous les trouverez quand vous viendrez y habiter."

Although I had not intended saying anything further at present on this subject, yet, as the short papers of September 17 and October 1 seem to have attracted so much attention in various quarters—judging, that is, by the amount of correspondence to which "Boz and Boulogne" has given rise—I have felt it due to all those interested, to fill up as far as possible the outlines already given with such definite and trustworthy information as has been subsequently communicated to

"A PROGRESSING PILGRIM."



VAL VERTON DEL.

Lady (engaging a Maid). "WAS YOUR LAST MISTRESS SATISFIED WITH YOU?"

Maid. "WELL, MUM, SHE SAID SHE WAS VERY PLEASED WHEN I LEFT!"

TO THE AUTHOR OF "DOLLY GRAY."

I AM bidding you good-bye, Mr. COBB,
And I'll gladly tell you why, Mr. COBB:
I've had more than I can bear
Of that "murmur in the air"
We are "hearing everywhere," Mr. COBB!

Never mind the soldier's feet, Mr. COBB,
And "their uniforms so neat," Mr. COBB!
If we "needed" you to go
"To the front to fight the foe"—
Were you right to be so slow, Mr. COBB?

"Good-bye, DOLLY, I must leave you,"
You have told her day by day,
Adding sadly three lines later
That you can no longer stay!
But your parting's been so lengthy
That the Army's done its job!
Still it's time you started somewhere—
Good-bye, Mr. COBB!

SPLENDOR IN MESSA.—Last winter we had tennis in tabular form. Why not try tabloid tennis? As the world grows older and simpler it concentrates everything into tabloids. The Indian drug bhang might do as an ingredient in concocting the tennis tabloid. Each player takes two (thus, bhang-bhang), which, when swallowed, produce giddiness, incipient apoplexy, dishevelment, facial distortion, groveling, and all the other outward phenomena of the real thing. The players continue to take the tabloids till cured.

MOTTO FOR THE "D—Y M—L."—"All's well that ends Wells."

KITTY IN BORDERLAND.

I DON'T know how long *Kitty* has been running at the Duke of York's Theatre, with crowds running after her to see her *Marriage*, but, judging by the laughter, the rapturous applause, and the enthusiastic recalls at the end of every act, whereof I was a witness a few nights since, the nuptials of this very clever young lady, as represented to perfection by Miss MARIE TEMPEST, bid fair to be indefinitely prolonged, although, to my astonishment, I saw, in the hall of the theatre, an illuminated notice of another entertainment now in preparation by Mr. CHARLES FROHMANN. Why? Can there be any doubt as to the popularity of *The Marriage of Kitty*? It is a really funny, "frenchy," of course (ahem!) and very ingenious farce, played by such a quartette of thoroughly conscientious comedians as, whether in London or in Paris, where the original was produced, it would be difficult to match in any combination. Mr. LEONARD BOYNE is in deadly earnest as *Sir Reginald Belsize, Bart.*; Mr. GILBERT HARE, cool and alert, as *John Travers, Kitty's* guardian and solicitor; Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, most amusing as the hysterical "society" lady *Mme. de Semiano*, and Miss MARIE TEMPEST at her best as the light-hearted, spry *Katherine Silvertown*.

Mr. COSMO GORDON LENNOX, adapter of this somewhat frisky and risky French farce, has done his work well. There are moments in these "rapid acts" when comes a sudden unexpected touch of pathos which saves the merry, unscrupulous heroine from the charge of heartlessness, and not only gives pause for a moment's serious human interest in the midst of improbable farcicality, but redeems the action from the category of ordinary French farces, whose drollery lies in their irresponsible recklessness. Miss TEMPEST is the life and soul of the piece *par excellence*, but for that matter, as a friend at my elbow put it, "Aren't they all 'lives and souls' of the piece?" They are.

Honi soit qui mal y pense, and those who miss seeing this lose a fair chance of a hearty laugh.

THE COMING NATIONAL SPORT.

How fortunate for England, with her "muddled oafs," striving ingloriously at the effeminate game of football, that a new exercise is forcing itself upon us which will call forth the energetic daring of veritable heroes of romance! And for this exercise the sole qualification is to be an ordinary pedestrian in contact with a motor-car. For, granted the presence of but one motor-car, think



DECLINED WITH THANKS.

Jones (at 7 A.M.; he has been invited to go cub-hunting at 9.30 A.M.). "HOW FAR IS IT TO DITCHAM, MY MAN?"

Rustic. "BEST PART O' SIX MILE BY THE ROAD, SUR. BUT IF YOU TAKE THE SHORT CUT OWEER THAT STILE IT'S NOBBUT FOWER!"

Jones. "ER—THANKS—I'M IN PLENTY OF TIME, I THINK!"

of the countless adventures with which it may provide the pedestrian in the course of a single morning stroll. What feats of strength and agility, what prodigies of valour will he be driven to perform or ever he reach his home in safety!

He may be chased along the road at hurricane speed, and at any moment find it necessary to leap aside, across a ditch or over a hedge. The motor-car may explode at his very feet, bursting into flames, and discharging at him boiling water and oil, passengers and machinery.

With several motor-cars simultaneously at work his experiences may be indefinitely varied, and will prove invaluable

to him hereafter as a soldier on the field of battle.

The equipment of a pedestrian should consist of a helmet and coat of mail to protect him against the missiles mentioned above; a life-belt in case of the tardy discovery of a pond or river the other side of a hedge; and grappling irons for use when a tree or high wall is the only route available.

Here, ready to our hands, are the materials for a manly and glorious national sport. It rests with the men of England to avail themselves of its matchless advantages, or basely to shelter behind the police regulations and give the motorist "in charge."

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

VI.—MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

THE very knocker of Mr. BALFOUR's residence in Carlton Terrace proclaims his æsthetic tendencies, being formed from an old Houbraken niblick. As the door flies open we are ushered by several dunie-wassals, clad in the picturesque Whittinghame tartan, through a tapestried vestibule, catching a glimpse as we go of rare prints after MONTE CORVO, FILOMAYOR, and SAN BORNO, and of the set of splendid silver-mounted caddies presented to Mr. BALFOUR by the freeholders of the Bass Rock. As we enter the library—a spacious apartment upholstered in lapis lazuli faience, with a portrait of Mr. GIBSON BOWLES as *Cassandra* over the fireplace—Mr. BALFOUR's sinuous pose as, engaged in not reading the papers, he reclines gracefully in an American rocking-chair, reminds us of the famous statue of *Laocoön*, and an allusion to the resemblance at once places us on a friendly footing.

"Yes," observes Mr. BALFOUR, in reply to our unexpressed query, "my first love was philosophy, but my keenest interest is now centred in psychics, music, golf and automobility," and as he nodded to the window we



"Yes, my first love was philosophy."

could hear Mr. BALFOUR's new 45 H.P. q. f. Napier snorting in its stall. "But the claims of politics are undoubtedly urgent."

Discreetly evading this painful topic we asked the Premier what authors had influenced him most.

"Oh, undoubtedly, HORACE HUTCHINSON, TOM MORRIS, and WAGNER," and here Mr. BALFOUR softly whistled the closing scene of the *Götterdämmerung* with

marvellous accuracy and *verve*. "I suppose you have heard," he added, "of the extremely graceful compliment paid to me by the authorities at St. Andrews? They have actually raised my handicap to ten in recognition of my elevation to the Premiership. Yes," added Mr. BALFOUR, "golf undoubtedly tends to promote the comity of nations. The Grand Duke MICHAEL, as BEN SAYERS observed the other day at North Berwick, is a most enthusiastic player, and I myself recently appeared in a Russian illustrated paper, driving off



"Lord Balfour beim Lawn-Tennis-Spiel."
St. Petersburg Herald.

from the tee with the legend 'Lord BALFOUR at the game of lawn tennis.'"

We congratulated Mr. BALFOUR on this unique distinction. Did he find time, we queried, to keep up his music?

"Ah!" sighed the eminent statesman, "how I regret the old days in which I used to attend the meetings of the Handel Society, and sing thorough bass alongside of HERBERT GLADSTONE. Music is indeed a wondrous moral emollient. I still play the pianolic at rare intervals—CHAMBERLAIN admires my touch vastly—but the fact is I am obliged to devote my scanty leisure almost entirely to physical recreation." Here Mr. BALFOUR lifted a gigantic bar-bell, weighing some 250 lbs., from the floor with surprising ease, and held it at arm's length for several seconds before laying it down. "Bartitsu is also a great solace. I no longer feel the slightest dread of SWIFT MCNEILL when I am walking home at night from the House." A yawn from the Premier, perceptible enough although concealed with more attempt at thoroughness than in the House, warned us that our time grew short.

"You will spend the Christmas recess in Scotland?" we asked.

"Ah yes, at home. 'Turn again



Here Mr. Balfour lifted a gigantic bar-bell.

WHITTINGHAME' is what the bells ring for me."

"And the Education Bill——" we began—when Mr. BALFOUR rose to his feet and moved the closure with characteristic ease. There seemed to be no comment on this situation, and we prepared to leave. Mr. BALFOUR, however, who believes in speeding the parting guest,



"And the Education Bill," we began——

accelerated our departure by placing us on a tee in the middle of the hall mat and driving us from the door.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. II.—THE ARMY.

BEFORE we plunge into the subject of this paper it may be well to see if we can acquire some notion, more or less precise, of what the Army really is. On this, as on other points, opinions differ. For instance, my young friend, LOFTUS CARBERRY, who has recently been gazetted to a second lieutenancy in one of the three distinguished and brilliant regiments of our Household Cavalry, looks upon the Army as a repository of steel cuirasses, helmets, long swords, jack-boots, and profuse gold and silver ornaments. He sees himself in imagination mitigating the rigours of life at the Albany or Knightsbridge Barracks or at Windsor, by a strenuous round of dances, dinners, race-meetings, and jaunts on the river Thames. He is, he knows, an inhabitant of a world in which men envy him his radiance, women sigh for his glances, and tradesmen compete for the honour of his custom. In time, say in six or seven years, these delights may pall, and he can then send in his papers and live on the glory of his past and such revenues as may remain to him—but in the meantime the life is satisfying and easy, and of course he likes it. If you question him about some other officer, one of the thousands who do not belong to the Household Brigade, his answer will show that the honest fellow takes but little interest in so humble a creature, being very properly convinced that His Majesty's forces depend for merit, efficiency and distinction on those regiments that immediately guard His Majesty's body—and after all he isn't by any means sure that the Empire couldn't get along very well without the Foot Guards.

Take, on the other hand, Captain WILLIAM MARCHANT, of the Loyal South Blankshire Regiment, now stationed at Aldershot. His interest, too, is bound up with his regiment, but he is hardly so exclusive. He swears by the infantry in general and by his own little lot in particular, but he sees certain advantages in cavalry, and has been known to speak with enthusiasm of sappers and gunners. Still, he is apt to grumble—what hard-working conscientious officer would not?—when he sees staff appointments on active service and other honorific positions awarded to nincompoops like CARBERRY, or even to Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who may have condescended to take up fighting as a temporary amusement, and to grant the lustre of their coronets to the vulgar realities of a campaign.

If you listen to General Sir HERCULES DEMISIZE (I omit the interminable initials that follow his honoured name and indicate his orders) certainly you'll come to the conclusion that though, no doubt, the Army was better in most respects some thirty or forty years ago, there's not the least question that nothing could well improve it now. Who doesn't know old Sir HERCULES, the whitest-haired, the fiercest, the most rakishly top-hatted and the most tightly frock-coated general officer in existence? Things have gone well enough with him—that's certain. His medals (he served at a time when medals and mentions were, perhaps, less common than they are now) attest his fighting capacity. To be sure he lost his head at the now forgotten fight of Blundernaghar, but he kept up his reputation for strong language and personal valour, and eventually won the battle. Now that he has retired, no man is in greater request at public dinners, and it was at one of these that I recently had the privilege of listening to him as he responded on behalf of the Army. Here is a fairly accurate report of his remarks, so far as I could gather them between his clearings of his throat:—

"Hum—brrrm—hum! ought to be very grateful to you, Mr. PRIME WARDEN and gentlemen, brrrm—hum, toast of the Army which, hum, proud to respond. Many things, brrrm, said about Army at present day, but, hum, venture to

affirm the soldiers of His MAJESTY not less worthy of encouragement than they always were, brrrm—hum. Good deal of, hum—hem, nonsense talked about Army. Must march with the times, of course, but, brrrm, make sure first that we're marching with, hum, right times and not with wrong. Make Army larger and spend more money on it, every cause for dissatisfaction, brrrm—hum—hem, disappear. Have got best officers and soldiers in the world, but too few of them. Fit to go anywhere and to do anything. Battle of Waterloo won on playing-fields of Eton. Some compensation for hardships of soldier's life to find, hum—brrrm—hem, work appreciated by so distinguished City Company."

There you have, in brief, the views of General Sir HERCULES.

(To be continued.)

THE DEMORALISATION OF ROBERT.

[Lord ONSLOW has addressed a remonstrance to his fellow-magistrates on the subject of the attitude of the police towards the drivers of motor-cars in the wilds of Surrey. Among other things he contends that "the effect upon the police of constantly acting as spies must be demoralising." The following verses are affectionately inscribed to Colonel L-W-N, of the Surrey Bench.]

Bill Sykes addresses the Earl of Onslow:—

MELUD, yer got 'em on the 'op!

Yer Surrey mites is much to blime,

Lettin' the self-respectin' cop

Go slippin' inter pawths o' shime.

Mind yer, I'm not agin the beaks,

They goes as strite as they ken see;

They ain't no bloomin' set o' freaks,

But mostly 'uman, sime as me.

My tistes is simple like a bibe's,

I pads the 'ighway, 'eel an' toe,

I loathes yer scorchers' noisy gibes,

I scorns yer giddy lokermo.

But when I'm on a thinkin' job,

An' wants ter sniff a bit o' breeze,

I 'ites ter see a copper's nob.

Bobbin' abaht be'ind the trees.

It 'urts my feelin's as a bloke

What loves the peaceful country wys,

When Niture's charms is mide a cloak

Ter screen a hambush packed with spies.

What's wuss—an' 'ere I blime the beak—

I sees a simple artless rice

Put on ter ply the shidy sneak

And lose their hinnercencence an' grice.

Yer never knows where things 'll stop

When once yer tikes ter low deceit;

Yer starts in life a honest cop,

An' ends with rubbers on yer feet.

Yer gits ter 'ave a crawfty heye

Prahlin' at nights rahnd harear-stairs,

Shiftn' yer slops from dy ter dy

Ter nick a hartist hunawares.

Melud, I sees it clear as glawss;

So, if yer wants ter use my nime,

Tike it, and give a decent clawss

From slippin' dahn the pawths o' shime.

O. S.

JUST AS IT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.—Last Friday our KITCHENER was sent off to India in charge of the Cook.



THE PARLIAMENTARY "PUSH-BILL."





CUB HUNTING.

Excited Individual (galloping up to Master). "I've seen the Fox! I've seen the Fox!"
Master. "Indeed! Pretty creature, isn't it?"

AT THE FOOT OF THE LETTER.

[In his address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on October 14, Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN advised his audience to: "Read fewer novels, pore for a briefer time over newspapers, dwell longer and more intimately with the poets."]

"*RHYMES* are a nuisance," soliloquised the Poet-Laureate, as he sat at work in his study. "There's only 'bedward' to rhyme with EDWARD, and that is no use. 'Whenas His Gracious Majesty King EDWARD, wearied with cares of sovereignty, goes bedward'—rather *too* prosaic, I'm afraid. Let me see—"

His study door was flung open, a somewhat shabbily-dressed stranger entered unannounced, and seated himself comfortably in the best arm-chair.

"Found you at last!" he said. "ALFRED, old boy, you really ought to hang out a sign, 'Epics finished while you wait. Ode-maker by Royal appoint-

ment.' Had no end of bother to run you down, I assure you!"

"Really," began the Poet-Laureate, "you have the advantage of me. Might I enquire your name and business?"

"Name? Well, for such pals as you and I are bound to be, 'BUBBLES' is enough, I reckon. 'Good old BUBBLES'—that's what they call me at the—well, where I'm best known. Snug little crib this of yours, ALFRED. By the way, any of that Royal sherry on tap? Or a whisky-and-soda will do, if you like—BUBBLES isn't particular, bless you."

Mr. AUSTIN rose from his chair in some indignation. "Will you have the goodness to explain yourself?" he said. "What is the meaning of this unwarrantable intrusion?"

"Unwarrantable intrusion?" cried BUBBLES, slapping his leg and shouting with laughter; "well, that's rich, that is! Fairly collars the crumpet, that

does—when you asked me here yourself!"

"I asked you!" cried the Poet. "Never—never! Perfect quiet and seclusion are imperatively necessary for such work as mine! I should never dream of asking you here, Mr.—er—BUBBLES! There must be some mistake!"

"You bet there isn't," replied his guest. "I heard you gas at Edinburgh the other day."

"Oh, and you came to thank me for my advice?" Mr. AUSTIN said, somewhat mollified.

"You can put it in that way if you like. I heard your advice, Sir, and I resolved to act upon it. First point, to read fewer novels. I haven't opened one since."

"Excellent!" said Mr. AUSTIN.

"Second point—to pore for a briefer period over newspapers. Ten minutes

with any one of 'em lasts me for a week, I find. Third point—to dwell longer and more intimately with the poets. That's why I'm here; couldn't do better than put in a month or two with you as a start, I thought. My luggage will be up from the station presently."

"I am so sorry that my house happens to be full," said the Laureate. "But there is another poet of whom you may have heard. His name, I believe, is KIPLING. Will you go and dwell intimately with him, please? You are—er—just the kind of man he loves. Let me give you his address."

THE END OF EVOLUTION.

["Mr. T. H. HOLDING, Editor of the *London Tailor*, lecturing on Dress at St. James's Hall, observed, "We have reached finality so far as the dress of the English gentleman is concerned. The trousers of to-day will not only be the trousers of the next fifty or sixty years, but of the next one hundred million."—*Daily Mail*, October 16.]

SINCE HERACLEITUS, long ago

His maxim *návra pí* propounded,
And those who held a *status quo*
To be maintainable, confounded,
Prophet and poet, sage and don—
Wherever speculation ranges—
Unite in ringing changes on
The theme that all creation changes.

Tout lasse, tout passe: you have by rote,
No doubt, the shining lines of SHELLEY;
Or, failing them, can aptly quote
Some parallel from Miss CORELLI.
And all bewail the lot of man
Who by no method of insurance
Can foil the universal ban
That robs achievement of endurance.

"Where once was Troy stand cornfields
now;"
And HOMER from his mute and chill
lips

Sends forth no word to tell us how
He likes the *Odyssey* of PHILLIPS.
Vixere fortes: but they flit;
JOHN BURNS succeeds to CAIUS GRAC-
CHUS,

AS ROSEBERRY succeeds to PITT,
And HORACE HUTCHINSON to FLACCUS.

Yet 'mid this maze of shifting sands,
This crude kaleidoscopic welter,
One institution rocklike stands,
One solid structure gives us shelter.
Though asses stamp where JAMSHYD
reigned,
Though needle-guns give place to
Mauvers,
Finality has been attained
In one department—that of TROU-
SERS.

O triumph of the tailor's goose,
Destined to last for endless æons,
Though sculptors greet thee with abuse,
We hail thee with ecstatic pæans.



"It is rumoured that at His 'Majesty's, Mr. Hall Caine's play will be followed by another Shakspeare production."—*Daily Paper*.

For man, whom disappointment dogs,
Whose other works demand correction,
Here sets on his immortal togs
The seal of absolute perfection.

(To be continued below.)

"CONTINUATIONS."

[A Variation on the same theme.]

JUST think of this, all ye who wear
The current trouser, and forswear
Kilt, knickers, pants and fancy dresses
With which Man now and then digresses!

The nether-garment you and I
Most generally dignify—

In final form we now may fix it
(Tis Mr. HOLDING's *ipse dixit*!)

He says the trousers of to-day
For fifty years have come to stay,
Nay more, for sundry occult reasons,
They'll last one hundred million seasons!

'Tis almost too good to be true
From the financial point of view
(The pair in which I now am sitting
Are much more shiny than is fitting!)

With no more tailors' bills to—owe,
While countless winters come and go,
Life will be easier, but I tremble
To think what folks will then resemble.

I shan't be here then, but no doubt
My son's heir's heir will walk about
Arrayed in his paternal riches,
This venerable pair of breeches.

Imperishable as they'll be
And bagged with each successive knee,
These tenth-transmitted bifurcations
Will be indeed "continuations!"

THE UNATTAINABLE.

ONE day last week, my wife, dear MARIAN, suddenly said to me:—

"ADOLPHUS, yesterday at the DE SMITHS, I heard some men saying that people with small incomes—under seven hundred a year—were entitled to certain rabbits."

"Rebates, my love," I murmured, endeavouring to read the *Times*.

"Well, what does it mean?"

I tried to explain, but dear MARIAN was not exactly quick at seeing the intricacies of the Income-Tax Act. I told her airily that women did not understand these things, and then she replied rather tartly:—

"Well, do you?"

So like a woman! Did I? Why of course I did. Every *man* does.

"Oh, then, you can get back our rebate. Now you must do this, ADOLPHUS, and I can have a new winter dress out of the money. I *insist*!"

So I tried a fall with the Income-Tax Commissioner. Before proceeding any farther, I may remark that it was I who took the fall.

I sought an interview at the Commissioner's office, and explained that as my total income did not exceed six hundred per annum, I desired a rebate. He smiled in a far-off way, and handed me a blue-lined paper to fill up.

I bit a new quill and started in.

"You had better read the 'Instructions' first," remarked the Commissioner drily.

I nodded, put down my pen, and read:—

"This form is not applicable to any year prior to the year 1898—9."

Then followed:—

"Order No. —."

"A — allowed for — to —."

"State whether you are widow or spinster, and what is your Registered No."

Here I broke off—"Dear Sir," I said in tones of mild expostulation, "I have no registered number. I am neither a cabman nor a convict."

The Commissioner looked severe, and silently waved me to go on, by brandishing his pen.

I went on:

"Where Repayment is not claimed

"Yes," I said, "but it *is*; I do claim repaym—"

"Proceed," he said, inexorably.

"—the form sent with the last order of repayment should be used . . . Application should be made to the Secretary of Inland Revenue (Repayments Branch), Somerset House, for another form—"

"Another form!" I groaned, and

passed a silk handkerchief over my aching brow. Then I nerved myself to fresh effort and read on:

"In making the application the date when the last repayment was obtained should be stated, and the official number of the order." I paused.

"You quite follow?" asked the Commissioner, blandly.

"Ah—oh—perfectly. The simple eloquence of this essay is quite touching," I replied. Then, with a murmured apology to the Commissioner I took my coat off, loosened my collar, and once more settled to work.

"Particulars of Total Income from every source, whether taxed or not. For instructions see back."

I saw back.

"(1) No claim for Repayment of Income Tax can be allowed unless made within three years after the end of the year of assessment to which the claim relates: 10th sec. 23rd Vict. cap. 14."

I could not forbear a look of gentle reproach at the Commissioner.

"I am fond of light literature," I said, "but as to 23rd Vict. cap. 14, well, somehow or other I don't seem to have read this work. Will you kindly enlighten me as to——"

"Read on," came the stern reply.

I accordingly resumed.

"(2) Set forth fully in divisions Nos. 1 and 2 every source of Income. The Income of a married woman living with her husband is deemed to be his Income."

Must endeavour to impress this upon dear MARIAN when I get home.

"Where the Income is from occupation of Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments——"

Here my head began to swim, but to the best of my recollection the ensuing words were:—

"—and money invested, to be treated as separate Income, Interest, Ground Rent, Annuity or other Annual Charge, or whether Male or Female, or if otherwise, state how and which, giving dates and reasons for such answer."

Here I called a halt.

"Sir," I said respectfully, "assuming that I answered all these conundrums right—I merely say *assuming*—are there any other requirements that must be fulfilled before receiving my small rebate?"

He put his finger tips together and replied glibly:—

"You must produce all counterfoils of the dividends you have received during the past three years——"

"All?" I gasped. "Why, I daresay half of them are lost!"

"Yes, all," he replied grimly. "Then we shall require a certificate from your solicitor that he has paid the Tax which has to be deducted from your annuity



Our Amateur Romeo (who has taken a cottage in the country, so as to be able to study without interruption). "ARISE, FAIR SUN, AND KILL THE ENVOUS MOON——"

Owner of rubicund countenance (popping head over the hedge). "BEG PARDON, ZUR. BE YOU A TALKIN' TO OI, ZUR?"

cheque, a certificate from your bankers that they have paid the Tax on the coupons they have collected, a certificate——"

But I waited for no more. I stood before the Commissioner, a reckless and a desperate man.

"Sir," I said, "perhaps you will, in addition to these modest requisitions, permit me, on my own behalf, to add a certificate of my birth, and a short history of the honourable career of my parents; a certificate of my last re-

vaccination, a recommendation as to my moral worth from the clergyman of my parish, and the written testimony of the village postmaster that I have paid for a dog licence. Life, dear Sir, is altogether too fleeting a thing for the recovery of overpaid Income Tax. May I take this paper away with me? Thank you—it will serve to remind me of many happy hours—or is it days?—spent in your pleasant, if perplexing, company."

And snatching up my coat, I fled from the Presence.

MICKY MURPHY—MILITIAMAN.

[*A propos* of the heated difference which has arisen between the KING's uniform and theatrical etiquette, the *Daily Mail* reports:—"The only time I was asked for a seat in the dress circle," said one manager, "was by a spruce sergeant in the Life Guards. 'Certainly,' I said, 'I have G. 14 left, and you'll be sitting next a Militiaman.' 'Not me,' said the Lifeguardsman, and he walked away."]

MOST people call me MICKY; MICHAEL MURPHY is me name, Militiaman's me callin', an' Oi'm proud, Sorr, ov th' same. Some thinks Oi'm not a military koind ov lookin' man, "Oi wasn't built for looks," says Oi, "Oi'm on th' foightin' plan."

They say me clows don't fit me—or else Oi don't fit me clows,

"Tain't the clows that make th' man," says Oi, "as ivrybody knows."

Chorus.

Private MICHAEL MURPHY, MICKY, SORR, or MOIKE,
It's all th' same to me, bedad, call me phwhat yiz loike.
Oi'm not th' bhoy to take offins about me Christyun name,
But don't say that a souldier's not th' owner ov th' same.
Th' medal Oi'm a-wearin' ov Oi didn't git for fun,
Nor yit for dhrinkin' beer all day, nor baskin' in th' sun.
Oi got it, Sorr, for bein' a man—as ivrybody knows,
So just for pace and quiteness sake, please don't insult me clows.

Phwhin they says to me, "MICK MURPHY, are yiz all roight for th' front,

Do yiz feel that yoor a man enough to bear th' battle's brunt,

Will yiz volunteer to go and foight yoor country's enemies,
Or wud yiz rather shstay at home an' take it at yer ease?"

Did Oi hesitate a moment, Sorr, or falther for reply?

Was it Private MICHAEL MURPHY said he felt afear'd to die?

An' phwhin he shmelt th' battle's shmoke an' heerd th' cannon's roar,

Wus MICKY MURPHY to th' rear or wus he to th' fore?

An' phwhin things wonct wur divlish bad, did MICKY run away,

A-sayin' softly to hisselt he'd foight annuther day?

Or did he fix his bay'net on and make, Sorr, for th' foe?

Oi'd loike to see th' mane shpalpane that dares to answer,
"No!"

An' now Oi think Oi've finished all Oi wanted for to say,
Oi thank ye for th' attintion ye've bin koind enough to pay,
To wan that's not a crack Hussar, nor yet a shwell Lifeguard,

Wid chist a-shwollen out wid proide an' stuffin' be th' yard!
Oi'm but a poor Militiaman, an' MURPHY is me name,

Me coat mayn't fit, but don't forgit th' medal on th' same!

Chorus.—Private MICHAEL MURPHY, etc.

Our Old Friend, the Gnu.

["The 1st (Royal) Dragoons have brought home for presentation to the KING a curious animal captured in the last drive of the war against DELAREY. It is called wildebceest, and its body resembles that of a mule with head and horns like a cow, the mane of a horse, and the beard of a goat. When disembarked this morning it attracted much attention."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

WE shall expect next to read:—"A curious animal has recently been captured in India and sent to England as a present by an Indian Potentate. It has a ponderous, unwieldy appearance, with heavy rotund legs and massive skin, but its most curious feature is a long active proboscis, which it can use to pick up objects from the ground. It is called "elephant," and on being landed it was followed by a number of small boys and others.

OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY.

J. M. BARRIE'S *Quality Street* is a delightful specimen of domestic comedy in four acts, playing from half-past eight till five minutes past eleven. If the long speeches, which are neither in keeping with the character of the play, nor with that of the winsome heroine who has to deliver them, were considerably abbreviated or simply omitted, there would be no doubt whatever about the quality of the remainder after subtraction of the quantity. To quote the words of the old operatic ballad, "As I view these scenes so charming," and behold a crowded house deeply interested in every actor and in every word (excepting the long speeches aforesaid) of this simple, wholesome story of a quiet life in (as I suppose) a garrison town in Somewhereshire, thus dramatically told and artistically acted, it occurs to me to question the need of "problem plays" and sensation, and to answer my own enquiry, made "but for the satisfaction of my thought," with the reflection that the Theatre, as an amusement, is bound to cater for all tastes, and that "CHARLOTTE" going on "cutting bread and butter" would soon become a very monotonous personage.

As *Valentine Brown*, the brisk young gentleman who is something of a country squire, something of a poet, something of a business man, something of a doctor, a little of a private soldier in a—presumably—Hussar regiment, who loses an arm, which—again presumably—he has left at Waterloo, ultimately becoming a highly decorative warrior who has won his commission by his gallantry in the field, and wins his fair bride by the lack of it at home, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is to the manner born, his quiet pathos being well contrasted with his buoyant high spirits. As the conceited young officer *Ensign Blades*, in a hideous uniform, Mr. VANE-TEMPEST distinguishes himself by his assumption of fatuity, and might have stepped out of one of DICKY DOYLE'S illustrations to THACKERAY'S *Vanity Fair* or *The Newcomes*.

Mr. STANLEY BRETT as *Lieutenant Spicer* has little to do except to resemble as closely as possible, allowing for difference of uniform, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS as *Captain Valentine Brown*; and so well does he contrive this that more than one among the audience thought that there was a surprise in store, and that, somehow, *Brown* and *Spicer* were to be mistaken for one another and would come to be muddled up with *Miss Phæbe Throssell* and *Miss Susan Throssell*, who exist only in the person of *Miss Phæbe* as representing two single ladies rolled into one.

Mr. BARRIE is unpardonable for letting us see Mr. SHELTON the *Recruiting Sergeant* (nameless) only once for a few brief minutes in the First Act. Is he the sweetheart of buxom *Patty of the First Act*, merrily played by Miss ROSINA FILIPPI, or is he not? What is he? Why does the gallant but nameless *Sergeant* disappear? Has he been killed in battle, and being nameless in the bill, have the authorities been unable to include him in the official list of killed or wounded? If so, *Patty of the Third Act* should be sad. Has he deserted the Army and his *Patty*? *Patty of the Third Act* should be indignant.

At the end of the piece curiosity concerning the fate of this recruiting Sergeant remains ungratified. Up to the latest moment not a few who know the ways of dramatic authors, and who may remember the "surprise packet" in the last scene of a military play at the Haymarket, will expect to see the nameless Sergeant, having made a name for himself, return, in full uniform, his manly breast covered with medals, with no arms and only one leg, wheeled on in a triumphal bath-chair by *Patty of the Last Act*, henceforth wife of Field Marshal the Duke of BRANDYANDWATERLOO. This neglect of an old soldier is sad: better to have brought him in and to have cut out the superfluous speeches. But then it cannot be—



Bobby has just finished a long story, full of terrible adventures with wild animals which he had met and vanquished while out on the common with Nurse the previous afternoon.

Surprised! Father (after waiting in consternation for the finish). "Now, you know, BOBBY, THERE IS NOT ONE WORD OF TRUTH IN THAT WHOLE STORY. DON'T YOU KNOW IT IS VERY WRONG TO TELL UNTRUTHS?" Bobby. "Yes, DADDY."

Surprised Father. "THEN WHY HAVE YOU JUST TOLD SO MANY?"

Bobby. "I—I ONLY WANTED TO—TO KEEP UP THE CONVERSATION!"

and the Nameless Sergeant remains the hero of a Twenty Line Regiment. The little school boys, with Master GEORGE HERSEE at their head, are capital, as are also the little school girls, and the whole pupil-teaching scene, with the dance and spinet, is delicious.

Miss MARION TERRY's simple *Susan Throssell* is a delightfully perfect piece of comedy. A character that might have been so uninteresting—for in itself it only interests at all through its sweet sympathy—here stands out sharing the honours with the heroine. And, as the heroine, can you find me a sweeter, more pathetic, merrier, sadder, more altogether charming *Phæbe Throssell* than Miss ELLALINE TERRISS? No; not possible. There'll never be another to play this part, double, double toil and trouble as necessity may (and I hope it won't) require. But why, O why does this charming actress allow herself to be overburdened by these BARRIE-tone lengthy speeches, which may be all very well for him to write into a novel, but for which there should be "No admittance, not even with 'business,'" in this play? There are certain "lengths" to which, even for the sake of author BARRIE, Miss ELLALINE should not go, and "these be of them." To all the other ladies concerned in this there is nothing but praise to be given, as also to Mr. Stage-Manager FRANÇOEUR.

A FACER.—When last Thursday evening Mr. O'DONNELL so pugnaciously confronted Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, the Question was whether "the Eyes" or "the Nose" were likely to "have it." Fortunately, neither.

LITERARY "INTELLIGENCE."

It is rumoured that the December Number of the *Lady's Realm* will contain a detailed account of how the Durbar Ceremony was carried out at Delhi next January. The article will be written by a Countess's Cousin.

The statement published by a contemporary that the first sentence of Mr. HENRY JAMES's forthcoming novel is to be serialised in America, and will run for a year in the pages of a popular magazine there, is not wholly correct. The sentence, being somewhat shorter than usual, will appear in six monthly instalments only.

We hear that Messrs. S. R. CROCKETT and IAN MACLAREN have recently completed new novels, and that English translations will be published simultaneously.

Royal and Ancient Records.

THE *Glasgow Evening Times* displayed the following headings on the occasion of His MAJESTY's visit to North Berwick:—

VISIT TO THE GOLF COURSE.

A DRIVE THROUGH THE TOWN.

This, of course, constitutes a new record, the old one standing at about 330 yards.



A BLANK DAY.

Host. "I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, BUT I FEEL SO SAVAGE THAT IF AN INFERNAL HEDGEHOG GOT UP I'D LET DRIVE AT IT!"

JAPANEASY SLUMBER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see in a column of "Science Notes" a statement that the Japanese have a method of inducing sleep which has a great reputation in their country. It consists in the application of pressure to the carotid arteries, so as to stop the flow of blood to the brain. I have no doubt that you, as the universal physician, will be familiar with this remedy, but you may have thought it too drastic for habitual employment. If not, may I supply you with one or two similarly infallible cures for other ills to which flesh is heir?

Mumps.—In this distressing complaint there is a marked swelling of the glands of the throat. It can be cured in the following manner. Make a loop in a long cord and place it round the patient's neck in the vicinity of the parts affected. Then pass the free end of the cord over the branch of a tree and pull. No mumps can resist this treatment.

Headache.—The apparatus for curing this is almost equally simple, and no family should be without it. It consists merely of a wooden block, and an axe of convenient size. The patient assumes a prone position, with his head upon the block, and the axe is applied to the back of the neck below the seat of pain—which it removes.

Chilblains.—The remedy for these inflictions is of a homœopathic nature. The toe, or other affected part, is plunged into a freezing mixture until sufficiently frostbitten. If the operation is performed with skill the toe will ultimately drop off, and the chilblain will come with it.

Consumption.—This grave disease demands more stringent treatment. The lungs being rendered partially useless, the remedy consists in a return to the gill-breathing habits of our early aquatic ancestors. The patient should be com-

pletely immersed in water, and kept there until gills make their appearance through the change of habitat, when he will be found to need no further medical attendance.

The Japanese are a progressive race, but I think it my duty to show that in medical science the European is still in advance of them.—Yours obediently, KILBY KEWRING, M.D.

ADVICE GRATIS.

[A correspondent of the *Daily News* suggests that, to prevent desultory reading, each library should have a literary adviser, to indicate the line of reading visitors should prefer.]

CARNEGIE, while our grateful thousands crowd
The libraries your lavish purse endowed,
There lacks one boon to make the gift complete—
A monitor to guide our aimless feet.
Our faulty taste he carefully should note,
And give at once the wholesome antidote.
With MILL's stern logic such a one might foil
The cult of BOOTHBY or of CONAN DOYLE;
CAINE and CORELLI should alike be banned,
And TUPPER once more flourish in the land.
And should a sentimental housemaid crave
Novels whose baneful pages would deprave,
Leaving such culpable requests ignored,
He would supply—say, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.
Or if an urchin, meriting the rod,
Applied for *Snarleyow* or *Sweeney Tod*,
This tactful guide would counteract his wiles
With blameless LUBBOCK, or with SAMUEL SMILES.
So shall we foster in the youthful mind
A love of reading of the noblest kind;
And only to our libraries admit
A chastened public—few, perhaps, but fit.



“THE KING OVER THE WATER.”

[Next Saturday, October 25, the return route of the Royal Procession, after leaving Guildhall, will be by London Bridge to the Surrey side of the river, and by Borough High Street, Borough Road, St. George's Circus, over Westminster Bridge to Buckingham Palace.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday Night.

—Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, Secretary of State for India, Captain of Deal Castle, this afternoon strolled across Palace Yard all unknowing what fate had in store for him. He was thinking of the coming Durbar, and agreeing with himself that since he could not be at Delhi his King and country would be moderately well represented by his young friend, GEORGE, Lord CURZON. It is the opening day of the Autumn Session, specially summoned to deal with the Education Bill. India will not have a look in, except for the Budget. That afar off. To-day not a cloud of official care skirts the sunlit heights of GEORGIE'S happiness.

Four hours later he was sitting on the Treasury Bench in imminent peril, "not knowing," as Mr. FLAVIN said, "what hour might be his next."

The incident arose, as similar ones do in House of Commons, without a note of warning. Irish Members in carefully planned state of unrest. REDMOND *ainé* and JOHN DILLON are on the seas, bound for United States with intent to hand the hat round. Nothing so helpful to them as a flare-up in Commons. As at country fair the opening of the show is heralded, and pennies gathered in, by beat of big drum, so a row on floor of House would give bold advertisement to the eleemosynary mission. Trial made by several hands in varied ways. SWIFT MACNEILL, the accustomed hot potato in his mouth, wrangled with the SPEAKER. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, fully dressed, attacked the Chief Secretary. REDMOND *cadet* blustered in his noisiest manner. These were old Parliamentary hands. O'DONNELL, a young colt, beat all, including BANAGHER.

After four-hours-and-a-half sufferance of a performance grown tiresome by iteration, PRINCE ARTHUR moved the closure. SPEAKER rose to submit question. Irish Members insisted O'DONNELL should be heard. To that end, when he, in defiance of the SPEAKER, proceeded to deliver his speech, they drowned his voice in turbulent roar. O'DONNELL went on shouting, wildly waving his arms. Suddenly, at a bound, he leaped across Gangway and took up position behind Front Bench, frightening the life out of Dr. FARQUHARSON, thinking at the moment of the mountain he owns in Scotland, forsaken that he might attend Autumn Session and discuss Education Bill. O'DONNELL'S movement obligingly made so that, being at closer quarters, PRINCE ARTHUR might profit by his observations. His compatriots below the Gangway, more than ever insistent that he should be heard, roared the



RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

"Give me Rhussia, Miesther Speaker. Give me Rhussia! —"
(Mr. D-I-ny.)

louder. PRINCE ARTHUR was standing at Table, his lips moving in inaudible speech. Also the SPEAKER on his legs at the Chair; O'DONNELL meanwhile dancing the hornpipe of Donnybrook in dangerous proximity to FARQUHARSON, who more than ever regretted he had left his mountain home.

Though no whisper of what PREMIER was saying floated above the storm,



"As a native of Uganda, Sir —"
(Mr. Tim H-I-y.)

everyone knew he was moving suspension of the Dancing Dervish opposite. At sight of him O'DONNELL'S fury exceeded bounds. Dashing to the left, clear of the benches and of hands put forth to hold him, he leaped down Gangway and sped across floor, making straight for Treasury Bench. Was he going to seize the Mace and, swinging it shoulder high, make a clean sweep of right honourable occupants?

Here became apparent GEORGE HAMILTON'S dilemma. Passing up to the Clerk's chair to hand in his Resolution, PRINCE ARTHUR, instead of returning to his old place, dropped into seat at lower end of bench. This accidentally, in some sense appropriately, left the Captain of Deal Castle on the ramparts, represented by the upper and otherwise unoccupied end of the Treasury Bench. Between him and PRINCE ARTHUR sat three other Ministers. O'DONNELL, making his way between the Table and the Treasury Bench to a position in which he could conveniently shake his fist in the face of the PREMIER, halted just opposite the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

Wilder grew ecstasy in the Irish camp. Louder their roar of insistence that O'DONNELL should be heard. As for that hon. Member, he, waving his arm like a windmill that has taken an overdose of bhang, shrieked what was presumably denunciation of PRINCE ARTHUR and all his works.

Nothing more remarkable than the composure of His Majesty's Ministers in these extra-Parliamentary circumstances. Here was a wild Irishman suddenly projected in their midst, his clenched fists almost brushing the tips of their noses. Possibly there was a gleam in their eye, a stiffening of their right arm, showing they were ready for final emergency. For the rest, they sat impassive, regarding the whole procedure as a usual sort of thing, such, for example, as bringing in a Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR, at whose countenance the clenched fists were more especially directed, with sublime courtesy leaned forward in attitude of closer attention to the hon. gentleman's remarks, an effort made necessary by the uproar of his compatriots, anxious that he should be heard.

This all very well for right hon. gentlemen a little lower down; for the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, with O'DONNELL'S knees actually pressing against him, his breath flaming in his face, contiguity was a trifle close. But the courage of the HAMILTONS was not lacking. It is true there was an almost imperceptible indrawing of the knees, a slight movement aside with polite intention to give the visitant more room for oratorical effort. Otherwise LORD GEORGE

did not flinch, though like FARQUHARSON, now breathing more freely on the other side, he thought fondly of his deserted home of Deal Castle with its moat, its long bridge, and its immunity from Irish Members.

Business done.—Mr. O'DONNELL goes on the rampage and is suspended.

Friday night.—C.-B. sits in seat of Leader of Opposition, storm-tossed after Channel passage, but filled with large content. The Liberal Party are once more re-united and own his undivided sway.

"Lo the winter is past, the rain (i.e. the war) is over and gone. The flowers of unbroken brotherhood appear on the earth. The time of the singing of birds (the Autumn Session) is come: and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Here C.-B. turned to the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD seated on his right hand, gazed with benevolent solicitude on his peaceful countenance, and thought tenderly of his last week's speech at Ebbw Vale. All the same he looked wistfully at HICKS-BEACH's empty place on the Treasury Bench, and mused on the happiness of being able to regard Parliamentary strife from an irresponsible back seat.

"Wasn't it ROSEBURY who said there are two happy epochs in the life of a



THINKING OF HARCOURT.

Or in the furrow musing stands:
"Does my old friend remember me?"
(Lord R-s-b-ry.)

statesman, one when he receives the seals of office at the hands of his sovereign, the other, supremely satisfaction, when he returns them? By the way, TOBY, dear boy," he continued, "I have been enjoying myself in the Recess by reading something else than Blue

Books. For one thing read *In Memoriam* over again. Been struck by illustration of the saying that a poet is also a prophet. You remember the verse:—

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands;
'Does my old friend remember me?'

Written nearly forty years ago, you see its direct bearing upon the politics of to-day. The first line is plainly a reference to ASQUITH's phrase about ploughing the sands. Lee shore was evidently in TENNYSON's mind. Exigencies of metre compelled him to leave out 'shore,' and the printer spelt lee with an a. The reference conveyed by the man ploughing his own furrow and musing on former friendships is too obvious. There leaps to the eye a picture of ROSEBURY resting by his one-horse plough wondering what the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD is thinking of at the moment."

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

THE LOVE-BIRDS.

(A Ministerial Duet to be sung at public dinners and places where they report.)

Joseph.

O ARTHUR, I cannot control
My soul,
When I ponder the virtues that be
In thee,
Which are none the less great
That it's only of late
That the same were discovered by me,
J. C.,
That the same were discovered by me.
In the seats of the mighty you sit,
Like PITT,
And the dignified office endow
Somehow
With a charm and a grace
Which are new to the place—
The greatest of Premiers thou,
I vow—
The greatest of Premiers thou.

Arthur.

Your compliments, JOSEPH, I find
Too kind,
And much they embarrass me, too,
They do,
For believe me, dear JOE,
I most certainly know
That if any deserve them, it's you—
It's true,
That if any deserve them, it's you.
The greatest of statesmen you are,
By far,
Since the Empire began to be run,
Bar none,
I honestly hold
That in you there are rolled
FOX, CANNING, PITT, father and son,
In one,
FOX, CANNING, PITT, father and son.

Together.

O, wiser than serpents are we,
You see,
We've drunk of Pieria's rill
Our fill;
War, peace, education,
The work of the nation
We'll manage with excellent skill—
We will,
We'll manage with excellent skill.
Whatever you say I'll endorse,
Of course;
Alone we will evermore shun
To run,
And the one still approves
What the other one moves,
While the other commends what the one
Has done,
While the other commendeth the one.
So fond and so loving are we!
So much hand-in-gloving, you see!
So billing and cooing
And how-do-you-doing
And winning and wooing
Are we!

THE COMET.

LAST week we started out in glee,
The boys and BERTHA, Aunt and me,
Across the village green to see

The Comet;
Some people really must be blind,
Or only give it half their mind,
It isn't difficult to find—
Far from it.

JACK found one in "The Lady's Chair,"
And BERTHA, with her nose in air,
Descried a couple in "The Bear"—

I backed her.
While Auntie, dazzled by the view,
Stepped in the ditch before she knew,
It took us twenty minutes to
Extract her.

With stars and comets on the brain,
Two figures vanished up the lane,
A better view—of course—to gain,
But whether
It was that Auntie missed her sleep
Or found the lane a trifle steep,
She sulked, because we would not keep
Together.

We found the others looking black,
But though they made a joint attack
Their darts we managed—back to back—
To parry;
They voted finding comets slow,
I found the time too short, I know,
Too short, and much too sweet, and so
Did HARRY.

THE Turin International Exhibition of Decorative Art has awarded special honour to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. This latter body must not be confused with the Boer Generals' Touring Syndicate.

WAITING FOR BIGGER GAME.

A Study of Rural Police Methods.

"W'y, I REMEMBERS THE TIME W'EN I'D 'AVE STOPPED THAT FOR FURIOUS DRIVIN', AN' I RECKON IT'S ONLY GOIN' ABOUT A PALTRY FIFTEEN MILE AN HOUR!"



"AR! NOW THEM CYCLISTS IS PUTTIN' ON A FAIRISH PACE! SUMMAT ABOUT TWENTY MILE AN HOUR, I S'POSE. BUT 'TAIN'T NO BUSINESS O' MINE. I'M 'ERE TO STOP MOTOR-CAWS. WOT HO!"



"'TAIN'T NO USE TELLIN' ME YOU'VE BROKE DOWN! STANDS TO REASON A MOTOR-CAW GOIN' DOWN 'ILL'S BOUND TO BE GOIN' TOO FAST. SO WE'LL PUT IT DOWN AT ABOUT THIRTY MILE AN HOUR! YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, SIR, HIF YOU PLEASE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Nautical Retainer writes:—"If the work of JOHN OLIVER HOBBS offered no better entertainment, it would always be at least an admirable touchstone of criticism. It has become the fashion to take its qualities, good or bad, for granted; actual appreciation of them, with a view to the readjustment of verdicts, is quite rare. Mrs. CRAIGIE has suffered more than most authors from the trick of the *solenne epitheton*. It matters nothing to some of our judges that her latest book, *Love and the Soul Hunters* (FISHER UNWIN) shows a notable advance in humanity; they will still describe it as solely distinguished by a 'hard, glittering brilliancy.' Because she abjures all 'pathetic fallacies,' and refuses to fling the hearts of her people in your face, therefore she must be found to have no feeling. This is the kind of credit that a writer wins for the possession of that most rare gift, a genius for irony—in its right Greek sense of understatement.

With the vivacious wit of her earlier volumes Mrs. CRAIGIE has now combined some of the emotional seriousness of *The School for Saints* and *Robert Orange*, but freed from the half-suspicion of artificiality which qualified the charm of those later volumes. Her new characters are artificial only in the way of romantic selection. However capricious in the choice of her types, she here realises the thing imagined. *Prince Paul, Felshammer, Rachel, La Belle Valentine*—not one of these is a character familiar to experience; yet in each case the author justifies herself of her creatures; she makes them always alive and believable. *Felshammer* is a surprising revelation. You think at first that this is to be a second *Melchior* out of BROWNING's *Colombe's Birthday*, or else, less subtly conceived, the usual loyal henchman of Mr. SETON MERRIMAN'S *The Sowers*. He is nothing of the kind: he is of spontaneous birth, excused from all extraction; the most 'impossible' of men, yet always appealingly probable.

If a fault can be found in the book, it lies in a certain lack of regard for proportion in the analysis of subordinate characters. The past career, for instance, of the rather unessential *Lucie* is detailed with needless prolixity. One might indeed be tempted to say that, while Mrs. CRAIGIE is over-busy in giving its own atmosphere to each of her figures, the larger atmosphere, along with that sense of values by which distances and degrees are established, seems at times to have eluded her. This suggestion of a somewhat dispersed energy may, of course, be consonant with the intention that underlies the title. The *Soul Hunters* are many: the chase is over a wide country; no single dominant figure absorbs attention; and the only Hunter that rides straight is out of the finish. Personally I think that the title is the least happy feature of the novel; for if Love is here contrasted with the worldly Hunting of Souls, it is curious that the most unscrupulously professional of all the Hunters wins the love of the best Soul in the book. But this is an inconsiderable blemish, if blemish at all, in a work of astonishing resource and most engaging charm."

Miss BESSIE HATTON has the gift of actually seeing fairies—of course not in the flesh, but in the gossamer. In *Pilgrims of Love* (TREHERNE) she makes them known to us grosser mortals, who find the acquaintance charming. Of

the eight Pilgrimages, my Baronite, essentially earthy, chiefly delights in *Sibyl's*, and *Lemuel's* in search of the sea, which, alack! ended in his being frozen to death on a starlit night on Hampstead Heath. The neglected starveling had been reading the poems of DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, a pleasure Miss BESSIE HATTON has evidently shared. He finds in the preface that the poet is dead and buried at Birchington-on-Sea. *Lemuel* resolves to go and find the grave and lay on it a garland for memory and love. The journey of the little waif through the crowded wintry streets, his spending of his last sixpence on a couple of sprays of lilies of the valley, and his finding rest under the stars, is told with touching pathos. *Sibyl's* pilgrimage, which also has human interest in it, is narrated with equal daintiness of touch and poetry of feeling.

It is some time since the Baron read a work of Mr. B. L. FARJEON'S, and therefore *The Mystery of the Royal Mail* (HUTCHINSON & Co.) is as a stranger specially welcome. The Baron may be permitted to advise the sensation-loving reader to curb his impatience concerning the appearance on the scene of the *Royal Mail* itself, as it arrives very late; but better late than never; and the interest that is excited in the first chapter is well sustained up to the very end.

Interesting and amusing to all, but to theatre-goers especially, will be found Mr. JOSEPH HATTON'S first number of a series entitled *Cigarette Papers* (ANTHONY TREHERNE & Co.). In this our Facetious JOSEPHUS pleasantly sketches Sir HENRY IRVING'S career from earliest childhood up to the present time. 'Tis not so much the cigarette papers that are of value, but the good tobacco that is rolled up inside them, of the best Hatton brand. "Cigarette papers," when filled, must end in smoke, that's the pity of the title; and they absolutely require puffing in order that the consumer may enjoy them as the Baron is likely to do. Too late to change their name now. This paper is well illustrated by W.

H. MARGETSON. Perhaps as both Sir HENRY and 'JOHNNIE' TOOLE are so fond of the salubrious Kent Coast resorts, any future number that deals with either of these celebrities may possibly be illustrated not only by MARGETSON but by Ramsgateson and Westgateson. THE B. DE B.-W.

The Editorial We?

Mr. Punch has been pained to observe the following placard:—

THE FREE LANCE.

ARE WE GOING TO THE DEVIL?

Mr. Punch does not know the answer, but he thinks that such very private heart-searchings should not be made public in this way.

AT THE HIPPODROME.—Before *Phroso* retired from this place of amusement he should have completed his (or its) entertainment by performing on a musical instrument. The "Man-doll" might appropriately have played the Mandoline. In future a more effective costume than evening dress for the Man-Doll would be a uniform with a dol-man.



"WHINE IN THE WOOD."

MR. PUNCH'S COMPRESSED DRAMAS.

I.—CHANCE AND THE IDLE.

(A study of the manners of the higher classes as revealed in Mr. JONES's latest comedy "Chance, the Idol," at Wyndham's.)

ACT I. SCENE—Lady MARY NOBODY's private sitting room in the Casino Palace Hotel, Monte Carlo. Lady M. is reclining in an easy chair, yawning with the elaborate boredom invariably displayed by the aristocracy on the modern stage. To her enter excitedly Mr. ALAN LEVER-SAGE, her nephew, a youth of five-and-twenty.

Alan (in tragic accents). Lost again!

Lady M. My dear ALAN, what is the matter?

Alan (crossly). Nothing. Nothing. Only I've lost my last sixpence.

Lady M. (languidly). Poor fellow! We really ought to have taken you away from Monte Carlo last week. Only there was the SNOOKSONS' dinner party to-morrow. We couldn't miss that!

Alan. Well, what's to be done?

Lady M. (yawning). I don't know. You must marry Miss KENNETT, I suppose. It's a nuisance for you, of course, but DOUCE KENNETT's a nice girl. (Explanatorily) DOUCE is French for sweet, you know. And she's very well off.

Alan (gloomily). Suppose she refused me?

Lady M. Of course she won't refuse you. What on earth would become of young men in good society if young ladies with money refused to support them? The situation would be intolerable.

Alan. I dare say you're right. But it's rather awkward. The fact is I've already promised to marry someone else.

Lady M. (calmly). Has she any fortune?

Alan. That's the worst of it. She hasn't.

Lady M. Then I don't think we need consider her further. You must propose to DOUCE KENNETT at once.

Alan. Very well, Aunt MARY. But it's hard luck on me. I like the other girl much better. (Servant brings in card on salver.) Good Heavens!

Lady M. (languidly). Who is it?

Alan. The other girl. ELLEN FARNDON.

Lady M. (shocked). How very indecorous of her! Young women without fortunes really ought to stay at home and not turn up at expensive Riviera hotels in this way. (To Servant) Show her up.

[Exit Man, returning at once with ELLEN FARNDON, a young person with an "intense" expression, a vibrating voice which in moments of emotion appears to come through her nose, and a dark dress of unattractive material.

Ellen (advancing impulsively towards him). Oh, ALAN! (Stops short, seeing Lady MARY regarding her fixedly through a lorgnette).

Alan (taking hand gingerly). Er—how do you do? Miss FARNDON—Lady MARY NOBODY.

Lady M. (icily). My nephew has just told me of this regrettable entanglement, Miss FARNDON. I think it right to inform you that he has given up all intention of marrying you.

Ellen. But he gave me his word.

Lady M. (haughtily). You may be sure my nephew would not break his word—unless there were something substantial to gain by it. But as you have nothing for him to live upon—

Ellen (eagerly). But I have, I have. I have just had some money left me. I came to him at once.

Lady M. (more kindly). You did quite right, my dear. That of course makes a difference. What is the amount?



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

RETIRING TO A RUSTIC BENCH, WHILE STAYING AT MUDHOLE-BY-THE-SEA, IN ORDER TO SMOKE A QUIET CIGAR IN THE GLOAMING BROWN HAS QUITE A SHOCK, ALSO MRS. B., WHO APPEARS SUDDENLY IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE. [N.B.—Figure-heads are all very well in their proper position.

Ellen. Oh, a great deal—nearly two thousand pounds!

Lady M. (severely). My dear young lady, I am afraid you have a very imperfect acquaintance with the value of money. No one could hope to support my nephew on the interest of two thousand pounds. The idea is preposterous.

Alan (generously). Oh, come, Aunt MARY, two thousand isn't so bad. We couldn't do much with the income of course, but we might get along for a bit on the capital.

Lady M. I could not sanction such an arrangement. As your aunt I regard a capital of ten thousand pounds as essential to your happiness. Twenty would be better. But I might give my consent to ten. Two thousand I consider quite derisory. My nephew owes nearly that already.

Ellen (meekly). It seemed a lot of money. And it would pay his debts.

Lady M. That is true. And I cannot imagine a more suitable use for you to make of your legacy than to pay my nephew's debts with it. But as that course would leave you no means of supporting him afterwards, it could hardly be considered as a preliminary to marriage. Good evening.

[Exit ELLEN dejectedly.

ACT II.—SCENE the same. TIME—the following afternoon.

Lady M. and ALAN discovered lounging over novels.

Lady M. (smothering a yawn). Have you spoken to Miss KENNETT yet?

Alan. Not yet.

Lady M. My dear ALAN, why not?

Alan. Well . . . I did mean to this morning, but somehow I felt a delicacy about it.

Lady M. (indulgently). Foolish boy, this shilly-shallying is unworthy of you. When anyone in our class pays a young lady the compliment of marrying her for her money, he owes it to her to make the proposition with suitable alacrity.

Alan. Very well, Aunt. I'll see about it later. *[Returns to his novel.]*
Enter ELLEN FARNDON. She looks flushed and triumphant.

Lady M. Miss FARNDON! This is unseemly. This pursuit of my nephew almost amounts to persecution.

Ellen *(more vibrant than ever)*. I didn't mean to persecute him. But I find I have more money than I thought last night—considerably more. So I came to tell him.

Lady M. *(mollified)*. Ah, that's different. But I trust the increase is something appreciable?

Ellen. I have now eight thousand pounds.

Alan *(impulsively)*. My darling!

Lady M. Really, ALAN! *(To ELLEN.)* That certainly sounds more promising. How was the increase arrived at?

Ellen *(blushing)*. I have been gambling.

Lady M. Naughty child! But how clever of you! To have won six thousand pounds since breakfast is really most praiseworthy. *(Languidly)* Really it is extraordinary what a faculty for money-making the lower classes have! There must be something in blood after all!

Ellen *(eagerly)*. And I may marry ALAN now?

Lady M. *(cautiously)*. Not now. After tea, perhaps—if you can make another two thousand by then. Ten thousand was the figure I named, I think?

Ellen. Won't eight thousand do?

Lady M. *(firmly)*. Ten thousand. Not a penny less. We have marked him down very low as it is. *(Relenting)* You might become engaged on eight thousand if you like.

Alan *(eagerly)*. Oh, yes, I think we might do that.

Ellen *(ecstatically)*. How good you are! *[Embraces him.]*

Alan *(complacently)*. I always try to do the square thing.

Lady M. There, there, that will do, child. Go back to the rooms now. You may return for tea. *[Exit ELLEN.]*

Alan *(in a burst of generous emotion)*. I'm so glad it's to be ELLEN, not Miss KENNETT. I really am quite fond of her.

Lady M. I dare say it's all for the best. But DOUCE KENNETT is the better match. She has a hundred thousand pounds at least.

Alan *(sighing)*. It seems an awful lot of money to give up!

Lady M. And I suppose Miss FARNDON's relations are impossible? But of course you needn't know them.

Alan *(firmly)*. I shan't. *(Both become absorbed in their novels again. Presently re-enter ELLEN, haggard and desperate. She sinks into a chair.)* ELLEN! What has happened?

Ellen *(in her most vibrant tones)*. I have lost—lost everything!



Dear mother

I am putting to tell you that our tomme is a cad cos e ad the last amper all for im self And did nt give me a bit of cake but e was cort with a girl from the seble the other side of the lane and both was etin the Choclets you sent e was caned foit and did cry so so I dont mind mutch the boys here think boys a bit dotty (this means soft) wot goes with girls I am sendin some drowns duni all by myself the boys here thinks im a genius

Your Lovin Son
Willie

P.S. I lease lable next amper for Willie only.



W. FARNDON

Lady M. Really, Miss FARNDON, this is inexcusable. Just after becoming engaged to my nephew, too!

Alan *(peevishly)*. How did you manage it?

Ellen *(hopelessly)*. I don't know. I backed red and it turned up black, I suppose. Or I backed black and it turned up red.

Alan *(sympathetically)*. That's what always happens to me.

Lady M. *(sternly)*. And have you nothing left?

Ellen *(tragically)*. Nothing!

Lady M. Wicked girl! This comes of your deplorable indulgence in gambling.

Ellen *(feebly)*. But you didn't mind my gambling so long as I won.

Lady M. Of course not. Roulette, when you always win, is perfectly respectable. It becomes practically a branch of commerce. But to lose money by gambling is vicious.

Ellen *(meekly)*. I didn't mean to lose.

Lady M. Very possibly. But I cannot accept good intentions as a satisfactory substitute for settlements. Of course your engagement to my nephew must now be considered at an end.

Ellen *(beseechingly)*. ALAN! You don't think that?

Alan *(lamely)*. Well . . . er . . . I don't see what else we can do. Of course I want to do the square thing. But a fellow must have something to live upon.

Ellen *(diffidently)*. Couldn't you get some work?

Lady M. *(with disgust)*. Work! my dear girl! *(Impressively)* WE NEVER WORK!

Alan *(more kindly)*. My aunt means that people in our position in society are not expected to earn their living. It isn't done.

Ellen. But I didn't know you had any particular position. LEVERSAGE isn't an aristocratic name.

Alan *(shocked)*. But the NOBODYS! Everyone has heard of the Slopshire NOBODYS! And Lady MARY is my aunt.

Ellen. But I don't want to marry your aunt.

Alan. No, no, my dear ELLEN, it's quite impossible. I belong to the Idle Classes. For me work is out of the question. You must go back to your father and I must marry someone else.

(Curtain.)

CHARIVARIA.

THE Boer Generals have returned from their collecting tour. The British contribution of three millions still heads the list.

It is announced that the Royal Yacht is to be fitted with telescopic masts. Will the work be undertaken by the same firm that makes our patent collapsible torpedo-boat destroyers?

In view of the decision that *The Eternal City*, at His Majesty's, is to be followed by a play of SHAKESPEARE'S, "An Admirer of HALL CAINE" (said to be Mr. HALL CAINE himself) writes to say that SHAKESPEARE'S play would have had a better chance if it had preceded Mr. CAINE'S play.

A prisoner has found a way of getting even with the Bench. At Maidstone last week a sailor, before being sentenced to three years' penal servitude for burglary, made a forty-five minutes' speech in his own defence.

County Court Judges are insisting on solicitors wearing gowns, and now comes the announcement that six leading members of the profession will shortly give a skirt dance at a concert to be held in aid of a legal charity.

As November 9 falls this year on a Sunday, it has been suggested that the Lord Mayor's Show might appropriately be held on November 5 instead.

A new rule in Ping-Pong has been promulgated. It concerns the service, which many had declared was going to the dogs. England, Wales and Scotland, as a whole, are in favour of the new rule, but there is some anxiety as to what the attitude of Ireland and the Colonies will be.

The British Government has received a politely-worded communication from the Russian Government proposing that direct relations of a non-political character may be established between Russia and Afghanistan "with regard to frontier matters." In a politely-worded reply the British Government is enquiring whether "frontier matters" will include the shifting of the frontier of Russia-in-Asia from one side of Afghanistan to the other.

Mr. CORSER, of Worship Street, has been ordering the destruction of pirated songs. As between Corsairs, this hardly shows a proper *esprit de corps*.



Son of Shooting Tenant (whose coverts have just been drawn blank). "I SAY, MISTER HUNTS-MAN, IF YOU WANT TO FIND A CUB, I THINK WE HAD BETTER GO TO THE HEAD-KEEPER'S COTTAGE; I HEARD HIM TELL DAD THAT HE HAD DUG THEM ALL OUT OF THEIR HOLES. I SUPPOSE HE IS KEEPING THEM AS PETS, YOU KNOW!"

A British force in Somaliland has discovered that though the Mad Mullah may not be responsible for his actions, yet he fights them well.

And the Mad Mullah is said to have nicknamed our Foreign Minister the Mad Muddlah.

People are still asking why the operations in Somaliland were under the direction of the Foreign Minister. Why not? The matter was foreign to him.

Meanwhile, Viscount CRANBORNE has assured us that reinforcements are on the way, and when these have met with a reverse, through inadequate numbers, arrangements will be made for further reinforcements.

The rumour that Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL is dramatising the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is unconfirmed. It is probable, however, that a ballet, founded on some of the leading incidents of section *Bosk-Bunkum*, will be presented at one of the Music Halls.

A distinguished journalist has informed the public that he invariably jots down ideas—to be subsequently worked up into articles—at the moment of their occurrence. In illustration of the good results of this practice he states that an idea, which was afterwards worth five guineas, once came to him when he was washing his hands. Fired by this example, several journalists have made arrangements for taking a complete bath.

A FRACTIOUS PARTY.

[On Wednesday night the Prime Minister, in declining to give the Irish a day unless a motion should be put down under the official auspices of the Opposition, alluded to the Irish Members as a "section" of the Liberal Party. Interrupted by a protest, he substituted the word "fraction," an elementary term in arithmetic. This was regarded by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR as the language of insult. An attempt is here made to reproduce this gentleman's attitude of mind.]

SIR, there are words that leave behind
A singularly nauseous flavour;
Like caviare, in the general mind
They yield a salt and bitter savour;
Whether conveyed in heartless jest
Or in the nervous heat of action,
They tend to sear the victim's breast—
And such is "fraction."

Viewed by itself the word is void
Of all that might offend the feelings;
It is, in fact, a term employed
Largely in calculative dealings;
But in its context, as applied
To Ireland—I could mention cases
Where men, for lesser cause, have died,
Shot in their traces.

Strange force may lurk in trivial terms;
Take *cochon* (pig)—a harmless title,
At which your Frenchman frankly squirms,
Deeming its sense profoundly vital;
Old friends again have gone their ways,
And ties been rent of man and brother,
Through such a simple-sounding phrase
As "You're another!"

Now, what, Sir, did the Premier do?
In seeming innocence of heart he
Was pleased to call our patriot crew
A "section" of the Liberal Party!
Is that a name with which to seal
A race that flouts the so-called Lion;
Leaders of Men, like SWIFT MACNEILL
Or BILL O'BRIEN?

We come of blood uniquely Celt,
A self-contained and single nation,
So recognised by ROOSEVELT
(When he declined our invitation);
We are the orb, the perfect thing;
The rest are "sections"; we enlist 'em
To serve as satellites and swing
Around our system.

"Section" forsooth! He chose the term,
No doubt by way of vile derision,
As used for bits of frog or worm
Demanding microscopic vision!
Then in the lexicon of shame
He found new filth for our detraction,
And from a "section" we became
A vulgar "fraction."

Now, Mr. SPEAKER, let me say
How we, the types of cool decorum,
We love—none better—to obey
The rules that guide this noble forum;
But there are words that wound too much
And will not brook supine inaction;
And "section," Sir, is one of such,
And so is "fraction."

O. S.

A KISS AND A BLOW.

If an American Minister's dictum be true that "a man who never makes a mistake will never make anything," then, one of these days, or nights, Mr. FRANK STAYTON, author of *Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss*, ought to make a name as a playwright, or better, as a dramatist; and the other FRANK, Mr. FRANK CURZON, who, being lessee and manager of the Avenue, is the party responsible for the selection of this play, will also hit upon some work of dramatic talent or genius that will take the town by storm and atone for this "Kiss and nothing more."

From "other lips" belonging to comedians less clever than Miss ANNIE HUGHES, FLORENCE ST. JOHN, ELLIS JEFFREYS, NANCY CLIVE, aided by Messrs. FRANK MILLS, SCOTT-BUIST, G. BERNAGE, and SOTHERN, the somewhat commonplace dialogue would probably not have commanded the attention respectfully accorded to it by an audience conscious of the author having given to four acts what could have been effectively told in one.

Nil desperandum, Mr. STAYTON, and, as *Cardinal Richelieu* hath it, "There's no such word as fail!" "No," quoth Mr. F. CURZON aside, "there's no such word; there's the thing!"

'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.

[An American scientist has come to the conclusion that the tendency of too much education or intellectual development in women is to make them lose their beauty.]

O PHYLLIS, once no task to me was sweeter
Than, grasping my enthusiastic quill,
To hymn your charms; erratic though the metre,
It gained in fervour what it lacked in skill.
But now, alas, those charms are like to vanish.
Without preamble duty bids me speak.
The rumour runs that you are learning Spanish,
And also—simultaneously—Greek.

Those eyes, to which I loved to dash off stanzas,
No longer gaze, as erstwhile, into mine;
They're fixed on *Quixote's* deeds, or *Sancho Panza's*,
Or rest upon some *Æschylean* line.
Or, as you spell THUCYDIDES his speeches,
Your face assumes a look of care and pain.
O PHYLLIS, heed the moral that it teaches,
And cease to run the risk of growing plain.

Shun, I implore, the vampire Education.
Be guided by my excellent advice.
You owe a solemn duty to the nation—
Simply to give your mind to looking nice.
Learning may be acquired, but beauty never;
Dry books, believe me, were not meant for you.
Be fair, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
If brains are wanted, I've enough for two.

"The Donation of Constantine-Morley."

Mr. John Morley (presenting the late Lord ACTON's collection to His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Chancellor of Cambridge, for the University Library). I deliver this as my Acton deed. (Gratefully to the DUKE) "For this relief much thanks."

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire (graciously). For the present (thanks) you may consider the matter shelved.
[Exchange courtesies, and exeunt severally.]

NEW NAME FOR A POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGER.—MR. MANX BEERBOHM.



A MAN OF HIS WORD.

Russian Bear still in Manchuria). "I SAID I'D GO, AND— HERE I AM!"

THE SO-SO STORIES.

II.—HOW THE CAMPBELL JOINED THE BANNERMAN.



N the middle of the High Old Times, Dearly Beloved, there was a bright and bumptious flag-wagging Dingo-Jingo called the BANNERMAN, who lived on the right bank of the Hyphen River and fed

on khaki, krumpets, kordite, and everything that began with a K. And he had a neighbour, a canny, clump-soled Ikki Tikki Inglandas named CAMPBELL, who lived on the wrong bank of the River Hyphen, Dearly Beloved, eating shamrocks and leeks and other green and gollopshous things washed down by streams of fact.

Now there was also, Dearly Beloved, a large and unwieldy monster called the

Tory-Lory, with a huge majority and an unruly tail, which ate up everything it could stick its teeth in. When it could not catch Boers and Bulls and sich, it was reduced to eating PERKS and PRIMROSES, and when it could not catch them its Mummy told it to eat Ikki Tikki Inglandas. And this brings us to the story, Dearly Beloved.

One day the Tory Lory was more than usually hungry and appetitful, so he went out to see what he could find to fill his vacuous and voluminous interior withal, and opening his left eye (like this, Dearly Beloved), he caught sight of CAMPBELL on one bank of the River Hyphen and BANNERMAN on the other. Then the Tory Lory stroked his capacious waistcoat and smacked his lips and approached his unconscious and deglutitious quarry simultaneously on both sides of the river at once.

Now up to that time, Dearly Beloved, the CAMPBELL and the BANNERMAN were not good friends at all, and they used to call each other most 'fensive and 'probrious names across the salt and



Campbell and Bannerman in their trim and tumfy tabernacle.

succulent surface of the River Hyphen. The Dingo Jingo used to call the Ikki Tikki Inglandas a Double Dyed Doppet, and the Ikki Tikki Inglandas used to retort by calling BANNERMAN a Union Jackass, which was very wrong, Dearly Beloved. But when they saw the Tory Lory approaching with a voracious expression on his benign but beefy countenance, they both spontaneously sprang into the river, uttering loud cries of apathetic indignation.

Now, just at this moment, when they were both simultaneously sinking for the third time, Old Man SMOOTHER was paddling along in his light green Westminster canoe, with a 'digious twopenny tube of Seccotine, and he leaned out on one side and pulled in CAMPBELL, and he leaned out on the other and pulled in BANNERMAN, and he unscrewed the 'digious tube of Seccotine and stuck them firmly together. And when he saw what Old Man SMOOTHER had done, the Tory Lory moved off into pastures new, because, although his genial gastric juices could manage CAMPBELL or cope with BANNERMAN one at a time, the two together were too much for him. And now CAMPBELL and BANNERMAN live happily together in a trim and tumfy tabernacle in the shadow of the Caucus tree.

I've never been to Chesterfield,
Nor yet to Primrose Hill;
But the CAMPBELL and the BANNERMAN
Can go there when they will.
Yes, week-endly from Waterloo
Great Pullmans, black and gold,



Bannerman and Campbell, with the Tory Lory coming on both sides of the river.

Go rolling to the Durdans
With their imperial burdens
(Roll down, roll down to Durdans).
O, I'd like to see the Durdans
Some day before I'm old.

I've never seen a Muggywump,
Nor yet a Boerophil
Ophilling up a Cabinet,
And I 'spose I never will,
Unless I join a trio
And come out of the cold,—
A Tabernacle Trio
(*Maestoso ma con brio*)
PRIMROSE and PERKS and me, O!
O, I'd love to see that trio
Some day before I'm old.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. II.—THE ARMY.

(Concluded.)

LAST week I tried to show you what certain people, whose views I set out, really intended when they spoke of the Army. I should not do justice to my subject if I failed to refer to what was said by an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. As you know, he sent a shudder of alarm through the country by denouncing outside influence and favouritism as the twin banes of the War Office and the Army. Nobody is quite sure what he meant, and, like a wise man, he proposes to choose his own time and place for making further explanations. But in the meantime various opinions are put forward. One observer imagined a War Office and an Army controlled by the monstrous regiment of women. Pall Mall and the House of Commons were pictured as entirely subservient to petticoats, withholding promotions until they were countersigned by the plump and jewelled hand of a charmer, pushing incompetence steadily along when it happened to shine with the reflected light of a woman's eyes, and depressing honest merit because it happened to know nothing of elbow-gloves and lovers' glances. It was a lurid description, and we may be permitted to hope that things are not really so bad as all that. Still, if a certain experience of human nature teaches one anything it is this,—that the support and encouragement of women are not to be neglected even by the sternest soldier. Don't we all know, for instance, of at least one Colonel of a regiment—some of us know more—who, in spite of the ferocity of his moustache and the gruffness of his voice, is entirely dominated by his wife? Any officer who fetches and carries for her, who attends her parties with regularity, and helps her little plans, and generally shows himself to be both serviceable and agreeable—well, what-

ever else may happen to him, it's quite certain he'll never be noted with a bad mark in any private report the Colonel may have to make. And there are others.

There is that magnificent old martinet, General FURBELOE. He's six feet four in his stockinged feet, and there's a wild red scar right across his aggressive face. He was the best athlete, the hardest rider (when he could find a horse to carry him), and the wildest liver of the whole Army in his young days. Now he's a mere puppet in the hands of Lady FURBELOE. She selects his staff, sees to it that his name is kept constantly before the public, writes all the telling parts in his speeches, and keeps him hard at the work of worrying the War Office. She's a good friend to her friends—but Heaven help the unfortunate officer who falls under her capricious censure. She pursues him with a deadly malignity that leaves him no rest, and wherever she can put her private bar across his avenues of promotion you may be sure that she will execute the job with particular neatness and despatch.

The obvious moral is this:—If you come within the General's military scope, get into good terms with the lady. And why not—after all? She's not a bad sort, if you know how to take her.

Ought soldiers to be bookworms? Ought they to bother their heads with JOMINI and HAMLEY and the rest—or ought they simply, the mass of them, that is to say, to keep on in their old light-hearted, sporting, polo-playing way? The pundits, of course, are all for the books, but I'm not so sure. What is the use, after all, of the pundits and the public talking big about reforming the army and making it neces-

sary for an officer to devote his time strictly to his professional work, sparing such leisure as he can for the study of military literature—what, I ask, is the use of all this chaos and welter of talk unless you can change the nature of the British public itself? The British public doesn't love devotion to work; it detests studying books—and you can't expect that your British officer is going to be so much better than the public from which he springs. All this chatter about reform, whether of the War Office or the Army, will end, as all such chatter has always ended, in nothing. The War Office, preposterous and absurd as it is, will never be altered. It will continue to muddle and waste and blunder, and the abused British officer will have to march and fight and get us all out of scrapes in spite of the dead weight of the ridiculous institution which manages and controls him. Until you've altered the War Office, abolished it root and branch, you may as well leave the British officer alone. For he's brave, he can fight, and he's perfectly ready to die. That's not everything, possibly—but I can't help thinking it ought to count.

On the whole, then, you had better try to get on in the Army by moving along the old lines. And it's quite probable that when you reach the patriarchal age of forty you'll find yourself out of the Army and unfitted for any other profession.

The New Belt Case.

OUR democratic age moves fast,
The masses all along the line are winning;
The rule of belted earls is past,
The rule of belted hooligans beginning.



SUGGESTED HELMET FOR ARMY MOTORISTS.

THE NEW HELMET AS ORDINARILY WORN.

THE SAME, AS WORN ON MOTOR DUTY.

Directions:—Simply unhook the lower portion of the Helmet; thereby extending the collapsible weather- and dust-proof mask. Admirable also as a disguise.

TO ANTHONY HOPE.

(By a Susceptible Reviewer.)

GOOD ANTHONY (I need not say
We always pardon your "intrusions"),
I've read your book, and wish to lay
Before you some of my conclusions.
Where other heroines are concerned
I pay my homage quite discreetly,
But charming *Peggy Ryle* has turned
My head, and captured me completely.

Of her attractions to indite
Is not the purpose of these stanzas;
Enough that, if her purse was light,
Her face and heart were both Bonanzas.
Enough to hazard the surmise—
Most cheering in this vale of trouble—
That somewhere under English skies
Peggy must have a living double.

She had her failings, I admit,
Professed a creed remote from TUPPER'S,
And oft unchaperoned would sit
At very late Bohemian suppers.
But she was innocent of guile,
She softened hearts, however stony;
She helped the lame dog o'er the stile,
And shared a windfall with a crony.

Imagine then my state of mind,
My curiosity unsated,
When reaching the last page I find
Peggy remains unmatched, unmated!
O tantalising Mr. HOPE,
Your endings only are beginnings;
Give your invention further scope,
Give *Peggy Ryle* another innings!

THE EDUCATION BILL.

(The Views of the only Party hitherto Silent.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have had a cold in my head and bean at home and so heard my daddy talking a lot he is a scoolmaster. He said so much about a bill and some claws that I thout it must be about a bird, very likely a parrot as it seems to be always talking. But at last I found it was some new law made by parliment and the house of comons and a mister balfer about the scools. And there is a gentleman called u sessil my daddy dussunt seem to like. I think this mister u sessil must be a dredful man for my daddy calls him a sasserdottylis. I dont know what that means but I think it must be something awful as it is such a long word. Well when I new it was about scools I listnd more cos I am going away to scool next year and askd my daddy some qestions but he said I was to prokashus whatever that is but I found nobody had ritten what the children think but only the groanups who always want to setle everything.

So now I rite to say that it can all be settled easely. The groanups don no



Scientific and Nervous Visitor at Country Hotel. "I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO 'PTOMAIN' IN THIS PIE?"

Waiter (quite equal to the occasion). "No, SIR. WE NEVER PUTS THAT IN UNLESS SPECIALLY ORDERED!"

what they want but we children do and that is no scools at all. I am quite sure that wood be best and then I shodnt have to go to scool next year. My daddy said the frenshmen have shut up there scools and a frenshlady my mother nooe told me franse is a great naiton so y not do the same hear.

My brother horace has helpt me with the spelling of this letter. He says heed a jolly site rather play cricket or footer than mug away with such awful rot as aljibber whatever that is. But he says no one will mind what a kid rites. He always talks like that cos ime only 8.

So I hope you will tell mister balfer and

mister sissil not to trubble about there law cos we children dont want eny scools. Yours afectionatly KID.

p.s. This is what is called an ennominus letter for if my daddy saw my name he wood say little boys shuld be seen and not herd.

A Hardy Annual.

Old Lady. Ay, if I live to Christmas I'll be an Octogeranium.

SEASONABLE SONG TO THE MAN WITH THE COALS. — "Heaver of thee I'm fondly dreaming."

P. M. A.
1902.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOER; OR, ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.



IN FRANCE.
We are of Huguenot
blood.

IN GERMANY.
We are of Low German
descent.

IN ENGLAND.
We are of British
nationality.

THE CALIBAN CRYPTOGRAM.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—I see in your issue of Oct. 15 that you suggest the name Caliban as cryptographic for *cannibal*, and that you quote "Not a relation for a breakfast." In this connection I venture to cite from the "lively picturesque account" of Dr. JOHNSON's visit to Cambridge in 1765: "As to JOHNSON . . . he came down on a Saturday evening . . . Caliban, you may be sure, was not roused from his lair before next day noon, and his breakfast probably kept him till night." On the Monday evening we hear that he "stripped poor Mrs. MACAULAY to the very skin, then gave her for his toast, and drank her in two bumpers."

THE EDITOR'S TRAGEDY.

[Miss M-R-E C-R-L-LI has written to the *Gentlewoman* to complain that her name was not mentioned among the distinguished persons who were in the Royal Enclosure at Braemar. Contrariwise—as Tweedledum would say—the same lady has compelled Messrs. GRAVES & Co. to publish an apology in a conspicuous position in a Daily Paper for having allowed a reproduction of a portrait of her to appear in a magazine.]

THE Editor sat in his easy chair,
He seemed oppressed with a weight of care,
His eyes were wild. There were straws in his hair.

'Twas clear from his look he was much distressed.
What was the anguish that wrung his breast?

What was it racked his soul with pain?
Listen a moment, and I'll explain.

This excellent person chanced to edit
A Magazine—with conspicuous credit,
Thousands of pretty young ladies read it.

And month after month he filled its pages
With matter adapted to various ages.

There were photographs of noblemen's houses,
And notes on the latest fashion in blouses,

Paper patterns for making dresses,
And portraits of eminent authoresses,

Hints on the cradle and how to rock it,
A new design for a lady's pocket,
And part of a novel by Mr. CR-OK-TT!

But the time arrived—as such times will—
When the Editor had a page to fill,

And no one can envy an Editor's billet
With a page to fill and nothing to fill it!

Should he publish a note upon "Knitted Purses"?
Or a few remarks on "Hospital Nurses"?
Or some of the Laureate's faultless verses?

Or some "Useful patterns for crochet mats"?
Or a paper on "Lady BARKING's cats"?

Or "A new receipt for blackberry jelly"?
Or "The latest portrait of Miss C-R-L-LI"?

The Editor's brow grew overcast.
He felt he would greatly prefer the last—
But if she objected—. He stopped aghast!

Don't think he was making a needless fuss,
The problem was grave, and he reasoned thus:

"I'm told she feels such acute distress
At seeing her name in the popular Press!

"That she thinks the Public unduly curious,
And the smallest paragraph makes her furious!

"And yet"—the Editor bit his pen—
"She makes an exception now and then.
If only I knew exactly *when*!

"But when the exception applies," quoth he,
"And when the rule, I fail to see.
It isn't as clear as it ought to be!"

The Editor sat up the whole night through,
Weighing the matter—and so would you.

Think of the rise in his circulation
If he gave that picture to the nation!

But think of the talented lady's rage
When her eye was caught by the pictured page!

"If I publish the thing," said this worthy man,
"It'll sell from Beersheba to Dan;—
But she'll have the law of me if she can.

"On the other hand if I leave it out,
She's certain to make a terrible rout.

"And whichever I do it seems to me
I shall have to print an apology,
And a beastly nuisance *that* will be!"

The Editor sat for several days,
And looked at the thing in a hundred ways;

Week after week he tried and tried
To settle the matter, but couldn't decide.

His once fine intellect grew less clear
As the weeks went by and the day drew near
When the fatal number ought to appear.

Fresh doubts on the subject daily racked him,
Symptoms of brain disease attacked him,
And at last, I'm told, his proprietors sacked him!

MOTTO FOR BULL-DOG (suffering as usual from chronic nasal stricture).—Bite is right!

THE COUNCILLOR'S CRY.

["The Yorkshire County Council has intimated its unwillingness to undertake the additional work which the Education Bill proposes to impose upon it."—*Daily Paper*.]

With long debates
On roads and rates
Our weary pates
Are brimming o'er;
Gas, paving, lights
And urban sites,
Fill days and nights
With trouble sore.

Sing hey for me! Sing wey for me!
Sing hey, lackaday for the poor C.C.
His woes are growing more and more.
Sing hey, lackaday for the Councillor!

For now we fear,
From what we hear,
More work is near,
Though no more pence;
It is our fate
To educate
The empty pate
And teach it sense.

We've got to race
From place to place,
Devouring space
With lightning flight;
Inspecting schools
And desks and stools,
And making rules,
From morn to night.

We've got to hear
The children dear
In accents clear
Their lessons say;
Their A B C
And rule of three,
Geographees,
Et cetera.

In books we guide
The taste untried,
And we decide
On what is what;
We say how far
Your dances are
Quite secular,
And how far not.

And when at last
Our woes are past,
Another blast
Our quiet stirs:
Brains, everything
We've got to bring
To managing
The managers.

Sing hey for me! Sing wey for me!
Sing hey, lackaday for the poor C.C.
Sing ho! Sing wo! With a heart that's
sore!
Sing hey, lackaday for the Councillor!

HORACE ON THE DESTRUCTION OF PIRATED
SONGS.—*Delere licebit quod non edideris*.



She (to visitor, who has been ill). "I HOPE YOU HAVE DECIDED TO GO AWAY?"
Visitor. "YES, I'M GOING TO-MORROW." She. "I'M SO GLAD!"

OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PLACE.

THERE has recently been somewhat of a slump in nonsense riddles, and the latest that we've heard bandied about during the last two months, viz., "Why did WILLIAM TELL?—Because the Apple split," recalls a familiar couplet in a once popular burlesque (at a time when burlesques *were* burlesques, and *were* popular) by TALFOURD and HALE, or by TALFOURD alone, wherein the Swiss archer turns to GESSLER, by whom he has been denounced as a conspirator, and exclaims:—

"I tell you I am TELL who made that hit!
Would WILLIAM tell before the apple split?
Never!" etc., etc.

And then he finishes up with his battle-cry for life and liberty, "*Telle est la vie!*" which was the cue for a "grand finale" to the scene. History repeats puns as it repeats itself.

A Muddled Musician.

SIR,—I see that Messrs. NOVELLO are about to issue an edition of HANDEL's *Messiah*. There is, the *P. M. G.* informs us, "no possible cessation" of "the controversy which rages around HANDEL's most gigantic composition." Presumably Messrs. NOVELLO will throw some light on the subject; yet it is evidently a matter that "No-vello can understand."
Yours, AN OLD SCORE (unsettled).



BYE-ELECTION HUMOURS.

Free and Independent Voter. "WULL, IF THEY CAN'T ZEND ZUMAT BETTER THAN THIC THER CART TO FETCH I TO THE POLL, I AIN'T A-GOIN' TO VOTE. ZO THERE'S AN END OF IT; AND YOU CAN GO BACK AN' TELL 'UM ZO!"

THE PROTEST OF THE TIME-EXPIRED.

["Subject to the requirements of training, the soldier's time will be so apportioned that he has at his disposal on each day a certain definite period of leisure. This period will not be broken into for fatigue and working parties, except in circumstances of exceptional urgency."—*Army Order.*]

"In order to augment the number of discharged soldiers employed in military establishments at home, and especially now when so many men are being discharged on return from South Africa, the general officers commanding districts have been directed to supply the War Office with information as to employment (such as orderlies, barrack labourers, &c.) in their districts, which they can recommend for occupation (*sic*) by ex-soldiers."—*"Times"* Military Intelligence.]

BILL, 'as you 'eard the latest plan for 'elpin' you and me? They 'll 'ave us back at the barracks, as is where we'd like to be:

But it ain't to stiffen the youngsters, same as you might suppose,
Nor to teach 'em them ways of the Army as only the veteran knows.

No—they say as the new style of soldiers 'as got such 'aughty souls,

That they can't do nothin' so menial as sweepin' or carryin' coals;

So it's you and me they're invitin', as a favour, BILL, if you please,

To earn a livin' by doin' fatigue for a grousin' lot like these.

They say as the modern soldier must cultivate 'is brain,
An' 'e mustn't do too much barrick work, cos 'e couldn' stand the strain;

'E's 'is country's brave defender, an' it wouldn' be right to expeck

As 'e'll turn 'is 'and to doing jobs as 'd ruin 'is self-respeck.

Well—there's me as charged at Omdurman in the 'ottest part of the fight,

There's you as lay on Spion Kop for a day an' 'alf a night—
It strikes me, BILL, as we've 'ad our share in up'oldin' our country's name,

Yet we took our fatigue like our fightin', an' done it just as it came.

There's you 'ud 'ave been lance-corpril if your Sargint 'ad treated you fair,

There's me was known in the squadron as the daringest rider there;—

An' are we to be used for the dirty work, now as our duty's done,

While the rookies loll round the barrick-room fire or loaf about in the sun?

I may be out at elbows, BILL, I mayn't 'ave nowhere to go,
But I'd sooner die in the workus than own I'd sunk so low
As to arst to be taken on agin, as a speshul act of grace,
To wait on a lot of 'alf-fledged frauds as doesn't know their place.

Of course they 'ave meant it kindly, to give us some reg'lar pay,
But they don't know 'uman nature if they think we'll take it that way;

It may be the Army trainin' as 'as got to be rectified,
But if it ain't taught us nothin' else, it's taught us some proper pride.

"WITHIN THE MEMORY OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT."—A gentleman, writing to the *Standard* on the subject of the "great tree of Tortworth, in Gloucestershire," says:—"If I recollect aright the tree was used as a parish landmark one thousand years ago." The italics are *Mr. Punch's* invention.



INCORRIGIBLE.

MR. BULL (*angrily*). "LOOK HERE! YOU FELLOWS HAVE NO SOONER MUDDLED THROUGH ONE BAD BUSINESS THAN YOU MUDDLE INTO ANOTHER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Oct. 20.

--Newcomers to the Commons who have heard or read of good old days of Parnellite obstruction, when all-night sittings were of regular occurrence,

below Gangway, bubbling with delight at discovery that in matter of mean perfidy an Irishman has gone one better than his race. From various benches Irish Members spring up to shout fresh accusation. In vain the SPEAKER stands crying, "Order! Order!" "Answer! Answer!" they roar, bend-

his colleagues as being the very man for Committee on National Expenditure now sitting at Westminster.

"We appreciate him more in his prison than if he were in this House," says the gallant Captain, and wonders why gentlemen opposite laugh.

As our dear DU MAURIER used to say, it is one of the things that might have been put differently.

Later WILLIAM O'BRIEN, shaking his fist at Chief Secretary, hissed between clenched teeth the enquiry, "What are the Government going to do besides shivering at that Table?" A terrible thought sympathetically froze the blood of Members. Was it possible that GEORGE WYNDHAM, usually a carefully dressed man, in momentary absence of mind, unconsciously influenced by association with Irish politics, had forgotten to put on his—? No, he was fully clad. O'BRIEN's way of putting it was merely a flower of speech designed to convey to Irish peasants, and American audiences addressed by JOHN REDMOND and JOHN DILLON, a picture of abject condition to which HIS MAJESTY's Ministers are reduced by Nationalist Members at Westminster.

Surely such labourers are worthy of their hire.

Business done.—Education Bill, jammed between Irish row lasting from 2.15 to 2.55 P.M., another occupying evening sitting, made slight progress.

Tuesday night.—Cousin HUGH could stand it no longer. His sufferings since



MERELY AN ALLEGORY FROM WESTMINSTER.

"Misther Shpeaker, Sorr, wid the gratest re-spectt to yew, Sorr, I—"

when the larder was kept stocked with grilled bones, when Mr. JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR was accustomed to sleep on two chairs in the Library, turn eagerly to taste revival of the feast nightly spread under the genial direction of WILLIAM O'BRIEN. Provided again to-night; already growing tiresome.

"It's hashed obstruction," says the MEMBER FOR SARK; "badly cooked at that."

SARK lived through good old days alluded to; is able to institute comparisons and form judgment. Except for the noise it certainly is dull; depressing monotony. SWIFT MACNEILL shoots up, folds his arms, and, threateningly shaking his head at HUGH CECIL, who has just come in and knows nothing about anything, says, "Now, Mr. SPEAKER." Then, with increasing emphasis of manner and rolling of the head, comes a question imputing old Venetian iniquity to some of his own countrymen.

To-night, for example, affirmed that when the resident magistrates forwarded to SPEAKER report of committal to prison of Irish Members, Irish gentlemen in Dublin Castle deliberately burked the document. Here uprises storm of boo-hooing from other Irish gentlemen

ing angry glances on the Chief Secretary.

In comparative lull WYNDHAM rises to reply. Instantly storm bursts again. Having angrily insisted on his answering, with noisier ebullience they refuse to let his voice be heard. Waiting opportunity he speaks with provoking calmness and courtesy. In circumstances alluded to, he says, resident magistrates communicate direct with the SPEAKER. Their letters do not pass through Dublin Castle. *Argal*, the hon. Member for Donegal must be in error when he says they are there stolen and destroyed.

That is pretty conclusive, even in Irish debate. Does the lineal descendant of GODWIN SWIFT, uncle and guardian of Dean SWIFT, admit that he has been misinformed, withdraw the monstrous charge and apologise? Not he. He sits quiet for a few happy moments, whilst others of the Heavenly Choir below the Gangway go off on fresh tacks.

Only now and then at rare intervals flashes over this quagmire of rowdy invective a gleam of humour. Then it is unconscious. DONELAN laments the enforced absence of Mr. REDDY, who, imprisoned in distant Tullamore for six months and not being a bird, strikes

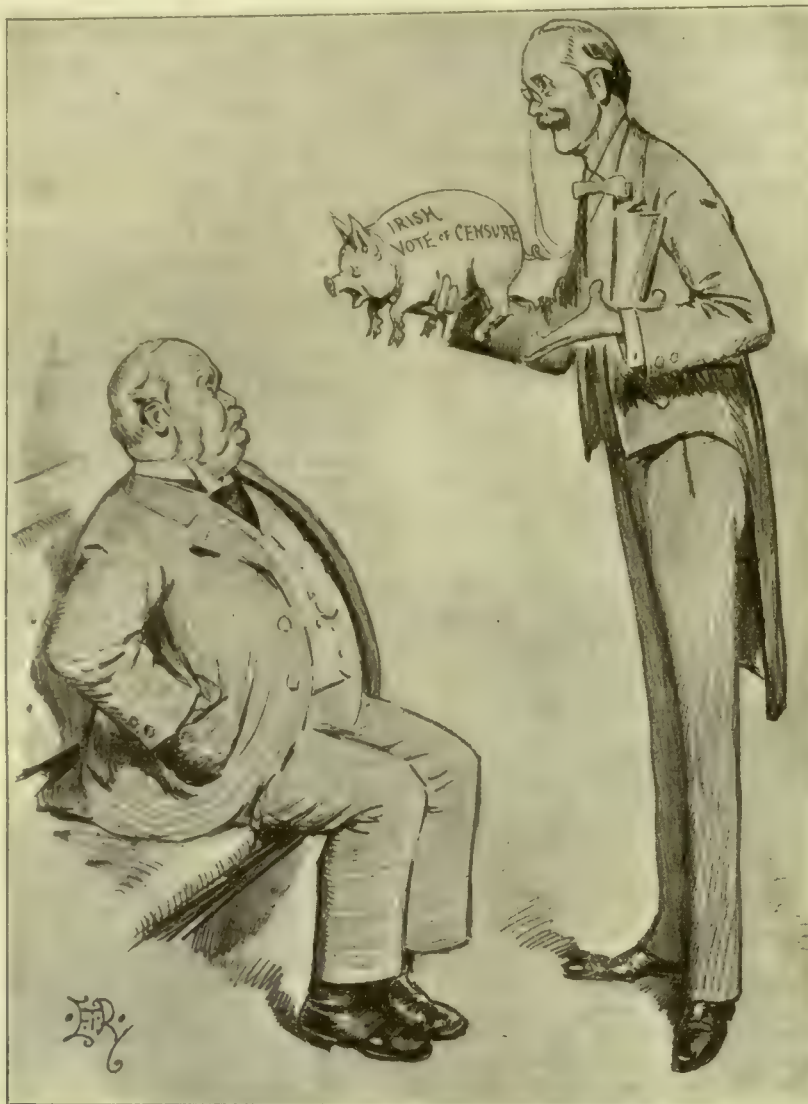


WHAT MR. ELL-S GR-FF-TH REALLY MEANT.

"The Turnip and the Light."

Mr. ELL-S GR-ff-th said, "The noble lord is the apple and the light of the party opposite."

(Lord H-gh C-e-l.)



THE TRICK THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

Professor B-l-f-r. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I was about to show you my latest novelty—how I produce the pig from this gentleman's pocket, but his excessive caution makes it, I regret to say, impossible, so we will pass on to another."

[Mr. B-l-f-r has attempted in vain to induce Sir Henry C-mp-b-ll-B-nn-rm-n to accept the responsibility of an Irish Vote of Censure.]

House again went into Committee on Education Bill not to be told in really decent language. Of course none other possible to Cousin HUGH. Not the least poignant pang followed on Cousin ARTHUR's dalliance with the Doomed. He has positively shown tendency to regard Nonconformist citizen and taxpayer as if he were in same category as a Dean, or even a pew-opener in a parish church. To sit silent whilst ARTHUR has accepted, even personally moved, amendments "designed," as Cousin HUGH puts it with mixed metaphor due to momentary excitement, "to open the door to the thin end of the wedge of the Nonconformist conscience" is a discipline he accepts in

lieu of administering it to his own back with a rod, wearing a hair shirt, or invoking other aids to grace which the advance of mawkish civilization in these days looks upon askance.

But, really, after repeated doses of LLOYD-GEORGE, followed by SAM EVANS, with ELLIS GRIFFITH in reserve, over all the monumental figure that would in ancient times have been Member for Macedon, and is now content to serve Monmouth, Cousin HUGH's carefully cultured stock of patience is exhausted.

Ten minutes ago, when things were going on nicely, Committee really beginning to make progress, PRINCE ARTHUR to his blank dismay discovered Cousin HUGH on his legs making a few

remarks upon the Welsh Member. Pretty to see Cousin HUGH's gesture, as if he were holding out by the hind legs some strange and undesirable insect he had come upon in the hedgerow at Hatfield.

"There is," he said, furtively pinching the insect's leg with intent to make it squirm, "a particular violence about the Celtic temperament that really makes no course too unreasonable or too ill-natured for a Welshman to adopt. Excited by every conceivable prejudice, restrained by no sense of decency, what is to be hoped from Welsh county councils when called upon to administer the new Education Act."

Fortunately it was after seven o'clock when he interposed. Only half an hour remained of sitting. Throughout, the fat, flung into the fire, frizzled furiously; no more work done.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee. Lord HUGH CECIL says a few pleasant things.

Friday night.—Episodes in history of Mother of Parliaments during past week naturally excite attention in Paris. *Le Temps*, under date October 21, devotes space in its *Bulletin de l'Etranger* to comment on Parliamentary method of Irish Members. Remarks introduced by reference to "*Le Speaker Bully, gardien né des privilèges de la Chambre.*" This is good. Bully for *Le Temps*. The idea evidently is that in JOHN BULL's Parliament its born guardian would naturally be named BULLY. Positive, BULL; Comparative, BULLY.

SARK differs. He believes French writer vaguely had in mind dear old BILLY, the SPEAKER's bull dog, gathered to his fathers little more than a year ago. The House and the Country lost much by the death of BILLY. To watch him walking across Palace Yard in charge of a footman, bent on taking his afternoon constitutional, was a liberal education in politics of the hour. To his dying day WALTER LONG will not forget meeting him. It happened during time when Muzzling Order was in strictest vogue. BILLY meant nothing by what followed on the rencontre; it was merely his play. But a Cabinet Minister bent on the performance of an unpleasant public duty doesn't like that sort of thing.

Another of BILLY's prejudices was the Irish Member. If, taking his walks abroad, he scented one near, his massive jaw came down with blood-curdling clang. BILLY had heard of his master's "granting the closure." This was his method of suggesting it.

Yes, I think it must have been old BILLY the *Le Temps* writer had in his mind when he discoursed on "*Bully, gardien né des privilèges de la Chambre.*"

Business done.—*Toujours* Education Bill.



A QUESTION FOR NATURALISTS.

SCENE—*The Snake House in the Zoo.*

"DO TELL ME, MUMMY, WHERE DOES ITS NECK END AND ITS BODY BEGIN?"

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XI.—TIME AND THE BARBER.

WITH a hand to my chin I pass through a swinging glass door and climb the staircase. Ascending in front of me is an elderly man in a straw hat, while a few steps above him I notice a white-haired gentleman of a military carriage. Not without annoyance, I recognise that I may have to wait some time before being attended to. It is afternoon, and I know from experience that the dinner of my barber and most of his assistants lasts from 12 A.M. until 3 P.M., and their tea from 3.30 until 7. Indeed, as a class, they would seem to overeat themselves more than any members of the community, and I wonder that a medical Commission has not been appointed to look into the matter.

As the military gentleman reaches the top of the steps, the elderly man behind him suddenly quickens his pace almost to a run and, pushing past, enters the shop in front of him. I follow the military gentleman inside and find him gazing indignantly at his adversary, emitting at the same time a series of angry snorts.

It is as I surmised. There is but one assistant in the shop, at present engaged in enlarging on the merits of a pink hair- tonic to a defenceless customer with a profusely lathered head. He has suspended operations at this stage, while, bottle in hand, he gives his victim a prolix *résumé* of the strides made of late in the art of "capillary nutrition." Two customers are seated on an uncomfortable bench, sulkily glaring at illustrated papers.

The assistant glances round.

"Five minutes, Sir," he observes.

The military gentleman transfers an angry stare from the elderly man to the assistant.

"What d' you mean by five minutes?" he snaps testily. "How can you be ready in five minutes, when there are several gentlemen waiting already?"

"I'm expecting the other men back every minute," explains the assistant. "They've gone to dinner."

Here the elderly gentleman puts in his word.

"Aren't there any papers?" he asks disagreeably, as he hangs his hat on a peg, disclosing a head with no tresses whatsoever on top, and a computable number round the sides. The military gentleman, remembering his grievances, darts an angry glance at him just in time to see him capture the sole remaining newspaper. With another snort he seats himself beside him on the bench, and, finding nothing to read, glares irritably at the slow but voluble progress of the assistant.

In due course the occupant of the

chair rises from the hands of the barber a finished article, suggesting an injudicious blend of foreign waiter and cockatoo.

"I'll do you up a bottle of the Vivifier, shall I, Sir?" queries the assistant.

"Er—I don't know whether I shall want any—just at present," says the customer weakly.

The assistant plies him reproachfully with a clothes-brush.

"You're surely not going to lose it all, Sir, just for want of taking it in time?"



AWFUL RESULT OF A BEEFEATER "GOING IN" FOR VEGETARIANISM.

The customer looks wildly towards his hat.

"Make you up a small five-and-sixpenny size, if you like, Sir," suggests the assistant, capturing the hat and brushing it assiduously.

"Umph! Yes, I daresay I shall have some later on," mumbles the customer, with a hunted look. "Er—I'm going away for a day or two. Perhaps, when I come back . . ."

"Send it anywhere you like for you," returns the assistant implacably.

The customer holds out an imploring hand for his hat.

"Yes, yes, I see," he says humbly; "but—but I don't know yet what my

address will be. Perhaps I'll drop you a line if—er—if I find I want it."

The assistant grudgingly surrenders him his hat, and he slinks out, a consciously contemptible object.

"Next gentleman, please," remarks the barber mechanically, as he turns back to the chair. The next gentleman has already seated himself, and is frowning impatiently at the looking-glass. Hereupon the military gentleman, who has been fuming throughout the whole dialogue, breaks out fiercely.

"Get on with your work, Sah," he growls to the man. "There is the next gentleman. How much longer do you expect to keep us here!"

Ten long minutes elapse while the two next gentlemen are shaved. Either they are regular customers or the barber has been overawed by our military friend, for no more time is expended on the Vivifier. All this time not a sign of any of the other assistants. The condition of the military gentleman is causing me grave apprehension; his exterior is every minute becoming more fiery, a symptom accompanied at frequent intervals by the sound of ominous internal rumblings.

At last the chair is vacated. The elderly man and the military gentleman rise simultaneously and move towards it. The elderly man reaches it first, and seats himself heavily; the other snorts, opens his mouth wide, thinks better of it, and sits down on the bench again. The internal rumblings become nothing short of alarming.

"Shave?" suggests the assistant with confidence, bustling up to the chair.

The elderly man darts a suspicious look at him in the glass.

"Hair cut," he snaps.

The military gentleman is evidently past appreciating the value of this opportunity. At the same time a step is heard on the stairs. He rises, still rumbling, and prepares to occupy the other chair. Straightway another customer enters.

The assistant turns round from his occupation of lining the elderly man's neck with cotton-wool.

"Ready in a minute, Sir," he remarks cheerfully.

The elderly man suddenly sits erect.

"A minute!" he gasps, indignantly. "What do you—?" But his voice is swallowed up in a greater explosion. The military gentleman has suddenly burst forth into eruption.

"What the devil do you mean, Sah?" he explodes. "How can you be ready in a minute when I'm waiting?"

"In a minute!" repeats the elderly man, bristling with indignation.

The assistant explains with nervous suavity that he is expecting the other men back every minute.

"Minute!" mutters the elderly man, resentfully.

The military gentleman is still in full eruption. "Disgraceful mismanagement!" he cries, furiously, attempting to put on my hat. "I've been waiting here for hours. I shall go somewhere else!"

Which, when he has got his own hat, he does precipitately, still in a state of volcanic discharge.

The elderly man in the chair is glaring at his own sullen reflection. The assistant, piteously crushed, selects a pair of scissors. At this point another assistant enters, brushing crumbs from a symmetrical moustache.

"Here," says the elderly man sourly, "send this man away. I want my hair cut."

The newcomer hesitates, glances at his colleague, then goes to the chair.

"Hair cut, Sir; yes, Sir." I take the other place, and the original assistant lathers my chin with a silence that is far more pathetic than words. The man at the next chair (after one unfortunate attempt to introduce the topic of the Vivifier) has also relapsed into peace.

There is silence in the barber's shop save for the snip and scrape of scissors and razor.

"O WAD SOME POWER——"

"[On the English railways people seem always to travel without a ticket. A glass of beer with an official at the starting point and another at the journey's end are all the necessary expenditure."—*Courrier de la Bourse*, Brussels.]

From the "Brussels Sprout."

It is not necessary to possess an account at, or a cheque on, an English bank in order to draw money out. A revolver pointed at the head of the cashier is enough.

From the "Independent Bilge."

In English political life possession of means is all that is needful to command success. We hear from a private source that Lord CHAMBERLAIN is only waiting until he has saved up enough money to buy the Premiership from Sir BALFOUR. The latter, it is said, is asking a higher price than usual, as he wants cash to purchase Palace Yard from the Speaker, in order to turn it into a golf course.

From the "Amsterdam Lyre."

To prove that the corrupting influence of Great Britain extends to her Colonies we may say that the Australian cricketers who recently visited England paid a large fee in order to be allowed to win the Test matches. On these principles are conducted the athletic exercises on which the nation of shopkeepers so greatly prides itself!

From the "Courrier de Ghent-Aix."

In Great Britain an election is a very



"DO YOU BELIEVE THAT FISH HAVE ANY APPRECIATION OF COLOUR?"

"CERTAINLY. LOOK WHAT A LOT THAT OLD CHAP WITH THE NOSE HAS CAUGHT!"

simple thing. It is a question merely of which candidate can hand over the larger gratuity to the returning officers. So well known and so openly condoned is this practice, that in the event of neither candidate's offer being handsome enough the officials decline to declare anyone elected.

We learn on going to press that CHAMBERLAIN'S net profit on the South African atrocities is £1,505,623; while BRODRICK'S is £673,520. Such are English statesmen!

CHURCH AND STAGE.—Together at last! In this instance instead of Church sermonising Stage it was "Stage," as represented by Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT last Thursday at Leeds, lecturing "Church,"

in the person of the Bishop of Ripon, and others of—as SAM GERRIDGE hath it—"the nobility, clergy and gentry." Friendly Leeds! Sir SQUIRE read them all a lesson on reading the lessons. His subject (as reported) was "preaching and reading the gospel." How much more in his line, as experienced theatrical ex-manager and comedian, would have been a discourse on how to read the Acts! By the way, the report of the proceedings goes on to note that "among the audience there were many candidates for Orders." These gentlemen had evidently forgotten that Sir SQUIRE, having renounced theatrical managership, has no longer any "orders" at his disposal. What a disappointment for some of them!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Confessions of a Wife (GRANT RICHARDS) inevitably recall *The Letters of an Englishwoman*. The book is none the worse for that, and Miss MARY ADAMS varies the resemblance by placing the scene in the United States and illuminating the dialogue with a few Americanisms. The story is told partly by letters, partly by a diary. Like the epistolary *Englishwoman*, the American *Wife* is passionately in love with a quite inferior male creature. On him she lavishes the affection of a fervid heart and the wealth of the Anglo-American language. The interest is widened by the circumstance that the wife is deeply loved by a rejected suitor, a doctor by profession, who, with every temptation to relieve his early love of a worthless husband, devotes himself successfully to the task of rescuing him from the lowest stage of degradation and recalling him to life. My Baronite frankly confesses that in similar circumstances he could not have been unreservedly trusted. There is no particular use in a creature of the stamp of *Dana Herwin* continuing to live at the expense of better people. However, the doctor is a fine sturdy soul, and the wife writes profoundly interesting letters.

"I suppose," quoth the Baron, addressing one of his Junior Baronites, "that as soon as the ship of Father Christmas appears in the offing, the public begin to be stimulated by Christmassy and Picturebooky instincts. And as to the new eccentric pictorial series, no doubt," continues the Baron, after perusing two "picture-books" with coloured illustrations, "that the adventures of our friends, the comparatively recently invented *Golliwogs* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., which are not the names of the Golliwogs, but of the publishers), in an *Airship* and at the *North Pole*, as cleverly drawn by Miss FLORENCE UPTON, will obtain a fresh lease of popularity."

Two Christmas books with Rabbit-heroes. The first, "*The Bunny Book for Babes and their Betters*, written and illustrated by T. B. A." (NISBET & Co.), is rather an amateurish composition as far as the illustrations are concerned, nor are the verses much above the average nursery rhymes. Babes may be pleased, but how about "their Betters?"

The second "Rabbit Book" is a delightful little pocket-volume (FREDERICK WARNE & Co.). It is the *Tale of Peter Rabbit*, with which the children will fall in love at once. Plenty of capital pictures, bright in colour and lively in



Mr. Meek's mother-in-law, without his knowledge, has come evidently to stay for a long time.

Mr. Meek (who is somewhat short-sighted). "AH, GLAD TO SEE YOU. I DO HOPE YOU'LL STOP TO DINNER!"

execution, does BEATRIX POTTER give the small readers for whom this little book is primarily intended. It deserves success.

In the unavoidable dearth of Dog-days at this time of the year, my Nautical Retainer the more heartily welcomes the unique journal of a rough-haired terrier as illustrated by Mr. CECIL ALDIN. The drawings in *A Dog-Day* (HEINEMANN) are exceptionally lifelike and charming, and the letter-press, by Mr. WALTER EMANUEL, is a model of terse humour.

The Baron must be among the first to congratulate Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN, the historian of *Punch*, on the present number of the *Magazine of Art* (CASSELL), which is the first under his experienced editorship. The sepia engraving of "A

Woodland Fairy," by JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A., is a charming reproduction; and the frontispiece, in colours, from the picture by BYAM SHAW, R.I., recently exhibited in the Dowdeswell Galleries, is most effective. "Yet methinks," quoth the Baron, "that Mr. SPIELMANN, as editor, is somewhat too lavish in his promised gifts of valuable works of art to his persevering patrons." Granted that, as art needs encouragement, it may be occasionally judicious to encourage its patrons with a "bonus" in the shape of a work by some acknowledged master, ancient or modern. Without such inducement, the *Magazine of Art*, so far as can be judged from this excellent specimen of it, will be well worth a place in every well-ordered library such as is possessed by

THE COLLECTING BARON DE BOOK-WORMS

TWO MEN AND A TREAT.

THE entertainment given on Saturday afternoons by Messrs. PERCY FRENCH and HARRISON HILL, under the management of Mr. L. G. SHARPE, at the Steinway Hall at the convenient hour of three, can be recommended to all who, after the week's work is done, are ready to enjoy a hearty laugh, for which these two entertainers will provide the materials. Honours easy between the two; Mr. HILL draws with his pencil and Mr. FRENCH with his music. Incidentally, Mr. FRENCH shows how, when facing the audience with an orchid in his buttonhole and a glass in his eye, and making a speech, he can be the very counterpart of the Colonial Secretary; and immediately afterwards, when exhibiting his profile as he faces the piano, concealing the orchid and dropping the eyeglass, he, bursting into song, demonstrates that there is no sort of resemblance between the Rt. Hon. Gentleman and himself. Mr. FRENCH's evident enjoyment of his own fun is as catching as used to be CORNEY GRAIN's laugh and sly "aside" winks; and the way he has of taking the audience individually and collectively into his confidence is irresistible. Mr. HARRISON HILL's topsy-turvy sketches are delightfully humorous, and his *Kissing Cup* something to see and to remember.

NAME THIS STREET.

THE L.C.C. continue unable to find a satisfactory name for the Holborn to Strand thoroughfare now in course of construction. It becomes our privilege to lay before the public the suggestions of people famous in various departments of human activity in regard to this momentous question.

Mr. AR-TH-R B-L-F-R—*Cecil Broadway.*

Mr. G-R-LD B-I-F-R—*Cecil Street.*

Lord CR-NB-RNE—*Cecil Road.*

Lord S-LB-RNE—*Cecil Avenue.*

Mr. L-WTH-R—*Cecil Arcade.*

Lord R-S-B-R-Y—*Efficiency Furrow.*

Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT—*Pretty Fanny's Way.*

Sir W-LFR-D L-WS-N—*The Soda and Milky Way.*

Mr. ST-PH-N PH-LL-PS—*John Lane.*

Mr. M-RT-N H-RV-Y—*The Only Way.*

Mr. J-SSE C-LL-NGS "would be sorry if London lost a great opportunity, as Birmingham did when it called its own new thoroughfare *Corporation Street* instead of *Chamberlain Thoroughfare.*"

Mr. G. B-EN-RD SH-W "is amazed that any person still exists outside a lunatic asylum desirous of naming the place after so discredited a personage as SHAKESPEARE." He favours us with a



Auntie. "NOW, DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT GUY FAWKES, LAST TIME?"

Freddy. "YES; HE WAS A VERY BAD MAN."

Auntie. "WELL, WHAT DID HE DO?"

Freddy. "HE BLEW UP THE PARLOURMAID!"

long argument which, so far as we can understand it, amounts to this:—That we live in an Age of Abbreviations, when we call money L.S.D., a legislator an M.P., London's Parliament the L.C.C., and so forth, and that any public body not so hopelessly out of date as the County Council would have no hesitation in deciding on *G. B. S. Street.*

Mr. ALFR-D A-ST-N—*Alfred Highway.* "Thus honouring the name of our greatest Saxon king as well as that of the late Poet Laureate."

Mr. R-DY-RD K-PL-NG writes thus:—"You ask me to give vent to my opinion

as to the new street's label. Seeing that it is to lead from Holborn, where muddled oafs and flannelled fools get themselves equipped with the empire-sapping requisites of their so-called games, to the Strand, where a feather-brained race wastes its time in enervating theatres and manhood-destroying music-halls, you had better call it *Empire's End* or something of that sort."

Miss M. C. writes:—"I have no intention *whatever* of providing a *degraded Press* with free copy.

"P.S.—*Via Marie* would be sweetly pretty."

IF I WERE IN.

A pseudo-Villonelle, to be sung to a lively Lowland Agr.

["There are the 'ins' and there are the 'outs,' and it is right that the 'outs' should take the place of the 'ins.'"] From Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's address to the Men of Agr.

If I were in—that is to say,
If England's heart could have its way,
And let me hold the leading strings
And rectify a lot of things,
Giving my life, still fresh and warm,
To work retrenchment and reform—
Discord should hush its hideous cackle
Within my cosy tabernacle,
And all our sections cease their rage
And reconstruct the Golden Age;
To such an end my faith should win
If I were in.

If I were in, my chief delight
Would be to champion Manhood's Right.
The humblest hind on God's fair earth
Should be my peer in point of birth;
And none, however sleek his coat,
Should wallow in a plural vote.
Wisdom and genius, high and pure,
Should in their country's hopes secure
With imbeciles but half awake
An indistinguishable stake;
And all be brothers 'neath the skin
If I were in.

If I were in, I'd run the Schools
On strictly proletariat rules.
The bloated Member who can spare
Enough to send his son elsewhere
I'd not allow to have a voice
In what should be the poor man's choice.
I would instruct the rising race
To show the Church its proper place,
Till all our infants grew to be
Models of secularity.
This I would urge through thick and thin
If I were in.

If I were in, there should be seen
No Irish wigs about the green.
I would correct the splendid bile
Of Erin's green and gracious isle.
Home Rule all round I'd squander gratis,
Mutandis, need I say, *mutatis*.
Meantime no prison bars should curb
A people palpably superb;
But licence, large of lung and jaw,
Teaching a fine contempt for law,
Should merely make the juries grin
If I were in.

If I were in (and not found out)
I'd put extravagance to rout.
I would at once, with both my feet,
Jump on the army and the fleet;
Then with the balance I would free
The general public's pot of tea,
Unhitch the tax from plug and victuals,
Emancipate its beer and skittles,
And, at a reasonable price,
Erect a blooming Paradise
For honest folk that toil and spin,
If I were in.

O. S.

"GRAPPLING IN THE CENTRAL BLUE."

[Being Mr. Punch's report of the duel between M. SANTOS-DUMONT and Comte DE LA VAULX as fixed to take place in the vast inane.]

PARIS had slept uneasily. All night long the lights burned mysteriously in the offices of the leading papers, and here and there in the darkness could be heard the rhythmical "puff! puff!" of gasoline engines.

As the first streaks of dawn began to struggle through the mists, the sound of the engines became more noticeable, and presently from the shadows in the North a huge air-ship slid silently across the tremulous City. A moment later a dozen were on the wing, waiting for the principals to appear.

As yet the scene of the battle had not been announced, but soon a tense whisper hissed through the chilly air:—

"THE EIFFEL TOWER."

Ah! At last it was known. The first duel of the new régime was to take place above the greatest engineering triumph of the old.

By this time the air was dark with dirigible balloons and dusky air-ships moving in wide spirals through the silvery dawn. An anchored balloon shot up on either side of the Eiffel Tower, and everyone knew that they contained the seconds of the high opposing parties, who had in this way measured off the distance for the duellists.

SANTOS-DUMONT was the first to appear on the scene. There was something falcon-like in the vicious rapidity of his movements, and as he circled about the balloon that contained his seconds an occasional flirt of the tail-propellers of his air-ship showed clearly that he was in the best of spirits.

Your correspondent, who was hovering just above the scene in an aeroplane borrowed from Mr. H. G. WELLS' story *When the Sleeper Wakes*, was constantly sweeping the horizon with his binoculars, and was the first to descry Comte DE LA VAULX as he moved bulkily towards his station at the other balloon. There was need for haste, for the gendarmes were already aware of what was taking place, and were frantically searching for telescopes sufficiently powerful to draw the law breakers down near enough to be arrested.

Just at the moment when the sun touched the horizon with gold, the seconds of Comte DE LA VAULX dropped a parachute as a signal, and the duellists swooped at one another with a great rattle of machinery and odour of gasoline; but at that moment a puff of wind struck them un-awares, and before they had a chance to recover they were separated by several metres. SANTOS-DUMONT was the first to adjust himself to the new conditions, but he courteously waited for his enemy to pull in part of his sail acreage and make his air-ship obey its rudder.

As the wind had now become steady from the East, the duel was drifting rapidly towards the English Channel, leaving the seconds anchored near the Eiffel Tower. Something had to be done quickly, and it was. Rushing upon his enemy like an eagle upon a swan in mid air, SANTOS-DUMONT punctured his gas reservoir with a quick thrust of his fountain pen, provided for the occasion by a Press agent.

At this, DE LA VAULX threw up both wings and sank helplessly to the earth. It had been arranged by the seconds that he who drew first gas was to be the victor.

Among Warriors.

Interested Patron. So I see you lost an arm in the battle. *An Atkins* ("back from the Front"). Ay, Sir, and my companion here (indicating *Atkins* No. 2) he lost a leg.

Patron. And your Colonel—in the same battle, eh?

Atkins No. 2. Ah! he was worse off than either of us, Sir; he lost his head.



Bernard Partridge.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

L.C.C. Dog, "My bone, I think!"



"THE FIFTH."

'Twas not my habit from a boy
To find in squibs a fearful joy,
And still your Roman Candles cloy,
And rockets bore me;
But hearing KITTY would be there
I sought the place of smoke and glare,
And noticed BROWN—to my despair—
Arrived before me.

He danced with KITTY round the fire—
Would it had been *his* funeral pyre!
I watched him skip with scornful ire
Alcuf and sulky.
But KITTY would not meet my eye,
And well I knew the reason why;
I cannot caper if I try,
I'm much too bulky.

Then brother BOB with visage blacked
Produced a bomb that kicked and cracked
(I was not privy to the act
Upon my honour);
It filled the boldest with alarm
While KITTY, screaming, fled from harm
Direct to my protecting arm;
It closed upon her.

'Twas later, 'neath the cedar tree
(None but the smouldering guy to see)
She said she'd always cared for me,
Nor any other.
How could I half my ardour prove,
It mounted to the stars above,
But next to KITTY's self I love
Her little brother.

THOUGHTS ON THE CAT SHOW.

THE National Cat Club's Show at the Crystal Palace might have been called a complete success, were it not for some drawbacks which we feel bound to mention.

Firstly, the size of the Palace, though doubtless convenient enough for Handel festivals, pantomimes, international exhibitions, &c., is utterly inadequate when the comfortable accommodation of cats is involved; for the multitudes of people admitted to the building must render the air insufferably close and offensive to the refined creatures behind the bars. The Great Organ should certainly be removed for the occasion; and if the roof of the Palace were thrown open, the fresh current of air would add materially to the cats' comfort.

The food with which cats are served at the Show often leaves much to be desired. Because a cat has a fancy for a fried sole and a saucer of cream when at home, it does not follow that she wishes to be confronted with them at every turn. The varied emotions of the Show should be met by some tempting but unaccustomed dish. If she is used



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Fond Mother. "I DO WISH YOU WOULD LOOK OVER SOME OF MY LITTLE BOY'S SKETCHES, AND GIVE ME YOUR CANDID OPINION ON THEM. THEY STRIKE ME AS PERFECTLY MARVELLOUS FOR ONE SO YOUNG. THE OTHER DAY HE DREW A HORSE AND CART, AND, I CAN ASSURE YOU, YOU COULD SCARCELY TELL THE DIFFERENCE!"

to veal, try lamb; if fried sole is the favourite, boil her a whiting. Cream and even new milk should be avoided at the Show, being apt to induce sickness during a time of excitement.

Again, the price for admission being as low as one shilling exposes the cats to the nauseous attentions of people reeking of beer, onions, tobacco, and strong peppermints; while coarsely familiar remarks are continually addressed to such personages as "Woo-

shoo." "Belvedere Tiger," and "Silver Lambkin." By raising the admission to a guinea the management could ensure correct treatment of the cats; though a little supervision at the turnstiles might also be advisable to prevent the entrance of *nouveaux riches* of a distinctly vulgar type.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR IN THE ORKNEYS.—Are you a WASON?

A GROWL FROM GOLFLAND.

BORES there are of various species, of the platform, of the quill,
 BORES obsessed by Christian Science or the Education Bill,
 But the most exasperating and intolerable bore
 Is the man who talks of nothing but the latest "rubber core."

Place him in the Great Sahara, plant him on an Arctic floe,
 Or a desert island, fifteen thousand miles from Westward Ho!
 Pick him up a twelvemonth later, and I'll wager that you
 find
 Rubber filling *versus* gutty still and solely on his mind.

O American invaders, I accept your beef, your boots,
 Your historical romances, and your Californian fruits;
 But in tones of humble protest I am tempted to exclaim,
 "Can't you draw the line at commerce, can't you spare one
 British game?"

I am but a simple duffer; I am quite prepared to state
 That my lowest round on record was a paltry 88;
 That my partner in a foursome needs the patience of a Job,
 That in moments of excitement I am apt to miss the globe.

With my brassy and my putter I am very far to seek,
 Generally slice to cover with my iron and my cleek;
 But I boast a single virtue; I can honestly maintain
 I've escaped the fatal fever known as Haskell on the brain.

A PUZZLER AT THE GARRICK.

SHOULD Mr. ESMOND's four-act play at the Garrick Theatre, entitled *My Lady Virtue*, ultimately achieve success, it will be in consequence of the cleverness of the principal actors concerned in its representation, that is, of Mr. and Mrs. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (*alias* VIOLET VANBRUGH) as *The Burvilles*, and of Mr. DAWSON MILWARD as *Sir Geoffrey Ernestone*. But is not Mrs. Ernestone, as played by Mrs. ESMOND (*alias* EVA MOORE), to be added to this talented trio? Is not this Mrs. Ernestone intended to be the heroine? Certainly she is, and it may be fairly questioned whether any other actress could play the part better. But herein is the difficulty, since the more perfect the rendering of this silly character may be, the sillier does it become, and, scene by scene, act by act, the more anti-pathetic to the audience which grows every minute less and less inclined to take her seriously at the valuation put upon her by author and actress. The highest tribute then to Miss EVA MOORE's performance of *Lady Ernestone* is to say that it is one of the most irritatingly idiotic characters that ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. She gets on your nerves more than did the lachrymose wife in *The Tyranny of Tears*. If this character had only been relieved by a few touches of irresistible comedy, all would have been well; but as it is, the triumph of the actress means the non-success of the piece. Such is the paradox at the Garrick.

The third act, which contains the great situation of the play, is admirably played by Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, with Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT in the earlier part of the scene, who lightens their serious comedy with flashes of her own inimitable humour. To actress and author we have much to be thankful for in this character of *Basker*.

Mr. HOLMAN CLARK's *Lord Haughley* is an excellent sketch of a character that seems to have been originally intended to fulfil some important mission, but about which the dramatist changed his mind, and so allowed him to be, as it were, pensioned off but retained on the establishment for some sentimental reason easily appreciated by those who

have experienced the great convenience of having, for the sake of the hero or heroine, a "Charles, his friend," as confidant, tame on the premises.

Lechmere Gordon, a most important part of about, on the whole, a quarter of an hour's duration on the stage, is efficiently played by Mr. SAM SOTHERN. The development of this character seems to have been an after-thought.

As for the minor characters, everyone of them is well characterised: the old nuisance of a father, played by Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR (a feeble edition of *Brother Potter* in *Still Waters*); the lazy, good-natured Mrs. Lawler of Miss KATE BISHOP; the lively *Dorothy* of Miss CLEMENT; the spiteful, gossiping *Lady Carreras* of Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND; not forgetting Mr. ALBERT SIMS as the first-class butler named *Walters*—all are merely ornamental, and not not one of them, save, perhaps, *Lady Carreras*, essential. The piece could be played by six principals and a couple of good "seconds" between nine o'clock and eleven; nay, if the author had not started an entirely new idea just when we have discovered that the male and female villain are the most amiable couple possible, the play, in the true interests of actors, author, and audience, might have perfectly ended with the third act, as (substituting lunch for dinner) a new-boy could have shouted "Winner!" outside, and the curtain would have descended on the husband weeping with joy at the success of his horse, while the wife, overcome at the prospect of the connubial bliss in store for them in a new and happy land, could have looked up at the ceiling and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of joy.

That Mr. BOURCHIER should fail in the last situation of the third act is not in the least to his discredit, it being utterly impossible for any actor to screw himself up to such a pitch as to turn an anti-climax, as is this weak attempt of *Bramley's* to snatch a kiss from *Lady Ernestone*, into a triumph.

Act IV. is *de trop*, as no one cares a dump what has become nor what may become of the *Ernestones* husband and wife.

THE SOCIETY SWEAR.

"Among upper-class women the use of bad language is awful; not only do elderly dowagers say 'D—n!' but girls of seventeen make use of that deplorable expression."—*A correspondent to the Daily Express.*

THE age is unmistakably profane;

Morality, like Trade, is on the wane;

Of late with most profound regret I've heard

How that a certain naughty little word,

Quite impolite, and quite unparliament'ry too,

Once vulgar, now 's affected by the gentry too.

From common oaths my tender spirit shrinks,

I fuzzle when I hear them on the links;

The cabby's curse my moral system shocks,

I shudder when I hear it from the box;

But that which on the raw more sorely touches is

The swear that's used by dowagers and duchesses.

When in the case of nobly-bred adults

Age and experience yield these sad results,

What wonder if their daughters (pretty lambs!)

Indulge at times in copying their dams?

(A "play 'po' words" which serves to render printable
 That which, writ otherwise, would be but hintable.)

Is this Profanity a passing phase

Like Pigs-in-clover, or the Ping-pong craze?

Will it revert to "Goodness me!" or "Blow!"?

I cannot tell you, for I do not know;

This I do know: a nation grave disaster risks

That lets its women talk in —s and * * *

A BILL THAT GOT THROUGH BY FORCE.—William the Conqueror.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

[Captain Hobson, who distinguished himself at Santiago and by a kissing expedition in the States, has been meditating on the unparalleled greatness of his country, and publishes his views in an essay entitled "America must be Mistress of the Seas." According to the Captain, America is so exceedingly superior to all other countries in mental, moral and physical virtues, that she is clearly beckoned "by the finger of fate" to rule creation; and to attain this desirable end the navy of the United States must be made to equal the combined navies of the earth. This could be achieved by the year 1830.]

WHEN in my hammock lying,
Consider o'er my dram
The justice, glory, purity
And truth of Uncle SAM;
When I reflect how good and kind
He is, how great should be,
O world at large, there is, I find,
One only way for thee.

Thou must accept his sovereign sway,
In whom all virtues rest;
With meek and holy joy obey
Each wise and good behest,
Observing what ideals high
Inspire his lightest deeds,
And with a humble spirit try
To follow where he leads.

Thus only, world, shalt thou secure
These priceless blessings three:
A press, like his, refined and pure
And from corruption free;
No crooked ways thy Trade shall know,
No speculation wild,
And life municipal shall flow
All pure and undefiled.

The greed of nations—German "shove,"
And Russia's plans to spread
Her empire, Britain's lawless love
For painting countries red—
Such wicked schemes for land and pelf
Shall righteous Uncle SAM,
Possessing all the earth himself,
Effectually damn.

And if the blind world cannot see
This is the only course
To its true happiness, then we
Must teach the world by force.
We'll build a fleet, a mammoth fleet,
The biggest ever planned,
And I am ready, as is meet,
To take supreme command.

Consule Josepho.

["The curiously blind dislike of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in Belgium shows no signs of abating. Indeed, so widespread is this unreasoning feeling that even the Luxembourg vineyard owners have, it is reported, just christened with the name of Chamberlain a vintage recently spoiled by inclement weather."—*Morning Post*.]

THIS is as it should be. His best friends would not like to see CHAMBERLAIN actually drunk with joy.



Mistress. "POOR DARLING LITTLE TOPSY! I'M AFRAID SHE WILL NEVER RECOVER. DO YOU KNOW, BRIDGET, I THINK THE KINDEST THING WOULD BE TO HAVE HER SHOT, AND PUT HER OUT OF HER MISERY!"

Bridget. "'DEED, MAM, I WOULDN'T DO THAT. SURE SHE MIGHT GET BETTER AFTER ALL, AN' THEN YE'D BE SORRY YE'D HAD HER KILL'D!"

MOVEMENTS OF THE MIGHTY.

IN consequence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S decision to visit South Africa, we understand that the Boer Generals have decided to remain in England. General DE WET, who has already gone into residence at Highbury, will take no exercise, but confine his attention to the orchid houses; General BOTHA will take charge of the Colonial Office; General BEN VILJOEN will wear the Imperial eyeglass; and General KRITZINGER will take periodical harlequin's leaps from a hansom cab into Charing Cross Hospital.

On receipt of a cable announcing that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was about to visit Africa, we understand that Mr. SEDDON immediately booked his passage in the next steamer returning to England.

It is stated that M. CAMILLE PELLETAN, stimulated by the spectacle of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S exploratory energy, has borrowed the Prince of MONACO'S diving suit with a view to investigating the bed of the Mediterranean.

On receipt of the intelligence of Mr.

CHAMBERLAIN'S approaching departure to South Africa, Mr. HALL CAINE is stated to have promptly accepted President ROOSEVELT'S offer of an American penny-a-liner to convey him back to the Isle of Man.

Miss MARIE CORELLI has chartered the *Kohinoor* for a holiday trip to the Île du Diable.

General TRUMAN, it is stated, will shortly proceed to Dieppe to inspect and report upon the working of the *petits chevaux*.

A Large Order.

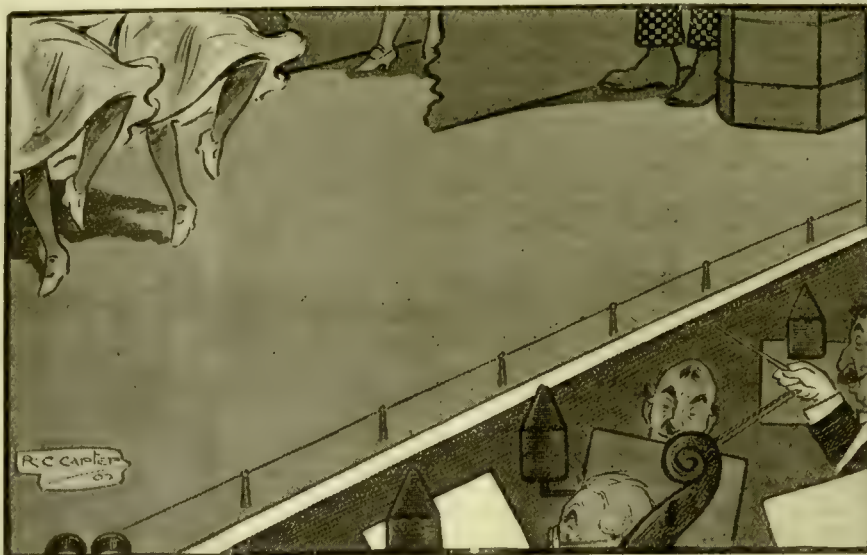
RESPECTABLE Party, in a steady employment, wants to buy boots and clothing, wife and family, pay instalments. State best terms.—*Hackney and Kingsland Gazette*.

"KHEDIVIAL" SHE "WOULD HAVE SAID."
—"I'm told," quoth Mrs. MUDDLE, "that Lord KITCHENER called on the KHEDIVE and was then driven about in a convivial carriage. It sounds rather cheerful, doesn't it?"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. III.—IN THE NURSERY.

I MUST state at the outset that in the following remarks and suggestions I address myself, not to those misguided adults who occasionally intrude upon the nursery department for their own sinister objects, but to those who are the proper inhabitants and rulers of that province—namely, to the children themselves. Crown Colony Government, vexatious and ineffective nearly everywhere, is nowhere so absurd and so fruitful of ill as in the nursery. My object will be to inspire in all children of a tender age a proper enthusiasm for their great heritage, so that they may no longer be content to submit themselves to the effete despotism of the library and the boudoir. Men who are immersed in business or the Bar, or in what may be called landed pursuits, cannot fairly be expected to sympathise with all the passionate yearnings that stir the breast of a doll capable of closing her eyes in a recumbent position; nor can a mother whose mental horizon is bounded by dinner-parties, weekly books and the acquisition of new gowns, and whose feelings are dulled by discussions with her cook, enter into the grief inspired in the heart of a child by the sudden collapse of a blue air-balloon in front of a fire, or the loss of such a fetish as a pointless pencil or a tin bath measuring three inches in length and half an inch in depth. A nurse, too, imposing as her appearance often is, must be trained to submit to her constitutional limitations. I am aware that she is generally appointed to her post not so much in defiance as in ignorance of the wishes and opinions of the colony that she is to control. This fact ought to be fatal to her authority. It is greatly to the credit of children, and speaks volumes for their natural loyalty, that they have not hitherto insisted on being consulted before their governor is appointed. The system must of course be altered, but, even as it is, a fair-minded nurse will recognise that, though she may possess absolute power over the perambulator, the sponge, and the bedroom light, she has no title to interfere with a high-spirited male colonist who insists on exercising his birthright of strength and liberty in plastering a sister colonist's face with a well-buttered slice of bread. Nor, in general, should a nurse, as is too often the case, show the spirit of a partisan when an internal quarrel is in progress. If she, or her deputy governor, for instance, in the course of her duties has had to separate two combatants, she must not take offence when one of them attempts to kick her shins. She must remember that Providence, in the shape of a dressmaker, has given her a proper protection for these sensitive bones, and she must reflect that a child who can attack shins at the age of four may in later life rise to be the mainstay of his school football team. To chill his generous ardour by placing him in a corner with his face to the angle, or to imbue him with a dark sense of being unjustly misunderstood by administering a spanking to his tender skin, is to show herself unworthy of her high position. The meditations of a boy thus partially immured cannot be salutary, and, if he should afterwards so far forget himself as to become a journalist, a member of the House of Lords, a Secretary of State for War or a company promoter, the blame must be laid on the arbitrary nurse who flouted his early aspirations and condemned him to suffer degrading punishments in the nursery.



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART. A MUSICAL COMEDY.

My object, in short, is to democratise the nursery, to establish in its full vigour the great principle of government of the nursery by the nursery for the nursery. Let every child from the moment he or she is "short-coated" learn by heart and, when necessary, quote at its parents the following sublime passage from one of BURKE's (I think it was BURKE's) greatest speeches:—

"Sir" [or "Madam"—the form of address will naturally vary according to the parent addressed], "I protest I am astounded when I contemplate their state of mind who hold a contrary opinion to that which I have ventured to express. It has been, and I thank Heaven for it, a guiding principle in our polity from the time when our scattered tribes first formed themselves into a nation, so to administer the various and often discordant parts of our government as to weld into a harmony, outlasting the shocks of circumstance and the mutability of human conditions, the interests, the affections, the desires, ay, even the passions and the controversies of those whom we have been called upon to direct, and this not by the enforcement of a tyranny drawing its power from the obduracy and blindness of the great, but rather by the encouragement of a spirit of freedom amongst those whom we may guide but cannot fetter; by attaching their minds to the constitution of this realm by links that the voice of folly or the breath of faction will shatter in a moment, though, applied with tolerance and riveted with wisdom, they are bonds that no man will desire to break, since no man will ever be galled by their imposition. Grant this liberty and your nation will live; deny it, and you will perish in your obstinacy and your pride."

There you have the great principle. Next week we will consider some practical details.

(To be continued.)

Very Particular Bachelor (to the new lodging-house cook). Mind, Cook, I want my chop always well done.

L.-H. Cook (who has given notice). Well, Sir, you know the proverb: if you want a thing well done, do it yourself.

How can a message be taken seriously that comes by a "Laffan" wire?

"THEY ORDER THIS MATTER BETTER IN FRANCE."

[A notorious French swindler was allowed to escape the other day by the two detectives in charge of him, after he had entertained them at dinner.]

SCENE—A private room at a fashionable restaurant in Paris.

Prisoner. Eh bien, mes amis, qu'est-ce que nous allons faire? Tenez, vous prenez encore un petit verre? Voilà les cigares.

First Detective. Très volontiers, monsieur, nous avons si bien diné.

Prisoner. Enchanté! Et après, où irons-nous?

First Detective. Mais où vous voulez, monsieur.

Prisoner. Le théâtre, c'est ennuyant, on n'y fume pas. Encore une chartreuse verte. Voyons, voyons, c'est si peu de chose. C'est ça. Si nous allions à un café-concert? Ah, sapristi! J'oubliais quelque chose; j'ai une visite à faire. Je suis désolé.

First Detective. Pas de quoi, monsieur. A votre service.

Prisoner. Alors, partons! N'oubliez pas les menottes, hein?

First Detective. Ah, monsieur, vous plaisantez! Mais les inspecteurs de la sûreté ne sont pas de vulgaires agents. Ils savent se conduire en gens comme il faut.

Prisoner. Pardon, mes amis. La sûreté, pour sûr. Vous êtes on ne peut plus aimables. Allons! Garçon, l'addition! Chasseur, une voiture! Gare du Nord, aussi vite que possible, cocher, pour ne pas manquer le train.

[They enter the cab and drive off.]

First Detective (sleepily). Un petit voyage?

Prisoner. Je vais vous expliquer tout ça en route.

Second Detective. Mais nous aimons les voyages.

Prisoner. Que vous êtes charmants! Tenez, vous ne fumez plus. Voilà les cigares. Eh bien, je vais passer chez un ami, un brave homme, mon petit ami d'enfance, mon camarade d'école (each detective grasps one of his hands), en effet, mon frère. (They shake his hands cordially.) Ah, mais non! Je vous dirai la vérité, je vais rendre visite à une amie (they smile with gentle sympathy), une charmante petite femme, jolie, jolie comme une fleur. (They grasp his hands again.) Ah, figurez-vous ses yeux bleus, ses cheveux châains, sa petite taille si svelte; figurez-vous comme elle m'attend, les larmes aux yeux, ses beaux yeux bruns—c'est une brunette délicieuse, aux cheveux noirs du Midi—et elle m'aime! (Each detective wipes away a furtive tear.) Ah, sapristi, non, mille fois non! Je ne veux pas mentir à de braves hommes



- A. T. SMITH -

Uncle. "DO YOU KNOW A MAN WITH ONE EYE CALLED BROWN?"

Nephew. "OH—WHAT'S THE OTHER EYE CALLED, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "GLASS, YOU YOUNG NOODLE!"

comme vous, je vous dirai la vérité entière, la vérité vraie, je vais voir ma grand'mère (the tears pour down each detective's cheek), qui a quatre-vingt-dix-neuf ans, et qui habite toute seule, là-bas à St. Denis, une petite villa, et cultive son jardin. Figurez-vous sa tendre sollicitude, pendant qu'elle arrose ses tulipes—je veux dire ses œillets—ah non! à cette saison, ses chrysanthèmes—cette dame qui a cent dix ans, et qui cultive son potager dans un petit appartement Rue St. Denis. (The detectives cover their faces with their hands and sob aloud.) Eh bien, mes amis, c'est convenu. Vous m'attendrez à la sortie des trains de banlieue dans deux heures. Voici la gare.

[They hurry on to the platform.]

Guard. Voyageurs pour Amiens, Calais, Londres, en voiture!

Prisoner (jumping into train). Au revoir!

Detectives (together). Au revoir, monsieur! Nos hommages respectueux à madame votre grand'mère. Nous vous attendrons là-bas.

[And they wait till the next morning, but curiously enough he does not return.]

"Cham."

THOUGH grapes are spoiling in Champagne, With sunless skies and too much rain, This still may prove a vintage year—For gooseberries were good, we hear.

EXTENDED titles for novels seem to be coming into fashion since GEORGE MEREDITH and then "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" set the example. Here are two that we have not as yet seen announced as forthcoming: *The Evening Paper, Some Hot Water, and a Towel; Two Bottles, a Biscuit, and a Peculiar Pickle.*



Tourist (in search of "the antique," after admiring old cottage). "IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE TO LOOK AT IN THE VILLAGE?"
Village Dame. "LOR' BLESS 'EE, WHY THERE'S THE BEAUTIFUL NEW RECREATION GROUND AS WE'VE JUST 'AD MADE!"

TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY TALKS.

I.—WITH AN M.P.

It was a fine autumn morning in the year 2000 when Mr. *Punch's* Representative called at the chambers of Mr. MICHAEL O'FLANAGAN, M.P.

"I will inquire whether Mr. O'FLANAGAN can see you, Sir," remarked his servant. "The House sat late last night, Sir, and Mr. O'FLANAGAN is—rather tired. Perhaps if you called later"—

But the visit was not to prove fruitless.

"Show him in, PAT, show him in!" cried a voice from an inner room; "I'm as fresh as a daisy!"

Mr. *Punch's* Representative doubted if Mr. O'FLANAGAN's appearance justified this description. The hon. Member was reposing on a sofa, a patch shielded one eye, his right arm was in a sling, and his face was covered with strips of sticking-plaster. It seemed only polite to express regret at his condition.

"Bless you, it's nothing," responded Mr. O'FLANAGAN cheerily. "Result of last night's debate on the Army Esti-

mates, that's all. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer is an uncommonly efficient man—I don't deny that—has as pretty an upper-cut with his left as you could wish to see. Still, I flatter myself he got a bit better than he gave. You can bet that Supply won't be taken again *this* week, at any rate!"

"And surely," said Mr. *Punch's* Representative, "it will be some time before you are able to resume your Parliamentary duties?"

"Oh, no; I shall toddle down to the House this afternoon, as usual. My friend MICHIGAN has a question to the Home Secretary on the paper which is safe to lead to a row. Pretty fighters, both of them, and I wouldn't miss their set-to for anything."

"You yourself, Mr. O'FLANAGAN, have assisted considerably in making Parliamentary debates more—er, animated than they were in the last century?"

"Yes," answered Mr. O'FLANAGAN, with obvious pride, "I have indeed. For instance, I was the first Member who delivered his speeches in the House

through a megaphone. Everyone uses it nowadays, of course, but I was the first to introduce it. Again, the idea of making each new Member fight a couple of rounds with the Sergeant-at-Arms on the night when he takes his seat was quite my own. You see the fruit of this and other reforms in the increased interest shown by the public over our proceedings. The Strangers' Gallery is always full, and instead of compressing their Parliamentary reports into a paragraph, as they used to do, the halfpenny papers give us big headlines, and nearly as much space as a football cup-tie."

"And what," asked Mr. *Punch's* Representative in conclusion, "do you think of the political outlook for the Autumn Session?"

Mr. O'FLANAGAN shook his head.

"Bad," he replied, "very bad. Did you ever know a Government like this? Here we've been discussing this London Electric Lighting Bill for barely four months, and the first three words of the preamble have been passed already. No good will come of rushing business through like that."



AN AWKWARD PRECEDENT.

RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N. "HUM! I BELIEVE IN STUDYING ONE'S OWN DEPARTMENT ON THE SPOT!"

RIGHT HON. ST. J-HN BR-DR-CK. "GOOD HEAVENS! I SHALL BE EXPECTED TO GO TO SOMALILAND NEXT!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Oct. 27.

—It would be absurd to assert that there is anything in Mr. JASPER TULLY'S appearance or manner of speech that recalls the "rift within the lute that, slowly widening, makes its music mute." Personally, Mr. TULLY has been slowly widening for some years, and now presents to view of the SPEAKER quite a burly figure. All the same, when he began his gyrations at Question time, the couplet leapt to the lips in connection with the internal economy of the Nationalist Party. In surveying Imperial and national politics, Mr. TULLY does not see eye to eye with REDMOND *ainé*, still less with WILLIAM O'BRIEN. The consequence is, as he was cheerily reminded by a compatriot to-night, he has received notice to quit his seat for South Leitrim. Still holding it, he suddenly resolved to make use of his opportunities for flouting WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

That statesman, looking more than ever like the stage villain of a transpontine theatre, had several questions on the Paper. When called on by SPEAKER, or ever he could rise, up sprang the Tumultuous TULLY, and in voice than which nothing could be less lute-like,



"The Tumultuous Tully."

roared a supplementary question—"arising out of that answer," as he put it, glaring on the CHIEF SECRETARY, who had not at the moment had opportunity to reply. The coherence of Mr. TULLY'S remarks was complicated by little passages of arms carried on with his compatriots seated near. At one moment he and WILLIAM O'BRIEN being on their legs at the same moment (just

as if one or other were the SPEAKER), animated conversation followed. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, frowning in tragic fashion that would have fetched the gallery across the water, made in hoarse whisper an observation that sounded like "Off with his head! So much for South Leitrim."

No difficulty in catching Mr. TULLY'S remarks, though their purport was a little mixed owing to endeavour in the same breath to put his supplementary question, and to retort upon the brother patriot with whom difference had arisen.

"The question I wish to ask," he roared, "is—You are not going to bully me."

(This an aside to WILLIAM O'BRIEN, murmuring blessing from an upper bench. "Yah, yah," from Irish Members. "Boo-oo, boo-oo," from SWIFT MACNEILL, in his favourite imitation of the Bull of Bashan.)

"—wish to ask is, Whether this proclamation of the right hon. gentleman

Here Irish Members, in good training just now, raise hurricane of shouts. SPEAKER on his legs; WILLIAM O'BRIEN also up; TULLY standing well out on floor of House, apparently continuing his remarks. In comparative lull SPEAKER managed to get in observation to effect that he should have to take strong measures with the Turbulent TULLY.

Assailed on all sides, T. T. sat down, audibly grinding his teeth as O'BRIEN put his question. Up again on O'BRIEN'S next enquiry; broke out afresh at evening sitting when O'BRIEN delivered long tirade against Irish Government, who will not permit the absolute ruin of hapless farmers and traders who decline to kiss the brogues of local agents of the League. It was then O'BRIEN, turning upon him, delivered his memorable rebuke.

"The English House of Commons," he said, "is not the proper place for altercation."

Business done.—Gagged Irish Members appropriate another evening sitting.

Thursday night.—SAM EVANS beat the record in debate; looked in just now on his way westward from Law Courts; found ATTORNEY-GENERAL sitting down after delivering long and luminous judgment on Amendment drafted by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Swiftly cross-examining Members near him, SAMUEL rose and conclusively replied to a speech he had not heard.

Here and there he naturally tripped, having been misinformed or misconstruing some hint received. ATTORNEY-GENERAL rose to correct him. SAMUEL at once withdrew; but in the look with which he regarded his learned brother he managed to convey pained reproach, that, being on his legs, Mr. ATTORNEY

had omitted to make opportunity of saying the thing attributed to him.

"If," says SARK, "half the men in the House, having heard a speech, could



"Please to remember the Fifth of November."
(The melodramatic O'Br-n.)

reply to it as effectually as SAM EVANS can answer an argument he has not heard, the level of debate would be considerably heightened."

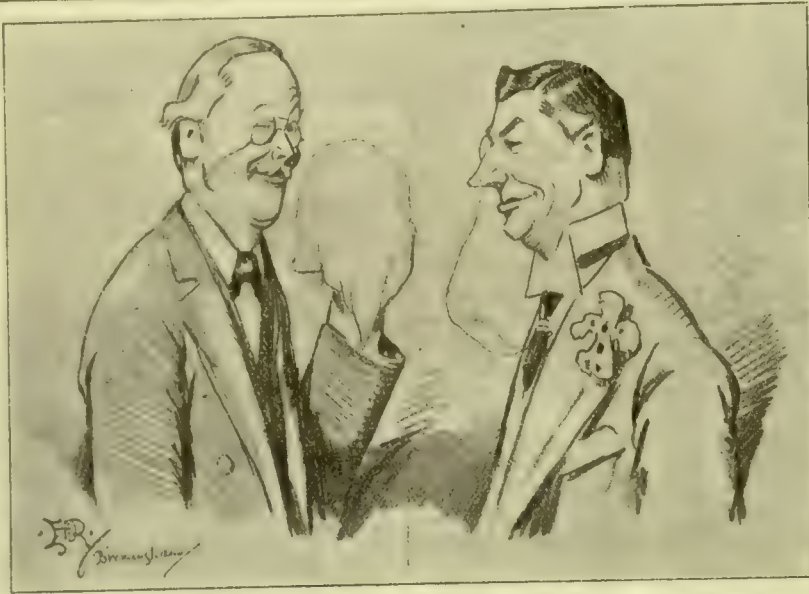
Business done.—With assistance of closure Education Bill beginning more or less merrily to move.

Friday night.—JOHN O'GORST, Time-honoured Educationalist, sits below Gangway watching PRINCE ARTHUR slowly shoulder Education Bill through Committee.

"A good man," he, sighing, says, "struggling with adversity."

For ordinary Member Bill rather a bore. Sub-section A. pleaseth him not, nor sub-section B. either. To tell the truth, he doesn't understand all their bearings, diligently voting "Aye" or "No" according to side of House on which he sits. For JOHN O'GORST it is pure undiluted delight. No office ties; no Ministerial responsibility; no imposition of vow of silence while PRINCE ARTHUR attempts to explain knotty point which ex-Vice President of Council knows he could do more simply and effectively. The mere privilege of speaking when and how he pleases alone makes life worth living.

For a while it seemed as if Millennium was tempered by loss of salary. A good deal of snubbing may be stood with the assistance of £2,000 a year, paid quarterly. Everyone glad to know that after long, loyal, brilliant service to his Party JOHN O'GORST not been sent away comfortless. Why he should have been sent away at all one of the puzzles of modern politics. As an all-round Parliament man he has only two superiors,



A TOUCHING SCENE.

"Now, my dear B-l-f-r; are you *sure* you can spare me for so long?—Oh, don't break down!"
 "Well (*sobs*), my dear Jo-o-seph (*sniiffs*); I'll try!"

[Mr. B-l-f-r has such an expressive face.

very few equals, on Treasury Bench. That is another story. Possibly he felt retention of office would be too painful when he no longer had the MARKISS for chief. Howsoever it be, the Education Office knows him no longer. But his salary is exchanged for a well-earned political pension.

Behind a cynical countenance JOHN O'GORST hides a tender heart. What really cut him when he packed up his belongings at Education Board and fared forth a free man, was his severance from the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, the final arbiters in all matters of national education. This mysterious body was, to tell the truth, a creation of his fancy. It was the JORKINS of the Education Department. Remember Mr. SPENLOW's partner, "whose place in the business was to keep himself in the background, and be constantly exhibited by name as the most obdurate and ruthless of men?" If a clerk wanted his salary raised, Mr. JORKINS wouldn't listen to proposition. If a client were slow to settle his bill of costs, Mr. JORKINS was resolved to have it paid, and, however painful these things might be to the feelings of Mr. SPENLOW, Mr. JORKINS would have his bond. Thus with the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education. The Vice President (and eke his noble friend the Dook) would gladly meet the views of gentlemen opposite, or indeed in any part of the House, on the point raised. But the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education were obdurate.

The printed words look feeble. To know all they meant—still more all they

implied—it was necessary to be in the House and hear the awed, almost blood-curdling whisper, in which the Vice President recited the syllables that compose the name. The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have, on JOHN O'GORST's retirement from office, faded back into the mist out of which their mysterious entity was evolved. Their ethereal existence, the spell mention of their name wrought upon House of Commons, are cherished memories that make mellow the honourable retirement into which ex-Vice President has been dropped. *Business done.*—Still on Education Bill.

A FULL PROGRAMME.

[It is stated that nearly two score of suggestions that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should take part in foundation-stone layings and other functions on his visit to South Africa reached this country on the day following the announcement.]

WE understand that the following invitations for the first twenty-four hours after landing at Cape Town already await the Right Honourable Gentleman:—

From the Malay cab-drivers of Adderley Street: To inaugurate a new cab-rank opposite the Grand Hotel, with a fresh supply of hansoms which shall replace the existing vehicles, now over fifty years old.

From the Dock "Cape-boys": To lay the first flag of a private pavement of their own, running through Government Avenue to the Gardens and thence up the Kloof Road over to Seapoint.

From the members of the Bond: To unveil a statue of Mr. KRUGER in Green-market Square.

From the General Manager of the C. G. R.: To consume the first sandwich in the enlarged refreshment-room at the railway terminus.

From the organist of St. George's Cathedral: To pull out a new stop on his instrument, and, if possible, to play a march thereon.

From the Clerk to the House of Assembly: To address Messrs. THERON, SAUER and MERRIMAN in a maiden speech across the floor of the House, and give the Premier an object-lesson in Imperialism.

From the Governor of Cape Colony: To demolish the last brick of the barn-like building known as Government House.

From the inhabitants of Somerset Strand: To open a bathing-machine for the benefit of that rising seaside resort, and to take the initial plunge into the waters of False Bay (before the sharks come in).

From the trustees of Grooteschoor: To found a new hippo-house and elephant-preserve in the back garden under the fir trees.

From the manager of Constantia: To sample a new variety of "hanepoot" grape, and to broach a bin of Government wine therefrom.

From the assembled *predikants* of the Hervormde Kerk: To listen to some fresh clauses in the Commination Service.

From the fishermen of Mouille Point: To blow up the remains of the "Athens," which was wrecked there thirty-seven years ago.

From the Western Province Cricket Club: To bowl the first ball on the improved cocoanut-matting pitch at Newlands.

From the lessee of the Opera House: To assist at the début of some recently-imported "gag-merchants."

From the Astronomer-Royal at the Cape: To take the chair at a grand presentation of a new "table-cloth" to Table Mountain.

These are but an instalment of the more pressing and early invitations, the forerunners of some thousands to come by the next mail. There will be, for instance, the Christening of "Joburg," the Naval Review at Pretoria, the Pulsator Races at Kimberley, the State Visit to Teteleko's Thirty-two Wives at P'M'Burg, the Great Indaba with the Rickshaw-boys of Durban, the Grand Illumination of the Pyramid at Port Elizabeth, the Mad Mule-drive from Grahamstown to "King," the "Voetzak" into Bloemfontein, and the Wash-out all over Rhodesia. That such are a few only of the items of the Colonial Secretary's first week's stay in the sub-continent is the private information of your late

SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT.



Squire (somewhat eccentric). "I wish you could put a bit o' that on my head, George." George. "It b'ain't that w' thou be wantin', Squire. It be two or three slates!"

AN ARTIC EXPLORATION.

OUR word is as good as our bond, better perhaps. We had promised to avail ourselves of the earliest possible opportunity of seeing certain pictures by Mr. GORDON CRAIG (whose drawing-power as an actor is only equalled by his drawing-power as an artist) on view up to November 7th, two days after the festival of All Guys Day. Being strange to Bayswater, where these pastels are exhibited, we, arriving at the wrong end of Queen's Road to begin with, were compelled to inquire our way of several polite tradesmen. The bus conductor had sent us imperiously to the right, and having achieved a good half mile it occurred to us to make inquiries of a good-humoured-looking grocer, who informed us, quite jovially, that we were walking on towards Acton, and that instead of reaching our "objective" we should find ourselves on the high road to Ealing, intimating thereby that our ultimate destination might not improbably be Hanwell. So turning back, we once again hove in sight of Queen's Road Station.

"Straight on," said a butcher in a decided tone. "Straight on the left, and ask again." We thanked him; but a quarter of an hour of "straight on" brought us by no means within measurable distance of the haven where we would be.

So we "ask again." This time at a baker's. Now, if neither fishmonger, butcher, greengrocer, nor chemist can answer questions as to anybody's domicile, depend upon it that the person in request is not a resident in that neighbourhood. The baker could direct us to where we didn't want to go, but that was not the point, so, like a "deputation," "we thanked him and withdrew." Then we tried the chemist. Thanks to this judicial and deliberate personage and to his London and Bayswater directory, we arrived at the desired Studio where the works of art whereof we were in search are (at present) enshrined.

There was not by any means a crowd in the rooms, as it was about the hour popular in Bayswater and elsewhere for lunch or early dinner, and therefore we had the place pretty well to ourselves, with the exception of a tall lady, possibly representing High Art, and a cheerful attendant, who handed catalogues.

"All those with a red wafer on them," said he pleasantly, pointing to the pastels and 'fifty wood-cuts,' "are sold."

Of course this fact was enough to make him smile, as the red wafer was pretty conspicuous in the collection.

These pastels suggested to our mind

THE WEST-
END OSTRICH.THE EAST-
END OSTRICH.

HATS OF A FEATHER THAT DON'T FLOCK TOGETHER.

that Mr. CRAIG's work might be generally and correctly described as "after AUBREY BEARDSLEY," of course some way after as a rule, but now and again uncommonly near.

What may be for want of a better description termed "the gems of the collection" are certain impressionist landscapes in miniature, as for example *Dunster, Surrey* (5).

The Hostess (2) is clever, but she is "sold." For his sketches of Sir HENRY IRVING in various characters all we can say is, as BRANDON THOMAS, the heavy haw-haw swell, observed to WEEDON GROSSMITH as the noble amateur who had been giving, as he thought, a life-like imitation of IRVING, "Why—aw—I thought it was IRVING." Of these portraits the best have been purchased, and are lent for this show. The visitor must burrow into a corner in order to examine curiously No. 23, *The Cabman and the Rainbow*, a puzzle picture which is certain to arrest attention, as, for another reason, will the pretty face of No. 7. In 68 we have a weird and original treatment of the old theme provided by the vagaries of *The Ancient Lady of Banbury Cross*, who is here apparently taking her equestrian exercise on a dark night, most unpropitious for such an amusement. Possibly the "bells on her toes" suffice to warn travellers of her approach, and so danger would be avoided. This mention of the Banbury Dame pastelised, and the display of small eccentric-coloured figures all dolly-ish and toy-ish, will suggest to the visitor the idea, as it did to us, that great things are in store for Mr. GORDON CRAIG if he would con-

fine (or extend) his art almost entirely to nursery wall-papers. He could make a *spécialité* of them. It's a fortune! Christmas wall-papers for the nursery!

"PUTTING THE KETTLE ON" AT
THE ADELPHI.

Why is he called *Captain Kettle*? Certainly he has a good deal to do with "hot water," and is perpetually getting into it and out of it. But such is not the case with a kettle. He is a queer customer, "a kittle kettle to shoe behind." And if you're in the humour for villains, why here is the best of all villains at large in the form of Mr. ABINGDON as *Captain Pedro Vadez*. As for the ladies, there is handsome Miss ESMÉ BERINGER for *Doña Clotilde*, the melodramatic heroine, Miss ETHEL WARWICK as *Kate Carnegie*, a name so suggestive of rejected offers—of books. Here's the *Doña*, but where's Chevalier Coster? Deck scene on the *Doña's* yacht is very effective.

Of course, *Captain Kettle* has some good speeches, for what would a kettle be without a little "spout"? And, on the whole, Mr. MURRAY CARSON's gallant *Captain* is a performance of considerable merit. I may differ with Mr. CARSON on some points, but the public that appreciates this melodrama at the Adelphi is not to be much exercised by minor questions of dramatic art between *Kettle* and Yours truly, T. PORT.

A Cannibal Competition?

GENTLEMAN Growing for Market has a Vacancy for Pupil.—Advt. in the "Standard."

CHARIVARIA.

A FOREIGNER who saw some of our infantry regiments on the day of the Royal Procession expressed himself as much struck with the spread of the Cadet movement in England.

And it seems that there was a boom in Cavalry recruiting that day. According to a half-penny evening paper, "As His MAJESTY passed the populace raised loud hussars."

With something approaching a sigh of relief the British nation has learnt from Mr. DE VILLIERS that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposed visit to South Africa meets with the approval of the Boer Generals. Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN also approves of his going away.

It is astonishing that not one of the Liberal organs should have guessed that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's real reason in going to South Africa is to avoid the humiliation of a defeat over the Education Bill.

King OSCAR is said to have decided on an award unfavourable to America in the Samoan Arbitration, and the general feeling among Americans is that if they had known the result was going to be adverse to them they would certainly never have consented to arbitration.

Great Britain has given a warning to Turkey. It has been intimated to the Porte by the British Ambassador that, unless Turkey withdraws her troops from British territory near Aden, Great Britain will be obliged to adopt whatever action she may think necessary. In well-informed circles this is understood to mean that Great Britain will then be forced to send a confirmatory note saying "Please go away."

Miss CORELLI makes the following complaint:—"Free Libraries may be considered extremely detrimental to the prosperity of authors." But surely in some cases the readers also suffer.

A female vagrant was last week taken to a Philadelphia police station with scarcely any raiment. A dress was improvised for her from two sacks, and, thus attired, she appeared before the magistrate, who asked her if she was an art-student.

Dr. HOTT, of Detroit, has declared, after a careful investigation of statistics, that in 260 years everybody in the United States will be insane. Dr. HOTT himself could not wait so long.

It is not often that the Art World has



Foreigner (who has been having a difference of opinion with his Bear, to alarmed householder). "HÉ! VITE!! ZE ROPE! PULL ZE ROPE! HE NO HURT! HE VER' TAME BEAR!"

occasion to think well of the London County Council, but the Albert Memorial is now completely hidden behind a wooden scaffolding.

Mr. MORGAN's reproach to Mr. YERKES:—"Et tub, Brute!"

The general belief that King EDWARD THE SEVENTH was crowned at Westminster in August last now turns out to be correct. The current number of the official *London Gazette* publishes an account of it.

An officer has just discovered a real river within a thousand miles of the position allotted it in a War Office map. He has been awarded the D.S.O. (Discovery Service Order).

The Mayor of Plymouth recently handed to the Prince of WALES, at York House, the patent of the office of Lord High Steward of the borough. "The patent," says the *Daily Mail*, "was enclosed in a silver model of Eddystone lighthouse, which can be used either as a writing-table, an electric-light, or a letter-weight." Nothing, however, is said about a hammock or a skipping-rope.

My Kingdom or a Horse.

In the *Daily Graphic* there was the following ominous juxtaposition of headlines on the day of the Cambridge-shire:—

THE KING AT THE RACES.
SCYPTRE FOR SALE TO-DAY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A GORGEOUS binding in blue and gold attracts the Baron's notice to Mr. ANDREW LANG's *Book of Romance*, with artistic designs in grey and black and brilliant colours by HENRY FORD. This is for the elder children who were once Gammer Gurton girls, but are now students of the Arthurian Legend. A delightful book. Likewise issued by the same firm (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) is *Alick's Adventures*, by "G. R.," with humorous illustrations by JOHN HASSALL,—not bad fun, were it not that *Alick* had been preceded by *Alice*, who went *Through the Looking Glass*, accompanied by her faithful knight Sir JOHN TENNIEL.

Mr. CHARLES H. E. BROOKFIELD, hitherto noted as an actor, a wit and a good fellow, has written his *Random Reminiscences* (EDWARD ARNOLD). It is a delightful book, crammed with good stories from beginning to end—and they are all told with such a skilful care of their point, and with such a breezy humour, that the Baron's Assistant, having rushed headlong through the feast, murmured as he came to the last page:—

You reach the end and wish he'd just begun,
This Brook of laughter in a Field of fun.

Mr. BROOKFIELD must forgive the play with his name, and count the B. A. his debtor for a large loan of pleasure and amusement.

Dainty, portable, in most readable type, are the little books that go to form the *York Library* (R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON). Here the pleasant, simple fiction of a bygone day is revived. The two latest stories are *Rosamund Gray*, by CHARLES LAMB, and *Two Love Stories*, by ROBERT SOUTHBY. Both are delightfully chosen, and will be welcome to those who enjoy their literature in scraps.

Side Walk Studies is the title given by Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON to his latest contributions to 18th century history, just issued by Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS. It worthily takes its place in the charming library of kindred books, coming from the same scholarly and sympathetic pen. There is no modern writer who has so completely mastered life and work in the Georgian era as Mr. DOBSON. He is equally at home with men of letters, artists, actors, and (particularly) actresses. In this new volume he gives a charming account of PEG WOFFINGTON, its value increased by reproduction of a mezzotint portrait of the enchantress. Looking on this, my Baronite feels he never before realised the power of her spell. If she could charm mankind in this dress, the skirt fashioned after the style of an inverted barrel, what fatal work would she have wrought had she been gracefully gown'd! Dr. JOHNSON's haunts and habitations, the story of the *Spectator*, the illustrators of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, are among the subjects about which Mr. DOBSON delightfully chats. Anyone already tired of the so-called twentieth century should turn back to the eighteenth, and, under Mr. DOBSON's genial guidance, tread its restful by-paths.

An *Antarctic Queen*, by Captain CHARLES LAMB (F. WARNE & Co.), will certainly captivate the boy reader as she did the heart of the adventurous hero in this exciting story. After a varied and wonderful knockabout existence he discovers an island, which being discreetly placed by the author in



THE GLORIOUS FIFTH.

Benevolent Lady (fond of the good old customs). "HERE, MY BOY, IS SOMETHING FOR YOUR GUY."

Conscientious Youth. "WE AIN'T GOT NO GUY, MUM; THIS 'ERE'S GRANDFATHER!"

some unknown region of the South Pole, he is able to commandeer. And the QUEEN thereof gives him her hand. Ahem! not unlike the story of the well-known ballad "*His heart was true to Poll!*"

The war being now really over, Sir ARTHUR (why not Sir CONAN?) DOYLE has wound up his story of its progress. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER publish it with elucidation of an excellent map, and the assistance of a carefully compiled index. My Baronite has on earlier editions written of the special features of this masterpiece of vivid, condensed, yet comprehensive narrative, which need not shrink from comparison with KINGLAKE's laborious and massive masterpiece. He notes, in proof of the completeness of the final chapters, that the chronicler records one of the finest—if one of the saddest—episodes of the War, when the son of the chairman of the P. & O., young SUTHERLAND, fresh from Eton, still blushing with pride over his commission to a lieutenancy in the Seaforths, separated from his men and his horse, scornful to surrender, fought his way on foot a mile along the veld before he was shot down by the encircling and admiring Boers. Sir ARTHUR does not add the pathetic incident that the news reached the young hero's mother on the very day the bells in London were clanging the joyful news of peace. THE BARON DE B.-W.

Tongues are Cheap To-day.

MRS. — REQUIRES GOVERNESS to prepare boy and teach girl 12 languages, music, £50. Ditto for girl 16 and housekeeping £80.—*Morning Post*.

THE VACILLATIONS OF PHYLLIS.

"MRS. SMITH has offered me a seat for the Lord Mayor's Procession," announced PHYLLIS at lunch. "It's very sweet of her; but I can't make up my mind whether to go or not."

"Don't you want to see it?" I asked.

"I don't know that I do," she said doubtfully, "and yet it would be rather nice in a way. Do you think I ought to go?" When she asks my opinion thus, I know that she inclines to the other side of the question. But as yet I was not quite sure which it was.

"I should please myself, if I were you," I answered safely.

"I should like to go," she murmured, looking pensively at the claret decanter, "but I don't think I will after all."

"Why not?" I asked, not so much that I thought her answer would be of importance, as that I like to hear her discussing a knotty point.

"There'll be such a crowd," she said, "and I'm sure I don't know how to get there."

"Where is 'there'?" I enquired.

"The Temple, I think it's called," said PHYLLIS, much as if she had mentioned Valparaiso or Timbuctoo.

"Have you got to get there all by yourself?" I asked.

"Oh no," she said. "I'm to meet the SMITHS at Baker Street, and we go by Underground."

"Then that disposes of the difficulty of getting there," I observed.

"Do you think Mr. SMITH knows the way?" she asked.

"Probably; he is a barrister," I returned. PHYLLIS moved back to her next trench.

"But there will be a crowd all the same," she objected.

"There may be something of a crowd," I admitted, "but that will matter if you start early." She considered the point.

"I don't think the SMITHS are the sort of people who would start very early," she said meditatively.

"Well, if you feel at all nervous I shouldn't go," I advised.

"All the same it seems a pity to miss the opportunity," she continued. "And it isn't as though I should have to start at five in the morning," she went on; "it doesn't begin till eleven."

Her brow became slightly contracted.

"Do you think it will be worth seeing?" she asked.

"I think you would enjoy it," I said. Her face became more doubtful.

"It seems a lot of trouble to take just for a Procession," she said, thoughtfully, "and it isn't as though I had never seen one before."

"You have certainly seen others," I agreed.



Snooks (who fancies himself very much). "WHAT'S SHE CRYING FOR?"
Arabella. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. SHE WAS FRIGHTENED. WHEN SHE SAW YOU SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A MAN!"

"Much better ones," she continued. "And Mrs. ROGERS won't have sent home my new frock by then." She shook her head with decision.

"Of course, if you have really nothing to wear"—I borrowed a phrase of her own—"you can't go. But as you don't want to go it doesn't matter, does it?"

"I shouldn't like to seem ungrateful to Mrs. SMITH," she went on, disregarding me. "Still, if I write at once she will have plenty of time to get someone else to go. Besides, I should not like to feel that I was depriving another person of pleasure."

PHYLLIS'S unselfish scruples are so curiously interwoven with her system

of reasoning that I uttered no comment on this aspect of the case.

"And I don't think Mrs. ROGERS could possibly have it done in time. No, I think I will send a pretty little note to Mrs. SMITH, to thank her and tell her how sorry I am I can't come."

"Glad you've made up your mind," I said.

She looked at me innocently.

"I think I'm deciding rightly, don't you?" she questioned.

"Without doubt," I answered.

PHYLLIS tells me that they found their seats without difficulty, and that she has seldom enjoyed a Procession more.

OF HEBE IN EXILE.

[In reply to a deputation urging the abolition of barmaids the Premier of South Australia agreed that their employment was detrimental to the best interests of the community.]

IMMERSED in more domestic schemes
 'Tis yet my way, at times, to wonder
 What constitute the leading themes
 That move the native breast "down under,"
 What fashions rule, what foibles please
 In the remote Antipodes.

Accordingly I wish to get
 A true report of South Australia,
 And learn if local tastes are set
 Too much on beery Saturnalia,
 And why the Premier wants to ban
 The sylph that serves the flowing can.

Laughing across the beaker's brink
 I gather how her beauty troubles
 The eyes of men and makes them blink
 Above the beaded South-Sea bubbles :—
 And now she'll have to cry, poor Circe,
 All round the Premier's neck for mercy!

How came her charm? I'm at a loss
 For any luminous suggestion;
 Conceivably the Southern Cross
 May have a bearing on the question;
 Or something in the amorous air
 Exalts the barmaid over there.

Reared where the fogs are far to seek
 That so obsess her Northern sister,
 Upon her burnt and brazen cheek
 Old Sol has regularly kissed her,
 And Austral winds, as I suppose,
 Have put that polish on her nose.

So when I view her British peer
 At restaurants or exhibitions,
 I trace the force of atmosphere
 And other insular conditions,
 Causing so large a lack of colour
 That I can think of nothing duller.

Go, scan her closely day by day,
 And try what power she has to hurt you,—
 You'll not perceive a single trait
 Strictly inimical to virtue;
 I find no deadly snare to shun
 When purchasing a railway bun.

Yet (I have seen them) some there are,
 Excused by no inebriation,
 Who like to lean across a bar,
 Conducting social conversation;
 And seem to taste a fitful joy
 In this innocuous employ.

I note the gallant's flowers of speech
 With what inane aplomb he plucks 'em,—
 His fatuous glance embracing each,
 The lank and brown, the blonde and buxom;
 And marvel, till my senses spin,
 Just where the devilry comes in.

Yet would I not pronounce absurd
 The trend of things beyond the tropics;
 I wait for SEDDON's final word
 On this and kindred social topics;
 I wish to draw (without offence)
 On his profound experience.

Meanwhile I hope no Premier's curse
 Will lay on us a like restriction;
 Our youth might well be doing worse—
 They might be reading modern fiction;
 Or, more unprofitably still,
 Discuss the Education Bill.

O. S.

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL STORY OF THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PIG.

As a philosophic and urbane old lady was once going home from market, endeavouring to drive before her a small but refractory Opposition pig, she suddenly found her way barred by a series of entanglements set up by the new local authority. "What," said she, "shall I do with these entanglements? I must pass them, and I must get this tiresome little pig over them too." So she struggled on through half a dozen of the obstacles, until at last, as she was getting near home, she came to a barrier numbered Clause 7, so tall and formidable that the little pig absolutely refused to get over it, but lay down and squealed in the most alarming and distressing manner.

So she said to her dog, "HUGH! HUGH! bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the dog showed its teeth and snapped, but made no impression on the pig.

She went on a little further and met a stick.

So she said, "BRYCE, BRYCE! beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the stick threatened in its best Holy Roman manner, but the dog didn't mind it a bit.

She went a little further, and she met a Welsh fire.

So she said, "LLOYD-GEORGE, LLOYD-GEORGE! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the fire crackled, but the stick still maintained a masterly but academic inactivity.

She went a little further, and she met a See.

So she said, "TEMPLE, TEMPLE! quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the See surged and swelled, but entirely failed to damp the ardour of the fire.

She went a little further, and she met an ox.

So she said, "HARCOURT, HARCOURT! dry up See; See won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the ox bellowed, but made no visible impression on the See.

She went a little further, and she met a butcher.

So she said, "Chairman, Chairman! kill ox; ox won't dry up See; See won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher said to her, "If you will bring me the guillotine, I will."

So she fetched him the guillotine, whereupon the butcher began to decapitate the ox; the ox began to dry up the See; the See began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the pig had to get over the Clause, and the old woman got home at last.

Moral:—If we don't all hurt each other's feelings a good deal, there is no chance of getting Education Bills through Parliament.



Owner (as the car insists upon backing into a dike). "DON'T BE ALARMED! KEEP COOL! TRY AND KEEP COOL!"
 [Friend thinks there is every probability of their keeping VERY cool, whether they try to or not!]



CHARIVARIA.

With a view to silencing the rumour that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is running away from the Education Bill, he is to be provided with a brass bedstead for his voyage, so as to avoid all appearance of a "bunk."

Meanwhile a Continental paper declares that even the English are beginning to see Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the right light, and mentions the fact that they refer to the banquet that is to be given him as a Monster banquet.

We are sorry to hear that, in a duel between the Comte DE DION and M. GERAULT-RICHARD, there was a nasty accident. M. GERAULT-RICHARD received a scratch.

A Viennese engineer has invented a paper yacht. His claim of originality shows that he has never heard of our War Minister's paper army.

Mr. BRODRICK, having been scoffed at for wearing khaki at the recent German manoeuvres, has now arranged to take part in an engagement. Mr. *Punch* offers respectful felicitations.

On hearing the report that steps are at last being taken by certain justices to introduce a bill into Parliament to extend the power of awarding corporal punishment, a number of Hooligans have written to point out that the effect of such a measure would merely be to brutalise them.

It is presumed, by the bye, that such a bill will be backed by Mr. CAINE.

It has been discovered that London is gradually being depleted of boys, and stringent regulations have now been promulgated by the police to ensure the greater purity of ice-creams.

A speaker in discussing the Education Bill the other day pointed out that taxation without representation was no uncommon thing to-day, and instanced the cases of Women, Aliens, and Lunatics. A protest is anticipated on the part of the friends of Mr. SWIFT MAC-NEILL.

The debate at the O.P. Club, "Are Dramatic Critics of any Use?" having resulted in no definite conclusion, the dramatic critics consider themselves justified in going straight on, anyhow for the present.

The Schoolmaster has been Abroad again. Mr. WALKER, the headmaster of St. Paul's School, appeared before the



Rupert. "I SAY, PAPA, ETHEL IS SO TIRED, AND SHE WOULD SO LIKE TO HAVE A RIDE. COULDN'T YOU TURN ME INTO A LITTLE DONKEY?"

Papa. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, RUPERT? YOU'RE TALKING DREAFFUL NONSENSE!"

Rupert. "WHY, PAPA, I'VE HEARD UNCLE SAY YOU'RE ALWAYS MAKING A GREAT ASS OF YOURSELF, SO YOU MIGHT THIS TIME JUST MAKE A LITTLE DONKEY OF ME!"

Licensing Committee of the L. C. C. last week in opposition to a proposed new theatre at Hammersmith, to give evidence "that he knew very little about theatres," and proved it nicely.

Mr. WALKER, we understand, considered the whole proceedings a travesty of justice, but has forbidden the Editor of *The Pauline* to publish an account of the same under the title, "The Headmaster in a Farce."

At the review of the Guards on their

return from South Africa, it was noticed that the movements were not carried out with the neatness and precision habitually shown by men of the same Brigade who had not been out to the War. It is therefore unlikely that the Guards will ever be sent on active service again.

"Charles Our Friend" from Portugal.

His Majesty King Edward. "Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me."

His Majesty King Charles. "I am heartily glad I came hither to you."

As You Like It, Act I., Sc. 1.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. III.—IN THE NURSERY.

(Continued.)

In this paper I propose to consider some of the more important matters affecting the life and conduct of the nursery community. A proper and sympathetic understanding of these is essential to the happiness of every household that aspires to be well-governed.

First, then, as to

TEETH.

In order that a child may become in the true sense a consumer it is necessary that he should first be a producer—that is to say, if he wants to masticate he must get his teeth out. The process of production is supposed to be attended with considerable discomfort, but it is a remarkable fact that no sufferer has ever been able to furnish direct and conclusive evidence in the usual way, *i.e.* by word of mouth, of the pain he or she was supposed to be undergoing. Red blotches on the face, a heated temperature, a general loss of amiability showing itself in yells of a prolonged kind, and a marked disinclination for sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care—all these symptoms may be due to many different causes. Yet the tradition of the nursery has assigned them all to teeth. Surely it would be the easiest thing in the world for an infant to get up and say, "My teeth are giving me pain," or, "A very troublesome molar is forcing its way through my back gums and causing me to yell in spite of my efforts to be brave." But is this ever done? Never. On the contrary, the child makes inarticulate noises and allows its nurse to give the evidence and to make the diagnosis. The necessary inference from this refusal of first-hand evidence is that, while the child is itself unwilling to tell an untruth, it has no objection to allowing its nurse to fib for it. This is a very insidious and repellent form of dissimulation. Let an infant speak up and tell its own story, remembering that only the virtuous can ever be happy. No one who has a respect for the finer feelings will blame it, if, after hearing its nurse say, "The pore little dear is 'avin' a very bad time with its teeth," it should say, "My dear mother, I am sorry to contradict a nurse whom I reverence, but my regard for truth compels me to say that it is not my teeth that are troubling me: it is my accursed temper, which I will endeavour in future to control." So much, then, for teeth.

THE FALL.

The fall may be defined as a sudden and unaccountable collapse of the legs, followed immediately by the projection of the body against a hard substance, not naturally designed for the receipt of such an impact, and succeeded more remotely by the application of chocolate to the mouth. The chief thing is so to arrange a fall that it shall produce as little pain and as much chocolate as possible. Some authorities consider that no fall is properly executed as a chocolate-producer if the forehead of the faller strikes against the leg of a table or a chair or against the fender or the corner of a cupboard with a force sufficient to raise a distinct bruise. This is an extreme view, and the arguments used in support of it are not convincing. We are told that its object is to diminish pain. At first sight this is attractive, but a closer investigation shows us that the amount of pain suffered has no relation to the facts of the case. No considerations of this sentimental nature should ever induce us to limit the free output of falls by any artificial restrictions, for we must remember that to check falls is, indirectly perhaps, but none the less certainly, to check the consumption of chocolate, and to interfere with the manufacture of soothing lotions.

There are, of course, many varieties of falls. The most common, but unquestionably the least effective, is the pancake fall. This requires no run for its execution. All you have to do is to stand up, either unsupported in mid-nursery, or propped against a chair. You then telescope with lightning speed into yourself, your skirts spreading out round you, until the extreme crown of your head is the only part of you left projecting above the surface of the floor. You are then picked up, judiciously extended to your right length, and are ready to begin again.

The eighteen-months zig-zagger forward is a very pretty fall. It is generally performed at a sharp run. You start, say on the right foot outside edge forward, change sharply to the left outside also forward, back again to the right outside for two yards, then on to the inside forward on both feet simultaneously, cross legs and so fall. The new school of American fallers has attempted to vary the above method by introducing a rapid pirouette bringing you on to the outside backwards on both feet, followed by a half-fall backwards, a turn on one heel, and so, finally, the old forward fall. It is a complicated and amusing figure, but the best nurseries fight shy of it and stick to the solid but workmanlike British style.

The slow backward is a fine old fall. You carelessly deposit a doll (wax preferred) in the middle of the room, and, leaving it there, advance to the door or the table. You then suddenly remember that you have forgotten something, and that the best way to get it is to walk backwards across the room. Studiously directing your course to the doll you suddenly stamp upon its face, trip over it, and so fall. You then rise with a bump on your occiput and a passionate desire for a new and sound-faced doll.

The mud-fall is equally suitable for London and the country. All that is necessary is that you should wear a new white frock, a new white coat, white gloves, and a white hat. The rest is merely a question of selecting a good place for the fall. This variety is very effective after rain.

(To be concluded.)

The Gamp Family on Trusts.

In the Reichstag Herr GAMP stated that German export trade could not subsist without Trust operations (*Times*, Nov. 5th). Those who make a study of the science of heredity will be interested to remember that *Mrs. Gamp* was a witness to the historical truth that "some people may be Rooshans and some may be Prooshans, they are born so and will please themselves;" and then follows her opinion on the "Trust" question, "But I am not a Rooshan or a Prooshan, and consequently cannot suffer spies to be set over me."

"TWO MEN AND A TREAT."—We are informed that in our notice that appeared last week under the above-quoted heading, our much amused and most laudatory critic mixed up Messrs. FRENCH and HILL, the co-entertainers at Steinway Hall, attributing to the former all that was done by the latter, and *vice versa*. Not that it matters where both are so good. It was an instance of French Hill-translated. To quote *Mr. Mantalini*, we may sum up by saying, "both are right and neither wrong, upon my life and soul, O demmit!"

A "Warm Corner" in the Kaiser's Heart.

Why bears the Eagle in his beak
The emblem of the dove?
They say it's not *haute politique*,
It must be "Covert" love.

What to do with Our Daughters.

FISH TRADE.—Wanted, Girl accustomed to smoking.
Aberdeen Free Press.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY
INTERVIEWS.

VII.—MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

It was our intention to enter Skibo Castle with our usual unassuming quietude, but fate was too much for us.

yard inflection, "Gadzooks, who is 't?" After a lengthy dialogue which taxed our knowledge of the dialect of G. P. R. JAMES to the utmost, we were admitted on the distinct understanding that if a library were offered to us by Mr. CARNEGIE we should not refuse it.



"We plunged boldly into the turbid fluid."

No sooner were we glimpsed on the far horizon than the sentinel on the donjon keep blew the shrill clarion which we afterwards discovered announces to the household the approach of danger, or the appearance of an article by Miss CORELLI. Hence on reaching the moat we found the drawbridge up.

Since we had to keep up the legend that nothing deters a representative of the Fourth Estate, we plunged boldly into the turbid fluid surrounding Mr. CARNEGIE's fortress, and with a few masterly HOLBEIN strokes we reached the other side. To our horror the portcullis had been dropped!

There was nothing for it but to parley, and we therefore tugged lustily at the bell labelled "Seneschal." In rather more than due time the Seneschal arrived, and inquired in strong American accents, tintured with a perceptible kail-

Mr. CARNEGIE was in the act of endowing a library as we entered his study.

"Half a minute," he said, "and I'm with you. Take a library—I mean take a chair."

We sat down, and had time to observe while our host completed his task—the seventh of the kind that morning, he told us—that the room was devoid of books. In fact we did not see a book in the whole castle.

"Well, Mr. CARNEGIE," we said, "and how do you like Skibo? Is it up to Pittsburg, Pa.?"

"It has its advantages," he said. "There's less Triumphant Democracy here; but more Monarchy. Between you and me I like Monarchy."

"And how is the labour of getting rid of the millions progressing?"

"Slowly, slowly; this is the land of saxpences. I'm afraid I'll never be-



"Between you and me, I like Monarchy."

come a splendid pauper unless I take a theatre. They tell me that 's the sure road to unloading. The *Maitre de Forges* with realistic mounting, reproducing the Pittsburg Mills, might assist me in the task of depleting my pockets. Then I have thoughts of endowing a WAGNER Theatre—you know WAGNER is the only composer who realised the dramatic possibilities inherent in a 'Ring.'

"After all, giving away libraries is a tedious pastime; but I can't play golf, and I'm too stiff for ping-pong. I assure ye, man, that a lifetime in the Steel Works is no preparation for ping-pong. But come out on the battlements and see the view. We can see almost as far as Marylebone; but, thank goodness, not quite."

We admired the prospect. Mr. CARNEGIE called our attention to a beautiful imitation oil-well in the foreground, and a pergola fancifully shaped to recall the famous sleeping-car on which his fortune was built. Several elegant bookstalls were tastefully disposed throughout the park, and over a clump of Scotch firs could be descried the



"Come out on the battlements and see the view."

A GRACEFUL CONCESSION,

SCENE I.—10, Downing Street. TIME—
Friday afternoon.

Mr. Arthur Balfour. We really must exert ourselves a little with the German grammar, or we shall never be able to speak to-morrow.

Mr. Chamberlain. But the EMPEROR speaks English.

Mr. A. B. Of course. But we ought to talk German to his suite. It is an exertion to learn it, I admit, but it would be such charming politeness, a sort of graceful concession. Come, let us begin. Lassen uns anfangen.

Mr. Brodrick. Ja, ja! Ich will für ein, weil ich bin halb ein Deutsch mit mein Rot Adler.

Mr. C. If it had been Italian, caro mio, which I learnt in Naples and Malta, I could have startled you. Veramente! But German is much too hard.

Lord Lansdowne. Now if it had been French, moi qui vous parle—

Mr. A. B. Aber wir werden thun es, Sie werden sehen. Ich kann sagen ganz wohl, wie befinden Sie heute sich?

Mr. B. Das ist nicht recht. Ich muss wissen weil ich habe das Rote Adler. (*Aside*) What is the gender of Adler? (*Aloud*) Die Deutsch sagen, wie geht Ihnen mit es?

Mr. A. B. Ich habe gelernt es in mein Ollendorff. Sie wissen nicht Alles.

Mr. B. Schliessen hinauf! Sie haben nicht die Rote Adler.

Duke of Devonshire (sleepily). Don't make such a noise, you fellows. When I've been in Homburg I've heard the Germans say "Vee gates," or "Fee gate," or something like that.

Mr. C. Fee gate? You're mixing it up with Tattersall's Ring. You don't know any more German than I do.

Mr. B. Wie kann er? Er hat nicht der Rotes Adler.

Mr. A. B. Oh, gehen zu Bath mit Ihr Rot Adler!

Lord L. Quel tohu-bohu!

Duke of D. (waking up). Well, all I shall say will be "Fee gate." I can't bother to learn any more.

Lord L. Et moi je vais parler français. C'est la langue des diplomates.

Mr. C. As for me I shall speak English, and if they can't answer me back they may hold their tongues.

Mr. B. Sie drei sind sehr dumm. Aber wenn Sie können nicht verstehen ich will interpretiren, weil ich habe die Rotes Adler.

Mr. A. B. Oh, blasen Ihr Rote Adler! Lassen uns gehen heim jetzt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Sandringham. The next evening.

Mr. B. Wie geht Ihnen mit es, Graf? Ich bin so glücklich zu sehen Sie



CONCERN.

Lady (whose husband has been schooling her new horse, out cub-hunting). "OH, WHAT A PITY YOU'VE GOT HIM DOWN, ALFRED! I'M AFRAID IT WILL MAKE HIM SO NERVOUS ABOUT DITCHES!"

wieder. Haben Sie gesehen mein Rote Adler?

Generalquartiermeister Graf von und zu Pumpnickel. How d'ye do, Mr. BRODRICK? Delighted, I'm sure. I congratulate you.

Mr. B. Warum, Sie sprechen Englisch! *Graf von und zu P.* Oh, we all do that. We have to. We learn it at school as a matter of course. See you again. [*Passes on.*]

Mr. B. Wetterdonner!—I mean Donnerwetter! Here's a sell, BALFOUR!

Mr. A. B. Ein verkaufen, lieber BRODRICK? Wie so? Ah, wie befinden Sie heute sich, Baron?

Wirkliche Geheime Oberregierungsrat Staatsminister Professor Doktor Baron von Schinkenbrot. As fit as possible, my dear Mr. BALFOUR. Never better in my life.

Mr. A. B. Aber Sie sprechen Englisch!

Herr v. S. Of course. Don't you? [*Passes on.*]

Mr. C. There now! I told you so.

Duke of D. I said "Fee gate" just now to one of these Germans, and he didn't seem to understand at all.

Mr. A. B. (disconsolately). This is singularly disappointing. I thought it would be so graceful.

Mr. C. You'd better stick to plain English.

Mr. B. Was? Mit mein Rotes Adler? Nimmer!

Mr. C. As for you, BRODRICK, I advise you to say nothing about your Red Eagle, for all these fellows have the Black one, and they'd simply look down upon you.

[*Mr. BRODRICK collapses.*]



Tourist. "HAVE YOU NOT GOT SCOTCH WHISKEY?"

Waiter (in an Irish Hotel). "NO, SORR, WE DON'T KAPE IT. AND THEM AS DOES ONLY USES IT TO WATER DOWN OUR OWN!"

THE PUFF RECIPROCAL.

FOR some years it has been a custom with enterprising manufacturers to advertise their wares by quoting the unsolicited opinions of men eminent in the various walks of life. Chief of those who take pleasure in promoting the sale of various goods and nostrums are our literary men, whose emotional natures prompt them to spontaneous outbursts of the highest advertising value. But now that publishers are growing in wisdom, and learning how much may be done by "display type" to excite public interest in their books, we need not be surprised to see a reciprocity

established between literature and commerce. Who would not feel inclined to pay 4s. 6d. net for a novel that bore the endorsement of his favourite distiller, or a poem whose smooth versification was applauded, and its purity guaranteed, by the manufacturer of a nourishing breakfast food? Indeed this departure seems inevitable, and we need not be surprised any Saturday morning to find in the back pages of the *Bookmaker* a publisher's list in which the merits of his wares will be set forth in this attractive manner:—

Temporal Power: A Study in Supremacy. By MARIE CORELLI.—"A wonderful book. If only the author had treated

some of her sprained metaphors and dislocated figures of speech with our embrocation, we should pronounce it perfect."—*The Patriarch's Oil Co.*

The River. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.—"This charming novel is so pure in matter, and so effervescent in treatment, that we are seriously considering a proposal to bottle it for our foreign trade."—*The Pop-Fizz Table Water Co.*

The Little White Bird. By J. M. BARRIE.—"It was really Mr. BARRIE's fiction we had in mind when we coined for our smokes the phrase, 'mild, sweet, and pleasing.'"—*The Nicotine Co.*

The Intrusions of Peggy. By ANTHONY HOPE.—"For killing objectionable time this story is without a peer."—*Katchem and Killem Insect Powder Co.*

Donovan Pasha. By SIR GILBERT PARKER.—"MR. PARKER'S latest book adds to his reputation as a careful and observant traveller. Our Egyptian office reports that the Sphinx is now inquiring 'Where will he break out next?'"—*The Globe Trotter Tourist Co.*

James the Sixth and the Gowrie Mystery. By ANDREW LANG.—"Here is an attractive volume that goes far to disprove the contention that the word 'Scotch' is simply an adjective used to qualify whisky. It also qualifies an admirable class of author of which Mr. LANG is the only member."—*Peatsmoke and Blend, Distillers by Appointment.*

The Confessions of a Wife. By HERSELF.—"In order to enjoy this marvel of self-revelation the reader should have a large bottle of our disinfectant on the library table."—*The Chloride of Lime Co., Ltd.*

The Eternal City. By HALL CAINE.—"Worth a guinea a volume. In confirmation of our statement we take pleasure in referring you to the author."—*The Blue Pills for Bloated People Co.*

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM - BINSTED. — The Vicar of Binsted, in Hampshire, has recently made the interesting discovery that Lord KITCHENER's ancestors were Binstedians. Satisfactory of course to know that they were "steady 'uns," particularly when connected with a "bin." Deeply impressed as was Lord KITCHENER by the result of this research among the "endless genealogies"—the Vicar's memory will supply the remainder of the quotation—yet he found it utterly impossible to personally inspect the ancestral home of his race. Of course Lord KITCHENER greatly regretted that Binsted was not within his range.

Place aux Dames.

MAN and wife wishes caretaker's situation or work for the wife.

Edinburgh Evening Despatch.



“A PURELY NON-POLITICAL VISIT.”

GAMEKEEPER PUNCH. “WISH YOU GOOD SPORT, SIR!”

[Several Cabinet Ministers have been invited to meet the German Emperor at Sandringham.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 3.

—CASABIANCA TULLY stood in the Irish camp whence all but he had fled. On his legs because he was putting a question; nay, he had ten on the Paper, and as he supplemented each with one still more irrelevant he had what he called a good time. Procedure understood to be a form of Hibernian humour. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who, as TIM HEALY puts it, is not good for more than one spasm a week, blew himself out in first fortnight of Autumn Session. Gone home to be re-gased. His merry men following his example, TULLY, at whatever cost, resolved to stay on. In loneliness of the erstwhile tumultuous benches below Gangway there flashes on him this new development of national humour.

O'Brienites, while still with us, accustomed among them to put at least a score of questions per sitting, addressed to CHIEF SECRETARY. Very well. Now they've gone away, CASABIANCA, left on watch, will show that, single-handed, he is equal to O'BRIEN and all his men. Accordingly, knocks off a score of questions per sitting. This, after long pondering, is SARK's explanation. Seems a little erudite. One is left wondering where the joke comes in.

Late to-night CASABIANCA received the following telegram signed WILLIAM O'BRIEN. "Don't think you can intimidate us by firing off questions at WYNDHAM." Is thinking out a repartee.

Worst of performance is that it has waked up Mr. WEIR. For many Sessions he has been champion questioner. For triviality, irrelevance and verbosity none to beat his string. Finishing touch given by slow intonation in deep chest notes suggestive of the graveyard in the middle of a moonless night. Rather slowing off of late. CASABIANCA, trespassing on his croft, has wakened up the old sheep dog. Of thirty-one questions starred on Paper to-night for oral answer, over one-half stood in names of these representatives of the shrewdness of Scotland, the gaiety of Ireland. TULLY had ten, WEIR six. Aggregate doubled by supplement of each enquiry with another of added irrelevance. Stranger in Gallery at Question hour went home with increased respect and admiration for the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—By grace of closure Clause 9 added to Education Bill.

Tuesday night.—Always looked upon JOHN AIRD as one of the most gentlemanly, kindest-hearted men in the House. Sort of person who wouldn't say "Boo!" to a goose if there was slightest reason to believe remark would

be accepted as in any way personal. Consequently read with surprise his reply to polite message from KITCHENER. On his way to India Lord ROSEBERRY's War Minister stopped to inspect the Assouan barrage works. Sent a message to JOHN AIRD heartily congratulating him and those who have worked under him on the accomplishment of a magnificent undertaking.

And what is JOHN AIRD's reply? Here it is textually, with apologies to delicate ears. "Your kind thought and wire from Assouan greatly appreciated by all who have been engaged on dam works."

Why this angry, opprobrious reference to an enterprise the world has agreed to regard as the most beneficial ever bestowed on Egypt? Of course the works have been some time in progress,

have necessarily entailed trouble, occasionally anxiety. But this exhibition of petty temper seems unworthy of a man with a beard like JOHN'S.

Business done. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER moves House into Committee of Supply on little gratuity of eight millions to Transvaal. CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES hauls alongside, denounces procedure as unconstitutional. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, sacrificing his dinner, turns up prompt at nine o'clock to back up the CAPTAIN. RITCHIE gets his Committee all the same.

Wednesday night.—PITY CONAN DOYLE has really finished his *History of the Great Boer War*. Incident happened to-night that in his skilful hands would have made not the least brilliant chapter. BOTHAS and DELAREY, two of the



THE LION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

"General Bombastes. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar,
The grievous roar echo'd along the shore."
"King Artaxominous. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore."

most inveterate tacticians in the Boer army, looked in to hear DON JOSÉ make his last speech before journeying to South Africa. Climbing the kopje over the clock, they instinctively entrenched themselves in the front row facing the SPEAKER'S chair, commanding both the Treasury Bench and the one opposite, on which sat massively contemplative the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Their brown faces turned with quick interest to the Table when by it stood, welcomed by thunderous cheer from Ministerialists, their ancient indomitable foe, the dread DON JOSÉ. Followed his speech with close attention, looking at each other now and then as his shots went home with the rattle and precision of the familiar pom-pom. C-B. came next, affording opportunity of studying another style.

When he resumed his seat the Boer Generals were startled by sudden roar of execration. Instinctively they felt for their rifles; glancing sharply round veld, discovered on a lower kopje on the left flank of the SPEAKER'S Chair a mild-looking, more than middle-aged gentleman talking in rapid speech tinged with Welsh accent. The noise that startled them was indicative of desire by majority that the gentleman on his legs should not trouble himself to continue his speech. But the gentleman on his legs was BRYN ROBERTS; quite accustomed to that sort of thing; determined to disregard it.

For a while the Generals sat and suffered. Soon old habit asserting itself, BOTHA turned to flee. DELAREY, for once demoralised, after brief hesitation joined in the flight. Racing down the kopje under cover of the staircase, they made for their ponies tethered in the Whips' room ready in case of accident. Tightening girths they leaped into the saddle, and to the terror of the police, injured to motor-cars, dashed across Palace Yard, disappearing in the friendly darkness.

What British Generals, equipped by the War Office, horsed by the Remount Commission, spent weary months in endeavouring to accomplish, BRYN ROBERTS did in five minutes. Single-tongued he routed the flower of Boer chivalry.

Business done.—Transvaal Vote for eight millions practically approved.

Friday night.—Only PRINCE ARTHUR, Attorney-General, new Parliamentary Secretary to Education Board, Chairman of Committees, and the Member for BARKS know what it is to spend our nights and days with an Education Bill. ADDISON in his mildest mood exhilarating by comparison. Others come and go; the vast majority seen only when Division Bell rings, and there is opportunity for adding a unit to their score of votes. FINLAY now

reaps the enormous advantage of having cultivated his boyhood on a little (or much) oatmeal. In middle age it is remarkably sustaining. ANSON finds his new life worth living only because it affords an opportunity of contemplating his predecessor at Education Board seated below Gangway. For him JOHN O'GORST has curious fascination. Rarely takes his eyes off venerable figure lending added air of respectability to corner seat sacred to JIMMY LOWTHER.

For PRINCE ARTHUR, with the weight of Empire on his slim shoulders, this grinding hour after hour, night after



"My dear Ans-n, how on earth do you remember things?! I never can remember anything—except my handicap, and even that escapes me at times!"

(Mr. B-l-f-r and Sir Win. Ans-n.)

night, at the creaking stone of Education Bill sometimes passeth human endurance. Let anyone in search of information on subject try experiment of merely sitting for five hours on same bench whilst others talk. On top of that physical trial comes for PREMIER necessity of keeping up the sharpest mental strain, prepared at any moment to rise and make a speech on which may depend fortunes of the Bill, fate of the Ministry.

If hours of daily labour were limited from two o'clock in afternoon till midnight, with interval for hasty dinner, task would be sufficient to try some men's strength. Conduct of Education Bill in Committee merely an episode in PRINCE ARTHUR'S day's work. Before he enters House must have dealt with the

correspondence of PRIME MINISTER of an Empire on which the sun (which at least has no Education Bill on its mind) never sets. There are Cabinet Councils to be attended, innumerable persons to be seen on matters of urgent public importance. Even on Treasury Bench the red despatch box pursues him, and with one ear open to debate on which he must presently reply he deals with State papers of momentous importance.

Thanks to high courage and naturally gay disposition he bears up and carries on. Small wonder if strands of grey are with increasing persistence beginning to weave themselves in his hair. The 'orny'-anded British workman, insistent on his eight hours' day, knocking off at one o'clock on Saturdays, occasionally when wages are high throwing in Monday, should, in moments of depression that overtake the Misunderstood, consider and contrast the PREMIER'S Working Day.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee. PRINCE ARTHUR gives notice of a motion that will hurry it along.

HONOURS EASY.

[During an altercation in the French Chamber one Deputy struck with his glove another, who retaliated with a kick. It is reported, however, that no duel will result, as the one asserts he did not feel the blow which his opponent claims to have given, whilst the other alleges that the kick did not reach him.]

OF BOX and COX I sing,
Those Frenchmen lion-hearted,
Who fought like anything,
And parted.

Box used of course a glove,
Cox practised the *savate*;
Witness, ye heavens above,
To that!

Honour resents a blow;
Pluck comes of constitution;
Has this dilemma no
Solution?

Ah! Cox declines to feel
A gauntlet's feeble flicks;
And Box is triple steel
To kicks.

Box shows his glove with pride:
He struck, he need not shoot;
And Cox is satisfied
To boot.

COMBARRETIVELY SPEAKING. — It is reported that MR. WILSON BARRETT has made a "big success" with his *Christian King* at Birmingham. The monarch in question is ALFRED, and he has "taken the cake." In the old story the cake was overdone; in the play it may turn out that this is the case with the *King*.



Son of the House. "WON'T YOU SING SOMETHING, MISS MURIEL?"

Miss M. "OH, I DAREN'T AFTER SUCH GOOD MUSIC AS WE HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO."

Son of the House. "BUT I'D RATHER LISTEN TO YOUR SINGING THAN TO ANY AMOUNT OF GOOD MUSIC!"

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE^s.

PROFESSOR L-NK-ST-R ON THE OKAPI; OR, A LIGHT RAY ON DARKEST AFRICA.

MR. PUNCH'S COMPRESSED DRAMAS.

II.—IF I WERE MR. MCCARTHY!

(An amended version of Mr. J. H. McCarthy's "If I were King," at the St. James's Theatre.)

ACT I. SCENE—The usual tavern of Romantic Drama.

LOUIS XI. and TRISTAN, Provost of Paris, disguised, are sitting at a table, R. VILLON, a tattered-looking rascal, stands in the middle of the stage, declaiming a ballade with lonely uproariousness.

Villon. Who is the man who dices, drinks, and brawls
In taverns, but is worshipped all the same
By sympathetic ladies in the stalls?—

VILLON's the dissipated fellow's name.

What do you think of that for an envoi?

Louis (who remembers his Swinburne). Haven't I heard
that last line rather differently put?

Villon (yawning). Very likely. But it doesn't matter—so
long as it is the last. [Lies down to sleep before the fire.

Tristan (grimly). That's true. [VILLON begins to snore.

Louis (to TRISTAN). You don't like this fellow's verses?

Tristan (crossly). No. And I can't see why on earth a
King of FRANCE should be slouching in a low tavern at one
o'clock in the morning when he might be in his royal bed.

Louis (astonished). My dear fellow, you must be totally
ignorant of the theatre! Who ever heard of a Louis the
Eleventh who didn't slouch in taverns, listening to what he
wasn't meant to hear? We must observe the conventions!

Tristan (grumbling). It seems idiotic.

Louis. Very likely. But it's a stage tradition. Hush,
here comes someone.

Enter KATHERINE DE VAUCELLES. She goes up to VILLON
and shakes him cautiously. LOUIS and TRISTAN set
themselves to listen in the ostentatious manner usual
in costume drama.

Villon (opening his eyes). KATHERINE DE VAUCELLES! (Rising
hastily.) My dear young lady, what are you doing here?

Tristan (to LOUIS). That's what I should like to know.

Katherine. I came to speak to you.

Villon. To speak to me! In a tavern? Do Maids of Honour
usually follow their humbler admirers to a public-house in
preference to making use of the penny post?

Katherine. Invariably—in romantic drama.

Villon. You astonish me. Well. What do you want?

Katherine. There is a man who is pestering me with his
attentions. Will you get rid of him for me?

Villon. With pleasure. To a man of my easy disposition
one murder more or less is nothing. What's his name?

Katherine. THIBAUT D'AUSSIGNY.

Villon. The Grand Constable of France? That's awkward.

Katherine. Why?

Villon. Rather a conspicuous person, don't you think, for an
assassination?

Katherine (carelessly). I dare say. But he deserves to die.
He is plotting to betray the KING to the Burgundians.

Louis (aside to TRISTAN). The deuce he is!

Villon. Then why on earth don't you denounce him in the
proper quarter instead of asking me to murder him?

Katherine (with dignity). In romantic drama these paltry
considerations of common-sense are out of place.

Villon. Very well. Where shall I find him?

Katherine. Here. I expect him every moment.

Villon. Here! The Grand Constable of France skulking
in a pot-house! Absurd!

Katherine (crossly). Why not? I'm Maid of Honour to the
Queen, and I'm in a pot-house. The KING is almost invari-
ably found in pot-houses. Why shouldn't a Grand Constable
be found there too? (Enter THIBAUT.) Here he is.

Tristan (to LOUIS, disgusted). Good Heavens! Is the
entire Court going to pass the night at this inn?

Louis (sulkily). It looks like it.

Katherine (to VILLON). How are you going to do it?

Villon (lightly). Easily enough. I shall wait till his back is
turned, and then stick a knife into it. [Does so. THIBAUT falls.

Katherine (enthusiastically). My hero!

Villon. Not at all. Simplest thing in the world.

[Kneels down and proceeds to rifle THIBAUT's pockets.

Louis (coming forward). Here, I say, you mustn't do that.
That's my money.

Villon (looking up with a snarl). Is it? Who are you?

Louis (majestically). The King of FRANCE!

Villon (jumping up). Then I'm afraid I shall have to cut
your throat. [Advances towards him.

Louis (mildly). May I suggest a compromise? You spare
my life and I'll give you THIBAUT's post.

Villon (scandalised). Make me Grand Constable? Ridicu-
lous!

Louis (testily). Of course it's ridiculous. I'm ridiculous.
You're ridiculous. The whole situation's ridiculous. But
it's all right in romantic drama. You consent?

Villon (sullenly). If you wish it.

Louis. Very well. For a week shall we say? You may
not like it for more than a week. And now suppose you
escort Mlle. DE VAUCELLES back to the Palace? (Exeunt
VILLON and KATHERINE). Foolish fellow! Foolish fellow!

[Kneels down to search THIBAUT's pockets as Act drop falls.

ACT II. SCENE—The King's Garden. TIME—Next after-
noon. VILLON, gorgeously attired, is discovered biting a
quill meditatively.

Villon. I shall have to re-write that ballade. How will
this do?—

Who is the man who sits in monarch's halls

With every sign of popular acclaim,

First in the breach wherever duty calls?—

VILLON's this conscientious statesman's name!

That's better! [Proceeds to write it down. Enter LOUIS.

Louis. Well, how do you like being Grand Constable?

Villon. Thanks. I find it very agreeable.

Louis. That's right. (Maliciously) I thought you'd
have a pleasant week.

Villon. Week? Nonsense. It's perfectly idiotic to dis-
place a Grand Constable at the end of a week. He'll never
learn his duties at that rate.



SUCCESSFUL SENSATIONAL REVIVAL!

THE OLD DRAMA OF "PUNCH AND JUDY" IN FOR A RUN!

Louis. No doubt. But then there's the death of THIBAUT to be considered.

Villon (easily). I don't think we need bother about that.

Louis. On the contrary. In your own interest you must see that when a Grand Constable is murdered the assassin ought to be hanged.

Villon. That's true.

Louis (rising). Very well. At the end of a week. [Going.

Villon. Eh? I don't think I quite understand.

Louis. It's very simple. For a week you are Grand Constable. [With a sneer] On our Royal word! After that you swing. [Going again.

Villon. Stop, stop. This really requires more consideration. It's absurd, you know. No audience would stand it.

Louis (sententiously). My dear Sir, an audience will stand anything—in romantic drama.

Villon (thoughtfully). I suppose you never break this Royal word of yours?

Louis. Never! In romantic drama every criminal fatuity may be committed by a monarch. But not that.

Villon. You relieve me greatly.

Louis (politely). Might I inquire why?

Villon. It's in this way. The Burgundians are besieging Paris. I—as your Grand Constable—am in supreme command of your troops. At the end of a week—if you continue to reign—I am hanged. What follows?

Louis. I don't know.

Villon (genially). Why—that I'm hanged if you continue to reign! [Dispassionately] That's rather a good joke.

Louis (alarmed). You wouldn't kill me?

Villon (shocked). No, no. Not I. The Burgundians.

You see I'm no General. By the end of the week your troops will be defeated and your reign will be over. The best of it is I shall still be Grand Constable!

Louis (testily). Nonsense. If I fall, you fall.

Villon. Pardon me. When your enemy's commander-in-chief is a thoroughly incompetent officer, the last thing you are likely to do is to deprive him of his command.

Louis (blankly). I hadn't thought of that.

Villon (pleasantly). Nor had Mr. MCCARTHY. You're incurably romantic, both of you. I'm a realist myself.

Louis. Confound it all, this is very awkward. What on earth's to be done?

Villon. I don't know. You see you can't deprive me of my office because of that Royal word of yours. [Thoughtfully] I might resign, of course.

Louis (eagerly). The very thing! Pray do so, my dear fellow, without delay.

Villon (suavely). Upon conditions, you know.

Louis (depressed). Conditions? That means money. Conditions always do.

Villon (consolingly). An annuity merely. Say ten thousand livres? And a free pardon.

Louis. Couldn't you make it francs?

Villon. Impossible.

Louis (grumbling). I thought somebody said the impossible didn't exist.

Villon. Yes. But that wasn't till much later. Ten thousand a year, a free pardon, and the hand of Mlle. de VAUCELLES! Really, we haven't done so badly.

Louis (bitterly). You're easily pleased. But I don't believe the audience will like it!

[Exit, shaking his head gloomily. Curtain.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Adventures of M. D'Harcot, by J. STORER CLOUSTON (BLACKWOOD AND SON), is a whimsical story, occasionally amusing. The hero is neither a "lunatic at large" like *Don Quixote*, nor a swindler like *Barry Lyndon*, but he is an irresponsible creature whom it is difficult to place. His constant lying is irritating, and it is impossible to become interested in any one of the *dramatis personæ*.

The Baron sees nothing very new or original in the pretty Christmas cards forwarded for his inspection by Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK, excepting some queer figures, with folding legs, that can be seated about in odd corners; but he congratulates this firm on the half-dozen brightly coloured "*Pickwick Pictures*," and on that other merry set depicting how "a-hunting we will go!"

By the way, while on the subject of Christmassy illustrations, those done for the *Golliwog Game* (DE LA RUE & Co.) in imitation of Miss UPTON's comic creations, will "keep the game alive" for some time, though the Baron feels inclined to welcome to his arms the "Beamish Boy" who will slay *The Golliwog*.

With an eye to instructing the youthful student, EDGAR PICKERING, in his *True to the Watchword* (F. WARNE & Co.), leads his gallant aspirant for the rewards of valour into the thick of the Irish fight when the second JAMES was King. It is just a dash of history in romantic surroundings, but as the history is decidedly biassed it comes out as a rather incomplete sandwich. Still, most palatable to the average book-boy. It is well illustrated.

The White Wolf (METHUEN) gives the title to a selection of what "Q" calls *Fireside Tales*. They will be found soothing and comforting in the lengthening nights drawing near. "Q" is one of few living masters of that most difficult of all literary arts, the telling of a short story. He is here found at his best, the selection being marked by attractive variety. One of the little cameos conveys the moving story of a stoker putting out to sea in a cruiser of the British fleet with intent to blow her up by an infernal machine. He writes a letter to a friend ashore announcing his genial intention. The missive arrives at a time when H.M.S. *Berenice* is already down Channel, making her way to the China seas. The reader follows her with breathless interest, turning over page after page, naturally looking for the one that discloses the end of the plot. It is not to be found. *The Man Who Could Have Told* is the title "Q," with grim humour, gives his story. My Baronite insists that the man who could have told is "Q," and complains that he doesn't.

My Baronite, noting that *The Autobiography of a Newspaper Girl* comes from the same House, is not quite sure whether it is designed as a skit, or whether it is what a vain, rather vulgar, audaciously uninformed feminine mind would actually desire a trusting public should accept as experience. If it be a joke, it is a very poor one. If it be seriously meant, it is ludicrous. In either case it is tiresome.

A showy edition of the immortal *Ingoldsby Legends* is presented by JOHN LANE. Without a knowledge of these lays and stories no English-speaking person's education can be considered complete. But numerous, and occasionally effective, as are the illustrations by HERBERT COLE, they cannot approach the few but memorable ones, full of the most grotesque humour, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. These new illustrations are of the Dorésque order, such as The Only GUSTAVE did for the *Contes Drôlatiques*, but with a very considerable difference. *Gulliver* is also well timed and



SO POLITE!

He. "WON'T YOU SIT IN THIS CHAIR, MISS SPOONER?"
Miss Spooner. "AFTER YOU."

always popular, but the artist, though clever, lacks the quality for the Swiftian humour.

In *The Intrusions of Peggy* (SMITH, ELDER) MR. ANTHONY HOPE makes a new departure. Avoiding Ruritania, its Court and its soldiery, he is content to settle down for a while in the Bohemia that actually is approachable by sea—London to wit. About *Peggy* there is some perhaps unconscious reminiscence of *Trilby*. Consciously or unconsciously, both ANTHONY HOPE and GEORGE DU MAURIER, dealing with Bohemia, whether in London or Paris, go back to HENRI MURGER's immortal book, in which the outer world were first privileged to get glimpses of *La Vie de Bohème*. This thing is inevitable, whether it be due to my Baronite's fancy, or to the author's early impressions. But *Peggy Ryle*, though of the same genus, is all herself, a girl apart from *Trilby* or *Mimette*. A delightful creation, free and fresh as the wind, warm, inspiring as the sunshine. An attractive foil is cleverly provided in the person of *Airey Newton*, the unsuspected grubbing miser, who under *Peggy's* inspiration blooms into genial manner, boundless generosity, and the condition of a happy husband. The minor characters, especially *Lady Blizworth* and *Mrs. Bonfill*, are sketched in Mr. HOPE's most alluring manner. My Baronite, again seeing through stone walls, fancies he recognises in the latter a London hostess known and dear to most of us these score of years.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE Lorando-Tubini difficulty," we read in the *Times* last week, "was settled." It will be welcome news to hear that all Londoni-Tube-ini difficulties have been surmounted.



UNCOMMONLY KEEN.

"WHY, WHERE'S THE HORSE, MISS KITTY? BY JOVE, YOU'RE WET THROUGH! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"

"OH, THE STUPID UTTERLY REFUSED TO TAKE THAT BROOK, SO I LEFT HIM, AND SWAM IT. I COULDN'T MISS THE END OF THIS BEAUTIFUL THING!"

TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY TALKS.

II.—WITH A JOURNALIST.

THE office-boy intimated that the Editor of the *Daily Wireless* was disengaged, and Mr. Punch's Representative climbed up to the sanctum, meeting on the stairs a muscular-looking gentleman with his arm in a sling.

"That was Mr. HACKITT," said the Editor. "Plays centre-forward for the Twickenham Tigers, you know, and is one of the most valued members of my staff. Writes our first leader two or three days a week."

"Then he's an authority upon political questions, as well as upon football?" asked Mr. Punch's Representative.

"Politics?" cried the Editor; "our leaders don't deal with politics nowadays! No, he writes about the things that really matter—for instance, he has an article on 'Foods that Forwards Fancy' in our issue of the day after to-morrow."

"I will look out for it," promised his interviewer.

"Well, you can see it now, if you care to. It was published yesterday, of course—don't you know that the daily papers all come out three days ahead? To-morrow's Tuesday, so you'll find

Friday's *Wireless* on your breakfast-table. The public insist on this kind of thing."

"But how do you manage about your news?"

"Oh, we have a staff of clairvoyants and crystal-gazers—not that they are particularly trustworthy, though. Intelligent Anticipation does a lot. It's not nearly so difficult as you think. Supposing you had to predict a House of Commons debate on a particular Bill three days ahead, couldn't you guess who would be sure to speak, and pretty well what each of them would say? I thought so; and that's just what we do. Even if we guess wrong it doesn't much matter; no one troubles about the House of Commons to any extent."

"But surely," protested Mr. Punch's Representative, "you can't manage everything in that way? How about the first night of a play, for example? Does your account of it come out two or three days before it happens?"

"We do not print dramatic criticism," the Editor replied. "My Proprietor is fairly wealthy—a millionaire, I think—but dramatic criticism is too ruinous a game for him. He attempted it once only. Our critic wrote that, 'in a play otherwise absolutely faultless, there was perhaps the faintest vestige of one dull

moment in the first act.' Needless to say, the playwright promptly brought an action for libel, and an intelligent jury awarded him £500,000 damages."

"And book-reviews?"

"Those we keep permanently set, only changing the author's name and the title of the work. We declare that each book is 'indubitably the masterpiece of the century'—and you can't think how much innocent pleasure we give!"

"Since you told me the name of your chief leader-writer," added Mr. Punch's Representative, "perhaps I may inquire without indiscretion the names of some others of your staff?"

"Certainly—the name's everything now, and all our articles are signed. The city advice is done by a music-hall artiste; a county cricketer deals with army matters; and a famous burglar, out on ticket-of-leave, supplies the weather-forecasts."

"And you really find that they are the best writers upon these subjects?"

"That I can't say," rejoined the Editor. "But I do know that the public loves to buy what they write!"

HARD-UP THEATRICAL MANAGER'S MOTTO.
—"Date obolum Impresario!"

IO! IOSEPHE TRIUMPHANS!

Lo, to the firmament rendered crepuscular
Over the flare of the cressets aflame,
Birmingham's throat, inexhaustibly muscular,
Blazons the founder of Birmingham's fame.

Chorus. Hark how the pæans effusively flow :
Joe for his Brummagem! Brum for her Joe!

Pedants may deem his delight a vulgarity,
Call it a blot on political life,
What would they give for the same popularity
Down in the canny recesses of Fife?
Chorus. Hark how the natives in unison crow :
Joe for his Brummagem! Brum for her Joe!

See him progress to his mansion of Highbury,
Borne in a chariot bared to the sky ;
Never should he in a close-covered fly bury
Charms that appeal to the popular eye.
Chorus. Hark how the multitude whistles *What ho!*
Joe for his Brummagem! Brum for her Joe!

Need there is none for our hero to masquerade,
Skulking aloof in a constable's hat ;
Birmingham shields him ; he has but to ask her aid—
Where is the Hooligan equal to that?
Chorus. Hark how the cornets elatedly blow :
Joe for his Brummagem! Brum for her Joe!

This is no private collection of partisans,
This is no gallery specially packed,
Tories and Liberals, nobles and artisans
Vie in their homage to Smartness and Tact.

[From this to the penultimate verse (both inclusive) any of
the above choruses will do.]

Not for the Casuist doubtfully clerical,
Not for the Unionist dead to the past,
'Tis for the Statesman they wax so hysterical,
'Tis for the Man of Imperial cast.

Blessèd the Peacemaker bound for Pretoria
(Skirting the dolorous track of the Raid),
Bent on encouraging local emporia,
Bent on developing Birmingham's trade.

Picture our Childe in the pink of virility
Moulding a monument braver than brass!
While his coevals are sunk in senility,
He has no fancy for going to grass.

Taking, of all his domestic amenities,
Only an orchid for memory's ease—
Look on his eye, how alert and serene it is
Fixed on the foam of the sibilant seas!

Loudly his colleagues in serried consistory
Press him to linger, and press him in vain ;
Have we not here a recurrence of history?
Is it not REGULUS risen again?

Hark to our Roman, in what categorical
Terms he forbids them to worry and weep,
Saying, in language sublimely rhetorical,
"Honour and Africa call to the deep!"

Waft him, ye gales, with a whiff of *sal Atticum* ;
Let him with Sirens successfully cope ;
Light may he sleep to the billow's aquatic hum
Blent with the strains of the Band of *Good Hope!*
Chorus. Shout, for the screw is beginning to go :
Joseph for Brummagem! Jo-heave-ho! O.S.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ALL the Boer Generals and Mr. KRUGER having taken to the pen, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stands absolved. It is now clear that the South African War was instigated by the publishers.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose taste for theatricals is well known, will devote part of his holiday to finishing a musical comedy entitled *The Little African Milner*.

The strike of bookbinders still continues. The title of SHELLEY's great poem *Prometheus Unbound* therefore remains unchanged.

Profiting by the example of Herr KUBELIK, who is alleged to have recently insured his right arm for £10,000, an eminent novelist has insured his side and a distinguished war correspondent his cheek.

Among the many English publications that have a sale across the Atlantic those treating of the Coronation cannot be reckoned. America, however, has a *CARRIE NATION* book which keeps its readers in excellent spirits.

It has been established by Frau JOBISKA, the famous Pedicurean philosopher, that *Sir Richard Calmady*, the hero of LUCAS MALET's celebrated novel, was a connection by marriage of the Pobble who had no toes.

The practice of literary chaperonage is shortly to receive an important extension, thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. SFRY AND SLICK, who propose to apply it to recent and contemporary literature. Amongst immediately forthcoming volumes are the following:—

One of Our Conquerors.—Edited by General DE WET.

The Raiders.—Edited by Dr. JAMESON.

Sentimental Tommy.—Edited by Mr. T. G. BOWLES, M.P.

The Shaving of Shagpat.—Edited by H. P. TRUEFIT.

The Old Curiosity Shop.—Edited by J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P.

Scenes from Clerical Life.—Edited by Lord HUGH CECIL.

The School for Scandal.—Edited by Dr. CLIFFORD.

Westward Ho!—Edited by HARRY VARDON.

The New Forest Lovers.—Edited by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

The Last of the Barrans.—By Lord ALLERTON.

The *Pilot* is dead. Its demise has been attributed to too close an adherence to literary canons.

We understand that Mr. S. R. CROCKETT's latest novel, *Flower o' the Corn*, is quite a serious contribution to literature, and not, as was originally thought, a skit upon his own work.

"HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK!"

YES, these dogs speak to you: they give tongue; for since the dogs of LANDSEER and ANSDALL there have been few artists, within our recollection, who have reproduced their canine models so faithfully, with such life and spirit, as has Miss MAUD EARLE in her *British Hounds and Gun-Dogs*, reproduced by the Berlin Photographic Co., whose recently published portfolio we may consider as the kennels at 133, New Bond Street. Mr. *Punch*, who knows what a good dog is when he sees one, or *Toby* would never have been his inseparable companion, decides that these are splendid specimens of the best breeds. They are only "heads," so it is open to the caviller to observe that were their tails *en évidence* we might come to an opposite conclusion. No matter: as it is, "Heads win."

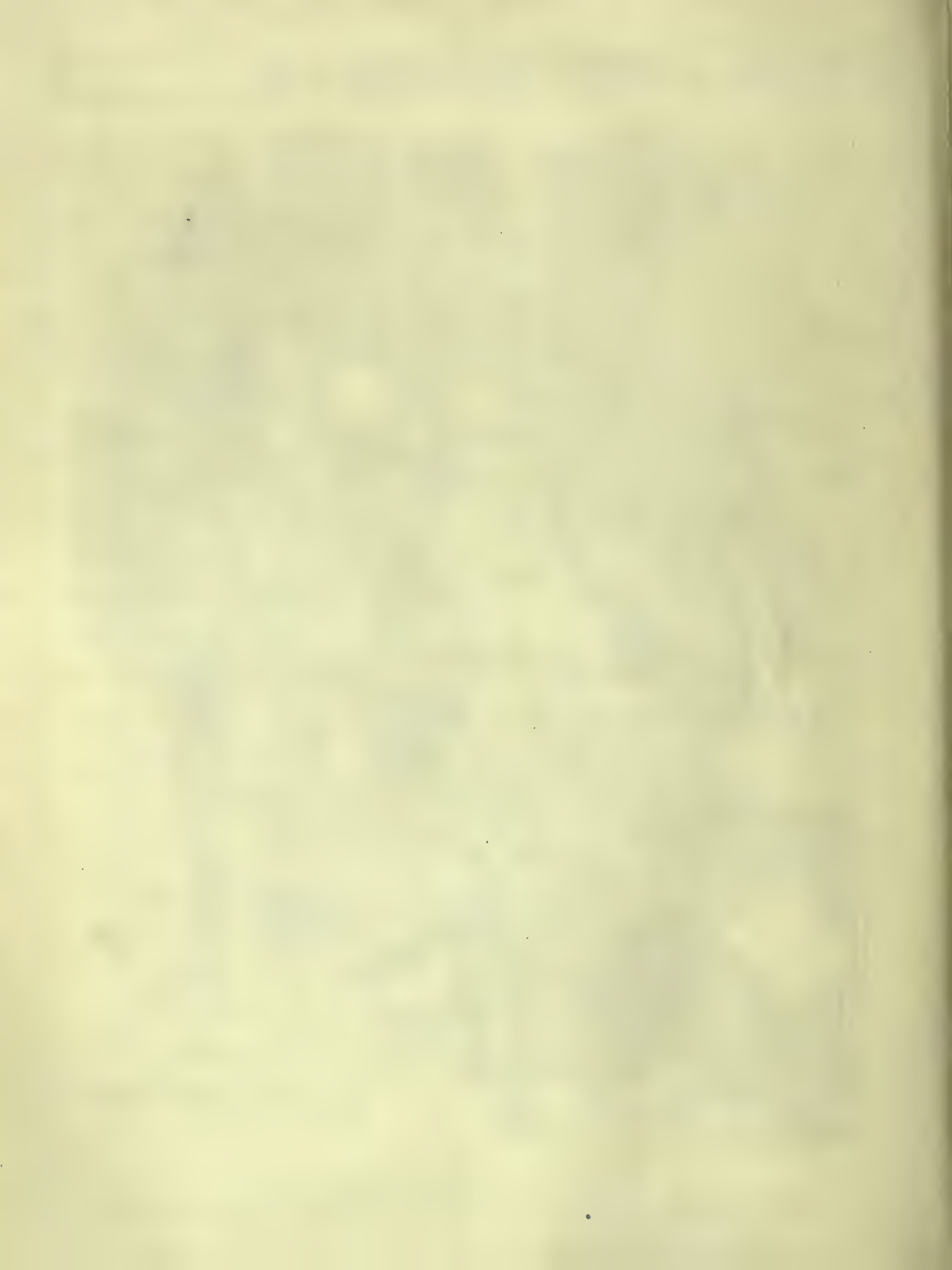
Epitaph on a Tammany Leader.

His end was corruption.
Procumbit humi boss.



CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Mr. Punch (bringing Reservist to Mr. Bull). "LOOK HERE, JOHN, IF YOU CAN AFFORD TO SET UP ALL THOSE BOERS IN BUSINESS AGAIN, SURELY YOU CAN SPARE A LITTLE TO KEEP THIS GOOD FELLOW OUT OF THE WORKHOUSE!"



A MATTER OF GREEK.

PHYLIS was occupied in studying the *Morning Post*. "I'm so glad," she said suddenly.

"What about?" I asked.

"Why, they are going to abolish Greek," she replied with great animation.

"Surely not?" I suggested.

"Well, the paper says it ought to be abolished," she insisted.

"That is only advice after the event," I said. "Oxford has decided to retain it. But why should you be glad? You have never had to learn it."

PHYLIS declined immediately to explain her gladness. "How absurd men are!" she continued. "The Headmaster of Haileybury appeals to every man who has read *Plato* and *Homer* with his feet on the fender. Have you ever done that?" She looked at me with suspicion.

"When I was very young," I confessed. Her eye moved me to excuse myself. "I had to read them, you see, and it is the most comfortable way. I had the Greek text and the other man read *Butcher* and *Lang* out loud, or else it was the other way about."

"What is *Butcher* and *Lang*?" asked PHYLIS, puzzled.

"They are a translation," I explained.

PHYLIS understood. "Oh, you mean you cheated," she said without surprise.

"Is that what they do at Haileybury?"

"Yes," I said unblushingly. "The sixth form sits with its feet on the fender while the Headmaster reads aloud."

"*Butcher* and *Lang*?" she questioned.

I considered. "No, I expect he reads *Lyttelton*." PHYLIS's look demanded what that might be. "The Headmaster of Haileybury," I interpreted.

In some curious way this seemed to strengthen her in her opposition to Greek. "No wonder they want to abolish it," she said. "Besides," she continued, looking at the paper, "it says that it is really only the special study of a few select spirits. It wouldn't make any difference to them, would it? They would go on reading *Plato* and *Homer* with their feet on the fender just the same." There was a certain eagerness in her tone. I think she was touched with some slight feeling of remorse for her assault on a poor dead language, and a little apprehensive lest her opposition might deprive it of all its friends. My answer, however, eased her conscience.

"Are you a select spirit?" she asked. I shook my head. "Are there very many?" she went on, as a doubt concerning the wisdom of her previous tenderness of heart seized her.

"No," I said, "there are only two or three."



Customer. "THAT DOG I BOUGHT LAST WEEK HAS TURNED OUT VERY SAVAGE. HE'S ALREADY BITTEN A LITTLE GIRL AND A POLICEMAN, AND——"

Dealer. "LOB! HOW 'E'S CHANGED, MUM! HE WASN'T AT ALL PARTICULAR WHAT HE ATE 'ERE!"

"Then it doesn't matter," she declared, satisfied. "I don't mind about them. And it will do Greek good, too," she continued cheerfully. "The paper asks if the standard of music has gone up or down since the period when every girl was supposed to be musical. Hardly any girls learn music now," she looked at me in triumph, "and the standard of music has gone up a great deal."

"Really," I protested, "it is not a fair parallel. Greek has never been so maltreated as music. Hardly any girls ever learned it."

PHYLIS was too much occupied with her train of thought to notice my shaft.

"Then there is no objection to abolishing it at all. It will be a splendid thing."

"But why?" I asked. "How can it affect you?"

For answer she held out to me two envelopes, one addressed in my handwriting to her, the other addressed in her handwriting to somebody else.

PHYLIS's handwriting is characteristic—that is to say she fills a side of large notepaper with about six words—while mine is small and neat.

"Which is the best writing?" she demanded.

Politeness forbade my expressing an opinion.

She took my silence for admission.

"Well, all you men who write in that silly little hand say it is because you've written so much Greek. If you hadn't you'd write in a sensible way,"—she looked complacently at her envelope—"and one wouldn't need a microscope to read your letters."

"Your argument is absolutely clinching," I said.

PINAFORIANA.

[In an article entitled "Gunnery v. Paint" in the *National Review* Mr. ARNOLD WHITE shows that far more attention is paid in the Navy to painting the ships and making them look smart than to gunnery GROUND, the best naval gunner of the year, received as his reward the princely sum of 1s. 9d.]

We're the smartest crew afloat,
And our paint is fresh and shiny;
There's not such another boat
That sails upon the briny.

We get up in the morning and we swab the deck,
We ply the soap and water till you can't see a speck,
We paint the portholes and we scrub the floors,
And we polish up the handles of the cabin doors.

But if some of us desire,
In our innocence, to fire

The 4:3 for fun,
The Captain shakes his head,
So we paint away instead,
And we never fire the big, big gun.

"THE LIGHT FANTASTIC."

"I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind."

Romeo and Juliet, i. 4.

MR. BARRIE'S is no "idle brain," yet is this play of his at the Duke of York's Theatre described by himself as a "Fantasy." Mr. BARRIE, as it were, throws up his hands and cries apologetically, "Spare me your strictly dramatic criticism! O please, Sir, don't! it's only a 'Fantasy!'" It is not put before the public as a dream after the fashion of *A Message from Mars* and a select number of previous impossibilities. No: here in this "Fantasy" (we thank thee, Mr. BARRIE, for teaching us the word) the characters are all real personages of flesh and blood (as if the intensely diverting Mr. HENRY KEMBLE, no *magni nominis umbra*, could be anything else!) as they would appear in ordinary life, here fantastically employed in teaching *per fabulam* the common-sense moral lesson of the catechism which bids the small and early Christian to be content with that station in life to which it has pleased Providence to call him.

TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste* taught the same lesson in a homely way, without phrase or "Fantasy." So did *The Lady of Lyons* in high falutin' romantic style. This fantasy is a queer mixture of comedy, extravaganza, farce and tragedy, in which the farcical and extravagant elements preponderate, and, as the garlic in the salad, "animate the whole." Accepting the entertainment then at the author's own valuation of it, we say that as an eccentric conception it has been admirably perfected by its author and is irreproachably carried out by the exceptional cast brought together under the able stage-managership of Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, whose attention to the smallest details is the best evidence of his competence for the task. So the audience, under the glamour of the combined power of these magicians, sit mesmerised, thoroughly enjoying the "visions about" until the curtain descends and the dream is over, when once again they are awakened to the realities of life. Certainly, Mr. BARRIE and Co., "let us dream again!"

The ladies of the "*Lasenby*" family (why has Mr. BARRIE thus spelt this name? Is it to show that the girls are not "sauce-y?") as represented by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, the light and leading spirit of the "sisters three," by Miss SYBIL CARLISLE and Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT, exhibit themselves as modern types on true comedy lines; and Miss MARGARET FRASER, as *Fisher*, the lady's maid, shows a keen

appreciation of humour. Miss PATTIE BROWNE is most amusing as *Tweeny*, the highly-coloured cockney scullery-maid of old-fashioned farce (type *Betsy Baker*, and the parts in which Mrs. KEELEY and Miss WOOLGAR excelled), presumably carrying out the author's intentions; so is Miss FANNY COLEMAN as the *Countess of Brocklehurst*, which is ("fantasy" apart) by far the best written comedy character in the piece, excepting perhaps that of the *Hon. Ernest Woolley*, so artistically played by Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER as to be the one part in the "Fantasy" that catches on with the public, simply because, like that of the *Countess*, it belongs not to any sort or kind of "Fantasy," but to genuine human nature as reflected in the clear mirror of comedy. As dreams fantastically reproduce scenes in real life, so here in this fantasy we come upon a reminiscence of *The Overland Route* and *Foul Play*, which, when burlesqued in Mr. Punch's pages, Mr. DU MAURIER's father so humorously illustrated. The two fantastic Acts on "the island" afford splendid opportunities to the artist, of which Mr. BERNARD PARTRIDGE has made the most. All his costumes are as charmingly picturesque as, without any sacrifice of probability, they are eccentric and original.

As the *Rev. John Treherne* Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON gives a capital comedy rendering of the modern young cricketing clergyman, with as little of the "fantasy" about him as there is about Mr. CARTER PICKFORD's up-to-date young *Lord Brocklehurst*. Mr. COMPTON COUTTS imparts individuality to the small part of *Tompsett*, the coachman, and Mr. J. C. BUCKSTONE is a cheery specimen of the brisk, white-duck'd naval officer who is always such a favourite in the Gaiety-Daly-George-Edwardes musical mixtures; only in this "Fantasy" the "nautical gent" without a name in the bill (so typical of a naval hero's modesty) has no song, nor does he even take part in a chorus, as, alas, he arrives just too late for the spirited dance in which all the characters, in true burlesque vein, have been heartily indulging.

The principal part we have kept for the last, *The Admirable Crichton*, the *Earl of Loam's* butler, who is the central figure of this whirligig fantastical system. This ordinarily impossible person Mr. H. B. IRVING makes possible. Heart and soul he throws himself into this original and perplexing creation of Mr. BARRIE'S. Were this part played one hair's breadth less consistently than it is by Mr. H. B. IRVING, the interval between the *première* and the last night of this "Fantasy" would, probably, not have been very considerable. Mr. BARRIE is to be congratulated on Mr. H. B. IRVING, and Mr. H. B. IRVING is to be complimented on his subtle rendering of a most difficult character. It is a triumph for the actor; and as he walks up the stage and the curtain descends, we rub our eyes, pull ourselves together, and the "Fantasy" is over.

ANY CUSTOMER TO ANY WAITRESS.

[The Chairman of the A.B.C. declared that a great many of their girls left the company's service to marry. It was the custom of the directors to make each girl a small present in addition to a wedding cake.]

MAID at the A.B.C.!

Listen, for pity's sake,
Say, will you marry me?

Shun yonder fellow, he
At heart is but a rake,
Maid at the A.B.C.!

I want not scones nor tea—
'Tis you that I would
take;
Say, will you marry me?

You earn a modest fee,
(And pay for all you break.)
Maid, at the A.B.C.

The heart you break in me
Needs you to heal its ache—
Say, will you marry me?

Your perquisite will be
A handsome wedding-cake,
Made at the A.B.C.!
Say, will you marry me?

AFTER 'HORACE.

STOUT oak and triple brass were round
The heart which first did dare
To leave the fixed and solid ground
And soar aloft, without a sound,
In silken vessel, upward bound,
Upon the empty air.

Beyond the eagle's utmost flight
His fearless course he steered;
Men dwindled fast to pigmies' height,
The pigmy, too, became a mite,
The mitey atom, lost to sight,
In nothing disappeared.

This great and solid earth, the scene
Of mortal joy and woe,
In tiny squares of brown and green
With toy-like fences in between,
Absurdly small, grotesquely mean,
Lay like a map below.

He saw the storm beneath him blown,
He felt its icy breath;
He flew where bird had never flown,
Beyond the clouds, by ways unknown—
The frailest film of silk alone
'Twixt him and instant death.

In vain the gods with seas of sky
Have severed all the stars,
And bid their worlds asunder lie,
If swifter than the winds that fly
At tempest speed, our airships ply
'Twixt Jupiter and Mars.

What deed that mortals dare not do,
However rash it be?
The cunning Dædalus, who knew
All arts, on crafty pinions flew,
While Icarus, plunged in billows blue,
Renamed a fatal sea.

And now our impious barques we guide
Amid the stars. O dolts!
Puffed up with insolence and pride,
Not heaven itself we leave untried,
Nor suffer Jove to lay aside
His deadly thunderbolts.

In its 'Informations Rapides' the
Djibouti of November 1 says:

"On dit que l'Empereur d'ALLEMAGNE viendra
voir EDOUARD III. à Windsor, le mois prochain."

This is a Djiboutiful idea from a
chronological aspect: but the question
is, Will the ghost walk?

THE other evening the members of
the O. P. Club solemnly debated the
question, Is Dramatic Criticism Worth
Anything? but failed to arrive at any
conclusion. The next morning a theatrical
manager discovered, through the
medium of a British jury, that it was
worth £100 when it was unfavourable.



"IF YOU HAD EIGHT PENNIES AND BILLY HAD FOUR, AND YOU TOOK HIS AND PUT THEM TO YOURS,
WHAT WOULD THAT MAKE?"

"MAKE TROUBLE, I 'SPECT, 'COS I'D HAVE TO FIGHT HIM 'BOUT IT!"

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL
PHILOSOPHY.

WHEN it rains cats and dogs, then
the sausage man makes hay.

It's an ill wind that escapes from the
tire.

It's a long worm that has no turning.
When Reynard turns preacher, the
wise hen climbs to the top perch.

It is the professional palmist who
scores off every hand.

As the twig is bent the boy is
inclined—to run out of the door.

Whom the gods hate is hissed off the
stage.

Never weigh the big-fish story—the
scales may be found wanting.

Early to bed with a truthful name,
and you can lie all day.

An Index Expurgatorius.

[A new index to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*
is in course of construction.]

"WHAT are the latest views on Eth-
nology?" asked the Cannibal Chief.

"I am not an Encyclopædia," re-
plied the Missionary, modestly.

"Nevertheless," said the Cannibal
Chief, "I propose to make a table of
your contents."

S.P.O.A. Please Note!

DAIRYMAID Wanted, able to wash and iron
(4 cows).—*Hereford Journal*.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. III.—IN THE NURSERY.

(Concluded.)

THE next subject for consideration is that of MEALS, which divides itself naturally into three branches:—Hours, Materials, and Behaviour.

MEALS: THEIR HOURS.

It may be laid down as an axiom that practically any hour is a good and convenient one for a meal. It must be understood, of course, that in the word meal I include not merely breakfast, dinner and tea, those more or less ceremonious events over which the governor of the nursery presides in state, but also those snatched and intervening feasts on chocolate or cake or fruit which are the chief joys of early existence. It is, no doubt, convenient to fix breakfast for 8 A.M., dinner for 1 P.M., and tea (which, by the way, is not really tea, but milk) for 5 P.M., but no human child can possibly foresee the precise moment at which he may be able through cajolery or force or fraud to secure a chocolate cream with a pink interior or to retire into a remote corner for the purpose of swallowing an annexed sponge-cake. It may happen to him to see and to seize the object of his desires as he goes out for his morning walk or when he is brought into the drawing-room an hour or so before bed-time. As he will want to eat it at once it would be absurd to hamper him by any rigid rule about hours. I ought to mention, before leaving this part of the subject, that the minute fragmentary remains of a biscuit partially consumed in bed form an admirable top-dressing for a mattress. As a sleep-compeller nothing in the whole range of soothing syrups equals a scattering of biscuit-crumbs in bed.

MEALS: THEIR MATERIALS.

There has been much heated controversy on this matter. Some have advocated bread and milk, others have pinned their faith to gravy; a third school swears by minced chicken, and yet a fourth will hear of nothing but boiled or poached eggs. It is idle to discuss in detail all the arguments by which these various theorists seek to prove their different points and to establish the unchallenged supremacy of the article they prefer. The chief thing to remember is that they are merely theorists and not practical nursery inhabitants. As, being invariably adults, they are not themselves required to eat the food about which they talk, and, as a matter of fact, never do eat it, their doctrines ought to be disregarded. Children, on the other hand, speak from experience, and theirs is the only evidence that can properly be admitted. I have made it my duty to collect the opinions of some of the leading nurseries, and, as a result, I am justified in declaring that raspberry jam, orange jelly, plum cake heavily iced, and stewed fruit of various sorts, are the only materials which a self-respecting child should be asked to consume at the three so-called regular meals of the day. Anything else as a fixed article of diet should be sternly resisted—though a possible exception may be made in favour of a fried sole (but only the top part, where it is brown and crisp), or a baked apple. It is necessary to state in the most emphatic manner that milk puddings must be rigorously excluded, not merely or even chiefly because all children mistrust them, but because their effect upon the health and morals of the nursery is incalculably pernicious. Many a child who might otherwise have grown to be a happy and prosperous member of the community has had its temper permanently soured by sago, while its physical constitution has been sapped by semolina. Rice, too, is now known to be a deadly instrument for the perversion of character. No: give me raspberry jam, or rather give it

to your nursery, and you will get an atmosphere of idyllic contentment, mitigated, perhaps, but not seriously impaired, by doctors' bills.

MEALS: BEHAVIOUR AT.

Every child should suit himself or herself. Behaviour that is enforced from the outside is of no value. Only the behaviour that springs from the heart, and is thus the true expression of a child's character, can be allowed to count. If, for instance, a boy decides that instead of receiving his food into his mouth he will dabble it carelessly over his cheeks, or will watch its course as it meanders down his feeder, he must on no account be interfered with. The cheeks are his own, and so is the feeder. Again, if a girl-child, after eating a baked apple from her hands, attempts to wipe them on her nurse's frock or her little sister's hair, she must be allowed to do so. Nothing impedes a child so much as a display of unreasoning anger on the part of adults. Cheerfulness ought always to prevail in a nursery, but this is impossible if the whole day is to be taken up in administering correction or punishment for mere exuberance of feeling or energy.

And here I may bring my remarks on the Nursery to a close. I have written in no spirit of factious opposition to parents or nurses. I have merely pointed out with perfect moderation how often—I might say, how invariably—they do wrong in the ordering of their nurseries. If some of them who may read these words can be induced to pause in their mad careers, I shall not have written in vain.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Scrupulous Person (from the Sister Isle, meeting Father Tom, P. P., in London). You're just the man I wanted to see! I'm not at all sure I did right in staying out *The Eternal City* at His Majesty's.

Father Tom. Well, my boy, where's the difficulty?

Scrupulous Person. 'Tis this way. The Holy Father is represented on the stage—and mighty well he looks, too—but I'm not certain I didn't do wrong not to have come away there and then.

Father Tom (considering). You stopped to see it all?

Scrupulous Person. I did. I saw every scene with the Pope in it; but if I was satisfied with *him* I wasn't with myself. Now (*puzzled*) tell me, would I make it a matter for confession?

Father Tom (seriously). I can only say that if you come to me, I'll give you a penance for it.

Scrupulous Person (beginning to regret his confidence). What would it be?

Father Tom (with increasing severity). It would be a severe penance! I'd order you to go and see the piece again. [Exit Father Tom.]

THE "MANSION HOUSE COMMITTEE ON THE PORT OF LONDON."—This ought to be the very best of all committees. Unless tradition utterly belies them, the worthy citizens who do justice to the wine, and freely pass the bottle at the Mansion House (known in these pages aforetime as "the Munching House") ought to be the best possible authorities not only on "the Port of London," but on the Port of everywhere else; though, of course, London is the wine-merchants' centre of trade. We await the re-port of their verdict with interest. Let these Magnums (or Magnates) lay down the law, and we will lay down the Port.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—Politics are not supposed to enter into the question of a Common Councillor's election, but is it not a legitimate deduction to infer that the successful candidate for Aldgate Ward, Mr. MARRIAGE, is a Unionist?

THE TROOPERS' TOILET.

["Hair brushes are to be issued in future, as part of their kit, to the Guards, Infantry, and Royal Medical Corps."—*Daily Mail*.]

OH, excellent decision this!

Authorities at length awaken,
And, realising what 's amiss,
A very proper step they 've taken.
It surely did not need the aid
Of expert or of trained detective,
To find out what it was that made
The British Army ineffective.

It has been proved before, you see,
By more than one good politician,
That troops, to win the day, must be
In perfect physical condition.
For instance, I should quickly go
And hide behind the nearest hummock,
If I were made to face the foe
And fight upon an empty —.

When round the soldier cannons roar,
And bullets ping on every side, he
Is apt to realise that war
Can make one dreadfully untidy.
And if he gets, by way of change,
A hand to hand exciting scuffle,
His clothes he 's sure to disarrange,
His hair he 'll very likely ruffle.

But now, if such should be the case,
No longer need he be down-hearted;
When'er there comes a breathing space
His hair can once again be parted.
Then onward boldly he will rush;
His locks are smooth, and he, of
course, is

Quite eager for another "brush"
(This time with the opposing forces).

In days to come it will be seen
We may have some department that 'll
Provide bay-rum and brilliantine
For use upon the field of battle.
So, while 'mid storm of shot and shell
Our soldiers give the foe a few fits,
For all that lookers-on could tell,
They might have just come out of
TRUEFIT'S.

MERCIFUL ESCAPES.

In a recent account of election proceedings, in which a candidate was pelted with dirt, mud thrown in the face of his wife, and his daughter struck with a stick, a daily paper remarked that "the police had difficulty in preventing a breach of the peace." A correspondent sends a brief account of various other episodes, in each of which, by an equally narrow margin, a contretemps was similarly avoided:—

The extensive premises of Messrs. BLANK & Co., oil and tallow merchants, were completely gutted by fire last night, all five stories being ablaze at once. It needed all the efforts of the local brigade to forestall what promised to be a conflagration.



THE NEW PLAY.

Low Comedian. "HAVE YOU SEEN THE NOTICE?"
Tragedian. "No; IS IT A GOOD ONE?"
Low Comedian. "IT'S A FORTNIGHT'S."

A motor-car, proceeding along the High Street the other evening, took fright, it is supposed, at a constable on point-to-point duty, and exploded, blowing the occupants in various directions over the adjoining buildings. The policeman is to be congratulated upon averting what might have been a serious accident.

The whole of the carnivora confined (until Wednesday last) in Barnwell's Menagerie simultaneously escaped from their cages on the date in question, and

invaded the space usually reserved for the patrons of the show. A great many of the latter were present, and were caused considerable annoyance. It is said that the turnstiles at the gates were literally hidden beneath more or less fragmentary articles of clothing left by the audience in making its exit. The authorities had no easy task in staving off a veritable *saute qui pent*.

A SURE AID TO MATRIMONY.—Proping-pungquity.



Village Swain. "LOVELY MOON, AIN'T THERE, SALLY?"

Sally (revisiting her home). "NUTHIN' TO WHAT WE 'AS IN TOWN!"

LYRICS OF LABOUR.

EXAMPLE is very catching. The success of P. C. MITCHELL's little book of poems, *Ballads in Blue* (not published by CONSTABLE), a copy of which was accepted by the KING, has set many another honest fellow a-rhyming. P. C. GEORGE MITCHELL, 150 G, writes of his volume:—

"The work was done most on his feet,
At evening hour when on his beat,
When voices from high heaven
Would call to him to contemplate,
To study and to meditate,
And use the gift thus given."

This is an age of competition, and the Islington policeman's rivals are on him like a motor-car. Copies of *Ballads in Grey, White, Green, Black and Check* lie before us, another instance of the enterprise of the publishing business in spite of a bookbinders' strike.

Ballads in Grey is by Mr. JEMMY CRACK, of Pentonville. One at least of his poems seems to bear upon P. C. MITCHELL's muse:—

The only comfortable beats
For burglar-men in London streets,
Is where the slop 's a poet.
For when they're busy copping rhymes
One has a chance of busy times—
And off before they know it.

Ballads in White cometh up like a flower from a Battersea baker, Mr. ALFRED BUNN. We quote one of its many pleasing verses:—

I never extricate a batch
But what some elegy I hatch,
Some lyric of delight.
So that each loaf that leaves my home
Becomes a veritable pome
To all that read aright.

Not to be outdone, Mr. HENERY SPROUTS, of Tooting, comes up smiling with *Ballads in Green*. Perhaps the most characteristic and succulent stanza is this:—

As parsnips from the soil I tug,
Poetic fancies fill my tug;
And when I've done my supper beer
I sets 'em down just like this here;
And to prevent domestic strife
I shouts 'em to my doting wife.

We have also received from Mr. JABEZ BERRYMAN, of Gravesend, a little sable volume entitled *Ballads in Black*, from which we quote a passage:—

I never look upon a hearse
But as a subject of all verse,
And whensoever I see a mute
I gets a grip upon my lute.

Mr. ATTILA HARRIS, of Savile Row, who sends us *Ballads in Check*, is a

more dexterous manipulator of the pen than any of his rivals. He writes a charming poem, "Sunset on the Tweeds":—

Think not because, in durance vile,
Behind the counter by the mile
I measure out material,
My simple soul is not possessed
By thoughts of Araby the Blest,
By ecstasies ethereal.

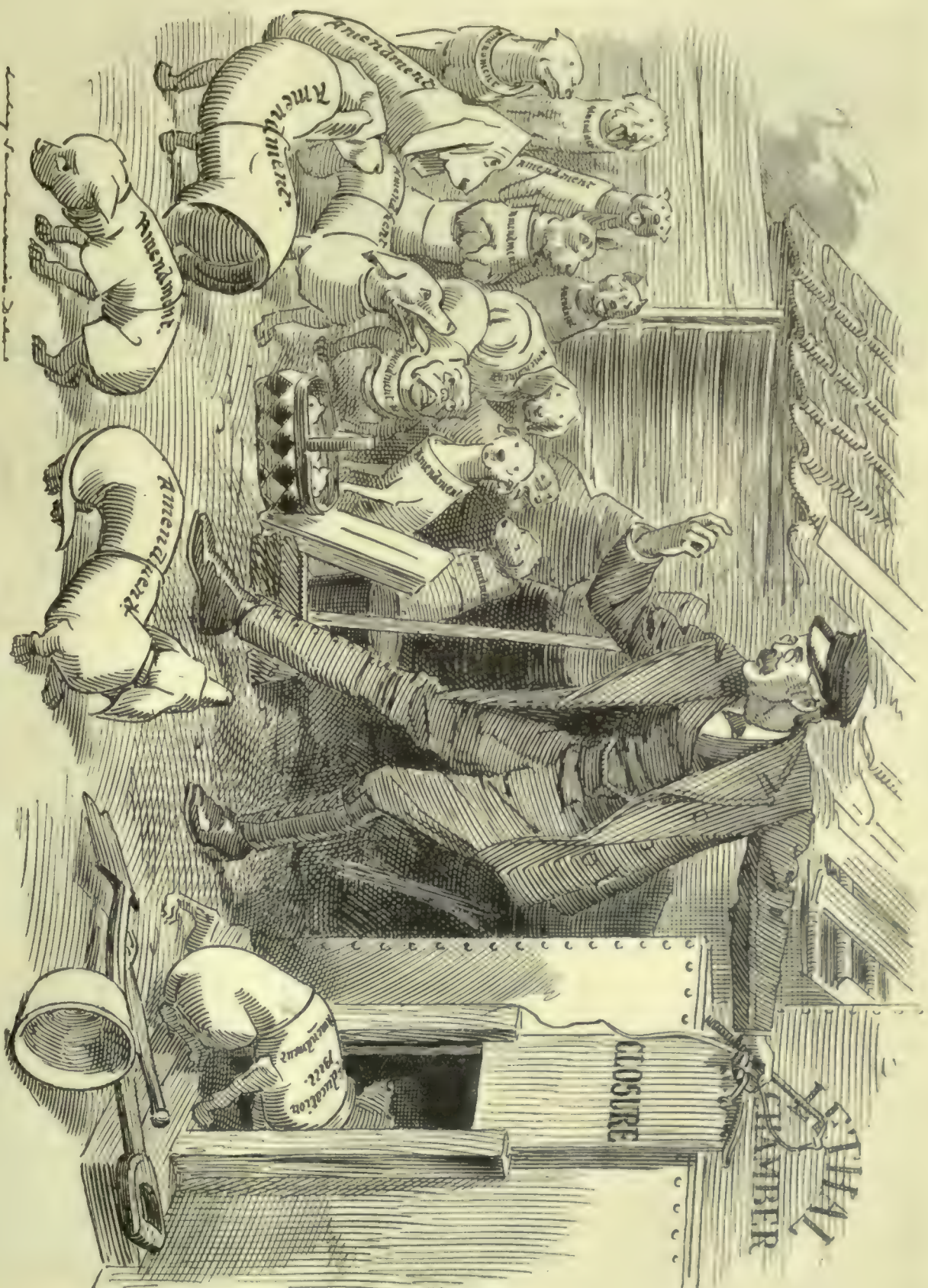
No, though the humble tailor's goose
May not invariably produce
Songs of the highest order;
Each length of Tweed I cut inspires
My bosom with romantic fires,
And visions of the Border.

"An Unexceptionable Reference."

Mr. Punch, who is "not for an age but for any time," being reminded of the fact by history repeating itself just at this moment, and so closely too, anent the Education Bill, begs to draw public attention to his Cartoon for April 23, 1853, entitled, "Who shall Educate? or, Our Babes in the Wood."

[The Macedonian chief DONTCHO has returned to Kustendil with sixty men.—*Daily Paper*.]

ADVICE TO MACEDONIANS ABOUT TO "REVOLUTE."—Dontcho.



THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

RIGHT HON. SUPERINTENDENT B.-P.-R. "IN YOU GO, MY LITTLE BEAUTIES!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 10.

—House with pleasure finds in Birthday Honours List the names of two of its oldest and most esteemed Members. A. H. BROWN is what the late Claimant spoke of as B.B.K., meaning Baronet of the United Kingdom. GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY is Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.

If it were possible to associate Sir ALEXANDER BROWN, Bart., M.P., with anything approaching old age, it might be said that (being of course a married man), he approaches the status of Father of the House. HICKS-BEACH, who holds that honourable position—and has by the way run away from his sorrowing brood—took his seat only four years before the Shropshire Member. Man and boy the new Baronet has sat in the House for thirty-four years, and is still more boy than man. All comes of military training. Born and brought up amid commercial associations, he sighed for the tented field, the clash of arms. Entering the Army he, before retiring on his laurels, fought his way to the rank of Cornet in the 5th Dragoon Guards.

One sees to this day the effect of early



"Cornet Brown."
(Sir A. H. Br-wn, Bart.)



"SIR TROUT" BARTLEY, K.C.B.

training; the spruce, upright figure, the martial step; one hears the ringing voice of command with which he remarks by way of preface to his speech, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir—"

Just before they went out to the war, BOBS and KITCHENER looked in at House of Commons. Seated in Peers' Gallery, they observed a martial figure in full view below Gangway on Ministerial side.

"It's all very well, KITCHENER," said BOBS, "to be pleased with our little advancement. Tell you what, if CORNET BROWN had stuck to his guns, you and I wouldn't have had a look in."

KITCHENER, a man of few words, said nothing. SARK, who relates the little episode, tells me he thought the more. CORNET BROWN, his helmet long a hive for bees, has been content to live with us in the House of Commons, winning the esteem and regard of more than one generation of Members.

In his way, and naturally there is about him less of the clang of spurs, Sir TROUT BARTLEY, K.C.B., has in equal measure gained the esteem of the critical Assembly in which he has sat for seventeen years. Time was when he heard the chimes at midnight with CORPORAL HANBURY and CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. When opportunity for promotion came, and, after the manner of Ministers, malcontents were looked up, of the new Fourth Party one was taken and two were left. CORPORAL HANBURY received his commission. Now the blameless BARTLEY is Sir TROUT, and to-night CAP'EN TOMMY, ashore in the backwater, puts a pistol to the head of PRINCE ARTHUR and demands instant reply to the question "Whether His Majesty's Ministers are responsible for the grant of Peerages and Baronetcies, and the distribution of Orders and other honorary distinctions."

Always been about Sir TROUT a certain rugged independence that pleased the House. Making no attempt at oratory he has a way of putting his finger on the weak link in a chain of argument embarrassing to the adversary. Few more effective debaters, especially in business-like atmosphere of Committee.

Observe I fall into habit of referring to our new K.C.B. by his third Christian name. No authority for the preference; but trust it may be confirmed. Sir GEORGES are common enough, and we already have Sir CHRISTOPHER FURNESS. Sir TROUT stands alone, pleasantly suggestive of being followed in due course at the festive board by Sir LOIN.

Business done.—Indian Budget expounded.

Tuesday night.—"May you never, dear TOBY, know how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have the SPEAKER getting up every other minute interrupting a carefully prepared oration."

Thus HARRY CHAPLIN, mopping massive brow with Brobdingnagian handkerchief. Case truly hard. H. C. differing from his right hon. friend PRINCE ARTHUR, on subject of closure by compartments, resolved to speak and vote against it. Rare opportunity of showing young things new to the present Parliament the sort of discourse based on high Constitutional grounds that used to be the thing when DIZZY was in his prime, and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD was writing letters to the *Times* over the signature "Historicus." Devoted some days and nights to production of masterpiece worthy of occasion. His position in debate fitly recognised by a call to follow Leader of Opposition, who had succeeded to speech of PRIME MINISTER.

Members so excited by coming event



THE INDIAN RU-PEACOCK.

Lord George Hamilton "in (justifiable) pride" over the financial prosperity of India under his rule.

that scores rose to their feet and, being in standing attitude, walked out of the House. Got along very well to begin with. Referring to judgment given in particular case by Mr. SPEAKER PEEL, H. C., with generous air of patronage, expressed the belief that Lord PEEL's successor would be equally true to the principles of the Constitution. Turning over his folios in search of next point equally good, was startled by loud cry of "Order!" Looking up, discovered SPEAKER on his legs. At first indisposed to give way. More yells of "Order!" from Radicals opposite. Slowly resuming his seat, heard SPEAKER roundly rate him for presuming to dictate to the Chair what course it should take.

Gasping for breath, H. C. protested that nothing was further from his mind than the conduct denounced. Went on again; alluded to O'DONNELL the other night dashing across House "to assault PRIME MINISTER." TIM HEALY, jealous for the already undermined character of a fellow-countryman who had actually hit nobody, appealed to SPEAKER to say if that was a fair description of what took place.

Once more H. C., pink of politeness, apologised. There was, however, one matter on which at least he was safe. No one could deny that JOHN DILLON had called the COLONIAL SECRETARY a liar. "I think," remarked H. C., regarding

his audience through triumphant eyeglass, "I am at least accurate in *that* assertion."

"Order! order!" cried the SPEAKER; "the right hon. gentleman is wandering far from the question before the House."

Members regarding the abject, literally limp condition into which H. C. was by this time reduced, cruelly laughed, and the great constitutional authority, fallen on evil days, folded his tent (represented by the pocket-handkerchief aforesaid) like the Arab, and as silently stole away.

Business done.—Wholesale closure for Education Bill approved.

Friday night.—Deeply regret to learn of fresh dissension on Front Opposition Bench. It is adorned and strengthened by the presence of two able, serious, middle-aged young men who have done the State service, one at the Foreign Office, the other at the Colonial. What they have fallen out about is not war or peace, or the Education Bill. It is fly-fishing. EDWARD GREY is the author of a learned work, in which he insists that the proper way to land a fish is to hold the rod in the right, the landing net in the left hand. Mr. MURRAY this week publishes a treatise on *Fishing and Shooting*, by SYDNEY BUXTON, in which he takes precisely opposite views; insists that the operations of paying out, reeling in, and the handling

of the net are more delicate manipulations than the work of simply managing the rod, and should therefore be entrusted to the right hand. The matter being referred to the arbitrament of the Leader of the Opposition, he suggested as a compromise that, if the fish would only kindly wait, the right and left hand might be alternately employed.

This little schism is the only drawback to the pleasure of a book which, written by an expert, will be most enjoyed by those who know how to handle gun and rod, and will make those who don't wish they did. SYDNEY BUXTON is equally at home with either.

To personal experience by stream and moor he adds in this work the genial glow of research through elder times. The value and interest of the book are added to by the introduction of old and rare prints. More particularly in respect of shooting, they recall the simpler manners of our ancestors, with their flint guns built by MANTON; their mole-skin or cord trousers, their blue or green coats, their stiff hats, their stocks



The great successor to W. E. Forster.

(Mr. Wanklyn.)

and their shoes, their shot belts and their powder flasks.

Business done.—Getting on with Education Bill like house on fire.

"I COULD never see," observed Mr. MIDDLEHEAD, thoughtfully, "why it was always considered as expressing the performance of a brave and daring act to 'beard the oyster in his shell.' I have frequently done it, and"—he added triumphantly—"swallowed the oyster afterwards."



BROTHERLY CANDOUR.

Jack to lady, come out to lunch, "ARE YOU COMING WITH THE GUNS THIS AFTERNOON, MISS MAUD?"
 Miss Maud. "I WOULD, BUT I DON'T THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE A LOT OF POOR BIRDS SHOT!"
 Jack. "Oh, IF YOU GO WITH FRED, YOUR FEELINGS WILL BE ENTIRELY SPARED!"



Impudent Incroyable (at Covent Garden Bal Masqué). "I SAY, MR. SPANISH INQUISITION, WHAT PRICE YOUR COSTUME WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH IT? COME IN SPLENDIDLY FOR MY MOTOR-CAR, YOU KNOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a touching story, simply told, of the struggles of a brave-hearted woman, mother of a forlorn family. Cabbage Patch does not appear to have even been able to grow a single cabbage. A queer neighbourhood situated in an American town, ramshackle cottages play hopscotch over its railroad track. There being no streets, when a new house was built the owner faced it in any direction fancy prompted. Here existed *Mrs. Wiggs*, the late *Mr. Wiggs* having in a state of chronic intoxication stumbled into eternity. Her two boys were named respectively *Billy* and *Jim*. Her three girls severally received at the baptismal font the names of *Asia*, *Australia* and *Europa*. Amid the squalor and the daily struggle for bread *Mrs. Wiggs* seldom loses courage. The philosophy of her life is summed up in her casual remark, "It ain't never no use puttin' up yer umbrell' till it rains." My Baronite reading with delight *MISS ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN's* little book finds anew how nearly kin are pathos and humour, tears and laughter.

The ladies' heads that *MR. CHARLES DANA GIBSON* draws in his *Social Ladder* (London: JOHN LANE) would alone suffice to render this collection of his drawings popular. In respect to the noddles of his models, he is a perfect *Blue Beard*, who was a master in the art of taking off ladies' heads. Not a few of *MR. DANA's* drawings are exceptionally humorous. His ladies are for the most part uncommonly fine specimens of "linked sweetness long drawn out;" and as to his men they are "sons of ANAK" whom he has a knack of reproducing.

In *Peggy and Gill* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL), another pictorial Christmas book, evidently after the model of *Alice* (who has

much to answer for), the illustrations by clever *MISS DOROTHY FURNISS* are by chalks, or rather by pencil, a long way the best part of *MR. ASHTON's* book.

The Baron welcomes *MR. Punch's Book for Children*, written in a delightfully nonsensical and irresponsible style, and capably illustrated, by *MR. CHARLES PEARS*, author and artist. The Baron, in full uniform, after inspecting the lines, salutes the artist's colours, and compliments him on having produced one of the very best and brightest of Christmas books. All the more pleased is he to give this testimony, seeing that *MR. PEARS* is one of *MR. Punch's Own Militia*, not a Regular, and that this book is brought out by *MESSRS. BRADBURY AND AGNEW*, whom he congratulates on something "genuinely Christmassy," its style and get-up being neither affectedly old-fashioned nor ostentatiously new-fangled; just, in fact, the very thing to please everybody, which, as nobody knows better than everybody, is about the most difficult thing in the world to accomplish. If all good children are to have their desserts, then here is plenty of *PEARS* for them, and let 'em "live 'appley ever after."

In *A Roman Mystery* (METHUEN & Co.) *MR. RICHARD BAGOT* gives us a good pennyworth of sensation to an intolerable amount of prattle about Italian politics, a knowledge of which the author seems to have mastered on the plan adopted by the eminent authority in *Pickwick* who wrote an elaborate essay on "Chinese Metaphysics" by looking up in the Encyclopædia all that came under the head of China, and all that came under Metaphysics, and then "combining the information." Of course our friend the Skipper can be called in, but one doesn't take up a novel by *MR. BAGOT* for this sort of exercise.

To *MESSRS. MACMILLAN* comes the happy thought of presenting to the present generation some of the books whose names it knows but lacks opportunity of reading. *Illustrated Pocket Classics* is perhaps the not very happy title of an enterprise that has no other blemish. The series includes *MRS. GASKELL's Cranford*, with preface by *MRS. RITCHIE*, who also introduces *MISS MITFORD's Our Village* to an England full of towns. *MR. AUSTIN DOBSON* presents *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and prefaces the *JANE AUSTEN* masterpieces, delight of *MACAULAY*. My Baronite would like to know how far the great critic and bookman's verdict is accepted by a public which delights in *MARIE CAINE* and *HALL CORELLI*. The little volumes, beautifully printed, daintily illustrated by *HUGH THOMPSON* and *CHARLES BROCK*, and issued at a modest price, form of themselves a priceless library.

To a majority the simple Gladstonian postcard is as objectionable as "an open letter." Therefore it is not without a certain feeling of gratification that the Baron recognises in the "Letterettes" of *MESSRS. WALKER & Co.* an attempt at helping to facilitate brevity in correspondence. These "Letterettes" are described by them as "*Handy! Stylish! Economical!*" Now if anything could have set the Baron against this invention it would have been this same styling them "stylish!" "Economical" is another matter where time is money. *BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.*

Note.—In briefly reviewing *The Intrusions of Peggy* last week my Baronite drew a comparison between *Peggy Ryle* and "*Trilby* or *Mimette*." But *Mimette* is a *MRS. HARRIS*; "there ain't no sech a person." The word originally written was "*Muette*," which, after being corrected to "*Mimi*" but, unfortunately, with the "ette" unerased, reappeared as "*Mimette*." A combination-word suggestive of *MURGER's* two single heroines rolled into one.



OXFORD OF THE FUTURE.

Rhodes Scholar U.S.A. (to old-fashioned Lecturer, who has rather overstepped the time limit). "SAY, PROFESSOR, GUESS YOU HAD BETTER QUIT. I'VE GOTTEN AN APPOINTMENT DOWN TOWN!"

[Collapse of O.-F. L. in a dead (language) faint.]

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY falling on a Sunday hurt itself so badly that the festival had to be postponed till Monday the 10th, and if on that evening the Mansion House was as crowded as was the Pavilion, it must have been full indeed. Between the two entertainments—that at the Munching House and "the Pav."—it would be unfair to the former to institute any comparison, though, were Mr. DANIEL LENO elected by universal consent (as of course, could it be put to the vote, he would be) Lord Mayor of London, the Mansion House would have to be enlarged in order to accommodate the guests that would flock to the banquet to hear His Lordship's speech on things in general and nothing in particular, interspersed with a "refrain" occasionally recurring.

A mayor is a person of considerable consequence, but DAN LENO is a personage of the greatest In-consequence. He comes on to tell you how he went with JONES to the Races, and he gives you several family histories and a variety of family portraits, all in due race-course, and brings you safe home, although you had been like to "die o' laughin'" on the road. Then, after a brief interval, kindly allowed in order that the audience may mend their split sides, he returns in such a nondescript costume that, as you regard this "little star," you can't help saying to yourself, "How I wonder what you are!" but before an answer can be given DANIEL has announced that he has re-appeared to give an

imitation of a Robin Redbreast, which he forgets to do until he has wandered through half a hundred various topics, treating them all in his own utterly inimitable and inapproachable style, pausing, after all these flights of fancy, for just one second to "give it to the bird," and then performs the final feat (in which no imitator can come anywhere near him) of taking himself off.

"Laughter holding both her sides!" Why the very walls crack with hilarity, and even the eccentric comedian can hardly hear himself speak, so hilarious is the audience.

So occupied have we been with this eccentric Professor of Inconsequence, that little space is left to tell how good is the entire entertainment, including Lux's Performing Dogs, a talented troupe, exceptionally light-hearted; Mr. GEORGE ROBEY, immensely funny as *Oliver Cromwell*, with his mixture of twentieth century topics, seventeenth century allusions, and fourteenth century expressions; fascinating Miss IDA RENÉ, with her song more "serio" than "comic," reminding us of YVETTE GUILBERT, and all the other amusing "turns" in an entertainment whereof the motto is "one good turn deserves another." The "Pav." is the very place for a Lord Mayor's night, commemorating WHITTINGTON, who, following the advice of the chimes "to turn again," did his "turn" so effectually as to be three times the King of the City east of Temple Bar. The motto of the music-hall must always be "Everything by turns and nothing long." *Vivat Leno!*

CHARIVARIA.

ALTHOUGH the KAISER brought over with him the tallest officer in the German army, we are glad to say that Lord LANSDOWNE made it clear to him that we are not to be frightened into concessions.

It is generally felt that Sir EDWARD GREY might have chosen another time for declaring our "foreign relations" were not satisfactory.

Meanwhile we fear the EMPEROR is in a fair way to forfeit American respect. He is said to have refused an offer to appear on the stage of a first-class Music-Hall as a Quick Change Artist. And this in spite of the fact that the terms mentioned were the highest that have ever been offered to a monarch by a Music Hall.

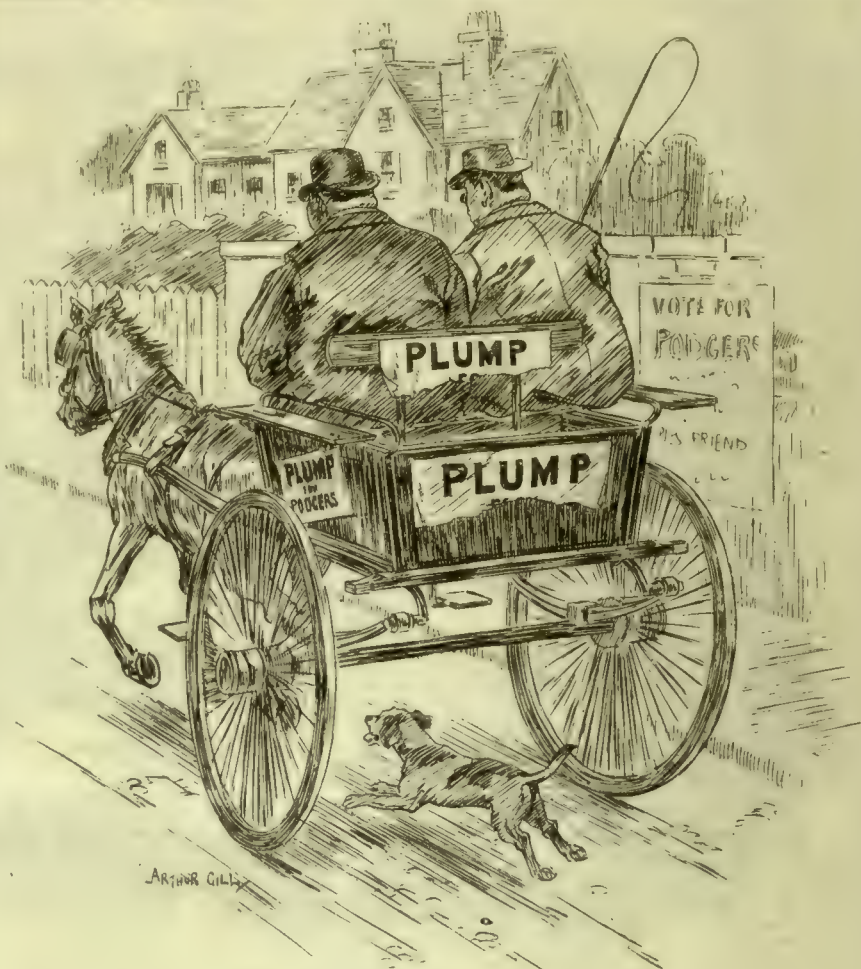
There are certain papers which, while never backward in finding fault with our Navy, always fail to bestow praise where praise has been earned. *Mr. Punch* is not one of these, and would draw attention to the fact that the EMPEROR was escorted to England by six of our torpedo boat-destroyers, not one of which destroyed another, or even itself. Let us hope we shall be able to surprise an enemy as completely in time of war!

By the by, those who say that our seamen are ill fed may be interested to hear that some of the French ships in the Mediterranean have skeleton crews on board.

It has been discovered that in the poorer parts of Sydney horseflesh is being disposed of as butcher's meat. When there was a demand for re-mounts this was not so.

The *Bourse Gazette* of St. Petersburg is desirous of promoting better relations between Russia and England, and has put forward the following suggestion:—"Would it not be better to recognise once and for all that in Afghanistan, as in Persia, China, and throughout Asia, Russia has legitimate interests which threaten nobody? It would be enough for the British to adopt this simple point of view in order that the many questions which give them nightmare might vanish—such as the regulating of the Russo-Afghan frontier relations, and the establishment of a Russian representative in Kabul." *Mr. Punch* is always pleased to welcome a humorous rival.

A Coronation Dinner was eaten last week by the male inhabitants of Brundall, Norfolk. It was cold.



GOING TO THE POLL.

A SKETCH AT OUR URBAN COUNCIL ELECTION.

N.B.—One of the supporters of the rival candidate has been busy with the placards on the trap.

Considerable irritation has been caused in Gurney Street, Newington, by what is looked upon as a miscarriage of justice. A sentence of two months' imprisonment has been passed on a tenant for throwing a landlord downstairs, although the provocation came from the landlord. He had asked for his rent.

An exhibition of dogs trained for war has been held at Frankfort. One dog was created a Sergeant in the German Army, and a General in the British Army.

The Government is ordering several thousand harrows for Boer farmers. It is said that the *Daily News* is delighted at the prospect of describing "More Harrowing Scenes in the Transvaal."

The bulk of the Irish Members continue to stay away from the House of Commons, and Ireland is now less likely

than ever to get Home Rule, as the ennui due to their absence from Westminster is described as almost intolerable.

The great feature of the Lord Mayor's Show this year consisted in seven cars emblematic of the Decay of Pageantry in England.

Quite one of the prettiest decorations on the route was, we hear, to be seen in Petticoat Lane. It took the form of the word "WELCOME," cleverly arranged out of the legs of second-hand trousers.

A Corner in Waste Paper.

A CONTEMPORARY speaks of a person who was arrested the other day at Plymouth charged with "having in his possession forged Bank notes worth £40,000." One trembles to think what they would have been worth if they had not been forged.

LES DEUX ROIS.

LE MYSTÈRE DE WINSOR. RÉVÉLATION COMPLÈTE.

Du moment qu'un roi voyage quelque part, ou s'occupe de quelque chose, nous autres journalistes français, c'est à dire les mieux renseignés comme moi, nous flairons un complot honteux. On a beau dire qu'il s'amuse à la chasse, qu'il passe une huitaine de jours chez des parents, en effet qu'il s'amuse, nous nous moquons de tout ça, nous cherchons la vérité, et nous la trouvons toujours. Ces derniers jours le roi de PORTUGAL est allé à Winsor chez le roi d'ANGLETERRE. Deux rois qui se rencontrent ! On voit immédiatement une belle occasion de flairer quelque chose. Les infâmes journaux d'outre Manche, subventionnés par l'ignoble gouvernement anglais, nous ont raconté un tas de petites histoires de chasses, de tours du propriétaire, de visites aux écuries, au parc, comme si les deux rois n'étaient que de simples *country gentlemen*. Mais moi, HENRI TROFORT, je ne me laisse jamais tromper par les mensonges des journalistes, étant journaliste moi-même. Donc j'ai pénétré le mystère de Winsor. C'est on ne peut plus simple.

La perfide Albion cherche toujours la domination universelle. Donc elle désire le Portugal et toutes ses colonies. Elle est énormément riche ; elle peut offrir des milliards de livres sterling. Mais, en même temps, elle est avare. C'est un pays de négociants, le plus grand et le plus infâme syndicat du monde. Donc elle offre le moins possible.

Il y a quelques mois le roi d'ANGLETERRE est allé visiter l'Île de Man. Pourquoi ? Je vais vous expliquer tout ça. D'abord le nom veut dire l'Île de l'Homme. Qui est cet homme ? C'est un certain Earl CAINE, propriétaire de l'île, qui a reçu le roi d'ANGLETERRE en ami et allié. Ce Comte CAINE est non seulement prince de Man, où il possède un château si énorme qu'on l'appelle "Castletown"—ville du château—mais il est aussi très renommé comme littérateur. C'est lui qui a écrit *Marie Corelli*, et plusieurs autres romans. Et où est-il dans ce moment ? Le malheureux Comte, privé de sa principauté et chassé de ses terres, a languï pendant des mois dans la "Maison des Clefs," prison publique de l'île. Enfin il a pu s'évader, et se réfugier au sein de la grande République de l'Ouest. Il demeure à présent, en souverain exilé, aux États Unis. Et les Anglais, ayant saisi son territoire, échangera l'Île de Man contre le Royaume de Portugal et toutes ses colonies.

Voyez-vous, c'est tout ce qu'il y a de plus simple. Ça saute aux yeux. Mais



Bill. "ULLO, SALLY, GOIN' TO THE THEATYER?"

Sally (who is wearing her big sister's hat). "'COURSE I ain't."

Bill. "HO, I THOET F'RAPS YOU WOS, FROM YER MATINAY 'AT!"

je suis seul à flairer la vraie explication du mystère de Winsor ! Le Duc de LANSDOWN, Ministre des Affaires Étrangères, et le Marquis de SOVERAL, Ministre portugais, ont assisté aux "chasses" selon les abominables et mensongers journaux londoniens.

Non seulement ça. Le roi d'ANGLETERRE a tenu ouvertement un conseil. Pourquoi ? Evidemment pour arranger l'échange. Et un seul ministre est venu de Londres. Lequel ? Non pas BALLFORD, qui est uniquement occupé de son projet d'éducation, pour enseigner l'ignoble jeu de "golfe" aux innocents enfants d'honnêtes *"noncomeforemistes."* Lequel, alors ? le Duc de DEWONSHIRE. Naturellement. Il dort toujours, et par conséquent il n'entend rien. A la fin du conseil on l'éveille, il signifie son

adhésion au procès-verbal de la séance en criant "*Hip, hip, hourra!*" à la mode anglaise, et tout est fini.

Vous allez voir bientôt si j'ai raison. Ou le roi de Portugal ira à l'Île de Man, ou il n'y ira pas. S'il y va, c'est qu'il la possédera ouvertement. S'il n'y va pas, c'est qu'il la possédera secrètement. Ainsi dans aucun cas je suis sûr de ne pas me tromper. D'ailleurs je ne me trompe jamais.

Et notre misérable gouvernement ne s'en occupe point. L'ignoble LOUBET, l'infâme COMBES, l'exécration PELLETAN, qu'est-ce qu'ils font ? Ils ne font rien ! Ils n'essaient pas d'aider le malheureux Earl CAINE. Ils diminuent même la flotte française. Et moi, seul patriote français, j'ai beau crier "Au voleur !"

HENRI TROFORT.

"HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA."

[Being an intelligent anticipation of certain spasms of emotion likely to occur on H.M.S. *Good Hope*, southward bound, in Lat. 37° 16', the region, broadly speaking, where this kind of outburst has become a hallowed tradition. Consult the works of MESSRS. ROBERT BROWNING, HENRY NEWBOLT, &c.]

Aloof upon the silent prow
His lonely watch he kept;
Across the night from left to right
The constellations crept;
Lashed to his larboard button-hole
A withered orchid slept.

His civil retinue had passed
Each to his cabin'd crib;
As on she strained the vessel sprained
From time to time a rib;
A little more of this, and she
Would be inclined to Gib.

What is it sets the old sea-dog
A-prowling to and fro?
Say, does he muse of the boilers' flues
About to burst below,
And roughly reckon whereabouts
His fractured frame will go!

Or is it some less poignant theme
That holds his thought in fee—
As how to tell the safest spell
For keeping cigars at sea?
Or why the deep and men's insides
Are apt to disagree?

Does Biscay's memory, strangely green,
Obsess him even now?
Can that be why with pensive eye
He promenades the prow,
Letting the night-wind play upon
His rudely furrowed brow?

Or does the neighbourhood recall
His flag's historic star—
The bloody fray in Vigo Bay,
The rout of Trafalgar,
And other local feats that went
To make us what we are?

Does he rehearse that heavy task
The future has in store?
Does he devise some rich surprise
To stagger Afric's shore?
Or deem De Wet has spoilt his pitch
By going on before?

O no! On other flights than these
His winged fancies fleet;
They double back along his track
To where the Commons meet;
And he wonders whether the Cabinet
Remarks his vacant seat!

And as a mother yearns to keep
Her wayward boy in sight,
Nursing the fear that he may sheer
Off from the path of right,
He asks of the unresponsive seas,
Where is that Bill to-night?

O. S.

Second Standard.

Q. What is a river?

A. A river is a piece of water jutting out into the sea.

"UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS."

Old Nursery Rhyme.

IN *Lyre and Lancet*, the amusing comedy in two Acts by F. ANSTEY and F. KINSEY PEILE, recently brought out at the Royalty Theatre, there are twenty-six genuinely distinct "characters," and every one of them with something to say and do essential to the action of the play, which is simply a "Comedy of Errors." The incidents, however, are purely farcical, as are those in *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Hundred Pound Note*, or *The Clandestine Marriage*, which are all on the borderland between low comedy and broad farce. The First Act goes with first a ripple and then a roar of laughter, and the curtain is raised for Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS, excellent as the Vet.; for Mr. COSMO STUART as the Minor Poet, a clever rendering of an eccentric rôle; for Miss TALBOT, Miss YOUNG, Miss HELEN FERRERS, Miss MABEL BEARDSLEY, Mr. GERALD GURNEY; Mr. FITZROY MORGAN, uncommonly good as the empty-headed, sporting, practical-joke-player; and for Mr. WYES, inimitable as *Tredwell* the Butler at Wyvern Court, who must be an elder brother of that other Butler who is now the hero of *The Admirable Crichton*. A study in stage Butlers would be instructive.

In the Second Act, which goes along briskly, though not quite up to the high-pressure of the First, Miss WOOLGAR MELLON gives a sharp sketch of a scullery-maid that might be twin sister to Miss PATTIE BROWNE's highly coloured *Twenny* at the Duke of York's; Miss DOROTHY CHESTER, Miss SOPHIE LONGWOOD, and Miss S. FRANCIS distinguish themselves as the "three little maids," not "from school," but quite at home in *The Servants' Hall at Wyvern*, where perfect *Mrs. Pomfret* (Miss KATHARINE STEWART), the Housekeeper, reigns supreme. Master VANE, as the Steward's Room Boy, is capital, but the gem of this High Life Belowstairs scene is the stud-groom *Adams*, as rendered by Mr. LITLEDAL POWER. Only why that straw perpetually in his mouth? Is it "the last straw" which, as proverbially fatal to an animal, he prefers to keep in his own possession? But surely there are no camels in the Wyvern stable?

All are good, whether in First or Second Act, and a more effective finish, with the country dance and dialogue in verse to suit the music, a situation most ingeniously arrived at by the authors, could not possibly have been devised.

More than a word of praise is due to Mr. E. G. BANKS for his cleverly arranged and very effective scene, "*The Morning Room at Wyvern Court*," in Act I., as the Royalty stage is on a very miniature scale for such a *tableau*.

CONCERNING GIFTS.

DAPHNE, ah! what present shall I bring,
As a pledge and token of my passion?
No vain trinket, necklace, brooch or ring—
After vulgar wooers' foolish fashion!
Gifts like those can never be the sign,
DAPHNE, of a love as strong as mine.

I would seek an offering—precious, rare,
Fraught with mystic magic, to betoken
Fragrant thoughts, intangible as air—
Hopes too full for words that can be spoken.
Such a gift I crave, wherewith to pay
Homage, DAPHNE, to your natal day.

So with scornful discontent I ban
Costly bauble—casket, gem or jewel—
While the Stores impatiently I scan
For an apter type of love's renewal;
Until in despair (each year the same)
I select—another photo-frame.

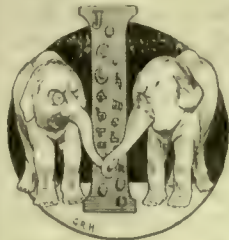


He. "D' YOU THINK YOU COULD SING 'FOR EVER AND FOR EVER'?"
 She. "WELL, I DON'T THINK SO. I'M ONLY DOWN HERE FOR THE WEEK-END."



THE SO-SO STORIES.

III.—THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD.



full of 'satisfiable impudence. He was a source of secret but sempiternal anxiety to his uncle the Dozy Pachyderm until he retired into the Hatfield Wild Woods; and he kept his foster-brother, the ARTHURB, on thorns, in spite of the succulent and salubrious affection that subsisted between them (isn't "subsist" a nice word, Dearly Beloved?) But when it came to his more distant relatives! He insulted

his great uncle the PLANTA GENISTA Jumbo so much that he retired permanently to his fireside in the New Forest. He abused his second cousins, the Misses TABERNACK—MISS HENRIETTA and Miss CAMILLA, you know—so dreadfully that they fell ill of a twinsky and had to be dosed with Epsom salts; and he was so unkind to his sensitive relative, Peer the Ploughman, that the poor fellow had to be given a new Chesterfield coat and a bunch of Neapolitan violets. And still the Elephant's child was full of 'satisfiable impudence.

One fine morning in the middle of the equinoctial session, when all the Menagerie were eating Cabinet pudding with Education sauce, together, the young Elephant suddenly asked, "Where do the Cape Gooseberries grow?"

Then everybody said in a loud and unanimous chorus, "In South Africa, stupid; why don't you go and sample them yourself?"

So the Elephant's child immediately took

- 23 Saratoga trunks;
- 10 Long spoons;
- 13 Squeezed sponges in hermetically sealed sponge bags;
- 1 Aristocratic private secretary;
- 1 Man-of-War;
- and a long farewell of Birmingham;

and said to his weeping colleagues, "Good-bye, I am going on a wild Cape Gooseberry chase to enlarge my mind and examine my MILNER."

And they all cordially approved of his plan and wished they were as lucky, being very tired of Cabinet pudding and Education sauce, and they gave him a sumptuous and sonorous dinner and went to see him off, crying, "Don't come back too soon."

So off he sailed in the man-of-war to Durban, and from Durban he went to Bloemfontein, and from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. And the first thing he found at Pretoria was a highly educated Balliol bi-lingual Rock Python in a state of great suspensionist animation.

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's child in his politest Parliamentary manner, "but have you seen such a thing as a gigantic Cape gooseberry all a-blowing and a-growing in these Pretorian regions?"

"Have I seen a Cape gooseberry?" said the Rock Python, with an agonised and academic inflection. "Great Markham's History, what will you ask me next? Why, I see nothing else."

So the young Elephant said good-bye to the bi-lingual Rock Python and went on to Johannesburg, and there the first thing he heard was the groans of a gay and gilded Crocodile, who was concealed in a deep level, shedding copious tears over his desolate and impetuous condition.

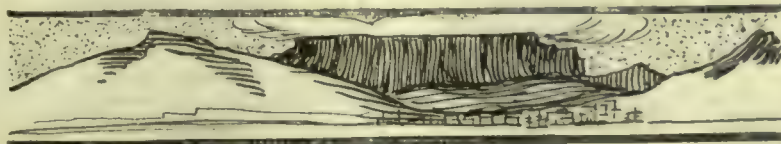
"Scuse me," said the Elephant's child, in his most urbane accents, "but do you happen to have seen a great gooseberry in these penurious and pestiferous parts?"

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and said, "Come hither, little one, why do you ask such things?"

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's child, "but I can't get any reliable information at home, and my uncles and aunts won't have anything to say to me. So I came to look for myself and forget Education sauce."

"Come hither," said the Crocodile, "for I am the proprietor of the gooseberry you are looking for."

Then the Elephant's child incautiously put his leg down into the deep level, and the Crocodile caught him by the leg and began to pull it with extreme pertinacity and power. Whereon the Elephant's child was much annoyed, and



"He insulted his great uncle the Planta Genista Jumbo so much that he retired permanently to his fireside in the New Forest."

said, "Let go, you are pulling my leg in the most audacious way. Your BEIT is as bad as your bark."

Then the bi-lingual Balliol aristocratic Rock Python uncoiled himself from an adjacent pedestal and observed, "My venerable but impulsive friend, if you do not immediately extricate your nether limb from the jaws of that vociferous and voracious Helot, I feel pretty certain that, before you can say J. B. ROBINSON, he will elongate your slim and elegant figure to such an extent that your fond relatives will hardly

know you. And having done so, perhaps you had better return to your own orchidaceous preserves, and ponder awhile upon the leg-pulling capacities of these southern and Semitic regions."

Whereupon the Elephant's child whistled to his man-of-war, and hastening to his native haunts, resumed the consumption of Cabinet pudding, accompanied however by less unpalatable sauce than when he left. And that, Dearly Beloved, is the true story of the Great Mission.



"Let go! You are pulling my leg in the most audacious way!"

THE RAVENS.

(After Mr. Seton Merriman.)

I.

THE four men had sat in silence for as many hours. What their thoughts were, who can say? Do we always know our own? Of all the strange company that the little room at the back of the bird-stuffer's shop in Fenchurch Street had seen, this was surely the strangest.

A man in a fur coat, with gold crowns on his buttons, after the fashion of Eastern Europe, was the first to speak.

"We are all agreed," he said in a cheerful voice, through which vibrated a deep melancholy—heaven help the country whose men speak cheerfully in melancholy accents—"we are all agreed that the hour has come?"

A man in a workman's blouse, whose name had before now lighted the fires of war through half a continent, assented wearily.

"We are ready," he said, as he made a pyramid of bombs on the table, "if the People will do their share. But one can never be quite sure of the People, *mon ami*. Yet we have left as few points unguarded as possible. It may be well to go through our plans once more before we separate."

The four men drew closer together

round the table, while their leader drew a map of Europe from his pocket.

"Our object, as you know," he said, "is to create a slight disturbance—nothing that can be called criminal, and nothing that can be attributed to the work of secret societies. We have at our disposal ten bombs," and he laid his hand lightly on them. "One is to be placed in the centre of the Newski Prospect; another in the railway station at Moscow; the students at the University have undertaken another; and I have here a telegram from Father PETER, of Odessa, promising to cherish another. Prince ASTRAKHAN has made himself responsible for one, and I sent reply-postcards to the French, German and Italian Brotherhoods asking a similar favour. All, I am glad to say, are willing to oblige us in this matter. We will provide homes for the remaining two among ourselves."

There was silence for some minutes after he had finished speaking. There was nothing to be said in criticism of so simple and yet masterly a scheme.

From the adjoining shop came the croak of a bird of prey. A slight pallor, quickly erased, suffused the brow of the chairman.

"A foolish association of ideas," he said. "For the moment I thought it must be one of the Ravens."

A keen, dark-eyed man with a curiously sweet voice added the finishing touch.

"And the bombs," he said simply, "will be sent to the Army and Navy Stores to be packed by skilled workmen. They will be at Victoria Station on Tuesday evening in time for the night train to Dover."

And they all walked unostentatiously out of the dingy shop into the roar of the London traffic, as, in days gone by, their ancestors had unostentatiously mounted thrones—or scaffolds—in the cause of Freedom.

(To be continued.)

A RAINBOW BATTERY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The current Mail Imparts the strangely moving tale That, seeking what might best avail

To keep our troops un-spotted,
Some genius did, of late, devise
A Battery painted rainbow-wise,
Which beats the most attentive eyes,
Even when being trotted.

Sir, I perhaps need hardly say,
If a disguise so strangely gay
Conceals our guns in open day

And renders them immune, it's
The Public's right to have the plan
Tested as widely as we can—
All I would urge is, leave the man
Alone, and stick to Units.

Thus, having sealed a pattern shape,
You let the individual drape
His manly form, from foot to nape,
In any shade he fancies;
While, as for stuff, the varied tints
Would go with anything from prints
To cretonne, Harris tweeds, and chintz,
As fits the circumstances.

And when throughout the ranks you get
The bilious, florid, blonde, brunette,
Arrayed in uniform, and yet

In colours *per complexion*,
The total blend, of every hue
From Crimson Lake to Prussian Blue,
Should, if the papers tell us true,
Simply defy detection.

The Officer, tho' dressed to match,
Should have a huge, obtrusive patch
Of something stuck in rear, to catch
The eye that wants to find him;
By this a double debt you pay;
He simply *has* to "face" the fray:—
For if he turns to run away,
Think of the "mark" behind him!

As for recruits, I understand
Supply is far below demand;
But once let TOMMY's form expand

In fancy-coloured suiting,
Why, obviously, there you are!
It would assuredly go far
To "make the army popular,"
And stimulate recruiting!

DUM-DUM.

A LAMENT FROM THE LINKS.

[Mr. J. L. Low, the golfing expert, in a recent article makes use of two new terms: "dunch" (a peculiar digging stroke) and "flub"—presumably the American for fizzle.]

You ask what makes my cheek so wan,
What dims my lustrous eye,
Why I deliberately don
An unbecoming tie?
Why when I saunter to my club
I sit alone and grunch?
My friend, it is the fatal flub,
It is the deadly dunch.

My waggle satisfaction gives,
My swing is free and fine,
No golfer boasts of expletives
A richer store than mine.
Yet do not for these reasons dub
Me happy, Mr. Punch,
For I'm infected by the flub,
Distracted by the dunch.

In vain I seek the means to win
Remission of my ill:
I've tried sloe gin, phenacetin,
White port and salicyl.
I've tried ammonia in my tub,
Hot water after lunch;
But man, alas! is born to flub,
Predestinate to dunch.

And yet, though desperately tried,
It mitigates my woes.
To find my symptoms coincide
With Mr. JOHNNY LOW'S;
To learn that at the golfing hub
The pick of all the bunch
Are just as apt as I to flub,
And just as sure to dunch.

Hints for Housewives.

WHAT to do with yesterday's mutton.
—Eat it yesterday.

Soups should be made the day before
they are required—never the day after.

For keeping the bed deliciously cool
in the summer months there is nothing
like sleeping on the sofa.

To make people feel at home.—Visit
them at their own houses.

To prevent sunburn.—Keep in the
shade.

The best thing to do if you desire to
have soft white hands.—Nothing.

OFFICIAL METHODS.

It is anticipated that the official
reports of the War Commission will
exert a wholesome influence on the Press
of the country, and that in place of
detailed accounts of contemporary events,
the daily and weekly papers will ultimately
publish their news in some such
form as the following:—

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who
is many years of age and looks younger,
and who has had much experience of



NOTHING IF NOT CLASSICAL.

Free Kirk Grocer. "AN' HOO MONY O' THE APPLES HAVE YE EATEN ON THE ROAD, SANDY?"
Sandy (a youth of promise in Standard VI). "ET TWO BRUTE!"

clerical and scholastic work during the
past half-century as assistant master,
head master, parish priest, Inspector of
Schools, Bishop, Archbishop, &c., spoke
on the Education Bill.

Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, M.P., who
recently succeeded his uncle as Prime
Minister of England, and who has led
the House of Commons longer and
farther than most men—who is also
believed to have gained valuable experi-
ence on the golf links, made some
suggestions as to mendacity, prevarica-
tion, misstatement and the like.

The House of Commons, an institution
gradually becoming known to the people
of the country, met yesterday. The
sitting took place at Westminster (a

city adjoining, and not less important
than, the City of London), and lasted a
number of hours. Several Members
spoke.

The Budget has been introduced, and
some new taxes have been imposed.
The Income Tax is altered.

The cricket match between Australia
and England concluded yesterday.

The match for the America Cup—a
trophy given for the best racing yacht
—has been decided.

The University Boat-race came off on
Saturday.

A "strike"—that is to say a concerted
cessation from work on the part of men
employed in a common occupation—has
been in progress in America.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. IV.—IN SOCIETY.

I AM not responsible for the meaning usually attached to the word "Society." I suppose, as a matter of fact, the satirists invented it and the aspirers agreed to recognise it. The former wanted something to lash. At that remote time neither Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN on the one hand, nor, on the other, Mr. HALL CAINE and Miss MARIE CORELLI, had been born. All ingenuity therefore was diverted to creating a monstrous agglomeration of brainless and chattering beings to be called Society and to be taught by slings and arrows to know its proper place at the tip-top of the social ladder. Society, of course, not having a thought to spare never gave one to the question. It just went on—you see I am now assuming that it actually exists—fribbles inviting other fribbles to dinners, theatre-parties, suppers, balls, Hurlingham, receptions and the rest of the giddy round of pleasure, snapping out their silly catch-phrases at one another, flying off occasionally to Monte Carlo (it's called Monte for short), eventually taking possession of the great game of Bridge and puckering their foolish foreheads over its amazing intricacies, and never doing a single hand's turn of decent honest work in the whole course of their useless and preposterous lives.

But the aspirers had got what they wanted—an object for their ambition, something that they could toil for and spin for. The stupidity of the thing didn't affect them in the least: all they cared to know was that it was at the top. Having once assured themselves of that, they felt bound to be of it and in it without any regard to consequences. Avaricious men of the aspiring class flung their money about like water; stout matrons, whose days might have been spent in comfort and their nights in sleep, plunged into the whirlpool and grew as skittish as young minnows; poor girls whom steady men of trade were pining to make their mates, began to turn up their noses at anything under a guardsman or a Foreign Office clerk, and fresh-looking youngsters intended by destiny for careers of commerce or law, in which clothes count but little, devoted all the time that they could spare from vapid flirtations and inane evening parties to the selection of ties, coats and trousers and waistcoats, and to the invention of collars and Society slang.

Of course I know that there are people so lost to every sense of decency as to hold all this is not necessarily Society. I myself used to think that we were all right up in Glen-Edward's Avenue. We were quite happy—at least we thought we were. We paid our rent and our rates, and grumbled no more than was proper for good honest constitutional Conservatives. Our girls looked pretty in their fal-lals, our boys went to their businesses and occupations day in and day out, and our wives, bless their ample hearts, rated their cooks, suspected their butchers, and brought up their families much as their mothers and grandmothers had done before them. We had plenty of what we then called society—it was in the days of our shining innocence—and we really enjoyed it. There were some agreeable rectors and vicars, a few amiable curates not above taking their share in the little amusements of our circle, and quite a sprinkling of gentlemen attached to journals, men who had either written articles that had been printed, or were thinking of writing them, and wondering who was to be privileged to produce them. We had a statistician, a fellow of the Geographical Society, and two fellows of the Zoological Society, who were very useful with Sunday tickets for the children. London roared at our feet with its various theatres, and for the higher culture we had the literary and artistic institutions of Hampstead, a region into which our energies extended.

Then there was our Happy Evenings Society, with which was incorporated the Book and Magazine Club. Wednesdays were appointed for the happy evenings, that day of the week having been chosen in deference to HOBSON, who had an uncle in the House of Commons, and thought he might be able, as he expressed it, to bring the old buffer along with him occasionally if we fixed Wednesday, which was the evening off for M.P.'s in the ante-week-end period. The old buffer did come once, and held us all spell-bound on the subject of out-door relief—but HOBSON never asked him again. We took turns to meet, men and women, in one another's drawing-rooms at 8.30 and stayed till 10, paying one another little cheerful expected compliments, or listening to the girls while they sang bits of ballads, and saying, "Thank you so much. Who did you say composed that?" when the song was finished. Sherry and cake were always on the table in the dining-room, sometimes sandwiches, and often creams and jellies in wine-glasses; and the young fellows were always very polite in offering their arms first to the matrons and taking them off for refreshments any time after 9.30. And when it was all over we put on our boots in the passage, popped our pumps into our overcoat pockets, and, having helped the ladies on with their cloaks and shawls, trudged home as merry and contented as we could be. Oh, yes, those were delightful days.

Of course the Book and Magazine Club wasn't what you would call a hurrying concern—but you never had to wait more than six weeks and might not have to wait more than a fortnight for *Cornhill* or *Blackwood's*, and you might be fairly sure of getting a biography or a book of travel—we didn't bother about novels or poetry—within a year after publication. We knew we were bound to get them some time or other, so we could afford to wait. And if anyone asked us if we had read some celebrated book we didn't have to pretend we had: we replied "Not yet: let me see, there's the Vicar and HOBSON and Mrs. BODDINGTON before me. I shall have it in six weeks from now," a fortnight being the limit of time fixed for keeping any book. Of course our etiquette was strict. We kept the rules about calling and being called on in return, and we took off hats in a very dignified way when we met a gentleman we knew walking with a lady we didn't know. Altogether we were very happy. But there came a serpent into our midst. I must tell the painful story next week.

(To be continued.)

AT A HEALTH RESORT.

First Elderly Lady (in a hoarse voice). Poor dear Mrs. WHEEZER is quite worn out to-day.

Second Elderly Lady (through a respirator). Her husband died last night.

First E. L. Yes, poor dear! She says he woke her up several times to tell her how ill he felt.

Second E. L. Men always make such a fuss about themselves.

First E. L. (in the tone of one who tries to be just). So they do—still—you know, my dear—the weather!—and—after all, he died.

Second E. L. (impatiently). Yes, yes. I know. Very trying for him. (Then, reluctantly) And of course—as you say—the weather!

At a recent trial a witness was called, described as a "traveller in whisky." Had he been a traveller in liquor, it is questionable whether he would have been a competent witness, unless the Judge held that "*in vino veritas*" covered the case in question.



Husband. "LOOK OUT, KITTY. THERE ARE SOME BIRDS JUST IN FRONT OF YOU!"

Wife (out for the first time). "THEN, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, KEEPER, CALL THAT SILLY DOG OF YOURS! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S STANDING RIGHT IN MY WAY?"

THE ALL-PERVADING.

[The Editor of *King and Country* tells us that he has been "endeavouring to get a new patriotic poem for the first number from the poets of to-day, but up to the present he has obtained nothing worthy of the name." He therefore gives us his own adaptation from the German of ARNDT called *The Briton's Motherland*.]

WITHIN my patriotic breast
My loyal spirit glowed;
It cried aloud to be expressed,
It clamoured for an ode;
It craved a living song to tell
Of country, King and Queen,
And, incidentally, to sell
My half-crown magazine.

My thoughts turned Putneywards: if he,
Who fulminated in the *Times*
Against the Boers, would write for me
Some adjectival rhymes—
I called, but to receive regrets:
"Too busy. When you rang
I was selecting epithets
To hurl at ANDR-W L-NG."

Next R-DY-RD K-PL-NG I addressed,
And he replied: "I send
A patriotic piece—the best
I ever yet have penned.
The thirstiest here may drink his fill
Of patriotic pride."
I read it, but my spirit still
Remained unsatisfied.

Then A-ST-N tried his laureate hand:

The lion oped his jaws,
Stiffened his mane, as usual, and
Did something with his claws.
But though each anatomic part
So loyally behaved,
My yet more patriotic heart
Still fresh gymnastics craved.

The minor poets next I tried,
And slowly waded through
The hundred thousand old supplied
By generous *Who's Who*?
But even in his boldest flights
Not one had ever flown
Up to the aerated heights
In which I breathe alone.

So, finding Britain barren ground,
"I'll go abroad," I thought,
And in the page of ARNDT I found
The very thing I sought.
Alas! that patriotic fire
And songs to suit the Free,
Like all things else which we require,
Are made in Germany.

THE annual Westminster Play is given by the scholars in the Dormitory, "temporarily transformed into a theatre." How often, under the influence of a soporific drama, have we seen a theatre temporarily transformed into a dormitory!

THE ANGLO-GREEK ENTENTE.

Mr. Punch has pleasure in publishing, on the authority of one of His Majesty's Middies, a selection of Hellenic wine-shop advertisements, put up to allure the trusting British sailor on the occasion of a recent visit paid to Nauplia by our Channel and Cruiser Squadrons. Much may be done in the way of diplomacy, as Lord ROSEBURY so happily hinted, by an occasional Conference at a wayside inn.

UNION JAG.—The Gretest Restahrant in Greece.

COME COME COME BOYS to this English Public House Where all drinking are found Viz Beer Lemonade wines liquors and all sorts of things to the English Tast A Pint will oblige.

CONCERT JOHN BROWN Shiling for a juges and 8d. Glass Long life Edwar king.

WELL COME NOBLE SAILORS Wine is sold here Wine agence.

GREAT CONCERT ALABRA Consert beautiful dansin and sinkin Place every kind of drink is to be found Enklish well spokn.

TO THE ENGLIS NAVE well come UNION JACK

TEETH extrated momentarily and without acke

CONCERT RAMILLIES British Arms Triomphed in the Transvaal



Master. "SHORT RUNNING FOX, WILL. WHERE'S HE MAKING FOR, DO YOU THINK?"
Will (who suspects a bagman). "TRYING TO FIND 'IS WAY 'OME, SIR -LEADEN'ALL MARKET."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. BRODRICK has stated that the contributions from foreign sympathisers would have kept the Concentration Camps going for exactly six hours. This has been stigmatised by the foreign newspapers as characteristic of the campaign of lies that is being carried on by Great Britain. They prove conclusively that the correct figure should be nearly double that mentioned.

A cruel proposal has been put forward by one of the German newspapers. It is that in future our country should be referred to, not as Great Britain, but merely as Britain.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has aroused much ill-feeling by refusing permission to reporters to accompany him on his shooting expedition. He asserts that "they scare the game." It should be explained that in America the crow is considered to afford excellent sport.

The French Government has instituted proceedings against the manufacturers of chocolate cigars. "The French laws forbid imitations of tobacco, which is a Government monopoly," explains a

contemporary. There is an amusing misprint here, "Is" should, of course, be "are."

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM says he knows nothing of the engagement between himself and the daughter of the Emperor of JAPAN which has been arranged by the American Press.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has bequeathed his brains to a gentleman who is making a collection of similar relics for scientific investigation. This official statement puts an end to the cruel rumour that the Professor had already parted with them.

Much irritation continues to be expressed in India at the way the MAD MULLAH Campaign was bungled by the Foreign Office, owing to insufficient troops being employed at the outset. To show how things ought to be done, the Indian column which is operating against the Waziris has begun by asking for reinforcements.

Terrific dust-storms have visited Australia, and so strong was the general opinion that the end of the world had come that many politicians among them

were sorry their Colonies' indebtedness was not still greater.

THE Policeman who has "taken up" poetry has been interviewed. "The ideas come to me when I am out at night," he has explained. "And you cannot prevent ideas entering your head." The constable must not abandon hope. Doctors are very clever nowadays.

By-the-by, the introductory poem in the constable's little book of verse declares that "The work was most done on his feet." We should have expected a bigger volume.

In Ireland the cold is more severe than has been experienced for many years, and the VICEROY has gone to Ulster.

Quality Street was performed last week before a delighted and distinguished audience at Windsor Castle, and is to be re-named *Quality's Treat*.

There has been a fire at the Amsterdam Zoological Gardens. It is said to have been caused by a careless smoker, who threw away an unextinguished match, which lighted the tapir.



ABOARD ! ABOARD !

Polonius . . . Mr. JOHN BULL.

Laertes . . . RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MD-RL-N.

POLONIUS.

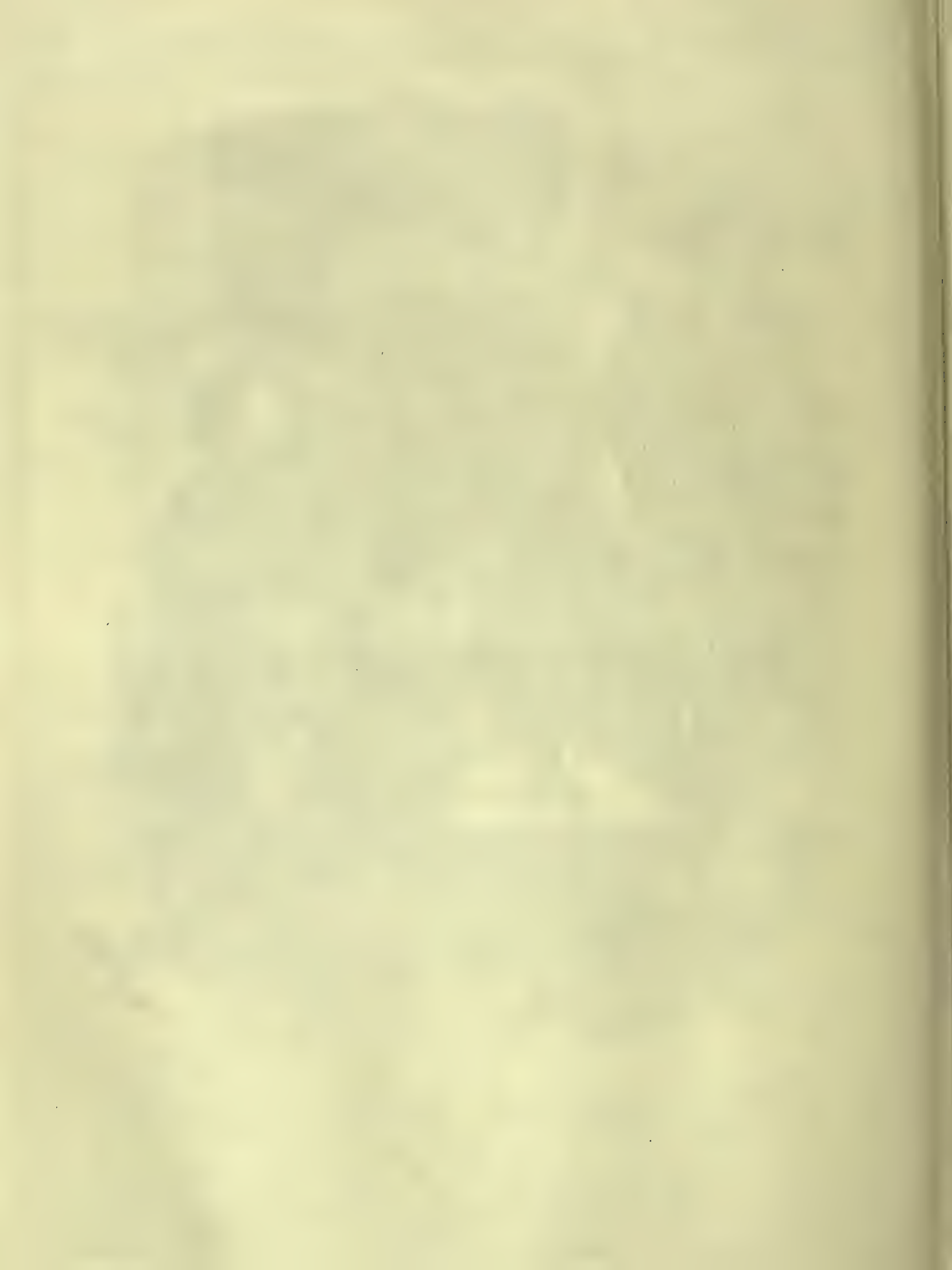
THERE, MY BLESSING WITH THEE !

AND THESE FEW PRECEPTS IN THY MEMORY

SEE THOU CHARÁCTER

GIVE EVERY MAN THY EAR, BUT FEW THY VOICE

TAKE EACH MAN'S CENSURE, BUT RESERVE THY JUDGMENT.—*Hamlet*, Act I, Scene 3.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 17.
—Majority of Members have hitherto maintained fair appearance of under-

DILKE assure PRINCE ARTHUR that he could not understand the much-mangled clause! It is true he softened the blow by adding that no other man in the House could work out the complicated sum it presented. Should have been

CHARLES DILKE feared to tread. Had drafted amendment to new clause. When he rose to move it, discovered his manuscript copy was a-missing.

"I am afraid, Mr. Chairman," he said anxiously, "as I haven't got copy of amendment with me I can't move it. I lent it to an hon. Member, who has not returned it." At this moment a guilty figure crawled up and handed piece of paper to SINCLAIR, who had shown no sign of resuming his seat.

"Ah, here it is," he said.

Presently began to wish it hadn't been there. As far as Committee could make out he was impartially inclined to make the proposed grant from the Imperial Exchequer less or more. Sometimes he said less, anon more.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL's reply, enfeebled by this uncertainty, further obscured the issue. SINCLAIR looked furtively towards the door; murmured something about "a meeting upstairs;" LOWTHER, as usual equal to emergency, threw a burst of energy into the remark, "The question is that the amendment be withdrawn. The amendment by leave withdrawn," he rapidly added.

SINCLAIR heaved a sigh of relief, withdrew, presumably to join meeting upstairs. Certainly has not since been seen in Committee.

Business done.—New Finance Clause Education Bill through Committee.

Tuesday night.—House learns with provoking equanimity news flashed over land and sea that DON'T KEIR HARDIE has been arrested by the Brussels police. Generally recognised that it was the cap and comforter that did it. Police in neighbourhood of Palace Yard have grown accustomed to the eccentricity. For some who know their DICKENS the worsted comforter brings pleasant recollections of poor Trotty Veck going down the slide with the boys at Christmas-time, the ends of his comforter flying in the crisp air.

Apart from cap and comforter, and a little truculence about the tightness of his trouser leg, the Member for Merthyr Tydvil is the mildest-mannered man that ever posed as leader of a mob. His career a warning to ambitious youth. He started on too lofty a note. Never lived up to the brake in which, regardless of expense, he came down to take his seat in the Parliament elected ten years ago. As the equipage drove along the Embankment the hon. Member and his escort were mistaken for a company of beanfeasters, an illusion strengthened by the frantic efforts of the band. The new Member's heart's desire was that, descending at the gate of Westminster Hall, he should march its full length to the entrance door of the House, accompanied by his bodyguard, with trumpets also and shawms.



AN EDUCATIONAL "PAS-DE-TROIS."—EMINENT EX-SCHOOLMASTERS.
(Mr. M-cn-m-ra, Mr. Y-x-ll, and Mr. Ern-st Gr-y.)

standing intricacies of Education Bill. Have sat out long addresses from MACNAMARA, YOXALL, ERNEST GRAY, and other eminent, though retired, schoolmasters. When, the other night, MACNAMARA, carried away on the flood of volubility, fancying himself back in old scene, observed, "But I don't want to weary the children," hon. Members politely murmured, "Oh, go on." Which he did.

To-night a flush of hope and pleasure mantled corrugated brows. Resuming Committee on Bill, PRINCE ARTHUR moved new clause dealing with the grant in aid. Even as he spoke, further vacillation was indicated by announcement of considerable change in the clause, printed only on Saturday morning, amending the old one standing on the Paper these many weeks. At this juncture DILKE interposed. Belated Members sat bolt upright. Now they would know all about it; dark places would be made clear. Well-known Parliamentary axiom, "If when occasion for reference to fact or figure arises and you haven't got a copy of *Encyclopædia Britannica* in your waistcoat pocket, consult DILKE." He's sure to know.

Committee almost paralysed to hear

printed in time to pass on conundrum to local authorities and obtain their solution.

Unwarned by this paralysing confession, LOUIS SINCLAIR rushed in where



"Heaved a sigh of relief and withdrew."
(Mr. L-s Snel-r.)

The police, utterly devoid of imagination, wouldn't even let the brake into Palace Yard. Member for West Ham, as he then was, had to approach House in ordinary fashion, dependent for distinction entirely on tweed cap and the legacy of *Trotty Veek's* comforter.

Really an amiable, kind-hearted, gentle-mannered man, who wouldn't kill a fly, much less a throned monarch, DON'T KEIR HARDIE speedily succumbed to the subtle, persistent influence of the House, which in the end rounds off all studied eccentricities, puts more or less thin veneer of gentlemanhood on the worst-bred manner. Once or twice in early days HARDIE thrust his Don't Keirness in the face of the House. Instead of being terrified it smiled. By-and-by the Socialist subsided. He furtively put away his worsted comforter, and one hot summer day presented himself in a large silk necktie. It is true it was blood-red in colour. That was a detail quite as probably due to æsthetic taste as to adherence to republican principles.

Been so little to the fore of late, Members almost forgotten he was one of them. And now comes news that, engaged in visiting capitals of Europe, as if he were a deposed monarch or a Boer General, the sapient Brussels police descend upon him and arrest him on suspicion of complicity in the attempt to assassinate King LEOPOLD! Rarely has the irony of fate taken so purely comic a turn, anticipatory of Christmas pantomime.

Business done.—Rattling off Education Bill.

Friday night.—"And what do you think of it?" Don José asked, coming upon me in the Library deep in *The Memoirs of Paul Kruger*, which the enterprise of FISHER UNWIN has secured for English readers.

"I find it profoundly interesting," I said. "Revelation of a notable man by his own hand. The more interesting since, slim to the last, he doesn't want to tell you anything you don't know. In the two volumes there are two KRUGERS; the shrewd burgher and the sly statesman. Of the two one prefers the first, of whom there is something frankly told. When he is writing of his private life, especially its earlier term, the narrative fascinates by its simplicity. 'My parents were simple farmers, and I grew up at the farm like other farmers' lads, looking after the herds and lending a hand in the fields.' In very childhood was rooted what came to be the dominating force in the old Boer's life—hatred of the English. Out of the dim ages of his infancy comes back to the exiled President a cock-and-bull story that his parents 'went on trek because the English first sold the slaves,

and after they had got the money set these slaves free again, and that the money awarded in compensation was made payable in England, practically impayable to the Boer farmer.'

"From boyhood, through his prime, KRUGER was always a fighting man; would take on a tiger, a lion, or a diplomatic representative according as they presented themselves. Once, discussing differences arising between Transvaal and Orange Free State, he proposed to settle the matter by taking off his coat and fighting a representative Free Stater. Later in life, in conference in London on the Convention of Pretoria, the accuracy of one of his statements was challenged by HERCULES ROBINSON. 'I,' he writes, 'jumped up quite prepared to fall upon Sir HERCULES.'

"When, beyond these personal traits,



A Blend of S-m Ev-ns and Sir W-il-m H-re-rt.

the student of history looks for light on Transvaal affairs during the last five years he is disappointed. The savage, disappointed old man's visage is blurred with hatred of all who cross his path. CECIL RHODES was 'the curse of South Africa; as for you,' I reminded the COLONIAL SECRETARY, 'your complicity in the Jamieson raid is established; MILNER is 'the typical Jingo.' In the earth beneath and the heavens above there are only two reliable beings; one is PAUL KRUGER, the other 'the Lord,' whose name is dragged in on every page with familiarity that shocks a less unctuous person than Oom PAUL. When the end became inevitable, the invoker of the war fled into safety, 'constantly sending telegrams to encourage the burghers in the fight.' Yes: a deeply interesting study of a rare personality. What do you think of it?"

"I haven't read it," said Don José. "Been so busy, you know, preparing to visit the country KRUGER has left.

Very odd that bit about him, bound for the coast and a safe haven in Europe, pulling up the train at convenient stations to send telegrams encouraging the burghers in the fight. Heard something like it before:

He fled full soon on the first of June,
And bade the rest keep fighting."

Business done.—Finished Indian Budget.

SIR JOHN EXPLAINS.

[On several occasions in the House Sir JOHN GORST has spoken in favour of Mr. BALFOUR's Education Bill.]

OH, I have been placed on the shelf
For acting the mischievous elf,
And daring to grin
At the Bills I brought in,
And sneer at my friends and myself!
The lines on which Progress should run
I loved to describe—and to shun;
And with smiling aplomb
Mr. COCKERTON's bomb
I hurled at the School Boards for fun!
For I am a Man of the Law
Who likes his internal guffaw—
A critical, critical,
Kind of political
Copy of BERNARD SHAW!

So ARTHUR he gave me the sack,
And they said "He is sure to hit back.
He'll get up and kill
Their elaborate Bill
As sure as his Christian name's JACK!"
But, somehow, I strongly object
To doing what people expect;
And I've planned a surprise
That will open their eyes:
That Bill I intend to protect!
For I am a Man of the Law
Who likes his internal guffaw—
A finical, cynical,
Sit-on-a-pinnacle
Sort of a BERNARD SHAW!

When ARTHUR could claim my support,
Discretion was never my forte.
I delighted to speak
With my tongue in my cheek,
And to aid our opponents for sport!
But now that I'm out of a berth,
And free to indulge in my mirth,
I feel myself forced
To continue a GORST—
And back him for all I am worth!
For I am a Man of the Law,
Who likes his internal guffaw—
A rallying, sallying,
Paradox-dallying
Kind of a BERNARD SHAW!

THE War Office Experts have declined the new German explosive which was submitted to them, experiments having proved it to be useless. The inventor is indignant, as such a reason for rejection has never been given by the War Office before.



SOME DISTINCTIONS AND A DIFFERENCE.

Hostess has just been showing Guest the Picture Gallery and other glories of the ancient Baronial Hall, at the same time discoursing of the family grandness. Guest pointing to roset of Buda. "AND ARE THESE CELEBRITIES OR JUST RELATIONS?"

MR. PUNCH'S COMPRESSED DRAMAS.

III.—THE ETERNAL SILLY.

(Being a study in the everlasting futilities of melodrama.)

ACT I. SCENE—Deputy BOSSHI's lodging in Rome. TOMMASO, a red-shirted Garibaldian, who looks rather like an aged member of the Bootblacks Brigade, is discovered in conversation with BRUNO ROCCO, Donna BOOMA's eccentric assistant in sculpture.

Tommaso. Bosshi's very late to-night.

Bruno. He spent the afternoon in denouncing Donna BOOMA under the Prime Minister's windows. The Prime Minister is her guardian.

Tommaso. Not a very chivalrous proceeding.

Bruno. No. BOSSHI is one of Nature's gentlemen. It's not a chivalrous type.

Tommaso. I doubt if GARIBALDI would have approved.

Bruno. Very likely. His methods are rather out of date now-a-days.

Tommaso (sulkily). You say that now. But you'll need us veterans some day. As KIPLINGHELLI sings:—

TOMMASO questo, TOMMASO quello,
Via, Via, TOMMASO!

[Exit crooning the rest of this popular ditty.

Bruno (grumbling). Tiresome old fool. Why doesn't he sing "Linga Lunga LUCIA" instead of that balderdash!

Enter Deputy BOSSHI. He has a pallid face and long hair, and looks rather like a cheap edition of a minor poet.

Bruno. Well, did you denounce her?

Bosshi. Oh, yes. It made quite a sensation. BEERBOHMELLI had a party at his house, and I denounced her right under his windows. His guests giggled like anything. It was an interesting exhibition of ill-breeding.

Bruno. But what will your fellow Deputies think?

Bosshi. Think me rather a sweep, I suppose. (A Lady in elaborate evening dress strolls into the room quite unannounced) Donna BOOMA!

Donna Booma. You consider my turning up at your lodgings shortly before midnight rather extraordinary?

Bosshi. That is certainly the impression I intended to convey. Do Italian ladies of good position usually wander about the streets of Rome at night in an opera cloak and a diamond tiara?

Donna Booma. They do not. But these paltry conventions do not apply to melodrama. I came in an opera cloak because I wished to impress you with my loveliness. The same explanation applies to the tiara.

Bosshi (puzzled). I don't think I quite follow.

Donna Booma. It's quite simple. This afternoon you grossly insulted me. Naturally I at once felt an irresistible craving to make your acquaintance.

Bosshi (politely). If you mean that what I said to-day was untrue—

Donna Booma. On the contrary. It was perfectly true. And very pungently expressed. That's what attracted me to you.

Bosshi (bewildered). My dear young lady, what you say seems to me to make no sense at all. Either you are out of your mind or I am.

Donna Booma. I expect it's I. I'm a sculptor, you know. An amateur sculptor. (Bosshi shudders.) And that is mentally very unsettling. With me it is peculiarly so. Whenever anyone insults me publicly I at once long to do a bust of them. May I do a bust of you?

Bosshi. Certainly, if you wish it. I seem to have done you an injustice. I thought your moral character was defective. I see it is only your intellect. You are evidently crazy, and I shall be delighted if you do a bust of me.



Tourist. "WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN START FOR CORK, PORTER?"
Irish Porter. "SHE'S JUST GONE, SORR!"

Donna Booma. You evidently don't know my busts!

Bosshi. That's true. What are they like?

Donna Booma. It's impossible to say what they're like, and goodness only knows whom they're like. But never mind. We'll begin to-morrow. Good-night. I can find my way out.

[Exit calmly.]

Bosshi. Well I'm——!

ACT II. SCENE—Donna BOOMA's Studio. Window (c) looks out on Colosseum. Donna BOOMA is at work on her bust of BOSSHI, her method of sculpture being to buy a bust already baked, and then to scrape its surface with a knife, thereby setting her sitter's teeth on edge and causing him to groan at frequent intervals.

Bosshi (after a more than usually excruciating scrape). Isn't there something wrong with that tool?

Donna Booma. No, it always makes that noise.

Bosshi. I suppose that's why so few people become sculptors. It must be a very painful calling. (Rising) I really must go now. I am going to make my great speech in the Colosseum.

Donna Booma. I wish you could have delivered it somewhere else. The acoustic properties of this apartment are such that I can hear every word that is said in the Colosseum. Odd, isn't it?

Bosshi. Very.

[Exit by the window, which seems to be a popular method of leaving Donna BOOMA's apartment.]

Donna Booma. I do love him dearly. But I wish I wasn't going to hear that speech again. Poor BOSSHI repeats himself sadly.

Enter, by door, Baron BEERBOHMELLI, a sinister man whose black hair, bald crown, and eyeglass, immediately reveal the villainy of his character.

Baron. Good afternoon, dear BOOMA. Was that our



["It has been decided at a meeting of prominent yachtsmen, to found a Marine Motor Association."—Vide "Daily Telegraph."]

OUR ANTICIPATORY ARTIST HAS A VISION OF AN ENDLESS VISTA OF PLEASANT MARINE-MOTOR WEEK-ENDS.

agitator friend whom I saw disappearing by the window a moment ago?

Donna Booma. Yes. He's gone to the Colosseum—to denounce you. BRUNO's gone too. He has taken his little boy JOSEPH with him, as there seems every prospect of a riot.

Baron. Rather a curious reason for taking him?

Donna Booma. Not for BRUNO. He's a Roman father!

Baron. Bust getting on?

Donna Booma. Yes, I'm rather pleased with it.

Baron (looking at it curiously). Pleased with it! My dear BOOMA, I've never seen anything so dreadful in my life. After this poor BOSSHI will never be able to hold up his head.

Donna Booma. Is it really so bad? I thought it was getting on rather nicely. What can I do, do you think, to improve it?

Baron (sardonically). Break it, my dear. (*Donna BOOMA proceeds to do so regretfully. Enter BRUNO by window.*)

Donna Booma. BRUNO! Where's JOSEPH? Is he hurt?

Baron (crossly). No. The Police wouldn't lay a finger on him. The poltroons! When he threw stones at them they merely cowered in corners and blew their whistles for assistance.

Donna Booma. But BOSSHI?

Baron. He ran away. Scenes of violence always unnerve him. And little JOSEPH was very violent.

Donna Booma (with a cry). He'll be arrested before he reaches the frontier!

Baron (testily). Nonsense! Who wants to arrest him? As far as I am concerned, the sooner he's out of the country the

better. Let him go back to his organ and his monkey in Soho.

Donna Booma. You say that because there's no photograph of him by which he could be identified, and I've just broken his bust.

Baron. My dear BOOMA, the bust hadn't the smallest resemblance to him. You know that well enough. And as for his photograph, it's been published repeatedly in all the evening papers. Politicians are always photographed. Their constituents insist upon it.

Donna Booma (alarmed). Then if he ever does come back he'll be identified?

Baron. He won't come back. Revolutionaries who run away never do. His career is over. BOSSHI's bust.

Donna Booma. That's not a nice joke.

Baron. Nor was he. He was one of the dullest jokes I know. But he'll make an effective organ-grinder.

Curtain.

Baba-au-Rhum.

Lady (entering barber's shop). I want some stimulant for my boy's hair.

Smart Shop-Girl. Certainly, Madam. Here is the article.

[*Hands bottle with label printed in French, and headed "Pour la Barbe."*]

Lady. But that is for the beard.

Shop-Girl. Oh no, madam; those are instructions for the lady-barber.

Lady. Well now, that's curious. (*Translates*) "It renders her glossy and supple, and prevents her falling out and splitting at the extremities."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE practised novel-reader will be puzzled by the opening chapter of *The Little White Bird* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Mr. BARRIE does not stop formally to introduce his *dramatis personæ*. There they are, and they must explain themselves; which is, after all, the true dramatic manner from the time of SHAKESPEARE downwards. Only, in *King John*, for example, there is a prefatory table of "Persons represented," as "John, King of England; Prince Henry, his son, afterwards Henry the Third," and so on. Mr. BARRIE does not even give a name to the delightful elderly bachelor who tells the story, whilst his heroine is *Mary A—*, her husband nameless, and their son simply *David*. This is provoking, and might lead short-tempered people, who don't like being bored with problems when they take up a novel, to lay the book down after stumbling through its first chapter. Therein my Baronite assures them they will make a mistake evermore to be regretted. This book with its tenderness, its grace, its poetry, will rank amongst the finest accomplishments of the author of *A Window in Thrums*. The description of the wooing of *Mary A—* and the anonymous youth foregathering at the pillar box finds its only parallel in literature in the courting of *Ruth Pinch* in Temple Gardens. Lightly touching and leaving these human people, making us long to know more of them, Mr. BARRIE leads the way into Kensington Gardens, which by a stroke of genius he peoples with fairies, each possessing an individuality and a humour of its own. After centuries of existence this immigrant Scot has added a new world to London. No one who reads *The Little White Bird* will thereafter walk through Kensington Gardens without thinking of *Peter Pan*, *Solomon Caw*, *Queen Mab*, *Brownie*, *Maimie Mainwaring*, and all that takes place there "after Lock up."

The Baron has no hesitation in pronouncing *The Miniature Series of Painters* (GEORGE BELL & SONS) to be a most companionable set; interesting and instructive, and portable. The series might belong to that department of literature styled "'Bell' Lettres."

A Woman's Checkmate (JOHN LONG) is a novel by J. E. MUDDOCK, a name suggestive of "ships that" don't "pass in the night," but are laid up on their beam ends in a mud dock during the winter. So it came about that the Baron expected a stirring tale of the sea. Alas! no. Mr. MUDDOCK, in somewhat slipshod style, spins a fairly interesting yarn out of rather worn materials, thus offering to the alert skipper some rare opportunities for the exercise of his agility.

It must be far easier to write something original about Christmas than to invent an entirely new Christmas game, "and yet," quoth my juvenilest Baronitess, "here are 'Ding-Dong,' 'Trefoil,' and 'Jee-Jo-Jo,' all (FAULKNER'S) most exciting." The Baron takes this as the opinion of an expert. Also after personal inspection he agrees with the aforesaid Baronitess that their "'Art Calendar' is most attractive."

A propos of this same Firm's "Christmas show" the Baron recognises as somewhat of a novelty, their "National Portrait Gallery series" of cards, a fanciful "Pierrette and Pierrot series" and Channel Island sketch-cards, one side being blank for postal address. This notion might be developed for invitation cards: address of the invited one side, and photographs of the place he is to stay at and the sort of people he will meet on the other. Such truthful representations would determine the reply.

From MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh, comes



"BUT, YOU SEE, I ONLY WANT THE TEAPOT AND THE SUGAR-BASIN. DON'T YOU BREAK THESE SETS?"

"NO, MADAM. WE GENERALLY LEAVE THAT TO THE SERVANTS OF OUR CUSTOMERS."

a batch of books for children of various ages. For the nursery, says the Baron's Assistant, I can recommend with enthusiasm *Denslow's Mother Goose*. Nothing more gorgeously and grotesquely pictorial and attractive has lately struck my eye. I know one nursery at any rate where it met with a *succès fou*. Then for older children, up to, say, ten years, there is *Lassie and Laddie*, by MARY D. BRINE, a simple, pleasant story very prettily told. Next I have tested a group of four suitable for girls in their teens. *Miss Bouverie*, by MRS. MOLESWORTH; *A Plucky Girl*, by MAY BALDWIN; *Girls of the Forest* and *The Rebel of the School*, both by L. T. MEADE. All these are very interesting and admirably wholesome. They have plenty of spirit and dash. Christmas buyers should not miss them.

When Mr. W. E. W. COLLINS wrote *The Don and the Undergraduate* the B. A. expressed a hope that he might be heard from again. Here he is, then, in *Episodes of Rural Life* (BLACKWOOD), a collection of short sketches excellent in design and not less excellent in execution. Mr. COLLINS has a great gift of playful unforced humour, he loves the country and country folk and pleasant dogs, he is evidently a good cricketer, and his stories are delightful.

A collection of spirited pictures representing the *Courting and Sporting Adventures of Wm. Wobbleswick, Esq.* (Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), drawn by W. J. HODGSON, is a well-got-up volume, with plenty in it to amuse. The style of the letterpress giving the incidents which are the subjects of the illustrations recalls to the Baron's memory some fairly familiar passages descriptive of a "run with the harriers" that occurred in a certain Punchian series entitled *Happy Thoughts*, of which work Mr. Hodgson has been evidently an appreciative student.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE RAVENS.

(After Mr. Seton Merriman.)

II.

THE stately house in Berkeley Square was lighted up. A great reception was being held. That part of London which was not asleep was awake. Cold-faced men and hot-hearted women were streaming up the grand staircase; diplomatists who shared the same rooms were being introduced to each other by their hostess, and exchanging their views on London scenery. "London," said a wit from the banks of the Vistula, "is a city to think of, not to think in," and he smiled as he thought of the ten organ-grinders he had that morning picked off with his pocket-pistol.

RODERICK WAGONER, of the International Secret Service, was leaning against the wall of the great reception room, waiting for the traffic to pass. From the height of his six foot ten he looked gently at the crowd surging below him. A quiet, simple man, of few words, people nevertheless always turned to look at him, in the street or in the ball-room, a fact which, in a quiet way, seemed to amuse this calm, strong, fair Englishman.

At the other end of the room the hostess, Lady ORMSBY, was talking of him to the latest comers, a fine-looking Russian Count, with beautifully chased gold crowns on his buttons, and his daughter, Princess ADELA.

"Yes," she was saying, "that is RODERICK WAGONER. I don't know if you know that he is one of the greatest diplomatists we have. They say that the CZAR admires him so much that there is a suite of rooms at the Winter Palace devoted exclusively to his use, which the CZARINA dusts herself every day; while the KAISER sends him a telegram twice a day. But come, my child," she continued, turning to the young girl at her side, "let me have the pleasure of introducing him to you," and they passed down the long room together.

The introduction was effected, and the two were left alone together.

A dead silence ensued, which the Princess was the first to break.

"So we meet here again, my—love," she said, as she slowly raised her dark eyes, in which smouldered the wrongs of fifteen centuries of oppression.

"Again," he replied, with the bow that men only give to women who are worthy of it.

"And you are still the same?"

"Still."

"And you are on the one side, and I," the words came bravely, "on the other."

"The other," was the quiet answer.

"And Duty and Honour forbid that a

woman should betray her cause," went on ADELA, with a proud smile.

"They forbid it," he answered.

"So that, even if she knows that ten bombs are being packed at the Army and Navy Stores, she must give no sign?"

"None."

"Even if they are to be sent off from Victoria Station on Tuesday evening, she must keep the knowledge to herself?"

"To herself," said the strong man, who would have died to save this woman from a pinprick.

They were both silent, with that perfect comprehension of each other's thought that can only come where Honour has triumphed, and Love is pure and strong.

A quarter of an hour later a servant placed an Invoice in WAGONER's hand. The Invoice referred to a revolving bookcase, and was dated from the Clock Tower at Westminster.

WAGONER glanced at it carelessly, and then threw it into a wastepaper basket.

"So it is to be Moscow this time!" he said, as he made his way to his hostess. "And yet I do not think it will be necessary. I—do—not—think—it—will—be—necessary."

In the hall below the servants were already helping two of his comrades in the Secret Service into their overcoats.

The Ravens were beginning to croak.



Young Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME THE NEAREST WAY TO GET TO PULHAM FROM HERE?"

Succp. "WELL, MISS, I'M GOING THERE MESELF. SO, IF YER JUMP IN, I'LL DRIVE YER!"

III.

The small waiting-room at the top of the stairs at Victoria Station is not, one would think, exactly a cheerful resort, yet on this Tuesday evening it was tenanted by no fewer than four men.

Presently one of them got up, and going to the door, looked out on to the deserted platform.

No one was in sight but a porter, who was whistling "God Save the King!" with much vigour.

"Has a box come from the Army and Navy Stores, my man?" inquired the man from the waiting-room, in perfect English.

"Why, bless you, yes, Sir, 'arf an hour ago," replied honest BILL SMITH. "And a gentleman took it away at once in an 'ansom—to the Foreign Office, for I 'eard 'im give the address."

The man went silently back to the waiting-room, and repeated the information to the other three men.

"It must have been WAGONER," he said, and a strange smile crept over his face. "That d—d strong man, WAGONER."

There was silence in the little waiting-room—the silence of strong men in extremity—and then they went slowly and thoughtfully to the telegraph office to send off eight telegrams.

For in their calculations the Ravens had overlooked the fact that Love is the greatest Anarchist of all.

THE CRY OF THE BRITISH COMPOSER.

[Of the thirty-three compositions set down for performance at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts, only one is by a British writer.]

I AM a British composer, priding myself on my *nous*.
Trained in the methods of WAGNER, steeped in the science of
STRAUSS.

Ev'ry device of the moderns I have at perfect command,
I can be strenuous, subtle, vicious, volcanic and bland—
Bold as a portrait by SARGENT, weird as a novel by JAMES—
Mine is the finest equipment linked to the highest of aims.
Physics, psychology, TOISTOI, NIETZSCHE, LOMBROSO, VERLAINE,
All have gone into my music, all are stored up in my brain.
Ev'rything have I digested—ev'rything under the sun,
Till I am blest in possessing ev'ry advantage—save one.
I am a *British* composer, elbowed aside in the race—
Even a hearing denied me, doomed to enduring disgrace.

Would it, I frequently wonder, give me the ghost of a chance
If I renounced my relations, borrowed a surname from
France?

Shall I become a Bohemian, shall I inscribe on my score,
"This is no English production, this is the work of a Boer"?
Or is a Muscovite suffix, *insky*, or *offsky*, or *vitch*,
Solely and wholly essential Englishmen's ears to bewitch?
Must I insure my left elbow, must I develop a look
Less like a thoroughbred Briton than a diseased pastry-cook?
Tell me, O Concert Directors, tell me that I may begin
Changing my name and my nation, sloughing my insular
skin.

We are no megalomaniacs, planners of boycotting schemes,
Bent upon turning the tables, flying to hostile extremes.
Gladly we bow to the masters, yield to their conquering
sway,

Only, as moderns with moderns, claim for the native fair
play;—

Claim for his highest endeavour, claim for his work at its
best

Just an occasional hearing—surely a modest request:

Welcoming foreigners freely, yet, when their "place in the
sun"

Comes to be reckoned in England, grudging them thirty to
one!

TAILORS' TATTLE.

[SIR TATTON SYKES' eccentricity in the matter of coats—he always wears four or five—is said to have its counterpart in Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S habit of invariably wearing two waistcoats, &c.]

SHEIKH T-M-THY H-LY (writes a Uganda correspondent) is noted even amongst Uganda's warriors for his quaint costume. Even in the hottest summer, when the mercury boils in the thermometer and a steak placed in the sun grills in two minutes, Sheikh H-LY invariably wears four loin cloths and a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses. This peculiarity of the Sheikh has its counterpart in the sartorial eccentricities of his ally the MAD MULLAH. Before the latter will start on the smallest expedition he must attire himself in a double coating of blacklead.

A curious peculiarity of Doctor CL-FE-RD (writes a Nonconformist correspondent) is that he always wears two white ties—one at the front and one at the back of his collar. This is not due to personal vanity, but to the fact that in the excitement of addressing public meetings the Doctor's tie works out of place. Hence this ingenious contrivance. By the time the eloquent Doctor has spoken his usual hour and a half the front tie has worked round to the back and the back tie has come to the front. Indeed, it is said that in

more than one of his orations on the Education Bill the silver-tongued Doctor has talked the original tie back to its first position again.

In his morning walks on Putney Common Mr. SW-NB-RNE, in addition to the pair of lace-up boots which adorns his feet, carries another pair in his hands. A correspondent, anxious for information, stopped Mr. SW-NB-RNE and asked him what he used the second pair of boots for. "I carry them," said England's greatest lyrist, "to punish impudent intruders on my privacy." So saying he hurled them with remarkable accuracy at our correspondent's head and passed on. All true lovers of poetry will be delighted to hear that the author of *Songs before Sunrise* retains so much of the virility of youth.

"SHOULD WE ABANDON THE MEDITERRANEAN?"

[To Sir WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES, after perusing his masterly attempt to solve the above conundrum in Mr. NORMAN's excellent new Magazine, *The World's Work*.]

SIR, I have read your racy tract

In London's latest monthly organ;
And find your gift of naval tact
Scarcely surpassed by Mr. MORGAN.

You map us out the Midland Sea,
And show our ships unrivalled in it,
And yet their use would seem to be
Visibly smaller every minute.

Time was when we would take a turn
In any continental quarrel,
Whether the thing was our concern
Or had an interest merely moral.

But we have come in course of years
To fill a cosmic sphere of action,
Where Europe's little world appears
A purely academic fraction.

As for our Eastern water-way,
Reserved to meet a crucial juncture,
A pinch of dynamite, you say,
Would paralyse the Suez puncture.

But still, as your opponents urge,
This Sea retains its hallowed story;
One may remark about its surge
A halo exquisitely hoary.

Among its isles our sons have cropped
A heritage of rare exemplars:
At Cyprus CŒUR-DE-LION stopped,
And Malta used to teem with Templars.

Good sentiment, but run to seed!
To-day we tackle broader Acres,
Our fleets must serve a larger need,
Escorting mightier Empire-makers.

Lords of a puny Latin pond!
It sounds a rather silly title!
Is it not time we looked beyond,
And clung to issues clearly vital?

Yes, as you say, this Sea must go;
Let France or someone else annex it;
And if the winds of war should blow,
We'll be content to block the exit.

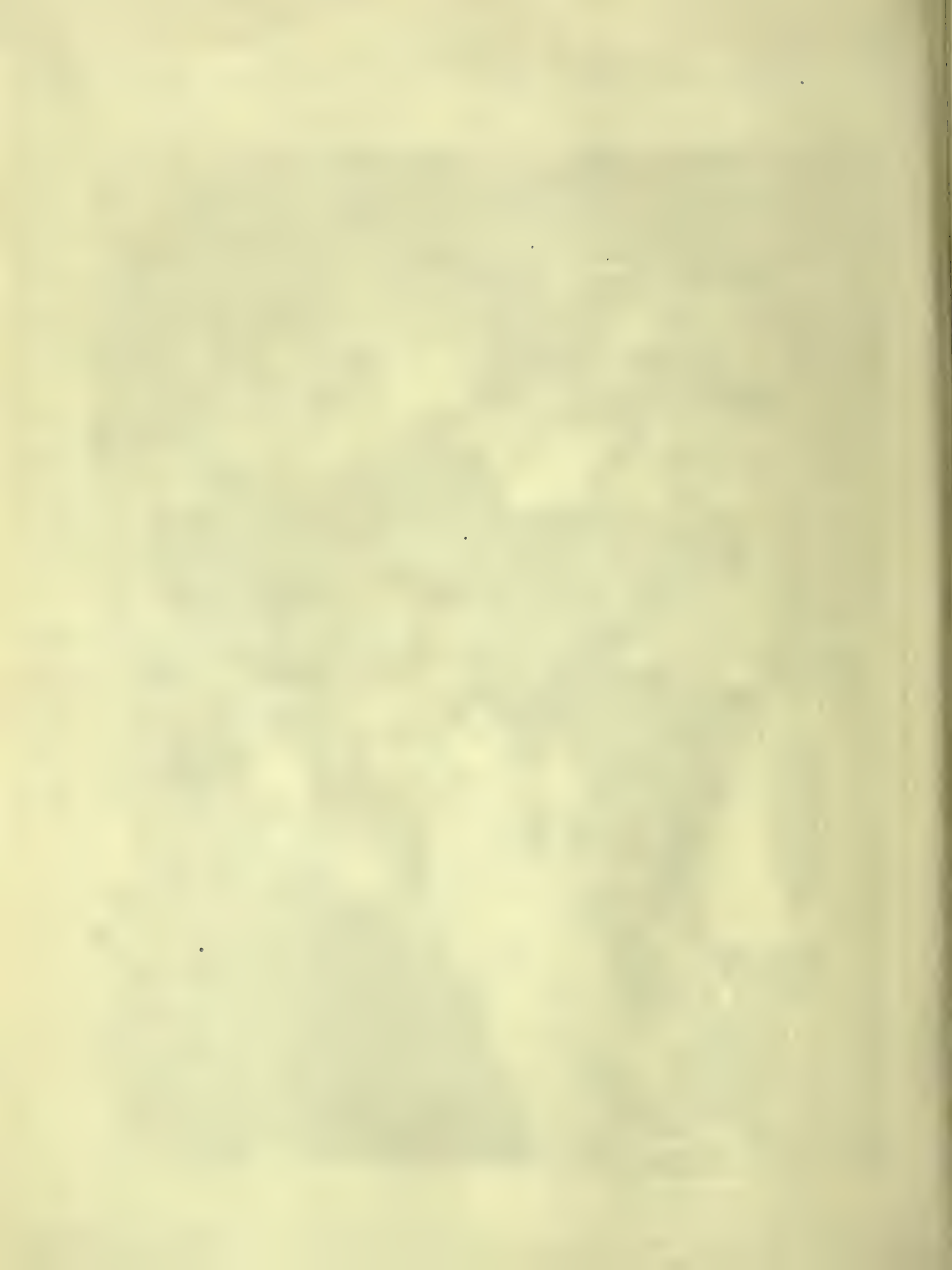
Yes, let it go; we'll soon forget
How much it cost our pride to do it:
But not this week! O no, not yet,
With Midland JOE careering through it!



THE PURSUIT OF "BRIDGE."

(With apologies to the Shade of Sir Noel Paton.)

B.P. after Sir Noel Paton.



DE MAXIMIS CURAT LEX.

(A Law Report of the Future.)

THE trial of Mrs. VERE DE VERE was concluded yesterday. Before the proceedings began, the learned Judge, addressing the prisoner, said he was afraid she might not be quite as comfortable as at home, and begged her to change places with him. His Lordship then took his seat in the dock, after handing the prisoner to his chair, where she was supplied with a footstool and a Society newspaper. After some more evidence had been given, the prisoner said she was tired of reading and felt awfully hungry. The Court immediately adjourned, and the prisoner, with a select party of invited guests, was entertained to a champagne luncheon in the Sheriff's room.

A decent interval having been allowed for coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes, the trial was resumed, the prisoner again sitting in the Judge's chair. Sir ST. JOHN STARS, K.C., Mr. ASTERISKS, K.C., Mr. DASH, K.C., and Mr. BLANK, K.C., having addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner, the learned Judge was about to sum up when Mrs. VERE DE VERE said she was dying for a cup of tea. The Court immediately adjourned, and tea was served in the Sheriff's room. The jury were invited to join the party, but respectfully declined the honour.

When his Lordship returned to the dock the jury intimated that they had made up their minds, and unanimously found the prisoner guilty on all the counts of the indictment. The prisoner appeared rather surprised at this verdict, but after the Under-sheriff had handed her a bottle of smelling-salts, and the Judge's clerk had fanned her with a sheet of foolscap paper, she became as cheerful and unconcerned as before. Sir ST. JOHN STARS then called a doctor, who gave evidence that Mrs. VERE DE VERE suffered occasionally from chilblains, and that imprisonment might cause an increase in the attacks of this serious complaint.

The learned Judge then addressed the prisoner, and said how much he regretted to see a lady of her dignity and wealth in such a position, or rather how painful it must be for her to see him in such a position, though what he really meant was that the pain was caused to him by the very rude and vulgar verdict of the jury, who had shown no consideration for the feelings of a lady of good family, and the wife of a wealthy gentleman, himself a sort of Judge empowered to maintain the majesty of the law in his own neighbourhood. His Lordship said, in a voice broken by emotion, that he considered the verdict most disrespectful

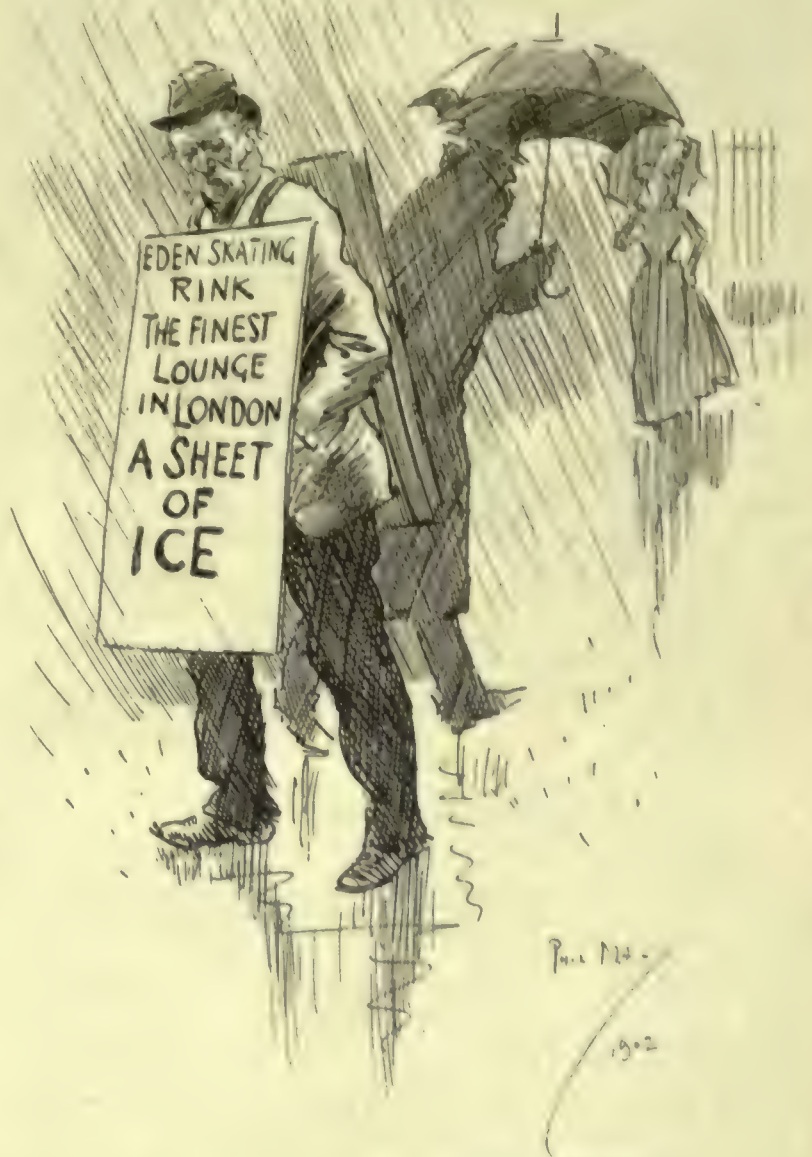
to the upper classes. However, since the jury had found her guilty (here his Lordship held his handkerchief to his eyes), it became his painful duty, his extremely painful duty, carefully bearing in mind the important medical evidence as to her health, to sentence her (here his Lordship sobbed aloud) to pay a fine of half-a-crown.

The fine was at once paid. His Lordship then skipped nimbly from the dock, and gracefully handed Mrs. VERE DE VERE to the Sheriff's state carriage, in which she was driven home. A man in the street, who ventured to hiss the lady, was at once arrested by the police,

and committed to prison for contempt of Court.

The learned Judge then proceeded to try MARY SMITH, a post office clerk, for stealing six postage stamps. The case was of no interest. His Lordship, remarking on the enormity of her offence, sentenced the prisoner to five years' penal servitude.

"DROPPING THE PILOT."—It is pleasant to hear that the dropped Pilot has been picked up again. Hearty congratulations to the skipper, Mr. LATHBURY.



SKETCHED IN OXFORD STREET.

MR. PUNCH'S COMPRESSED DRAMAS.

IV.—THE MISADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE.

[Suggested by a visit to the play at the Adelphi which Messrs. MALCOLM WATSON and MURRAY CARSON have written round Mr. CECIL CLIFFE HYNES'S hero.]

SCENE—The office of an Adventurous Drama Syndicate, London. Captain KETTLE, a peppery little man with sandy hair and a goatee beard, is discovered smoking fiercely. With him are Messrs. MALCOLM WATSON and MURRAY CARSON.

Captain Kettle (in a menacing tone). So you two are going to make a play about me, are you?

Mr. Carson (gruffly). Yes.

Kettle (explosively). You'll have to be careful what you're about or, by James——!

[Whips out revolver.

Mr. Watson (interrupting him nervously). We shall be most careful. Please put that away.

Kettle (mollified). Very well. (Replaces revolver in hip pocket.) But you must show me how you're going to do it. I can't have you doing anything to bring me into disfavour with the cheaper magazines.

Watson (meekly). Would you like to hear the plot?

Kettle. Perhaps I'd better. Fire away.

Watson. We open in the office of a Comic Irishman in Liverpool. (Complacently) That will be a popular feature!

Kettle (jumping up in a passion). By James——!

Carson (crossly). Do sit down. And I wish you wouldn't keep on using that oath. It's idiotic.

Kettle (reseating himself). Nonsense. I always use it. The public wouldn't know me without it. It's as characteristic of me as my chin beard or my revolver. Go on.

Watson. Everyone in the Comic Irishman's office is in mortal terror of you.

Kettle (pleased). Come—that's better.

Watson. So they all retire to the strong room as soon as you enter, and communicate with you through the speaking tube. Humorous, eh? Ha! ha!

Kettle (acidly). Well?

Watson. Of course you produce your revolver—no, you needn't do it now—and threaten to wreck the office with it.

Kettle. Couldn't I use a chair? I could do a lot more damage with a chair.

Carson (impatiently). Certainly not. The public associates you with a revolver, not with a chair. Besides, we can't have you breaking the properties.

Kettle. All right. What happens next?

Carson (yawning). Oh, after a lot of bluster and "By James" and similar nonsense the Comic Irishman emerges, and you agree to go in a steam yacht to rescue a prisoner in a French Penal Settlement. That's the end of Act I.

Kettle. Don't think much of that.

Carson (briefly). Nor do I. But it'll have to do. In Act II. (Yawning) What happens in Act II., WATSON?

Watson. In Act II. you are on the yacht. The lady to whom it belongs wishes to kidnap you. She loves you, Captain.

Kettle (fiercely). I won't have it. I'm a married man.

Watson (soothingly). Yes, but she's Spanish, you know. Spanish ladies do these things. Besides, you refuse to have anything to say to her.

Kettle (mollified). Very well.

Watson. So the crew assemble ostentatiously upon the quarter-deck to make you prisoner.

Kettle (roused). I see. I fire into the brown, kill half a dozen, wound the rest, and keep the yacht for my pains.

Watson (hastily). No, no. Not a bit like it. You don't shoot anybody. In fact, you don't shoot a single person throughout the entire play.

Kettle (horried). Not shoot anyone?

Carson (crossly). Certainly not. Your revolver isn't loaded. Your steward has drawn the cartridges.

Kettle (outraged). So I'm to be made a prisoner, am I? Well, that may be your conception of drama, but it isn't mine.

Watson (soothingly). It's only for ten minutes. Then you're released again.

Kettle (relieved). How do I manage that?

Carson. Easily enough. You see, after they have bound you the crew dump you down upon the deck and go below, leaving you quite unguarded.

Kettle. Will the audience swallow that?

Carson (grimly). They'll have to swallow a lot more than that before we're through.

Watson. Naturally your friend on board, who happens to be away at the moment in the jolly-boat, returns in the nick of time, and as everyone seems to have forgotten his existence he is able to set you free at once. The crew return to the deck. You threaten everybody with your revolver, and the mutiny is quelled.

Kettle. I thought you said my revolver wasn't loaded?

Carson (impatiently). No more it is. But they've forgotten that. Or at least, we had. That ends Act II.

Kettle. I call it beastly rot so far. Go on with Act III.

Watson. In Act III. the scene is the French Penal Settlement. And here we bid good-bye to the last glimmerings of reason. The prisoner has escaped by the aid of the prison laundress, whom he has promised to marry. You are suspected of having rescued him, and are about to be shot by the French when the prisoner saves you by giving himself up.

Kettle (enthusiastically). Noble fellow!

Carson (testily). Not at all. He's an absolute sweep. Why on earth he gives himself up to save you I don't know, except that he doesn't want to marry the laundress. Do you know, WATSON?

Watson (shaking his head). It doesn't seem very clear.

Kettle (scandalised). My dear WATSON! I appeal to you as a dramatic critic. Is that good enough?

Carson. Nonsense. When a dramatic critic begins to write plays anything's good enough. And I wish you wouldn't say "My dear WATSON" like that. You're not Sherlock Holmes.

Kettle (sadly). I begin to wish I was. I believe I should run longer! Get on.

Watson. The prisoner is marched back to jail. So are you. There's a Comic Irish Sentry——

Kettle (faintly). By James——!

Watson. You put a sack over the sentry's head to enable the other fellow to escape. Subsequently you escape yourself, concealed in a washing-basket.

Kettle (pondering). Haven't I seen a similar incident to that on the stage before?

Carson (crossly). No! You're thinking of *Falstaff* in *Merry Wives*. This isn't a bit like it. I wish it was!

Watson. Act IV. deals with the Spanish lady's determination to be President of a South American Republic. You are brought to her assistance—still in the washing-basket.

Kettle (alarmed). Have I been in it ever since Act III.?

Watson. I suppose so. The Comic Irishman turns up again.

Kettle. Which one? The Liverpool person or the sentry? Carson (brusquely). Both if you like. Their presence is quite unnecessary to the plot.

Kettle. Then why bring them in?

Watson (with dignity). My dear fellow, in melodrama one should always bring everybody on in the last Act. That is what is called construction.

Kettle. I see. Well?

Watson. The President abdicates. The Spanish lady succeeds him. She asks you to share her presidential throne.

You hesitate. But the strains of a concertina recall Mrs. KETTLE to your mind and you refuse. The curtain falls to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

Kettle (blankly). Is that all?

Carson (bored). Yes. And enough too, I should think.

Kettle. And do you mean to tell me it has taken the combined intellects of a popular actor and a prominent dramatic critic to produce that?

Watson (meekly). Yes.

Kettle. Hum! I wonder what Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ thinks of it!

[Exit, pondering this knotty question. (Curtain.)]

"AN OBLATION."

[Addressed by Mr. GERALD BALFOUR to a West Indian Sugar Plant.]

AIR—"Ask nothing more of me, sweet."
(SWINBURNE.)

ASK something more of me, Beet;
All I can give thee I'll give;
Joy of my tart, were it more,
More should be paid for my sweet;
Lucre to help you to live,
Props that your prices may soar.

Duties are pleasures, pleasures to give,
Blow the expense! make it more!
So I may waste on you, Beet,
Wealth that should nerve you to live;
Proud of your prices that soar,
Cheered by this chance for my sweet.

I that am GERALD—no more—
Offer this boon to you, Beet!
'Tis but a song that I give,
Urging your figure to soar;
I that consume you, my sweet,
Bid the consumptive to live!

THE WEE WHITE WARBLER.

(With apologies to Mr. Barrie's "Little White Bird.")

It was the day when WILLIAM brought me a mutton cutlet instead of a chop. WILLIAM, you must let me tell you, is a waiter at my Club. I think I took him out of an old Christmas number of an illustrated paper. Not that this matters much; and the third turning to the right when you are past the Park gates brings you out directly opposite the Post Office. Why do I tell you this? I hardly know; but it may have something to do with the story, if you wait long enough. Or it may not. Poor little Post Office! Grim old bachelor as I am, you touch me strangely.

O MARY, MARY!

I hate mutton cutlets, and I said so. To be precise, I observed: "You dun-derheaded simpleton, you blighted nincompoop!"—I always talk like this in order to conceal my tenderness of



Big Brother. "LOOK HERE, BILLY, IT'S NO GOOD YOUR HANGING ROUND. YOU STAND NO CHANCE WITH MISS SMITH IN THOSE TOGS. ANYBODY CAN SEE THEY'RE MINE CUT DOWN FOR YOU."

Little Brother. "MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S NOT CLOTHES, IT'S BRAINS THAT TELL!"

heart—"you've bungled again, you idiot!" And here I slipped something white and crisp into his right hand.

"Sir!" gasped WILLIAM—a good man as waiters go, but apt to be surprised at my most commonplace actions.

"If you say a single word I'll knock your ugly head off!" cried I, transferring another banknote into his left hand. "A chop this moment, WILLIAM!"

What made WILLIAM's mistake the more distressing was that I had but just returned from the Gardens, together with Aramis and a tremendous appetite. (Aramis is a Newfoundland dog in this chapter, but we'll turn him into a human being before long.) Such a walk we had had—JONATHAN Z., Aramis and I! Right past the Green Patch (which is where you fall and soil your pinafore), and along the Topsy-Turvy path (it was here that Miss JENNY LEE swallowed sixty-one peppermints; I must tell you about this sometime), and so out by the Sugarloaf Island, and home. And just as I had reached the Club a tall young lady of

twenty-one threw herself down before me, and tried to clasp my knee, and sobbed out idiotic speeches of gratitude.

"Avaunt, monster!" I exclaimed; and she ambled away—rather like a cow, I thought. Now this, you will be surprised to hear, was the daughter of WILLIAM, the waiter. And one day, twenty years ago, when she was quite a baby, she had a pain in her inside. She had a pain in her inside because her food disagreed with her. And her food disagreed with her because it wasn't cooked enough. And it wasn't cooked enough because the milkman was late on his rounds, owing to a fog. (Later on you will hear all about this.) So the baby cried, which made WILLIAM's wife cross. She, with the instinct of her sex (O MARY!) took it out of WILLIAM. Consequently the poor man was quite muddle-headed all day, and brought me a cutlet, as I have explained, when I had ordered a chop.

Ah me! Was this twenty years ago, or was it to-day?

It is all rather confusing.

EXCHANGE AND MART.

"An American lady has recently made an offer through the "Exchange Department" of a feminine paper. TENNYSON would be "gladly exchanged" for "a few fruit jars." She "would like to exchange BYRON for some old lace," and adds, "I also need a little improved cabbage-seed, for which I will give a fairly good copy of *BUNYAN'S Pilgrim's Progress*."

GREAT singer, on whose laureate brow
The wreath sat worthily enow,
Thou saidst in pessimistic strain,
Thy "mortal lullabies of pain
Might bind a book, might line a box,
Might serve to curl a maiden's locks."
But didst thou ever contemplate
Such rigours of a ruthless fate,
Or dream that thy poetic thought
To such base uses might be brought?
Alas, poor TENNYSON! How strange
That anyone would "gladly change"—
Ay, "gladly"—that one well might call
The most unkindest cut of all—
The music of thy tuneful bars
For—think of it!—"a few fruit jars."

And this same inexpressive She,
How, BYRON, does she value thee?
The lyric rage, the frenzied, wild
Desires of thy poetic *Childe*—
Lives there the heart too dead to feel,
Too cold to answer such appeal?
This haggling soul would stickle not
To strike a bargain of the lot.

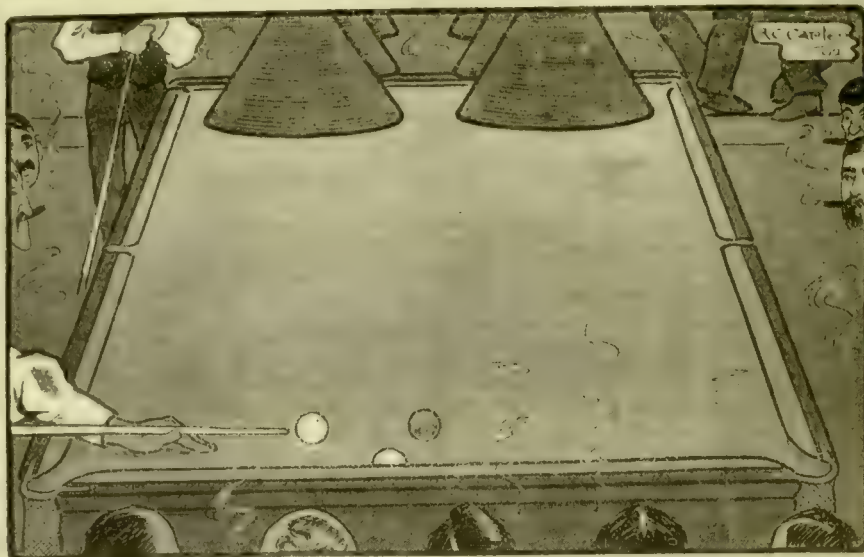
If BYRON rules so low to-day,
Then what price *Pilgrim's Progress*,
pray?

A little cabbage-seed?—Rest, rest,
Perturbed JOHN! let not thy breast
Be overmuch to anger moved—
The cabbage-seed must be "improved."

O minor poet, as you stand
And finger with caressing hand
Those dainty tomes in calf and vellum,
The products of your cerebellum—
If these, the masters of your art,
Can fetch so little in the mart,
Weep, as you wonder what on earth
Your precious volumes can be worth.

INDEXITIS; OR, ALPHABETOMANIA.

THIS distressing cerebral complaint made its appearance in London during the summer months of this year, and has raged with considerable virulence in the neighbourhood of the British Museum. It is believed to be an American importation, and to have spread through the agency of a colossal and Encyclopædic undertaking, which is being pursued in our very midst with the full connivance of the authorities. The victims have been mostly adults who have not quite forgotten their A B C; for children, except in the Balfourian sense, escape from the contagion. A large percentage of the metropolitan "free-lances," not to speak of doctors, barristers, ex-school-



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART. A BILLIARD MATCH.

masters, actresses (resting), and singers, have been attacked. The symptoms in the earlier stages of the epidemic were somewhat obscure, but the bacillus has now been identified, and it is confidently expected that within a few days the worst will be over. The survivors will then be free to pursue their ordinary vocations, if they have not already found quarters in the various lunatic asylums.

Among the more typical cases which *Mr. Punch* has been called in to diagnose are the following:—

CASE No. 1.—A. B., 43 years of age, married, and father of nineteen children. Was seized with a violent attack after working overtime, and found marshalling the family in his back garden with labels affixed (W for "Wrong," D for "Duplicate," and S for "Superfluous") under the impression that they were "Card-entries." He had also obtained a large waste-paper basket for his wife (to be put in).

Treatment.—A fortnight's attendance at Mr. Plowden's Police Court, listening to his *obiter dicta* on the duties of a husband and father. Was discharged as incurable on attempting to index his Worship's witticisms.

CASE No. 2.—C. D., aged 27, single woman. Keeping house for her brother. The peculiar feature of this case was that the patient insisted on rearranging the order of the items of her daily menu. The courses of the dinner therefore appeared thus:—Cheese, Coffee, Dessert, Entrée, Fish, Hors d'œuvres, Ices, Joint, Soup, Sweets, with the result that six cooks gave notice in a week, one after another, and the brother, to avoid indigestion, gave up eating altogether and took to drink.

Treatment.—A meal of one course only, viz. a salad of all the above-mentioned items together, was found to restore the patient's mental equilibrium, after a vain attempt on her part to sort out the various ingredients in their proper order. When last heard of she was imitating *Succot*.

CASE No. 3.—X. Y., bachelor, age not given. Here the mania for alphabetization took a peculiar form. The victim betrayed a disposition to betroth himself successively to ladies whose surnames began with A, B, C, etc., in order. Had, however, failed with Q, X, and Z, and suffered from extreme melancholia in consequence.

Treatment.—Ordered to read, four times a day, *Mr. Punch's* "Advice to Those About to Marry." Result: Doubtful up to the time of going to press. Tried to prevaricate that the Advice did not relate to Those About to be Merely Engaged.

CASE No. 4.—G. F., 297 years old, widower. Taken up on November 5 for causing an obstruction in Holborn. On examination at the Police Office, it was discovered that he had put his clothes on in alphabetical order—boots first, then braces, coat, cravat, hat, pants, socks, trousers, vest, and lastly waistcoat. To these some sympathisers had attached squibs and crackers in their proper and respective positions.

Treatment.—Was let off by the stipendiary together with the fireworks, and taken home on a stretcher. Since then discovered to be a man of straw.

Mr. Punch could cite further cases of mental obliquity, but considers the foregoing sufficient for those who are anxious to have an Index Finger in the resulting Printer's Pie.

THE PRAYER OF A LADY-PRINCIPAL.

(To Oxford Women Students. With apologies to Mr. Kipling.)

TAKE up the housewife's burden—
All ye whose schools are done.
Who let your foolish fancy dwell
On thoughts of coming fun.
Put Games for Girls upon the shelf
With JOWETT, JEBB, and GOW;
Be Mrs. BEETON'S *Homely Hints*
Your *vade mecum* now.

Take up the housewife's burden—
No lofty rule of queens,
But long and sordid service—
The slave to ways and means.
Have done with flighty folly!
Throw off your infant past!
'Tis yours to cope with butcher's bills,
To make the mutton last.

Take up the housewife's burden—
The truceless wars of peace;
Go, humour whimsy housemaids,
And wait your cook's caprice.
And when your hopes are highest,
(When both ends nearly meet),
Your lord's untimely lavishness
Shall all your thrift defeat.

Take up the housewife's burden—
Ye shall not shun the call;
Nor cry too loud on Culture,
When darns and dusting pall.
Go, face the test of wifedom—
To wield th' adoring rod,
And treat a Man as merely
Half baby and half god.

A MARCONI TALK.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN?

Sir!

I suppose you are now quite at sea.

I? I'm never at sea. You must be thinking of BRODRICK—

No, no, no. I mean you are well on your way. Probably you have now a little leisure to answer questions. While on land I feared to approach you.

Yes? With my gentle yielding disposition? But your first question?

What about this Liberal Unionist revolt? Aren't you afraid of its taking form during your absence?

I don't know anything about it. Only revolting thing I know was the way the Radical papers—

Yes, yes; but you are accused of dragging red herrings across the trail and all that sort of thing, you know.

Ah—but you forget. It was only recently that Mr. *Punch* had occasion to refer to my joining the Fishmongers' Company, and, you see, I am bound to do something to justify my election.

And with regard to the possibility of an early election. May I ask what is to be your battle-cry?



NOTE TO THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

IT IS CONSIDERED LUCKY FOR A BLACK CAT TO CROSS YOUR PATH.

I don't quite know yet. I may get a better suggestion from the Mayor of MAPEKING if I meet him, but failing that I may tell you in confidence that I am considering this: *Every vote given to the Radicals is a pearl cast before swine.* Not Boers this time: but swine.

'Twill be a hit. A palpable hit. I beg your pardon. I was only making a quotation. Was it—would you mind telling me if it was a quotation from DICKENS? Good Heavens, no! But one more question. Can you tell me the object of your present voyage?

Ah. No one seems to have guessed

what I am going for. Some think my visit is intended to conciliate the Boers, others that I am trying to dodge the Education business—

Whereas you are really going out to—

Whereas I am really going out as what do you think?—special correspondent to the *Daily Mail*. You see, HALSBURY got some reviewing from the *Times*, and I didn't see why—

He should have it all his own way in the journalistic line?

Exactly. And have you any final message?

Yes. *What I have marconied I have marconied.*



NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Country Cousin. "LOR, BILL, AIN'T THAT A HORSTRICH?"

Bill. "HORSTRICH? 'CORSE NOT. THAT 'ERE'S A MONGOOSE!"

CHARIVARIA.

A FEATURE of recent times is the way in which the Colonies have been drawn closer to the Mother Country. One or two of them now promise to be especially close in the matter of contributions to the National Navy.

Many of the diplomatic representatives of the Ottoman Empire abroad have received no salary for over a year. A request for payment has been met with the reply that it is a matter of regret to the Ottoman Government that the national finances will not admit of such payments being made. There is, in consequence, much grumbling among the diplomats, and it is thought that, with a view to pacifying them, the SULTAN will increase their salaries.

It is well known that all work and no play makes JACK a dull boy, but in the statement that, on our new cruisers, Maxim-guns are to be discarded in favour of ping-pongs, there is an obvious printer's error.

A cannon has been found to be missing from the defences of Sydney Harbour. That is the worst of a certain kind of gun. It is liable to go off unexpectedly.

The incident, by the way, reminds us of the report that, not so long ago, one of our most recently adopted guns was stolen from Portsmouth, and subsequently discovered in the State Museum of a certain foreign Power.

The following telegram comes from Kingston, Jamaica:—"Sir AUGUSTUS HEMMING, the Governor, and his family, returned to the Colony to-day after an absence of five months. His Excellency had a hearty welcome. A severe earthquake shock was experienced here at 3 o'clock." Yet people still discuss the pathetic fallacy!

The Rev. H. MAULSON believes that dogs have souls. Dogs, we hear, are not so sure about men.

Juries are human, after all. In the stage slander case at Manchester allegations were made as to the free and easy conduct of the ladies who frequented the Comedy Theatre at that town. The jury requested leave to visit it.

It is now announced that, following the example of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, a number of "distinguished Americans" have bequeathed their brains to Cornell

University for scientific investigation. Curiously the newspapers of the same date contained a paragraph about a gentleman who had recently died, and had, by his will, disposed of considerably more property than he possessed.

Since 1880 the gross public debts of Australia and New Zealand have leaped from £90,000,000 to £280,000,000, and these Colonies are still trying to borrow. Suggested revision of motto:—"Advance to Australia."

Count Tolstoi will publish about Christmas-time a new book entitled *The Corpse*. His gift of fancy is said to be as fresh and dainty as ever.

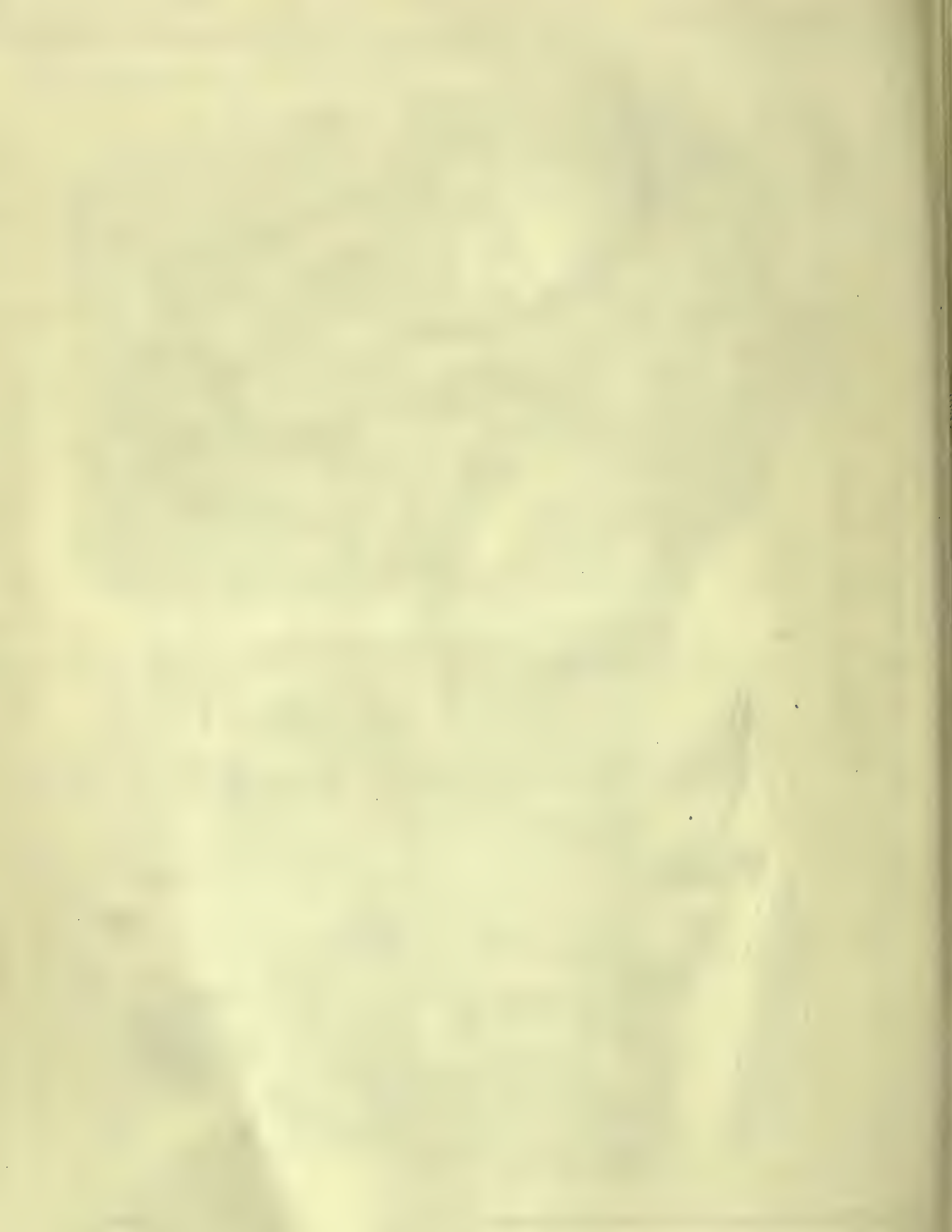
EX-P. KRUGER'S MEMS.—From recent letters written by credible witnesses it seems that the Ex-President and his immediate surroundings—who could not by any manner of means have been termed his "suite,"—were transformed from "horrid Boers" into "dirty pigs." At least such apparently is the opinion of correspondents in the *Times*, corroborated by Mr. MELTON PRIOR, who might truly have signed himself "ONE WHO NOSE'D."



BLOW THE EXPENSE!

Right Hon. GEORGE BAKER (to FRIENDS GERMANY and MRS. FRANCE). "THE PRICE FOR YOUR SWEETSTUFF, YOUNG LADIES, IS RIDICULOUSLY CHEAP. MY FRIEND HERE DOESN'T MIND WHAT SHE PAYS—FOR A CHARITY."

Mrs. BRITANNIA. "EXCUSE ME! BUT I DO MIND! VERY MUCH!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 24.—RICHARD THE THIRD, asleep in his tent on the eve of Bosworth Field, had quite a pleasant time of it compared with Don José. He suffered but for a portion of a night, and there was some limit to the procession of long-laid ghosts that rose to disconcert him. Don José never knows from hour to hour what ghost of a speech made in unregenerate times may not rise and mock him. As he remarked to-night, circumstances change, and with them men's opinions. His misfortune is that most active epoch of a strenuous life befell between 1880 and 1885. He was then more Royalist than the king (GLADSTONE). His unauthorised programme, greatly cheering extreme Radicals, gave pause to some of his Cabinet colleagues, notably including the present Leader of House of Lords.

The then President of Board of Trade flashed over the country like a whirlwind, blasting churches, denominational schools, the House of Lords, and, generally, people who toil not, neither do they spin. Unfortunately for Don José his words were, as they say in the police court, taken down, and have since been used as evidence against him. To paraphrase a characteristic remark, What I have written was printed. Thus it has come to pass that by strange irony the most powerful, pungent, unanswerable critic of the conduct and policy of Lord SALISBURY's third and fourth administration, of PRINCE ARTHUR's first, has been their chief pillar.

The peculiarity of the situation illustrated to-night afresh. Brother GERALD in lively and concise speech, an hour and a half long by Westminster clock, moved resolution confirming Brussels Convention, whereby certain Sugar Bounties, from which the British consumer has hugely benefited, will be abolished. Till midnight the talk rumbled, speech after speech denouncing suicidal project; ominous signs of unrest manifested on Ministerial benches. The speeches were woefully long, wholly destructive of principle of debate. The briefest, most searching, most destructive criticism of action of His Majesty's Government in matter of Sugar Bounties was found in an extract SQUIRE OF MALWOOD read from memorandum bearing sign manual of President of Board of Trade in 1881. The very same question to the fore; the same facts operative; the identical principle at stake. Don José, taking up his pen, pierced the fallacy through and through; rent the proposal to shreds, cast them to the winds, not to be heard of again till fatuous Baron HENRY DE WORMS, holding a minor Ministerial position, attempted

to put the pieces together. Result so disastrous that his affrighted colleagues made haste to hustle Baron HENRY into House of Lords, and there it seemed an end on 't.

That was in 1888. Fourteen years later the policy is adopted by Unionist Government, and, of all men, Don José, President of Board of Trade in 1881, terror of poor Baron DE WORMS in 1888, comes forward as chief supporter, if report be true, inaugurator of the very policy twenty-one years ago shrivelled in the blast of his relentless invective!

CRANBORNE not been much to the fore of late; content to live on reputation of his haughty answer flung at trembling Japan: "We grant treaties, we do not seek them." But Cousin HUGH, like the poor, is always with us. Since Education Bill came to the front he has been on the alert, urgent that no harm shall come to Mother Church. Understood to hold midnight meetings in the crypt in secret confabulation with the Primate and the Bishops. Just when PRINCE ARTHUR, after infinite trouble, has engineered a critical clause



RICHARD III. (REVISED VERSION).

Joseph (airily). "Ah! here come those funny ghosts again! Getting quite used to 'em!"

Unlike RICHARD THE THIRD, DON JOSÉ shows no sign of perturbation when this last, perhaps of all most embarrassing, ghost presents itself. "Circumstances change, and opinions alter with them." With the same confident bearing, the same incisive speech, standing on the same lofty platform of patriotic policy, he demonstrates that what was hopelessly wrong in 1881 is imperatively right in 1902.

Business done.—On resolution approving Brussels Convention, Ministerial majority in full House, under urgent Whip, runs down to 87.

Tuesday night.—"Life would be endurable only for its cousins," said PRINCE ARTHUR, his eye resting for a moment with disturbed glance on Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, travelling beyond Gangway till it fell upon the ascetic face and frail figure of Cousin HUGH.

over a rusty piece of road, Cousin HUGH rises in his pulpit below the Gangway and either excommunicates his hapless cousin, cursing his clause by bell, book, and candle, or submits an amendment obviously drafted from a passage in the Athanasian Creed.

To-day set apart for consideration of Report stage of Bill. Time and opportunity for making it better in interests of national education are short. At eleven o'clock the guillotine will get to work, and further discussion will be impossible. For ordinary business assembly the thing to do would be forthwith to take up Bill, and in briefest fashion discuss and decide upon remaining amendments. Cousin HUGH, however, stepped in with a new clause bristling with controversial points. Not the remotest chance of passing it. If Government adopted it, it would mean the revolutionising and remodel-



A COLLOQUY IN THE CRYPT.

Lord Hugh. "Yes, I quite take your Grace's point, but you see the trouble is we have an 'Ordained Ministry' in Parliament too!"

ling of the Bill, involving another fortnight's sitting. What of that? In the dim recesses of the crypt, to the tolling of Big Ben moaning midnight, the clause was drafted. Cousin HUGH moved it, and the whole of the afternoon sitting is taken up with the discussion.

As for PRINCE ARTHUR, episcopal association, though reaching him only at second hand, suggests what plain, uncompromising Mr. BRYCE regards as a Jesuitical course. Except for the extreme clerical party Cousin HUGH's clause has no friends. It is contemptuously dismissed from consideration on the Opposition side, whilst from the Ministerial benches comes the voice of Mr. MIDDLEMORE, wittily describing it as endeavouring to enforce Christianity in compartments. The thing being foredoomed, PRINCE ARTHUR, yielding to the call of cousinly affection, feels safe in leaving his followers to go as they please. For himself he will not vote at all, and the Government Whips will not take official part in the division.

So, upwards of four hours of sitting having been unblushingly wasted, Cousin HUGH leads fifty-seven righteous men into the lobby, the sinners, too often in a majority, mustering 243.

Business done.—Education Bill at Report Stage.

Friday night.—BONAR LAW, whose maiden speech from Treasury Bench was one of the features of debate on Sugar Bounties, will go far. To begin with, he is a private discovery of PRINCE ARTHUR'S. Wisdom likes to be justified

of her children, and it is a good thing for starters in public life to be *protégés* of the PRIME MINISTER. But the new Secretary to Board of Trade will get along without personal favouritism. His speech in one detail a *tour de force*. Ordinarily a young Minister standing at the Table for the first time to take part in big debate fortifies himself with a sheaf of notes. The Secretary to the Board of Trade had not even jotted down a mem. on his thumb-nail. Master of the subject, gifted with power of lucid expression, he made what was, take it for all in all, the best speech in defence of a hopeless position.

His fault, easily got over by taking thought, is too rapid delivery. Made it difficult always to follow his argument. Another mannerism to be avoided is toying with the brass loop in the centre of the Ministerial box, still dented by application of Mr. GLADSTONE'S arguments. Very early in his speech BONAR LAW'S glance fell upon this not uncommon accessory to a box. Thereafter it exercised upon him a fatal fascination. Standing back half a pace he, time after time, advanced to the Table, cautiously put forth a forefinger, and, lifting the sunken brass loop, tilted it over to the other side, starting back in amazement at the result.

A remarkable discovery. Through the ages, certainly from the time of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, no Minister even noticed that in the centre of the box is this brass ring, presumably designed to lift the lid. Certainly none in the

course of his speech discovered that with forefinger inserted it could be turned over. Credit is due to Parliamentary Secretary to Board of Trade. The incident testified to quick observation, and aptitude for mechanics. But the matter is not worth insisting upon.

Well worth noting that BONAR LAW'S success was achieved within the space of twenty minutes. The debate never quite recovered from depressing influence of Brother GERALD'S lively and concise discourse of an hour and a half. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, quick to see the mote in PRINCE ARTHUR'S brother's eye, happy in his manner of indicating it, presently displayed a beam in his own. His speech opened brightly, but drifted into the abyss measured by an hour and a quarter. The fatal example spread, varied only by LAW'S speech, at once the shortest and most successful of the sitting.

For years the MEMBER FOR SARK, a voice crying in the wilderness, has insisted that, with exceedingly few exceptions, such as the exposition of an intricate Bill, everything it is useful to say in debate can be compressed within the space of twenty minutes. ASQUITH, one of the most effective Parliamentary debaters, rarely exceeds that limit. BONAR LAW'S triumph on the same line should work wholesome effect upon general habit. But it won't.

Business done.—Report Stage of Education Bill carried by closure.

MUSICAL NOTE FOR BECHSTEIN HALL.—

To read of a programme put forward by the Musical Artists' Union is encouraging to musical art. What perfection in variety may not be expected from a union of colours—for there are colours in music—under the direction of Mr. LAURENCE RAINBOW!

The Lucas Malet Birthday Book is made up of materials from L. M.'S various works, deftly extracted by OLIVIA DETHRIDGE, and placed in a pretty cover by FISHER UNWIN as "a dainty dish to set before" those who revel in dates and autographs. The compiler is to be congratulated on the Little Jack Horner-like way in which she has picked out most of the nice things from the unpleasant Calmady story wherewith to spice this compound for Christmas.

To ETONIANS.—Might not any scholar distinguishing himself among the Collegians under the present Headmastership be correctly described as "A 'Tug' of WARRE"?

NEW BOOK (*probable announcement*).—"New Sneezers," by the author of "Ancient Coiffers."



ECHOES OF THE CHASE.

Huntman (who has been having a very bad ride). "EITHER MASTER WANTS SOME NEW 'HORSES' OR A NEW 'HUNTSMAN'!"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. IV. IN SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

I WAS telling you last week about our little circle in Glen Edward's Avenue in the days long ago, before the serpent, at whom I hinted, had come into our midst for our undoing. Before I tell the story of the serpent I should, however, like to add a few more details to complete the picture of what we were.

We used to have a good many marriages from time to time, for we always had a plentiful supply of nice girls in stock, and our young men and the male friends they brought amongst us were of a sound, steady-going family kind, not overburdened with riches, of course, but in fairly good positions, with a prospect of advancing themselves by their own efforts. A youngster who could command £300 or £400 a year never imagined for a moment that he could be frowned upon as being unable to provide for a wife, and, as a matter of fact, he never was so frowned upon. He didn't waste his time in thinking himself too poor, and incurring large debts to tailors and haberdashers and florists. Not a bit of it: if he fell in love and the girl seemed to like him, he just went in like a man and popped the question in the good old style. "Miss HARRISON," he would say, "I have something rather important to—ahem—communicate to you. I thought, Miss HARRISON—that is, I wondered—may I call you KATIE? Well, KATIE, will you marry me?" Thereupon KATIE would blush in the back drawing-room, and hang her head and murmur, "Oh, Mr. FIELDING—" ("Call me DICK, do," from the gentleman)—"Oh, this is so sudden, Mr.—DICK, I mean—no, no, I really—well, just one, then." And DICK would go off the happiest man on earth, but for the gloomy shadow cast upon him by the approaching interview with Papa. And not long afterwards Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON would beg the honour of our company to the marriage of their daughter CATHERINE EMILY with Mr. RICHARD FIELDING, and nearly all of us would accept and turn up at the church in full strength, and then proceed to the house for a substantial wedding breakfast (old style), at which there were speeches—a feeling one from Uncle WOOSNAM, proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom, a manly one from DICK FIELDING, which produced tears of affection and sentiment from Mrs. HARRISON and the whole available body of aunts married and single, and finally a humorous one from TOM TRANTER, the best man, proposing the bridesmaids in a chorus of giggles for these amiable and fascinating creatures. There were no fashionable paragraphs about the wedding in the evening papers, but the local hatter, who was always chief of the corps of waiters on these occasions, and was also a contributor to our district weekly, used to provide a column or so to that organ, relating how Miss HARRISON had been "led to the hymeneal altar," and how the catering had been provided on its usual scale of comfortable magnificence by Messrs. BLOSSOM AND BRANCH, "so well known in the district for their efforts in this special department of catering." A full description of the wedding-cake and a long list of presents concluded the account. Then after a few weeks the young couple came back and set up house amongst us, and our wives all went and called on Mrs. FIELDING, who had been, so to speak, brought up amongst them, but would have eaten her wedding-dress sooner than visit anyone who had not paid her the compliment of such a call. It was all very simple and pleasant and easy, and we had it all over again in the following year when we helped to turn off TOM TRANTER.

Another indication of our social simplicity may be gleaned from our attitude towards royal personages. Of course we knew—and proud we were of the knowledge—that we had



THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.

"COME AND 'AVE A LOOK, MARIER. THEY'VE BEEN AND PUT A CHICK ON A LIDY'S 'AT, AND THEY DON'T KNOW 'OW TO SPELL IT!"

A QUEEN and a Court and a Prince and Princess of WALES, and the rest of the Royal Family. Some of us had even seen them and cheered them at processions or the layings of foundation stones—but there we stopped. We never pretended either to ourselves or to one another that we were on terms of familiarity with royalties or their circle. If in those days any Glen Edward's Avenue man had said to another, "Painful business this about old FUZZLETOP: I wonder how he's going to get out of it," his friend, far from understanding that he was referring to a great and titled personage, would have stared blankly and asked for an explanation. Indeed we were quite Spanish in our tacit assumption that members of our royal house not only failed to have legs, but that they were saved by their position and our respect from all the other attributes of mortality. I can remember that TOM TRANTER in his bachelor days was supposed to have committed a very serious offence against courtesy and good manners by speaking in a matter-of-fact tone of a happy event which was then being expected in a Palace. We knew just as much about it as he did, naturally, but we all resented what he said as an undue affectation of familiarity. These events were not usually referred to in anticipation, but, of course, when they came off we had the church bells rung and hung out our flags and showed our loyalty in every possible way. It took TOM a long time to recover from his unlucky use of the word "confinement" in connection with a royal Princess. There's a very nice polite French equivalent, which carries with it a much loftier idea, and is, therefore, obviously more suitable when you are talking of people born in the purple. If TOM had used that word nobody would have minded a bit, but I suppose he wasn't quite certain about the pronunciation, a matter about which some of us were sticklers—especially HOBSON, who had once spent four days in Paris, and was a

good deal deferred to as a first-hand authority on barricades and revolutions.

Such was our condition. Of course you will say we were suburban, and, having said so, you will imagine you have stamped us as being mean and unworthy of consideration. For my part I prefer to think that we were primitive and simple, and had most of the virtues implied by these words. To us, then, living our lives in the fashion I have described, there arrived HILARY JOWETT, the serpent. But I must defer him for another week. (To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

QUEEN ANNE is dead, and Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has written the history of her reign. The two handsome volumes published by CHATTO AND WINDUS form a fitting appanage to those standard works, *A History of Our Own Times* and *A History of the Four Georges*. They have the same charm of literary style, are enriched by the same gift of creation, in swift sentences, of picturesque figures that in various ways have played a part in the making of the Empire. *The Reign of Queen Anne* is an epoch peculiarly attractive to Mr. MCCARTHY. It was an age of great wars, great men, and a new birth of English literature. The men glide across these pages in the outward habit fashioned two hundred years ago. Mr. MCCARTHY does not limit his sketch or commentary to actual contemporaries of QUEEN ANNE, for we have MARLBOROUGH and ADDISON, BERKELEY and BOLINGBROKE, BURKE and BURNET, CLARENDON and COLLEY CIBBER, DEFOE and DRYDEN, GODOLPHIN and GRATTAN, HOGARTH and HANDEL, JOHNSON and BEN JONSON, ORMONDE and ROBERT HARLEY, PETERBOROUGH and POPE, SACHEVERELL and SWIFT, WALPOLE and, not least interesting, the homely sun round which these constellations at less or greater distance revolved—QUEEN ANNE. My Baronite has found the narrative more enthralling in interest than the average novel.

If dainty books my lady please, then the Baron is sure she would be delighted with this re-issue of ELIZABETH BARRITT BROWNING'S poems and those of TENNYSON, each collection in a clearly printed, artistically bound volume (BLACKIE AND SON), portable and pocketable, with an appreciative preface by Mistress ALICE MEYNELL, than whom there are few better qualified for this work, which is to her a labour of love.

The Four Feathers (SMITH, ELDER), by A. E. W. MASON, is a work, says my Nautical Retainer, on which any author might have the best warrant to plume himself. It is the study of a nature physically nervous in defiance of cumulative heredity. Forced by family tradition to enter the service, young *Feversham* lives in terror of disgracing himself; and to avoid this he finds some natural excuse for sending in his papers at the moment when his regiment is ordered to the front. Three of his fellow officers mark their sense of his behaviour by posting to him a packet containing their cards and one white feather apiece. To these a fourth is added from the fan of the indignant lady who was about to marry him, though she nearly breaks her heart in the act. The book tells how he sets himself to redeem the fault of nature, and by mere force of moral courage (for he retains his physical terror in prospect of peril, though never in the actual face of it) endures hazards and sufferings more deadly than could be found on any field of battle. The issue must be left to the reader to trace.

Mr. MASON has a clear eye for environment and a cunning hand to portray it. He is equally at his ease in Donegal or the Soudan. His account of the House of Stone, the terrible prison at Omdurman, is vivid and enthralling. Perhaps his appreciation of the psychologic effect likely to be produced



"MARY, THERE'S THREE MONTHS' DUST IN THE DRAWING-ROOM!"

"THAT ISN'T MY FAULT, MUM. YOU KNOW I'VE ONLY BIN HERE A FORTNIGHT!"

by abnormal physical conditions is more successful than his actual observation of normal character. His studies of women just fall short of probability. He is himself, like his *Ethne*, a little the creature of theories. He believes that as a general principle brute courage is, for women, the most appealing quality in man. But he does not allow for the personal element. With so gentle a nature as *Ethne's*, Love and Pity would have found their opportunity in her lover's disgrace. Her first instinct would have been to try the power of her sympathy to console him for the gift of the three feathers, certainly not to complete the quartette—very certainly not to spoil her best fan in the process. Again, one asks oneself, in view of the exceptional heroism brought out by exceptional circumstances, whether the normal conditions by which *Feversham* was bound to uphold the honour both of his Queen and his lady, would not have called out at least a normal exhibition of courage. But the book is fascinating, and that is really all that need be said.

Let anyone who wants a good hearty laugh read *The Lady of the Barge*, by W. W. JACOBS (HARPERS). There are also in this volume some stories that prove Mr. JACOBS a "master of craft" in the direction of creepiness. But it is not for these but for his genuine sense of humour as herein exemplified that this book is strongly recommended by the appreciative

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

WANTED, Underhand Maltsters: wages 20s. per week.
Peterborough Advertiser
SAD! for isn't the Member for Peterborough responsible for the Pure Beer Bill?



UNDER THE SEA.

Haucker. "YER DON'T WANT TO BUY A NICE LITTLE OCTOPUS, DO YER, GUV'NOR?"

THE DAILY SEDATIVE.

AN American project is afoot for establishing a daily paper for nervous readers, in which catastrophes will be narrated in the most soothing terms, and all calamities studiously discounted. We submit a few paragraphs written in specially prepared anodyne ink for this enterprising periodical:—

Another eruption is reported from Vesuvius. The lava is said to have wandered down the mountain side in streams of exquisite tints, ranging over the whole gamut of colour. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than this sight as the gloaming merged into night. Indeed it is considered that ten thousand persons never before have died under such charmingly prismatic conditions.

Eyewitnesses of the recent delightful railway accident in Spain relate that the massed wreckage of the train presented a most fascinating spectacle, to which only a MERVON or WHISTLER could do justice. The cries of the wounded, principally in A flat and E major, produced a most soothing harmony, and altogether the disaster may be numbered with the most artistically successful of our day.

Latest advices from Ireland show that the Union of Hearts is already a *fait accompli*. Dr. WALSH has been seen walking down Grafton Street arm-in-arm with Chief Baron PALLES. Mr. REDMOND has presented Mr. O'BRIEN with a diamond breast-pin. Lastly, Mr. HEALY, in the intervals of editing a complete edition of the orations of TULLY, is engaged on a fascinating volume of stories for children, entitled, *Chronicles of a Kilkenny Kitten*.

How exaggerated are the usual reports concerning the dangers of influenza may be gathered from the experiences of Dr. METHUSALEH TIBBLES, the President of the Old Parr Khayyam Club, who has just celebrated his hundred and third birthday. This gentleman, who is in the pink of robust health, has never omitted to have a severe annual attack of influenza since the emergence of that alleged malady in 1890. It is, he holds, a blessing in disguise: it compels one to go to bed and enables one while there to clear the system of other disorders. Such a testimony cannot be too widely disseminated.

The opening of the burglary season is always welcome. We now discover how far our window fastenings and

door bolts are in satisfactory condition; whether or no our servants can be trusted; and what is the general opinion in the neighbourhood as to our wealth. These things are cheaply acquired at the expense of a little silver, especially when we have the satisfaction of knowing that some poor fellows have for a while come within the refining influence of a superior home. As COVENTRY PATMORE says, the burglar is the true angel in the house.

Early Lessons in Ornithology.

Squire (to rural lad). Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one?

Boy. By the teeth, Sir.

Squire. Nonsense, boy! You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't got any teeth.

Boy. No, Sir; but I have.

QUITE INEXPLICABLE! — Our distinguished friend ALFRED COOPER was recently made "Sir ALFRED," though still remaining "Sur-geon!" Query, was the above puzzle suggested towards the close of the banquet given to Sir ALFRED last week? Anyway, a reward is offered for its solution.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY
INTERVIEWS.

VIII.—MR. YERKES.

WHEN we asked to be shown into the presence of the Moleonnaire, as Mr. YERKES has been facetiously called from



"He's down there," said the boy.

his burrowing proclivities, we were led by a confiding and very buttony boy to the brink of a yawning chasm.

"He's down there," said the boy.

"But we've come to interview him with our little camera," we replied.

"Can't be helped, Sir," said the boy.

"He's in the blue clay, and nobody's allowed down for fear it's Mr. BEERBOHM MORGAN in disguise."

"But we're not," we said; "anything but that. We haven't the change for half-a-crown."

"I daren't run the risk," said the boy. "These tubers would make very small



"My taste for excavation is hereditary."

potatoes of me if I let down a member of the wrong syndicate. You've no idea how complicated life is since the row in the Parliamentary Committee."

"And does Mr. YERKES live under the earth always?" we asked.

"Yessir, except when he comes up for air, or to read the Parliamentary Reports."

"But how about his meals?"

"Oh, we sends them down a soup-turenean tunnel communicating with the kitchens."

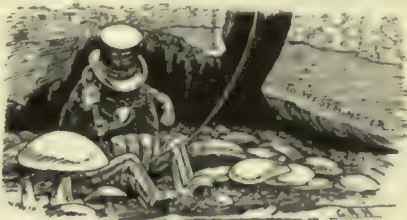
Seeing that our endeavour was useless we desired to be allowed to telephone to the great Pluto-crat in his infernal regions, and in a few moments communications were satisfactorily established.

"How do you like London?" we asked.

"Very much, down here," replied Mr. YERKES in a rich *basso profundo*. "But then my taste for excavation is hereditary. My grandfather was a confirmed Troglodyte, and lived exclusively on truffles. My mother, also, was passionately fond of tuberoses."

"Is it true, Mr. YERKES," we asked, "that you have made some remarkable archaeological discoveries in the course of your excavations?"

"Certainly," responded the eminent financier. "I think of permanently taking up my residence in a Roman



"Mushrooms grow in the greatest abundance."

villa which I have restored, and lighting a set of catacombs on the Brush system."

"Don't you find the atmosphere trying?"

"On the contrary, it is singularly pure. We are entirely free from fogs, and mushrooms grow in the greatest abundance. The underground cure for insomnia is gaining converts every day."

"And your recreation—how do you manage that?"

"Easily. First of all there is the Multiple Unit Library, for those of a studious habit. Personally I am devoted to tubular bridge and music."

"May I ask what is your favourite song?"

"Down Among the Dead Men," immediately responded the genial millionaire.

"And your favourite author?"

"BRET HARTE, the digger poet."

"One word more," we ventured. "How do you pronounce your name?"

Mr. YERKES coughed inscrutably.

"Does it rhyme to PERKS?"

He signified the negative forcibly.

"To turkeys?"

He admitted it. "According to the *Chronicle*," he added, "that's the only rhyme."

"But do you know a better?" we persisted.

"Parliament's an odd place," he said meditatively. "I was thinking of 'work'us."

MARRIAGE AND COOKERY.

["A lawyer named FRANCIS BOTTA has just died in Grosswardein, Hungary, leaving his entire fortune of £10,000 for the foundation of a school for cookery, which shall bear his name. In his will he says that bad cooking has been the means of much conjugal unhappiness, and the object of his legacy is to help to remove this evil."—*Daily Mail*.]

In Britain, as in other lands,

We hear of men and women suing
To be released from wedlock's bands,

Repenting of a hasty wooing;—
These tragedies might not have been
If girls were taught *la haute cuisine*.

A wife who understands her part,
And fashions light and toothsome
dishes,
Would conquer any husband's heart,
And bend him to her lightest
wishes:—

So brides can scarcely overrate
A cookery certificate.

A varied daily bill of fare
Acts as a potent antiseptic,
And heals the temper of the bear
Who rages when he feels dyspeptic;
But wedded bliss soon comes to grief
When mutton alternates with beef.

Hence this intelligence should move
Lone spinsters from their vain repin-
ing;
Not all the means that make for Love
Can match the dearer art of dining;
Nor groundless is the wide repute
Of that old maxim, "Feed the brute!"

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—["Dr. JIM" (the P. M. G. said in a note last week) "at a dinner given at Salisbury, Rhodesia, sat next to His Honour C. J. Kotze, who, as Chief Justice of the Boer Republic, had condemned him to death after the celebrated Raid." This will remind some readers of Major Monsoon dining at the same table with the Duke of WELLINGTON, who inquired his name, and on being informed looked across at the Major and said, "Monsoon, eh?—thought I hanged you—knew I intended it. Glass of wine?" I quote from memory, but think it near enough.

THE LAST OF THE DURBAR LINERS.

[The *S.S. Arabia* (*Feliz sit omen!*), which carries the last batch of visitors to the Durbar, sailed from the Thames on Friday, December 5. The following verses are dedicated, with affectionate compliments, to the author of *The Sailing of the Long-Ships*.]

THEY heard the sirens singing, they saw the barges rock;
Society (a remnant) stood weeping by the dock;
Away, away, to silence melted the City's roar,
And blasts of briny ozone came whiffing round the Nore.

"I come from various quarters that reek of English fame"
(This was the Blizzard speaking; he knew the sites by name);

"I noticed all the landmarks, just where they used to be
When your remote forefathers arranged to rule the Sea.

"They sailed with *CŒUR DE LION*, they ran the old Crusades;
They shipped with Admiral *HAWKINS* on sundry sporting raids;

They served with *DRAKE* of Devon (Devon for wind and rain!)

And helped themselves unhindered to half the spoils of Spain.

"They raked Gibraltar's ridges, they shot and burned and rammed;

They roused the Nile from slumbers long ere the thing was dammed;

Long ere ye got your highway where *JOSEPH*'s bark has gone,
They had confirmed the Charter secured by honest '*JOHN*.'

"Fair-minded were your fathers, great gentlemen at play,
They never growled in mangers, 'twas not the Sea-dogs' way;
But while they grudged no foeman the stuff they counted trash,

They fought like fiends for credit, they worked like wolves for cash.

"Heirs of the valiant Sea-Kings (assembled here on board),
Lo! in their wake ye follow, if not with fire and sword;
Armed with the tiffin-basket, the fine mosquito-net,
Ye still conduct the Empire whose suns refuse to set.

"Your fathers fared in frigates, they went in homely guise,
With '*Victory* or the *Abbey*' ever before their eyes:
To-day with trunks and trousseaux safely insured ye go,
Pacing in soft apparel upon a P. and O.

"The Sea-Kings drew their sabres, they dealt the frequent dint;

Ye too would leave impressions wrought in a rarer mint;
The East, so short of colour, shall fall about your feet
To catch the Carlton manner, the mode of Curzon Street.

"Ye go to see and win her with culture from the West,
To lift the load of languor that lies upon her chest;
Hope not too much! She'll suffer that temporary strain,
Then turn (a local habit) to 'plunge in thought again.'

"Ye cannot all be *JOSEPHS*, to do what he would do,
To take and make an old world nearly as good as new;
But ye may share the feelings that lately filled his head
When longing (under hatches) to join the mighty dead.

"So, outward bound or, homeward, through scenes ye know
by name,

Observe the panorama that reeks of English fame;
Do note the ancient landmarks just where they used to be
When your sublime forefathers arranged to rule the Sea."

O. S.

INTERNATIONAL LETTERS.

(Lost between London and Berlin.)

LIEBER GRAF BÜLOW,—An letzt wir haben gethan mit unser Education Bill, so ich habe ein klein Zeit zu spare zu schreiben zu Sie. Es ist sehr unfortunat, aber ich vergesse ein klein mein Deutsch, welch ich lernte in Deutschland letzt Herbst. Ich habe genommen gross—I don't know how to say it, but I mean I have taken great care of my beautiful Red Eagle. It is the only decoration I have, except a Primrose League scarf-pin. Ich bin awfully proud von es, und auch von mein khaki suit of clothes, und wenn ich wünsche zu fühlen wie ein Deutschmann ich put them both on,

Wir haben jetzt ein deutsch Theater—what a funny way you Germans spell theatre! Why not "theayter"?—in London, und natürlich ich gehe zu jeder Spiel. Ich verstehe nicht ein single Wort, much less a compound one, aber BALFOUR und die andere fellows think me no end of a swell at German because I go. Letzt Woche ich sah ein sehr gut Ding, ein comedy called *Im Bunten Rock*, und immer seit ich habe gewünscht dass ich hatte ein hussar uniform like *Lieutenant von Hohenegg* in the play. My khaki riding-suit for your manœuvres, which I thought so dashing and swagger, looks quite shabby and mean compared to the other. It's simply nowhere. Es ist kein wo.

Glauben Sie der KAISER will machen mich Honorary Colonel of a Hussar regiment? Ich wünsche er würde. Das uniform würde show off mein Rot Adler so beautifully. Wenn Sie können thun dieses für mich, ich werde sein sehr viel obliged, und ich werde wear whenever ich kann, in the country, ein von die neue English travelling caps, with a bulging flat top—a sort of imitation of the German soldier's cap—which I think quite lovely for civilians, though most fellows call them beastly ugly. Perhaps they don't suit ordinary men, but they give me quite a military air; and I simply adore all German fashions in clothes.

Aber ich bin vergessend was ich wünschte zu sagen. Ich bin so sorry dass Sie haben so viel bother over your Tariff. It seems almost as bad as our Education Bill. Aber mit ein gut majority Sie können thun almost anything. So wünschend Sie glück, glauben mich Ihren sehr treulich,
ST. JOHN BRODRICK.

P.S.—Solch ein Spass! GIBSON BOWLES hat gefunden viele mistakes in LANSLOWNE's Französisch. Awful blow for poor LANSLOWNE! Aber es nimmt ihn nieder ein peg oder zwei, und mit mein Deutsch ich bin jetzt der linguist von der Cabinet. Bitte nicht zu vergessen der Colonelcy of Hussars.
ST. J. B.

DEAR MR. BRODRICK,—I gratulate to the successful accomplishment of the education bill. I also gratulate to your studies of the german language. You shall be later quite proficient. I have not the time in order to write a very long letter. Thanks for your joywishes. This tariff bill business is frightful! Poor BALLESTREM and BÜSING are more troubled as I. They brake their bell in the Reichstag the other day, trying to overcome the noises.

It rejoice me very that Lord LANSLOWNE has made one mistake. I fear it was not about Shanghai. Unluckily no hussar regiment honorary colonelcy is vacant. Would a horse-policeman's uniform do?

Yours truly, VON BÜLOW.

THE *Fête de la Raison* was celebrated last week in Paris. The party got on as best they could without the "Flow of Soul" invariably associated with a "Feast of Reason," as, though the *animus* of such meetings is evident, yet the *anima* is with them a *quantité négligeable*.



Bernard Partridge

OFF TO THE DURBAR!



ANOTHER "GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD."

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — My publisher assures me that, thanks to your kindness in publishing the prospectus of my great work on "Canada, her History, Customs and Resources," the advance sale of this comfortable book already exceeds the total sale of all my previous works. As it is quite apparent that I have discovered the true method of writing fascinating books, I am emboldened to seek a further favour at your hands.

This little world is growing a-weary of higher criticism, and the stupid belief that prevails in many learned quarters that descriptive works should describe facts. At the same time it is manifestly impossible for us to go back to the good old days when the pious editor of the *Arminian Magazine* published accounts of the Upas tree and similar marvels on the testimony of "a trustworthy sea-faring man," but we can secure matter of equal interest by following my method, and writing not what is true, but what people believe to be true.

In this way we should be able to develop much that would excite the envy of *Baron Munchausen*.

Following my original policy I propose to issue a volume on Great Britain, as she is believed to be by Canadians. While this will be published in a manner uniform with my history of Canada as known to Britons, it will not be encumbered with unnecessary historical erudition, but will deal chiefly with matters of contemporary interest, and I trust that you will further oblige me by publishing the following prospectus:—

CHAPTER I.—An introductory essay dealing with the universally admitted fact that JULIUS CÆSAR landed in England B.C. 55, and introduced the Eastern Question into British Politics.

CHAPTER II.—A diverting account of how King ALFRED let the cakes burn, and afterwards established the belief that Britons never, never, etc.

CHAPTER III.—A hiatus which embraces the author's remaining stock of historical information regarding the British Isles.

CHAPTER IV.—A dissertation on the inhabitants of the British Isles, showing that they are chiefly characters in poetry and fiction.

CHAPTER V.—A digression dealing with the excellent lethal cutlery manufactured in England, and brought to Canada concealed about the persons of adventurous young gentlemen-farmers whose mothers have warned them to beware of wild Indians, bears, buffalos and other deadly creatures.



SCENE—Street in a Garrison Town.

"WHY DO YOU SQUEEZE YOUR DOLLY SO TIGHTLY, EFFIE?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, AUNTIE DEAR, MY DOLLY BEGINS TO SPEAK VERY EASILY NOW, AND SHE TALKS TO PEOPLE A GOOD DEAL. I HAVE TO BE SO VERY CAREFUL IN A PLACE WHERE THERE ARE SO MANY SOLDIERS ABOUT. OH, VERY CAREFUL INDEED!"

CHAPTER VI.—A speculation regarding that mysterious body, the Privy Council, and an appreciation of its value in manufacturing issues for provincial elections by deciding disputes between the Government at Ottawa and the Governments of the different Provinces.

CHAPTER VII.—A digression, in which the author tries to discover a basis for the solemnity of JOHN BULL; it being popularly believed in Canada that he never smiles except when there is an eclipse of the moon. On these occasions a gentle glow is supposed to light his face, because he knows that the phenomenon is largely caused by his property getting between the sun and the lesser luminary and casting its shadow thereon.

CHAPTER VIII.—Great Britain, as the home of Princes, who occasionally make

a flying trip through Canada, and leave behind them a trail of feuds among aldermen and petty officials regarding the difficult question of precedence.

CHAPTER IX.—An inquiry into the foundations of the belief that Englishmen owe their remarkable chest development to blowing the froth off the best beer that ever was brewed.

Yours prosperously,

C. A. NUCK.

An Invidious Distinction.

GENERAL Servant Wanted, small house, family of two, one agreeable and obliging.—Lynn Advertiser.

MOTTO FOR CHRISTMAS TALE-TELLERS.—
"Just Sew Stories' and see what crops up."

CHARIVARIA.

THE London County Council are now happy. Some of the members were doubtful whether, from the designs that were submitted to them for the new Vauxhall Bridge, they had chosen the most hideous. Their minds have now been set at rest by a protest from the Art World.

It is incorrect to say that the Admiralty are building two more third-rate cruisers; they are, of course, third-class.

By the by, we believe the general public is under the impression that there are only two sorts of cruisers—first-class cruisers to carry the officers, and third-class cruisers for the men.

An excellent innovation is about to be introduced by the Admiralty. The stability of a torpedo-boat destroyer is to be tested without a crew inside her.

Belgium has one public-house for every thirty-eight inhabitants. This, perhaps, explains why Belgium is the most densely populated country in Europe.

Practice makes perfect, and we are improving in our accidents. They show a distinct tendency to be better managed. Last week an antiquated muzzle-loader was blown to pieces through the explosion of a shell at Lydd camp, without a single person being killed.

And the War Office, who manufactured the shell, are not a little proud that it exploded.

MR. WYNDHAM has declared, in reply to a correspondent, that no Irish M.P., since he has been in prison, has been set to do laundry work. The sensitive Celts now smell an insult in this. They allege that in stating that the Irish "won't wash clothes," MR. WYNDHAM had in mind a certain well-known advertisement.

MR. HALL CAINE has sailed for England. "The Eternal City" is drawing large audiences in New York, and MR. CAINE has secured commissions for a new novel, and a new play. He has also expressed his profound conviction that America has a great future before it.

Great enthusiasm was aroused by the statement in the daily papers that "the Good Hope passed Gibraltar without touching." Coming at the same time as a report that an American liner had passed the Isle of Wight without

hitting it, the public was largely compensated for the rumour that a Liverpool boat had grazed the Calf of Man, and another had knocked Scilly.

The *Daily Mail* has been protesting against the large foreign element of the Cobden Club. It is therefore gratifying to hear a report that the next President is to be a Mr. JOHANN BUHL.

AIDS FOR AUTHORS.

(Being a few suggestions for intending novelists who are otherwise thoroughly equipped for the profession of letters, but happen not to have any initial ideas.)

I.—WAS HE BLACK OR WHITE?

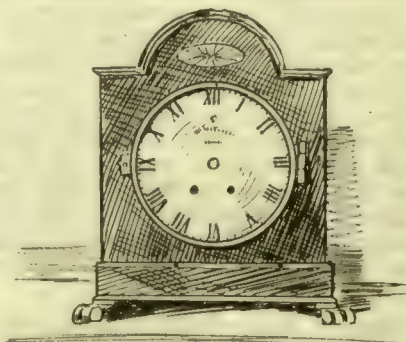
(Complex character sketch.)

HERO handsome, peculiarly attractive by reason of melancholy. Has poisoned two uncles, broken three widows' hearts, robbed four orphans, shut five female relatives in asylums, but bursts into tears at sound of great organ rolling in cathedral aisles, and, touched at sight of a Simple Girl dressed in white muslin and wearing a single string of pearls, he awakens to the longing for better things, and sees that as Humanity is inherently noble, he is a fine fellow after all.

II.—A MONARCH MISJUDGED; OR, OUR SOVEREIGN JOHN OF BLESSED MEMORY IN A NEW LIGHT.

(A historical romance.)

Character sketch of King JOHN, the heroic soul who saw the far-off ideal of the modern English constitution. His passion for the liberty of his people, hence noble determination to act the Wicked Despot that he might spur his subjects to win the Charter. Fine conception, cruelly misunderstood by his age. His death unwept. Introduce as villain STEPHEN LANGTON. Show JOHN's passionate love for ARTHUR; how, nevertheless, convinced that in ARTHUR he saw a future tyrant over the English people, he nobly murdered the boy in whom his soul delighted. A splendid crime! One child dying *pro bono publico*. (To be continued.)



"HANDS OFF!"

THE GOLDEN AGE.

["I think you must sometimes envy the lot of those happy people who lived at a time when it was within the capacity of any single individual to master without any undue effort the whole compass of human learning and of human wisdom."—Mr. A. J. Balfour.]

O FOR the days of long ago,
Of blessed old B. C.,
When it was possible to know
The *omne scibile*,
When all in everything excelled,
Nor specialised at college,
And one small cerebellum held
The sum of human knowledge.

There were no libraries as yet
Of huge ungainly size
For students emulous to get.
The wisdom of the wise;
You did not gaze on rows and rows
Of volumes, half-demented,
For poetry was rare, and prose
Had hardly been invented.

Philosophy was simple: men
Had not begun to rant
About their apperception then
And transcendental cant.
They knew what souls were made of,
too,

For in those days so distant
No metaphysics worried you,
For they were non-existent.

Then language was a problem small
In golden long ago:

You talked in Greek, and that was all
There really was to know.

Linguistic incapacity
Itself could then deter none
From learning modern tongues, you
see,

Because, of course, there were none.

As for geography, a chap
Had only got to see

ANAXIMANDER's little map,
And none knew more than he.

You knew what history there was,
And law and medicine. Many
Knew all the sciences, because,
You see, they hadn't any.

"SIR OLIVER MARTEXT."—SIR OLIVER LODGE, after writing an erudite article in the *Nineteenth Century and After Magazine*, penned a letter to the *Times* disavowing the title given to it, presumably, by the Editor. MR. KNOWLES will probably beware of his contributor in future, remembering him as "Sir Oliver Lodge-a-Complaint." By the way, the title of MR. KNOWLES's Magazine has been a puzzle to us ever since its adoption. The *Nineteenth Century—and After*. What is it "after?" In point of order, "after" the Eighteenth; but as regards any particular object in view, what is it after?

THE FUTURE OF LONDON.

[It is announced that St. James's Hall is shortly to be pulled down and converted into an hotel.]

It was a blithe New Zealander,
Stalwart and straight and tanned,
Had travelled o'er the salt sea foam
To see his motherland.
He tarried not an instant,
He sped to London town,
He hired a guide and gaily cried,
"Come show me up and down!"

"Good Sir," replied the courteous guide,
"You have but to declare
What 'tis your chiefest wish to see,
And I will take you there."
"Oh, show me then," the stranger cried,
The War Office, Pall Mall."
"Alas," replied the gentle guide,
"'Tis now a smart hotel."

"Alackaday!" the stranger said,
"That I was born so late.
Then pilot me unto the Tower
To see the 'Traitors' Gate."
"It grieves me sore," the other said,
"Your ardent hopes to quell.
That edifice is also turned
Into a new hotel."

"Indeed?" exclaimed the stricken youth,
Losing his ruddy tint;
"If I may not behold the Tower,
Then take me to the Mint."
"There is no Mint," the answer came,
"There are no beaver hats:
The site is wholly occupied
By residential flats."

"Westminster Abbey, what of that?"—
"Good Sir, you surely know
That MORGAN carted it away
To Boston, years ago."
"Then take me to the Mansion House"—
The answer, like a knell,
Once more was uttered by the guide—
"That's also an hotel."

It was a *triste* New Zealander
That hied him to the shore,
And thus in burning words appeased
His indignation sore:
"I came to see your storied piles,
Your fanes and citadels;
I find them all replaced by flats,
Or turned into hotels."

Historian of the War (to Private of the Dublin Fusiliers). Now tell me, my man, what struck you most at the Battle of Colenso?

P. of D. F. Begorra, Sorr, fwbat shtruck me mosht was the shower of bullets that missed me.

S.P.C.A. will again please note.

WANTED, a YOUTH, about 18 or 19, to cut and do for three horses.

Boston Guardian.



THE JOYS OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.

Trainer (to G. R., who has taken a chance mount). "So glad you turned up. This horse is such a rocky jumper, you know, I can't get a professional to ride him."

NEW LINES.

The following items are taken from a list of railway schemes which, in view of the success that has recently attended the efforts of various promoters of tube railways, are, we understand, about to be submitted to the House of Commons.

XIII.—A scheme to form, at some point not yet determined, a junction between the Campbell and Bannerman Railway and the Rosebery Overhead Light Railway.

The C. & B. R. connects, by a somewhat circuitous route, the two important industrial centres, Campbell and Bannerman, at which places are termini. The R. O. L. R. has no terminus, its lines forming a circle which frequently crosses the C. & B. R.'s permanent way. The object of the proposed junction is to facilitate the passage of through Parliamentary trains from either Bannerman

or Campbell to places in the elevated Rosebery Circle, or the reverse, and if the scheme should prove profitable it is not unlikely that at some future date the two Companies may amalgamate.

XCVI.—The Cowes, Atlantic, and New York Underground Railway.

This line, which will be used almost entirely for goods traffic, is to be constructed to meet the needs of sportsmen who wish to convey racing-yachts to New York. Sir THOMAS LIFTON, Chairman of the Company, announced at a preliminary meeting of directors that the two powerful pioneer engines, *Hamrock* and *Jamrock*, both guaranteed to carry all before them, would make trial journeys on the completed line next year. The American terminus, he said, would be fitted with elevators specially constructed with a view to lifting cups. In reply to a question he remarked wittily that the new line should form a kind of cupling link between the two nations.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XII.—THE FURRY 'UNS.

I HAVE had the back seat to myself as far as St. Martin's Church, where a little man with a round red face climbs the steps and, sitting down beside me, deposits a large carpet-bag upon my foot. He unbuttons his overcoat, mops his face, and gazes at me genially.

"They weigh six pounds," he observes impressively, nudging me in the ribs, "if they weigh an ounce."

"More than that, I should think," I remark as I remove my foot.

"D'yer think so?" he exclaims joyfully. "They're all right, they are. 'Arf a dozen of 'em."

I apply myself again to my newspaper. My neighbour picks up the carpet-bag, and, nudging me in the ribs again, places the handle in my hand.

"Feel 'em," he enjoins; "feel the weight of 'em."

"I have done that already," I venture to remark, but am forced to accede to his request.

I again attempt to turn my attention to my paper.

"'Arf a dozen of 'em," he repeats, with another nudge. "The best that money can buy."

I fold up my paper with resignation.

"What are they?" I inquire.

My companion leans towards me with delight.

"Furry 'uns," he replies.

"Fur——?" I murmur vaguely.

"Furry 'uns," he repeats, slapping his thigh,—"Rats."

My boredom immediately gives way to keener emotions. I venture to ask if they are alive. My neighbour chuckles gleefully.

"Notarf," he replies. "They're all right, they are. They're for my terrier up at Fulham. Big 'uns. Feel 'em."

I nervously remind him that I have already felt 'em. He beams at me.

"We won't arf 'ave a time to-night," he says, "in my back gardening. Would yer like to 'ave a look at 'em?"

I hastily disclaim any such desire. He does not seem to be convinced of my sincerity.

"I'd show 'em to yer willing," he assures me, "only yer know they might get out. Yer see I ain't used to 'em."

"I wouldn't have you run any risk on my account," I inform him earnestly. He appears to be the prey of self-reproach.

"Yer don't think," he asks appealingly, "that I don't want ter show 'em to yer?"

"I am certain," I assure him, "that you would be only too ready."

My obvious sincerity seems this time to carry conviction. He gazes round the bus, beaming.



CHRISTMAS CARD TYPES.

"Reg'lar beauties," he says loudly—"the best that money can buy. Furry 'uns."

He fails to attract attention, and for a time is silent. Suddenly he picks up the carpet-bag, and nudging in the back an old gentleman on the seat in front, lowers the carpet-bag over his shoulder.

"Feel the weight of 'em," he admonishes—"the furry 'uns."

The old gentleman turns round and glares at him, then waves the bag away without a word. My neighbour, nothing discouraged, gets up and begins to roam with his bag about the top of the bus, nudging people on the shoulder and asking them to "feel 'em." He meets with continual repulses until he reaches an elderly lady on the other side, who opens her purse and produces her ticket. My friend holds the carpet-bag in front of her.

"Feel 'em," he entreats.

"What do you want?" she inquires in surprise.

"Feel 'em," he repeats, dangling the bag in front of her face; "feel the weight of 'em, the beauties."

"What are they?" she queries nervously.

"Furry 'uns," he responds,—"reg'lar big 'uns.—Rats."

The elderly lady emits a stifled scream, and shrinks to the other side of the seat.

"Take them away!" she gasps.

"Don't be frightened of 'em, Missus," he says encouragingly; "they're the best that money can buy—feel 'em."

"Take them away!" cries the elderly lady.

My friend lowers the bag, and regards her with contemptuous amusement.

"You wouldn't never do ter take a ferretin'," he observes.

"Go away!" cries the lady. "Take that bag away!"

My friend slowly retires towards his seat again.

"There ain't no call ter be afraid of 'em," he observes, beginning to rummage in his overcoat pocket. "I ain't afraid of 'em. Why I've got a little 'un in my pocket 'ere—"

Suddenly he breaks off.

"'Ere—ullo!" he exclaims, "where is 'e? I 'ad 'im all right when I got on the bus—"

"Driver!" cries the elderly lady. "Stop! I want to get off."

Which as the bus slows down she does with astonishing agility.

My friend has resumed his seat, and is still rummaging in his pockets.

"That's a peculiar thing," he observes.

I notice a prevalent atmosphere of uneasiness on the bus. A small girl near the front is attempting the task of sitting on her feet without attracting attention. I personally am conscious of unpleasant sensations in the spine. My neighbour gets up, still holding his bag, and begins to poke about under the seats. At last he arrives at the front seat, where a buxom young lady is leaning forward in intimate conversation with the driver.

"'Ere, Miss," observes my friend, nudging her with the carpet-bag, "d'you mind movin' your skirt?"

The girl turns round in surprise, then prepares to do what he asks.

"Ullo, ullo, wot's the trouble?" queries the driver, looking round.

"I've bin," he explains, "an' lorst one o' my rats."

The buxom young lady gives one ear-splitting shriek and leaps upon the

seat. My friend only just saves her from instant death by throwing his arm round her waist.

"There ain't no call ter be afraid, GERTIE," he observes, dangling the carpet-bag in front of her. "Why, I've got a bag full of 'em 'ere."

"Take him away from me!" screams the girl, pulling his arm from round her waist. "Let me get off!"

The driver has stopped the bus.

"Look 'ere, ole man," he says with heat, "you'd better get orf. We don't want no bloomin' rats on 'ere."

There is a murmur of assent from everybody. The conductor has just appeared at the top of the steps. He sees my friend and makes towards him.

"Ullo, it's you, is it?" he exclaims. "I've 'ad a complint abaht you already. Come on, orf yer get."

"I ain't goin' ter get orf," retorts my friend. "I'm lookin' fer one o' my rats."

"'E's boozed, that's wot's the matter with 'im," remarks the driver.

"Come on!" says the conductor, "I've 'ad a lidy complinin' abaht you already."

My friend puts down his carpet-bag.

"I ain't goin' ter get orf," he says firmly. "I'm goin' ter look fer my rat. I've lorst 'im."

"Put 'im an' 'is bloomin' rats in the road," suggests the driver, "an' let 'im play with 'em."

The conductor so far acts upon this hint as to pick up the carpet-bag.

"You come on orf," he says, moving with it towards the steps.

My friend makes a dart after him and seizes the bag. There is a sudden click, and in an instant the top of the bus is inundated with live rats, which swarm over the roof or fall down the sides into the road.

A stampede ensues, everybody fighting for the steps. One young man only, standing upon a seat and folding his arms, shouts above the din to "let the women and children go first." In a minute the bus is absolutely empty, even to the driver who has clambered down from his box into the road.

The adjacent public-houses have emitted streams of sight-seers. A sporting policeman stops the traffic while the dogs of the neighbourhood enjoy a brief taste of Paradise. One of them is sent up the steps on to the bus. In five minutes there are as many rat-corpses in the street.

At last the conductor reconnoitres on top of the bus and pronounces it safe. The few remaining passengers climb up and gingerly resume their seats. The driver has clambered up to his box again, and with difficulty induced the buxom young lady to follow up the steps. My friend, surrounded by a



Conversationalist. "DO YOU PLAY PING-PONG?"

Actor. "NO. I PLAY HAMLET!"

crowd of urchins, is sitting disconsolately on the kerb, gazing at a little heap of five corpses, which he has gathered together before him. The driver leans over from his box.

"There's yer bloomin' rats," he calls, as he whips up his horses. "Now you'd better take 'em 'ome an' 'ave 'em fer supper."

The bus moves on. My friend has not answered, or even raised his eyes. He stretches out his hand mechanically, and begins sadly to put the corpses back in his empty carpet-bag.

Explaining why Money goes so Fast.

WILL Gentleman who found PARCEL of MONEY getting on car, Clowes Street, return same? Reward.—*Manchester Guardian.*

CONJUNCTIONAL AND CONJECTURAL.—A correspondent sends this extract from the *Manchester Courier* for December 2, 1902. It occurs in an article headed "Many Happy Returns," informing us "how Queen ALEXANDRA keeps her birthday":—

"Her MAJESTY's tea to school children was served within the Royal residence, and shooting does not commence until to-day."

Were the children going out shooting? Of course they could not have been fed up so as to provide sport for the shootists next day. This would have been making game of them with a vengeance.

NEW BOOK EXPECTED.—*All my Eye*, by the author of *The New Pupil*.



TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

(What we are coming to.)

"I'VE GOT A REALLY EXCELLENT COOK, NOW. SHE DEVELOPS ALL MY PHOTOS FOR ME!"

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF "LITERARY LANDMARKS."

On Monday last a largely-attended meeting of the Society of Spasmodic Fiction-Writers was held for the purpose of protesting against the action of Mr. H. E. Moss and other gentlemen in their proposal to erect in Vigo Street a house of entertainment to be known as the "Coliseum."

The Chairman, in opening the debate, stated that from time immemorial the name "Coliseum" had been the absolute property of contributors of sterling fictitious matter to journals ranging in price from one penny to sixpence. So far as his recollection served he had never read, and most certainly had never written, any short story or novel treating of the drama in which the theatre therein introduced had not been called the "Coliseum." It would be a task of the very utmost magnitude for fiction-writers to evolve a new playhouse patronymic; for all of which reasons he unhesitatingly condemned Mr. H. E. Moss's action as a heartless theft. He

therefore proposed that the following resolution be passed and forwarded to Mr. Moss:—

"That this meeting of the Society of Spasmodic Fiction-Writers does most strongly protest against Mr. H. E. Moss's action in entitling his new house of entertainment the 'Coliseum,' which it considers is a base infringement of the Unwritten Laws of Copyright." Mr. KEATS SWINBURNE-JONES rose to lend his cordial approval to the resolution. His own *forte*, as was well known, was the struggling young actor who gets his chance at a theatre in the last 1,000 words and, at one blow, creates an epoch in the history of the drama, and places himself in a position to marry the heroine. He had written one hundred and fifteen stories on this theme, and in every single instance the house in question had been named the "Coliseum," indeed he knew of nothing else which it could be named.

Mr. ANTHONY W. W. BINNS stated that this was the thin end of the wedge. (*Applause.*) He clearly foresaw that if Mr. Moss was permitted to succeed in

his dastardly "slim commandeering," his action would immediately be followed by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES or Mr. LOWENFELD building a "Frivolity Theatre." (*Profound sensation.*) What the "Coliseum" was to the previous speaker and numberless others, the "Frivolity" was to himself and many hundreds more whose stories treated of light, or musical comedy actress-heroines, or chorus adventuresses; these always worked at the "Frivolity Theatre." Fiction-writers had invented the "Coliseum" and the "Frivolity," and naturally knew of no other possible appellations. If one was taken from them the other would speedily follow, and what would they do then? (*Sensation.*)

The Chairman announced that the question was unanswerable, and declared the motion to be uproariously carried. Order having been restored by a District Messenger boy, the resolution was typed, and the entire company adjourned with it to the Hippodrome.

Later in the day it was rumoured that Mr. Moss was lying in the Manager's room in a precarious condition.



A HANDFUL !

UPPER NURSE (THE L-RD CH-NC-LI-R). "HERE'S THE LITTLE DARLING COME BACK TO YOU, STRONGER AND HEALTHIER THAN EVER !"

UNDER NURSE (MR. SP-K-R). "DRAT THE CHILD ! HAVE I GOT TO BE BOTHERED WITH IT AGAIN ?"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Dec. 1.—Years ago, when the Access to Mountains Bill, in charge of that famous Alpine climber, JAMES BRYCE, was to the fore, Dr. FARQUHARSON created profound sensation by casually remarking, "I own a mountain in Scotland."

For a moment dazed Members, regarding the good Doctor standing at the

Valentine and Orson, separated by the combined machinations of a hungry bear and an iniquitous uncle, nothing compared with the anguish that rent the bosoms of CATHCART and EUGENE.

In the spring of this year, when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, fraternal or otherwise, they swore a mighty oath (six feet four and a half) that they would no longer endure separation. Difficulty was to decide how the distance was to be

cedure passed in the Spring made Standing Orders.

Tuesday night.—Pretty to see the Right Hon. JEMMY PARTINGTON LOWTHER standing at his corner seat below Gangway sweeping back the advancing wave of National Education. Education Bill on for third reading. J. PARTINGTON LOWTHER moved its rejection.

"Drat your schools!" he cried, turning what he meant to be a glowering face on PRINCE ARTHUR.

But JEMMY cannot, even under painful circumstances of the hour, look otherwise than a genial, kind-hearted country squire, his manners, and his clothes, cut in London. Even as he turns upon the PREMIER his countenance mellowed with memories of good old times. Not old as far as health, appetite, and disposition to be cheerful go, he yet remembers pre-Board School times, when Education in national schools was limited to the three R's, and those writ small. It wouldn't do to put it that way, but actually, the principal, at least the most useful, purpose of the old school house was to establish a rendezvous where boys could be found handy if wanted to beat up game. Concurrently they learned enough to fit them for the position of gardeners, game-keepers, stable men, coachmen, even butlers. As for the girls, they had comfortable openings as kitchenmaids, nurses, cooks, housemaids, with the prize of tenancy of the housekeeper's room ever before them. Now amid talk of Germany, with its severely educated population, beating us out of the markets of the world, and rot like that, not only are hundreds of thousands of boys who would have made excellent stable hands, and an equal number of girls whom Providence obviously designed for the kitchen or the laundry, spoiled for their work, but squires and landed gentry of all degrees are called upon to pay money out of their hardly-earned rents in order to meet the charges.

"I have always protested," said JEMMY, in one of those finely-rounded sentences that are the despair of the newer Parliamentary generation, "against giving one class of persons other people's money to spend."

PRINCE ARTHUR, smilingly listening from the Treasury Bench, here became suddenly grave and moved uneasily on his seat. What was JEMMY driving at now? PRINCE ARTHUR painfully conscious of certain doles to bestowal of which he has, since coming into office, been a principal party. There was the landlord's dole; but since the stern critic below the Gangway himself belonged to that set it couldn't be it he was lamenting. Then there was the dole to the parson. But a steady church-goer like JEMMY, a munificent subscriber



ROPED TOGETHER.

Dr. F-r-q-h-r-s-n, Mr. E-g-ne W-s-n, and (round the corner) Mr. C-th-c-r-t W-s-n.

bar this afternoon, thought he had brought it down to the House with him. Nay, there were two mountains. On closer investigation the acclivities turned out to be CATHCART WASON, re-elected for Orkney and Caithness, and his brother EUGENE, Member for Clackmannan. Measured from the sea level, CATHCART is six feet four and a half near the firmament. As stars differ in glory, EUGENE is six feet four and a quarter. This is the only difference between the brothers. When it comes to bulk and brains they are twins.

On being first returned to Parliament they, with national canniness, divided their forces. One seated himself on the Ministerial side, t'other with the Opposition. Thus, however things fell out, the family certain to be represented on the right side. As the months passed, EUGENE sat sadly regarding CATHCART as one in a far country. CATHCART, through dimmed eyesight that made EUGENE loom larger than ever, forlornly watched his brother across the waste. Situation began to be unbearable. The dolour of

bridged. The MEMBER FOR SARK, usually well informed on details, tells me they resolved to toss up whether EUGENE should cross over and link his arm in CATHCART'S, or whether CATHCART, shaking the dust of Unionism off his shoes, should flit to the side of Brother EUGENE. However it be, as all the world knows, CATHCART applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, presented himself for re-election under Liberal flag, and to-day comes back, bringing his sheaves with him in the form of a largely increased majority.

So to-night Brother EUGENE, with the assistance of FARQUHARSON, who though not personally a mountain lives near one, brought the new Member up to the Table to take the oath and sign roll of Parliament. FARQUHARSON, with his active mountaineering habits, strode nearly a pace ahead of the new Member, recalling the familiar picture daily seen in the Channel, of a small tug-boat hauling, against wind and tide, a full-rigged ship.

Business done.—New Rules of Pro-

to ecclesiastical edifices at Epsom and Newmarket, wouldn't resent that. Again, the Bill before the House was giving to one class of persons (the managers) of denominational schools



A Pillar of the Church—"at Epsom and Newmarket."

(Mr. J-mmy L-wth-r.)

a capital sum of many millions of other people's money to spend.

Nor was it this that troubled the magisterial mind below the Gangway. It was just the altogether foolishness of this modern mania of teaching village school children more than the three R's. Why GURTH, swineherd and thrall of CEDRIC of Rotherwood, never even heard of them!

Having delivered his speech J. PARTINGTON LOWTHER, with an almost vicious swish at the steadily advancing tide, swung his mop on his shoulders and stalked forth.

Business done.—Third Reading of Education Bill moved.

Friday night.—Picking up just now a little book published by FISHER UNWIN entitled *For Better? For Worse?* and noting that the author was GEORGE RUSSELL experienced sudden shock. Could it be possible that an old austere bachelor friend had, after all these years, gone and got married, and in the excitement of unfamiliar circumstances was inaccurately quoting the Marriage Service? On closer inspection relieved to find that the title indicated nothing worse

than notes on social changes. Born as recently as 1853, a mere chicken as age is counted in political and Parliamentary life, GEORGE RUSSELL delights to pose as a modern Methuselah. Never so thoroughly happy as when, taking pen in hand, he looks back through the dim ages, recalling his personal memories of Queen ANNE and the time of GEORGE I.

"I am just old enough," he mumbles, after the manner of a man whose teeth have their roots in the seventeenth century, "to remember a great grandmother who said she 'lay' at a place when she meant she had slept there, and spoke of 'using the potticary' when we should speak of sending for the doctor."

Going even further back, METHUSELAH RUSSELL well remembers how SETH always said "Toosday" for Tuesday, "dook" for duke, "fust" for first; how JARED spoke of "goold" when he meant gold, knew a colour he pronounced "yaller," spoke of lilac as a "laylock," and was kept in countenance by LAMECH, who always called a cucumber a "cowcumber."

A pretty affectation, leading to pleasant reading, reminiscent of conversation on summer afternoons at the Scæan Gate, where sat the seniors of the Trojan race, wisethrough time and narrative with age. G. W. E. R. is not really so old as he writes. But he has certainly lived long enough to be the last of the Whigs *pur sang*. With native originality he adds to the rare character a touch of Radicalism.

I may timidly mention that I am just old enough to remember the then Member for AYLESBURY rising from below Gangway of House of Commons and making striking speech. It was in the early turbulent days of GLADSTONE'S second Administration. The Premier had made some reference to GEORGE RUSSELL, at the moment absent. Brought in and told what had happened, he made bright acrimonious response, justifying independence of a Radical Member. Natural consequence followed. At first opportunity Mr. G. brought him into the Ministry, reinstating him when, in 1892, he again came into power. Stranded at the General Election of 1895, he has never since attempted to steer his barque by Westminster Bridge. He writes charming books, but we have need of such as he in the House of Commons. Apart from personal merit, in this individual case conspicuous, we should always have a Woburn Abbey RUSSELL in the House of Commons. The development that just now adorns the House of Lords is another pair of sleeves.

Business done.—The Lords read Education Bill a second time.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

(New and American Version.)

[According to the *Daily Telegraph* of December 3, the following Bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Virginia by a Dr. R. B. WARE:—"Whereas kissing has been decided by the medical profession to be a medium by which contagious and infectious diseases are transmitted from one person to another; and whereas the prohibiting of such offence will be a great preventive to the spreading of such diseases as pulmonary tuberculosis, diphtheria, and many other dangerous diseases, therefore be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia that it shall be unlawful for any person to kiss another unless he can prove by his family physician that he has not any contagious or infectious disease."]

He.

MAMIE, look, we're standing now
'Neath the eucalyptus bough!

'Tis a splendid disinfectant

For a swain and maid expectant—
List, then, to my ardent vow!

She.

MARMADUKE, it may not be
Till I personally see

That your family physician
Testifies beyond suspicion
That you are bacillus-free!

He.

From the test I do not flinch
When it comes unto the pinch—

See, I am certificated

By this paper signed and dated!
Isn't that a perfect cinch?

She.

Yes—one little moment stay!
Let me read it *closer*, pray!

Ah, 'twas as I feared, invalid,

For your leave (don't look so pallid!)
Ended after yesterday!

Both.

Still, no prying eye attends,
While the branch above us bends!

There, we've taken one illicit

Kiss—the State will never miss it!
Let them fine—we've made amends!

COCAINE AS AN ANÆSTHETIC. — The attention of the *Lancet* is called to the fact that Dr. ELGAR'S "*Cockaigne*" failed to subdue PAYNE (first violin), who conducted this overture with great vigour the other day in Mr. WOON'S absence.

DE GOSSE-TIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM.

(From Mr. Gosse to Sir Edward Clarke.)

"I AM a blessed Bendeveré,
'Tis mine to speak and yours to hear,"
You've but to learn and I've to teach,
You must be silent while I preach;
And when I've finished—not till then—
You may assent with an "Amen."
Of this the application mark,
Pro tem. I'm parson, you are CLARKE.



Stern Parent (appearing suddenly). "ANGELINA!"
Angelina. "YES, PA?"
Stern Parent. "CUB-HUNTING 'S OVER!"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. IV.—IN SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

I DON'T quite know why HILARY JOWETT came amongst us. One of the houses at the north end of the Avenue had been for some time without a tenant. The board announcing that it was to be let had seemed something of a reproach to the neighbourhood. Houses usually passed from hand to hand without an interval, and we didn't relish the emptiness of Aberdeen Lodge. Suddenly, however, the board disappeared, and we learnt that the new tenant was HILARY JOWETT. There was also a Mrs. JOWETT, a pale lady with a wiped-out face, and there were two children, ADOLPHUS HILARY, aged six, and CLEMENTINA, aged four. The new arrivals were a good deal talked about, but very little was discovered. It was rumoured that they were rich and well-connected, and the calls began. It was then reported that Mrs. JOWETT was quite a lady-like person of sound domestic views, and we were encouraged by our womankind to proceed further in the path of intimacy. The HOBSONS gave them the first dinner-party, and nearly all the members of our local aristocracy, the *vieille roche* of Glen-Edward's Avenue, were present. We all took a good deal of interest in the newcomers, and we were anxious to discover how far they might be looked upon as acquisitions to our circle. HOBSON'S dinner, I'm bound to say, was tip-top. He gave us turtle-soup (GUNTER'S best), salmon, two different entrées (one was a sweet-bread, of course), a saddle of mutton and a capon, roast pheasants, cabinet pudding and jelly, and those jolly little cream cakes that Mrs. BROADBENT, the confectioner, made better than any one else I can remember. I've got the old *menu* before me as I write: I always used to pocket them before Mr. ROGERS, the local butler, was able to sweep it away with the bread crumbs before dessert. HOBSON'S wine, too, was excellent. Sherry to start with, then hock, then claret and champagne (nothing like so dry as we have to drink it now), and then port and a different claret to go round after the ladies had departed.

However, we weren't thinking much about the quality of the dinner: we could always take that on trust at HOBSON'S. We were all watching the JOWETTS. Mrs. JOWETT was very quiet. HOBSON'S best stories didn't seem to rouse her, though, of course, she smiled—but it was a mournful watery kind of smile, without much substance to back it. HILARY JOWETT, on the other hand, did extremely well. He was soon deep in conversation with Mrs. HOBSON, and seemed to get on like a house on fire, occasionally turning round and drawing Mrs. BAILEY, the wife of Dr. BAILEY, Headmaster of the Grammar School, into the conversation. Once the general conversation sank down and dropped, but JOWETT still went on, and we all heard him. "Of course," he was saying, "dear Lady MABEL isn't exactly the model of refinement and good manners. I quite agree with you there, Mrs. HOBSON; but still there's a something about her—I can't quite describe it"—"*A je ne sais quoi*," put in Mrs. HOBSON tentatively. "Yes," continued JOWETT, "that's it exactly—a *je ne sais quoi*—that makes you feel she has lived in good society, and is a Duke's daughter after all. I admit her mother is greatly superior to her, in spite of her age. 'Duchess,' I said to her only last week—'Duchess, how is it that—' but here the talk swelled up again at the other end of the table, and we lost the end of JOWETT'S remark to the Duchess.

Still, there was the fact: he knew a Duchess, and was sufficiently sure of himself to criticise the manners of a Duchess's daughter! The surprising part of it all, though, was his saying he agreed with Mrs. HOBSON about Lady MABEL. She didn't know Lady MABEL CORNFLOWER from Eve



FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Young Lady (from the Country). "HOW CONVENIENT IT IS, AUNTIE, TO BE ABLE TO SEE ONESELF IN THESE LARGE SHOP WINDOWS."

Auntie. "I ALWAYS AVOID SEEING MYSELF IN SHOP WINDOWS, DEAR. THEY MAKE ONE LOOK SO PLAIN AND ELDERLY!"

—we were all sure of that. Yet she must have ventured an opinion from which knowledge was to be presumed. HOBSON himself had looked uncomfortable, and GREENWAY, a Radical, but not a bad fellow, had given a sort of sniffing cough; but there for the time the matter ended. Over the wine after dinner JOWETT went on expounding. He spoke of Earls by their nicknames; he told a facetious and derogatory anecdote about a Prince—a German Prince, to be sure, but still a Prince; he knew and retailed to us some very choice scandal about a Marchioness: "I had it," he said, "straight from DICKIE GARRAWAY, and if he doesn't know, all I can say is he ought to. Poor old DICKIE, what a wreck he is, though he still keeps his hair wonderfully. I haven't seen him very lately—have you?" This was to TOM TRANTER, who murmured, "No—er—that is to say, no, not very lately," and proceeded to ask JOWETT whether there was any truth in the rumour that Lord BEMBRIDGE and his wife were not on speaking terms. "Lord BEMBRIDGE?" returned JOWETT, as though taxing his memory. "Oh, of course, DICKIE GARRAWAY, you mean. He was DICKIE G. for so long before he succeeded to the title that he's generally known by his old name. He and his wife! Ha! ha! Why, they haven't met for five years." This was a poser, but we all thought it served Tom right for presumption. Shortly afterwards we joined the ladies.

I mustn't linger over the melancholy story. The JOWETTS had a great success, naturally, and we all felt somehow that we had gone up in the social scale, about which none of us had ever thought before. And yet we felt, too, that we had gone down in our own estimation. JOWETT knew so many big-wigs, and it seemed so easy for him to talk about them, that our simple primitiveness became a positive reproach to us. The Happy Evenings were deserted; the Book and Magazine Club was neglected, and HOBSON began to talk of going to a *Levéé* and having Mrs. H.

presented at a Drawing Room. I've no doubt he would have done it too, for I know he bought a Court suit, cocked hat, knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes, buckles, sword and all, and JOWETT promised that he and his wife would see them through, when suddenly the bubble burst. The JOWETTS went away for the summer holidays and never came back. All the bills were paid, everything was in order, but TOM TRANTER discovered that JOWETT was a retired hair-dresser who had had a flourishing shop in the west end of London, under another name. Hence his intimacy with the great and titled. This happened a year after that first dinner-party at HOBSON'S. The shock was too great. Glen-Edward's Avenue never held up its head again. The simple spell that had kept us together had been broken, and not long afterwards most of us betook ourselves with the shattered relics of our simplicity and a copy of *Burke's Peerage* to different quarters of London. We rarely meet now. I saw Houson the other day, and asked him if he had worn his Court suit lately. I was half afraid he might resent the allusion, but he didn't. He only sighed and turned away.

(To be concluded.)

THE DURBAR.

By a Peer's Daughter.

[The following descriptive article has already reached Mr. Punch's offices. The error was obvious, and he at once gave orders for its redirection to the right quarter.]

THE Durbar was a wonderful sight—for those who saw it, at all events. The magnificent display of jewels and orders, the richness of colour of the Native Princes, the glitter of the hundreds of eyes of the military, and the kaleidoscope of brilliant tints worn by the ladies, formed a never-to-be-forgotten picture. And then there were the elephants. Never were so many elephants gathered together before, not even at Barnum's. Many well-known faces were seen there, and nearly all seemed to find it hot. In fact, anyone who goes to India will find that is the general complaint there. Lord CURZON, however, was cool, as always, and especially so to a party of rich Americans who wished to shake hands with him. All remarked how well the VICERINE looked, and her marvellous confections impressed even the haughty and gaudy Orientals. The ever-popular Duke of CONNAUGHT bore himself right royally, and his likeness to other members of the Royal Family was noticed even by those who had never seen any of them. Lord KITCHENER, it



VERY LIKE A WHALE.

Short-sighted Guest (seeing something brown moving, fired and bagged his host's leggings).

"PON MY SOUL, I'M AWFULLY SORRY. I THOUGHT I WAS SHOOTING AT A HARE!"

Host (peppered and peppery). "CONFOUND YOU, SIR! AM I ANYTHING LIKE A HARE?"

need scarcely be said, was as imperturbable and silent as ever, except when trodden on inadvertently by an elephant; and even then his Lordship only spoke one word.

Altogether the great event may be said to have passed off with scarcely a hitch, which was largely due to the prohibition of motor-cars. If one were hypercritical, something might be said about the rendering of the National Anthem. Some of the bandmen certainly had not the wonderful power they once had, and, if they played as deliciously as ever, they certainly played no better. It only remains to say that everyone who was anyone seemed to be at the Durbar. In a word, [it was a

scene of gorgeous magnificence, the like of which we have never seen.

THAT excitable ecclesiastic controversialist Sir HENRY HOWORTH, who is perpetually breaking out in a fresh column of the *Times*, thinks that a certain Mr. LEEPER (whom he apparently considers a person to be avoided, as though he spelt the first syllable of his name with only one "e") ought not to remain where he is as an Anglican. Does he want Mr. LEEPER to become a Jumper?

"*The Eternal City!*" as the Stockbroker's old clerk exclaimed on arriving at the office 10 A.M. on a foggy morning.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If Lady BLESSINGTON were still with us she would look with amazement, not untinged by envy, upon *The Book of Beauty*, a magnificent volume Messrs. HUTCHINSON have prepared in commemoration of the Coronation of King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. The Countess edited her Books of Beauty; not one approaches comparison with the work accomplished by her successor in the field, Mrs. F. H. WILLIAMSON, who has arranged this rare specimen. One peculiarity of the undertaking is that, whilst there are fifty full-page and many smaller photogravure portraits of the most beautiful and distinguished women of the day, there are no reproductions from photographs. Each illustration, the work of an eminent Paris firm of engravers, is taken direct from a portrait by one or other of the greatest painters of yesterday and to-day. The result is a dream of fair women not exceeded in beauty by the memorable one feigned by TENNYSON's fancy. The literary matter, contributed by men and women of note, is printed on hand-made paper specially manufactured. In all respects it forms a worthy and unique memorial of a historic event. Like its predecessor, a collection of portraits of the celebrities of the Court during the latter years of Queen VICTORIA's reign (which book-collectors know is to-day at a considerable premium), the work is appropriately published on the subscription principle in vogue with Lady BLESSINGTON.

To "sportsmen" *Dead Certainities*, by "NATHANIEL GUBBINS" (JOHN LONG), will be probably interesting or amusing. By the ordinary reader the majority of the stories will be found decidedly amusing, the minority a trifle puzzling.

As a stirring story of true adventure for the boy who appreciates his history and heroes up-to-date my *première* Baroness heartily recommends *With Kitchener in the Soudan*, by G. A. HENTY (BLACKIE AND SON, Ltd.). The interest never flags from the moment the disinherited young man makes his start from Alexandria till he is safely home again. This is almost the last of the works that HENTY so loved to write, and his boyish admirers were so delighted to read. Also from the same firm comes *The Fairclough Family*, by Mrs. HENRY CLARK. A little sentiment, a touch of secret mystery, and wedding bells at finish. It just sufficiently reaches the borderland of a novel to gratify the "maiden of blushing fifteen." It is well illustrated by G. DEMAIN HAMMOND, R.I.

His Majesty Baby and Some Common People (HODDER AND STROUGHTON), introduced by IAN MACLAREN, turn out to be a charming company. They are what the wise would call slight sketches. But they are touched in with the swift movement, the accuracy, and the daintiness of colour that mark the master hand. The sketch that gives its name to the volume is based on nothing more than the casual coming across a baby in charge of its mother in a bus. In its literary style my Baronite recognises touches worthy of DICKENS; rarer still, of CHARLES LAMB. Another chapter, devoted to the lecture platform, comprises some delightful memories of tours in the United States and elsewhere. "News of a Famous Victory" has an interest and value beyond its vivid description of the streets of London on the night when word came that Ladysmith was relieved. It brings into strong light the national feeling at the moment about General BULLER, then recognised as the deliverer, stubbornly fighting his way to the aid of the beleaguered garrison. Since then prejudice, the stern necessity that compels officialdom to offer a victim, and, not least effective, errors of judgment on the part of a soldier more at home on the battlefield than the public platform, have obscured



A FAMINE IN DANCING MEN.

Maud writes to us:—"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO MAKE ALL THE MEN STOP PLAYING BRIDGE AND COME AND DANCE WITH ETHEL AND ME? LAST SEASON WE NEVER DREAMT OF GIVING THAT AWFUL MR. THYNGE EVEN A SQUARE. THIS SEASON HE'S QUITE IN REQUEST, AND PUTS ON NO END OF SIDE OVER IT."

General BULLER's fame and broken his career. The latter is irremediable; the other will come right in the end. Meanwhile IAN MACLAREN has, incidentally, done a good thing in reminding a fickle public how they received News of a Famous Victory.

Although the Baron cannot conscientiously approve of MARIE STEWART and HYDE TURNER's book of eccentric comic sketches entitled *A Zoological Collection* (SKEFFINGTON) as a work of art, yet the ridiculous ideas which the amateurish designs illustrate are full of original fun and most quaint conceits.

The new edition of *Penelope's Irish Experiences*, by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN (GAY AND BIRD), is a capital travelling companion for either a veritable voyageur or one *qui fait le tour de sa chambre*, within the limits of "his mind," which "to him a kingdom is." Pleasantly tripping goes *Penelope*, avoiding such pitfalls as would have endangered the book's popularity. The illustrations by Mr. C. E. BROCK are among the best things this clever artist has done, and suggest that if a new edition of CARLETON's *Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, or of LOVER's or LEVER's works be demanded, here is a skilled pencil with fine point. THE BARON DE B.-W.

It is said that "2200 Irish donkeys have been shipped for South Africa." They get their passage and feeding for nothing, and find immediate employment when they land. How many of the unemployed are there who would be only too glad to make asses of themselves on the same terms!



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Daughter (to Major, who lives for hunting). "AUNTIE IS ALWAYS SO THOUGHTFUL. SHE WRITES, THAT REMEMBERING YOUR SPORTING TASTER, SHE IS SENDING YOU A RUG MADE OF—FOX-SKINS!"

AIDS FOR AUTHORS.

Being a few suggestions for intending novelists who are otherwise thoroughly equipped for the profession of letters, but happen not to have any initial ideas.)

III.—THE RE-AWAKENING OF JOSIAH HIGGINS.

An Idyll of Simple Somersetshire Life.

OLD cottager, soured weather-beaten face; grand mistake of his life made when, twenty years previously, he drove his only daughter, the Belle of the Village, from the door.

Minute details of cottage kitchen, particularly those least likely to attract attention—strings of hanging onions, frayed rug, broken lace in old man's boot.

Sole object of old man's shrunk affections—his meerschaum pipe given to him in the fifties, around which cling all the last remnants of a tenderness never fully developed. The catastrophe—breaking of the meerschaum pipe. A broken heart refusing neighbours' comfort. The one object of love gone, dreary weeks, a smokeless room, tobacco-jar never replenished. Twilight evening, door ajar, old man sleeps. Faded woman steals to door, bursts into tears

at familiar sight of frayed rug. Old man wakes to find golden-haired child aged three holding out a halfpenny clay pipe in one hand and an ounce of Gold Flake tobacco in the other. Long-lost daughter follows. Reconciliation. Puffs of smoke.

N.B.—This story can be adapted to any county by varying the dialect. If Somerset is preferred, the author has only to write his f's as v's, and his s's as z's.

IV.—IN QUEST OF THE INFINITE.

A Study on two Planes of Being. (Esoteric Series.)

ROMNEY VANDYKE, artist, prostrate with aggravated neuritis, brought on by three months' incessant toil on his picture "A Vision of Vastness," content to recognise that the Soul is All, the Body Nothing, and Pain non-existent. Feels henceforth that the sole duty of Man is to liberate the Ego from the chains of sense, and to send it forth enfranchised in quest of the Infinite.

Awkward situation with MARY BREWER, his betrothed. MARY, suffering with toothache, refuses to believe that there is no such thing as Pain, resents her lover's attempts to raise her to the

Higher Levels, and prefers to go to dentist. Soul of ROMNEY grieved. Further progress of ROMNEY in the realms of mysticism and further occasions of loss of temper on part of MARY. Engagement finally broken off on ground of incompatibility of temperaments. Marriage of MARY to man of strictly business habits. Departure of ROMNEY to the Temple of Wisdom in California for the Higher Consolation.

THE COMING K-RISTMAS. "Bang goes"—the Cracker! and once more the name of TOM SMITH of The Smitheries is heard in the land. Again the boxes of crackers intended for all sorts, ages, and sizes, for children, bachelors, married people and spinsters, are opened in town and country houses where the ubiquitous Tom, owing to the thoroughly English name of SMITH, does his best to assist in keeping up the jollity of good old English Christmas, bringing Santa Claus with surprise stockings, all well filled, to help him. Old fashioned Christmas? so be it! "Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness!" So DICKENS in the past and, as we hope, for all time. Long life to King Christmas!

AN "EYE-OPENER" AT THE HAYMARKET.

SELDOM has the old lesson of "Look before you leap" been so dramatically, yet with so light and skilful a touch, enforced as it is in this play of Captain MARSHALL's, the moral of which is, "do not rush into matrimony blindly." Cupid is, proverbially, blind; but Cupid was never a marrying youth, nor did he ever give himself away, not even to Psyche, in marriage. It is true that there is another modern sporting and slangy application of the word "blind," and if the state of the hero of *The Unforeseen* (a hopelessly bad title, by the way) were intended to subtly represent the case of a dipsomaniac restored to his right mind, seeing single objects as they are, instead of singular things as they don't exist, even then the piece would be welcome as evidence of how deftly a clever playwright can treat the most unpleasant themes, and can turn unpromising materials to the very best of purposes.

Here is a gay, young, modern, moustachio'd and bearded anglican parson of "moderate views," that is of limited vision, fortunate enough to be a well-paid, prosperous, gentlemanly, kindly, country-gentlemanly vicar. For weak eyes he visits Paris, not for a "weak end," but to see a specialist. (The entire story is more or less a parable with a moral.) And, in Paris, while gazing from the window of an hotel, he is struck by the appearance of a remarkably elegant lady standing on a balcony with a young man, who, as he learns from his friend *Capt. Richard Haynes*, is a bachelor and a very gay dog. "What a sight for sore eyes!" The *Rev. Walter Maxwell* concludes that this is no place for him, and withdraws to wait in the hall for his friend. The *Rev. Walter's* diffidence somewhat recalls the manner of that eccentric little cleric, *Mr. Robert Spalding*, who lunched on "a ha-ath bun" in a waiting-room, and observed, "I don't like London." How funny the *Rev. Robert* would have been here, and what a pity he couldn't have arranged with *Mr. PENLEY* and *Mr. CYRIL MAUDE* to have been allowed to come to Paris in such excellent company as that at the Haymarket Theatre in this piece!

Act I. being over, "on we goes" to Act II. From Paris to Parish. *Venit, vidit*—and then, within three years, every one in his parish sees more and more of their vicar the *Rev. Walter*, while he, seeing less and less of them, falls blindly in love with the eldest daughter of a *General Fielding*, who is, presumably, the "squarson." This eldest daughter is the lady whom the *Rev. Walter* has seen in company with the gay dog aforesaid at the Parisian hotel, but whether as the Lothario's better half or worse half he hasn't inquired, until, his eyes being opened to facts in Act IV., the idea suddenly occurs to him that he has seen his wife's face before. Where? Why, of course, in Paris. Hotel, private apartments, loose fish! ahem! Then he puts one and one together, and asks her the question direct. She, foreseeing that whatever her answer may be he won't believe her, is silent.

Wanted, a *Deus ex machina*! Here he is, *Captain Dick Haynes*, who, "having to the rank of Major General risen" ("keep up the Major General!") now steps out of his ambush in the garden and hands a letter to the *Rev. Walter*. This letter, which is a kind of "last dying speech and confession," has been written by *Henry Traquair*, with whom *Miss Fielding* had eloped, and who, on losing his money, refused to keep his promise to marry, preferring to blow out his brains after most carefully exonerating *Miss Margaret* from all blame, and explaining, in this communication to *Captain Dick*, that she had never for one moment been either his better or his worse half, but was all that the purest fancy could paint. Which letter satisfies the *Reverend Walter*. He is a parson and a lover, who in dumb show (poor man! blind until the Fourth Act, and then at last

dumb!) kneels to her as if begging pardon for having doubted the evidence of his own senses when in Paris; and she, evidently as astonished as delighted to find that in the shepherd of the flock she possesses the most docile of sheep, hugs the once suspicious lambkin to the fold of her pretty dress. But—but—but . . . well, 'tis natural there should be "butts" where a sheep is concerned; and if the life of this couple at the Haymarket is only half as happy as it promises to be, verily they'll have their reward, and the author of their happiness his, take it as they will, in cash or notes.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, as the cricketing parson, blind as a bat, plays the part so skilfully as to win all sympathies. *Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH* is invaluable as the military gent, richly deserving all the decorations he can get for distinguished service.

Mr. C. M. HALLARD, as *Henry Traquair*, a very difficult part, seen only in the First Act, after which "he is heard no more," is admirable. Not a few unsophisticated persons in the audience but will expect him to turn up again in the course of the story, perhaps at the vicarage. To have done this would have transformed the comedy into Adelphi melodrama, a story of murder, blackmail, and virtue triumphant! Never too late to write this, eh, Captain?

Bob Fielding, the boy, is delightfully played by *Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS*, who was so sprightly as the fast youth in the revival of *Betsy* at the Criterion. To him, as to that most natural actress, *DOROTHEA BAIRD* (once *Trilby*), as *Beatrice Fielding*; to clever *Miss MARIE LINDEN* as *Miss Campion Parr*; and to *Mr. ERIC LEWIS's* life-like study of that absurd old piece of fatuous pomposity, *General Sir A. Fielding* (these two last being peculiarly Dickensian characters), is due the unquestionable success of the comedy scenes which intervene, artistically, as a most welcome relief to the serious interest of the play. For, say what we will, put it how we may, *Margaret Fielding* is only another and latest version of "the woman with a past." It is not much of "a past" maybe, but a past it is; and this character *Miss EVELYN MILLARD* depicts with the very finest art. Her passion, her demureness, her yielding, her awakening, then her true tenderness; and with all this her nervous duplicity, and her intense fear that makes her a coward—all these variations of temper are admirably portrayed.

The name of *Fielding* is not ill chosen as that of a country family into which a cricketing parson marries. Pity it is that the little man cannot change his name from *Maxwell* to *Batswell*, but anyhow it may be taken for granted that though they will have a good innings at the Haymarket, yet among them all, excellent players though they be, they will only get one run—but that ought to last till the middle of next year.

 Britons never will be Slaves?

The following appears in a recent issue of the *Feathered World*:—

STRONG Man, Cart, and Harness, sell £1; must sell, moving.—
—, —, Stratford.

And yet *Mr. JOHN BURNS* has been criticised for saying that no man is worth more than £500 a year.

NEWS OF THE MOORS.—*Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON* and *Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER* are both going to appear as *Othello*. Hooray! Will not *Messrs. TREE, ALEXANDER*, and *Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM* follow soot? "The Moor the Merrier," as he would be if *DAN LENO* blacked his face and went in for the part. Wouldn't the White Eyed Kaffir have a look in? Wherever it's a failure the Manager will find himself cast for the rôle of *Cash-I-once*.



CORNERING HIM.

Little Venezuela. "Yah! You big Bullies! You dar'n't get over that fence!"
 England and Germany (together). "All right, Young Man, we can wait!"

TO BELINDA.

[A writer in the *Academy* suggests that, in order to prevent the increase of the unfit, persons about to be married should be compelled to insure their lives.]

FAREWELL, BELINDA! All too soon

Our dream of bliss is over;
'Tis not for us to honeymoon
To Paris *via* Dover.

Then, prithee, let thy winning charms
To love no longer lure me;
I cannot clasp thee in my arms,
For no one will insure me.

Despair has seized my bosom, for
I may not call thee wife, love.
I've begged a dozen men and more
To take my wretched life, love.
The first refused me when he found
My mother's father's uncle,
Though otherwise his health was sound,
Possessed a big carbuncle.

The next one very clearly proved
My chance of living slight is:
My second cousin once removed
Had had appendicitis.

The third one said, "I fear your life's
The very briefest span, Sir;
Your sister's husband's uncle's wife's
Great uncle died of cancer."

In vain I begged, besought, abused,
In vain my tears did fall, dear;
They one and all of them refused
To take my life at all, dear.
And since they adamantine be
To tears and even pelf, love,
The only course that I can see
Is taking it myself, love.

IN THE STOKE-HOLE.

A MORNING contemporary recently recorded the temporary disappearance of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN during his voyage to Egypt. We are now able to supply the following details:—

H.M.S. Good Hope.

Great excitement was caused on board this morning by the disappearance of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He was not in his cabin, he was not on the hurricane deck; no one had seen him go overboard. Where could he be? Search-parties were sent out, the whole ship was examined, and at length the Colonial Secretary was discovered in the stoke-hole. He had disguised himself by removing his eye-glass and orchid, and, when found, was engaged in conversation with some of the engineers who, on learning that their visitor was the Colonial Secretary, were amazed at the intelligence of the questions he put to them.

"That hard, black substance that you are shovelling into the fire is really coal? How very interesting. And you bring it in scuttles from the coalcellar?"

"We calls 'em bunkers, Sir."



"Dad! Dad!"

"Bunkers? That's what BALFOUR is always talking about, but I did not know he knew anything of ships. Why do you make such big fires?"

"To keep the water boiling."

"But don't you find it very hot?"

"Yessir."

"What would happen if you stopped stoking?"

"The fire would go out."

"And then?"

"There'd be no steam."

"And then?"

"The ship'd stop."

"Why?"

"Cos it wouldn't go on."

"I see. I suppose it takes a great deal of force to drive along this ship?"

"About twenty thousand horse-power."

"What is horse-power?"

At this point the mate in charge of the first search-party came into the stoke-hole and penetrated the Colonial Secretary's disguise. Unspeakable was the relief of everyone when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN reappeared on deck none the worse for his adventure. The engineers agree that his affability and intelligent conversation were worthy of Royalty itself.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE's annotated edition of *The Clarke's Tale* may be expected shortly.

A *Strange Tory*, by Lord HUGH CECIL, is announced. The book is dedicated without permission to Col. KENYON-SLANEY.

A delightful Christmas gift will be found in the *Breakfast Table Series* as edited by Sir THOMAS LIPTON.

The new volume in the First and Fortunately Last Novel Series is Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S "*Life's Little Steel and Ironies*."

SIR ALFRED JONES, K.C.M.G., is Chairman of the new jam factory in our great West Indian Colony. It has accordingly been suggested that in future it should be spelt Jam-maker.

FROM BEN TROVATO'S NOTE-BOOK.—The poet WHITTIER was doubtful concerning his fame in the future. "Ah!" he observed, sadly, "even my greatest admirers will find it difficult to prove my existence, as when comparing me with other celebrated wits, they will positively affirm that there never was a wittier!"

THE LOTUS EATERS.

["I went over Dartmoor Prison a few weeks ago, and I quite envied the convict his happy, peaceful home there. So much food do they get (of the wrong kind for strength and energy) that they do not walk, they waddle; and this is not to be wondered at, as they get 32 oz. of farinaceous food a day—six times more than really necessary. Then the nice cells, good beds, plenty of magazines and books, soap, yes, and even tooth-brushes."—*Dr. Yorke-Davies in "The Gentleman's Magazine."*]

WILLIAM, my friend in days gone by,
It always makes my pulse beat faster,
When I recall how you and I
"Ragged" side by side the self-same master,
Shared, without strife, a common key,
Pursued harmoniously the leather,
Brewed in our study mutual tea—
In short, were boys at school together.

And sad it is that two such friends
(I loved you, WILLIAM, as a brother)
In after life should strive for ends
Dissimilar to one another.
And sadder still, that of the pair
While one (that's you) has prospered greatly,
The other should be doomed to fare
Upon the whole but moderately.

'Tis mine to woo the fickle brief,
To turn my brain to courts and sessions.
To you the calling of a thief
Appeared the noblest of professions.
No lack of skill your efforts marred,
Your work was silent, clean, and thorough;
They dreaded you at Scotland Yard,
They idolised you in the Borough.

For years you bore away the palm;
And now, unless the tale's unfounded,
You live a life of fatted calm,
By every luxury surrounded.
With scented soap you idly toy,
Nor e'en the dental brush eschewed is.
Your toilet over, you enjoy
The latest novel, fresh from Mudie's.

If to the trencher turns your mood,
A silver bell the meal announces.
You call for farinaceous food,
They bring you two-and-thirty ounces.
Such almost Eastern pomp recalls
That master of the lyric art, MOORE.
No wonder men within those walls
Extol thy charms so highly, Dartmoor.

On prison life, it seems to me
The sentimentalists talk twaddle.
Does it depress a man when he
Forgets to walk and learns to waddle?
No! Fortunate I count that man;
Yea, deem him happiest of mortals,
Who passes in a prison van
Triumphant through those fairy portals.

WILLIAM, I hate my daily toil,
I weary of the constant striving,
The cares that vex, the traps that foil,
The difficulty of "arriving."
For ease with dignity I sigh,
For rest and peace I long with fervour—
To-morrow I go out to buy
A jemmy and a life-preserver.

HEARD AT THE HAYMARKET.

SCENE—*The Stalls.* TIME—*During an Entr'acte.*

CHARACTERS—*He and She.*

She (casually glancing up at the Proscenium). There seems to be a Motto or something written up over there.

He. Y-yes. *Something of that kind.*

She. The beginning looks like "Summa Ars"—

He. Ah, I daresay. *Latin, you know.*

[*Hopes that this answer will check all further curiosity.*

She. I know that—but what does it mean?

He. Well, "Summa Ars" is—er—High Art, don't you know. [*Feels that he is on safe ground, so far.*

She. And what's that other word, right at the very end—Artem?

He. Artem? Oh, artem is—(calling out the reserves of his Latin declensions)—Artem is—Art, too.

She (surprised at the elasticity of the language). Really? And then there are two words in the middle I can't make out.

He (thankful to hear it). No—the—er—glare of the chandelier gets in the way, rather.

She (using her opera-glasses). One word seems to be French—"est."

He (with a sudden sense of scholarship). No, it's the Latin for "is."

[*Hopes to goodness she can't make out any more of it.*

She. The next word looks rather like—"Celery."

He. It's more likely to be "celare."

[*He pronounces it in the foreign manner—which, he considers, ought to satisfy any reasonable person that he knows more about it than he cares to show.*

She (perseveringly). "Summa Ars est celare Artem." How would you translate that?

He (who wouldn't translate it at all if he could avoid it). Well—er—"celare," you know, "celare" is—um—(tries to remember what the deuce "celare" used to be when he was at school)—it's rather difficult to render exactly.

She. But can't you give the sense of it?

He (deciding to rush it). Celare is—to celebrate.

She. Oh? High Art is to celebrate Art. But I don't see much sense in it now!

He (with presence of mind). Don't you? You will, if you think it over a bit.

[*She seems still inclined to return to the charge—but, to his infinite relief, the Act-drop rises and effectually changes the subject.*

THIS IS THE HOUSE, &c.

NEW STYLE.

THIS is the School that ARTHUR built;
These are the Teachers who teach the School that ARTHUR built;

These are the Managers who look after the Teachers who teach the School that ARTHUR built;

These are the County Council Inspectors who look after the Managers who, &c.;

These are the County Council Committees who look after their Inspectors who look after the Managers who look after the Teachers, &c.;

This is the County Council that looks after its Committees who look after their Inspectors, &c.;

These are the Board of Education Inspectors who look after the County Council that looks after its Committees who, &c.;

This is the Board of Education that looks after its Inspectors who look after the County Council that looks after its Committees who look after their Inspectors who look after the Managers who look after the Teachers who teach the School that ARTHUR built.

CHARIVARIA.

THE War in Somaliland has now been handed over by the Foreign Office to the War Office. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* wires that operations may be delayed for nine months.

The British and German Governments have sent ultimatums to Venezuela. If they are not complied with it is intended to seize that country's Customs. It is hoped they may prove better than her manners.

As a result of Sir HORACE RUMBOLD's alleged indiscretions, a new Foreign Office circular will shortly be issued to our diplomats begging them to be more diplomatic.

Some of our leading newspapers now publish special cablegrams from America every day. We are thus kept quite as *au fait* as our cousins themselves with all the most important events that happen on the other side of the Atlantic. For instance, last week the news was flashed across to us that a pet pug-dog, having a tooth filled with gold and set with a diamond, had been lost in the Broadway. Formerly we might have been kept in ignorance of this for many weeks, if not altogether.

A Scientist named Dr. STILES has discovered that laziness is not a vice, but is due to a germ, and lazy people are delighted. They forget that the Doctor may discover a means of exterminating the germ.

It is reported that the Shah of PERSIA has reduced the number of his wives from 1700 to 60. We believe this is equivalent, in Persia, to becoming a widower.

M. PELLETAN has given permission to the sailors of the French Fleet to wear their hair in any style they like. It is now surmised that the famous Marine Minister recently ordered a reduction in the crews of all the war-vessels in order that there might be room for longer hair.

The French Premier has issued notices to the police on the subject of Church bells. They are to find out whether they are rung in such a way as to prevent the inhabitants sleeping. Apparently it is the custom in some parts of France to ring the bells during the sermon.

General BULLER has made a speech on the unbusiness-like management of the Army. There is little doubt that the



IN THE UNDERGROUND.

Lady (who has just entered carriage, to friend). "FANCY FINDING YOU IN THE TRAIN! WHY COULDN'T I HAVE MET YOU YESTERDAY, NOW? I HAD SUCH A WRETCHED JOURNEY! BUT ONE NEVER DOES MEET PEOPLE WHEN ONE WANTS TO!"

War Office occasionally makes mistakes in its selection of Generals.

The next meeting of the British Association will take place at the Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River. Newspaper readers will be glad to hear that some difficulty is likely to be experienced in reporting the proceedings of the Association from such a distant spot.

A wonderful instance of presence of mind, which has caused considerable annoyance to Mr. SOUSA, is reported from Chicago. A fire broke out at Lincoln School in that city. Upon seeing the flames one of the pupils coolly sat down at the piano and started playing a Sousa March, whereupon her fellow-schoolgirls at once marched out of the building.

The six British workmen who were refused permission to land at Sydney, New South Wales, turn out to be hatters. At first it was not known why they were so mad at their exclusion.

We hear that the New South Wales Government has recently made an experiment with the object of introducing European flat fishes to the Colony. At the time of arrival of the consignment of fishes, there were alive 560 plaice, 20 English soles, 3 Mediterranean soles, and one female lobster. *Plaice aux dames!*

The glowing terms of the prospectus of an Eau de Cologne Company recently issued suggest confident anticipations of a dividend of cent. per scent.



THE BIG BIG "D" IN EGYPT.

The Sphinx. "WELL, I AM 'DAM'D'! BRAVO!"

Sir John the Contractor. "SO GLAD YOU'RE PLEASED! AU RESERVOIR!"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. IV.—IN SOCIETY.

(Concluded.)

It may be complained that up to this point I have not given any substantial advice to the aspirant who wants to get on in Society. I admit the justice of the complaint, but I want my difficulties to be considered. Everybody seems to have his or her own special idea of what Society is. You may hear it said both of A. and of B. that they go out a great deal into Society. A. frequents heavy political dinner parties and big receptions and occasionally unbends to the opera; B., on the other hand, dines a great deal at fashionable restaurants, goes on to the homes of musical comedy, tempered by tights and imbecility, and pays visits at country houses. They never meet by any chance, but still it appears to be admitted that both A. and B. are in Society. Again, the old Countess of BAGSWELL never goes anywhere except to the annual meeting of the Missionary Association in which she happens to be interested. The rest of her time she spends between her bedroom and the gloomy mausoleum to which she attaches the giddy name of drawing-room. Yet to pretend that her ladyship, the descendant of innumerable peers, and the widow of a former Under-Secretary of State, is not in Society even when she is cabined in the dark recesses of her home would be to open the flood-gates and do all the other dangerous metaphorical things which your base-born Radical threatens. My own bedmaker at Cambridge, a lady of unimpeachable rectitude but of cinerary aspect, had her own strict notions of what befitted rank. She was asked by an undergraduate evangelist to attend a prayer-meeting in the Barnwell district, and reported the invitation to me. "Did you go, Mrs. HIGGS?" I asked her. "Me go!" she answered with dignity, "certainly not. Why, some o' them people that I met there might want to come callin' on me next day!" That settled it. The evangelist lost a possible convert, but the bedmaker preserved her social exclusiveness.

Honestly, I hardly know what to advise. It seems a feeble and unmeaning thing to tell a man or a woman not to strive unduly, to be content with the friends and associates that have been provided for him or her by circumstances and natural merit, not to imagine that because HOBBS has £10,000 a year and keeps a yacht and rents a grouse moor he is better than NOBBS, who has only £2,000, or even than DOBBS, who keeps a cheerful face and a considerable family on £700. If you happen to be in the DOBBS class

you'll find him, I wager, a more amusing companion than either NOBBS or HOBBS, though his intimacy won't cost you anything like so much in pocket or anxiety. At any rate there's one lot, a little but a noisy one, that you need never worry about. These are the brainless, chattering nincompoops, male and female, who gild themselves, so to speak, up to the eyes, and live a life of strenuous sloth and self-indulgence, flinging about with both hands their own money and that which they obtain from accommodating lenders, and finishing up a paragraphic career under the stern eye of Sir FRANCIS JEUNE or Mr. Justice GORELL BARNES. What a life it is! How far exalted above the petty struggles and stupid restrictions of the ordinary ten-commandment world is the plane of superiority on which these marvellous beings move! Behold them turning a first-class hunting centre or a country house into an easy Agapemone, on the boundaries of which the poor expelled domestic virtues shiver in the cold, while the gay inhabitants gamble through the night, bet through the day, and talk their silly slang of nicknames and vapid catch-phrases in an inextricable confusion of false sentiment, arrogance, spend-thrift waste and mean intrigue and deceit. Great God! I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn—than spend an hour or a minute, or a fraction of a minute, in this glittering atmosphere of affectation and the primitive vices, unrelieved by a single fresh breath of manly honour or true womanly feeling. Pah! the mere distant contemplation of it, as it is described in the columns of the daily Press, reporting what is called a Society case, is enough to give one a fit of intolerable nausea. Why are such fribbles permitted to exist, they and their money-bags, and their dresses and jewels, and valets, and sly conspiring maids with their keen eyes at the keyhole? What object do they aim at, what purpose in the Providential government of the world do they fulfil, except to warn by disgusting? If that is the Society you are striving for, there's no more to be said. May Heaven send you a good deliverance when you're done with it!

YOUR CHRISTMAS CARD.

WHEN I was a nice little girl,
And you weren't so very much older,
Ere my locks had forgotten to curl,
Though they only came down to my shoulder,
And you were quite small, with no muscle at all,
I certainly think you were bolder.

To-night your discreetest of cards
To my heap makes the latest accession,
"Best wishes and kindest regards"
Is not an impassioned confession;
Yet your symptoms reveal what you try to conceal—
That you suffer from over repression.

The cards that you sent me of old
Were fifty times nicer than this is,
Of "Love to dear MOLLY" they told,
And you filled up the spaces with kisses.
Of course it's correct to be more circumspect,
But somehow—there's something one misses.

Oh! I wish we were children once more,
And candid and frank in our dealings,
We're both of us sulky and sore
With these subtleties, tricks and concealings.
But until you speak out, there's no manner of doubt
I'm bound to dissemble my feelings.

EARLY MORNING FRENCH (as "she may be spoke" on the Heath, Newmarket).—"Tout'est là."

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

No. IX.—Mr. J. M. BARRIE.

WE found Mr. BARRIE by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, cleaning



"We found Mr. Barrie by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens."

his bonnie briar-root pipe and thoughtfully watching a yacht race.

"Jolly place," he said, "if it weren't for the Big Black Birds. Look at that one"—and he pointed out a predatory specimen with a beak full of food ravished from an adjacent perambulator: "Can you conceive anything odder and stouter? It terrifies me. Or rather," he added in a whisper, "he terrifies me. For his name is PETER ROBINSON. Or is it JAY?" he asked in tremulous accents.

We murmured something about the courage of a man who could stand up to fast bowling.

"Ah," said Mr. BARRIE, removing his pipe and gazing at the contents of the bowl, "in some matters I am a Craven."

"My plans?" he added in response to our question. "I don't know for certain. There's a book on the Lower End of the Serpentine that I ought to write—where the rockery is. I find that children go there too. And then there is a great subject in the strip by the Knightsbridge Barracks where the perambulators go. Sooner or later these things must be done. There's the Dogs' Home, too; and I've just heard that for real inconsiderateness there's nothing to touch the waiters in the House—so I suppose I must stand for Parliament."

"Have you thought of any particular constituency?"

"Well, nothing has been decided yet, but I have been approached by a deputation from Coventry, the centre of the perambulator industry."

"And what about your play, Mr. BARRIE?"

"My play? Oh, I'm no good except as a change bowler. But I'm filling up next season's fixture-card like anything. We're going to have a week in the Chilterns—wonderful place for making hundreds—Mr. MORLEY has joined the team, and I've asked the Admirable CRICHTON BROWNE, but he insists on playing in Harris Tweeds."

We ventured to interrupt: "Not cricket, Mr. BARRIE; we meant your stage play."

"Oh, my stage plays; I never think of them. They're just odd-time work between smoking and the Gardens and the Club and fielding mid-off. Perhaps I shan't write any more; perhaps I shall write fifty."

"Don't you think H. B. IRVING very good as *Crichton*?"

"He ought to be! I took enough pains with him. Why I sent him GLADSTONE'S *Studies* subsidiary to the *Art of Butler*, a book weighing at least a ton. It broke down three perambulators getting it to him."

As we strolled about, Mr. BARRIE showed us several interesting landmarks of the Gardens.

"That," he observed as we passed northward along the Broad Walk, "is ROBBIE NICOLL'S Tree, where he lost a saxepe and found a shilling. A good deal of excavation has been done there ever since by MARMADUKE MORGAN and CECCO YERKES. And that," continued Mr. BARRIE, pointing to a small white stone on the margin of the adjacent mere, "is called the Meeting of the Waters. There it was that Major POND fell into the Round Pond and would have been drowned had not he been rescued by a chimney-sweep named WHITELEY, who dived in, extracted him, and then stood revealed as Major POND's long-lost grandfather. Odd, wasn't it?" added Mr. BARRIE. "But now, come along home and have a smoke. There'll be some lunch first."



"Oh, I'm no good except as a change bowler."

And hailing two passing perambulators, dislodging their occupants, and courteously offering me the larger, he briskly signalled to the nurses in charge to propel us in the direction of the Bayswater Road.



"He briskly signalled to the nurses in charge to propel us in the direction of the Bayswater Road."

LAW AND POLICE.

(A Report of the Future.)

THE report that the FLASHAWAY divorce suit is postponed is unfounded. It will commence on Tuesday as advertised. There are still a few gallery seats to be obtained at five guineas each.

At Bow Street yesterday, JOHN JONES, a costermonger, was summoned for having obstructed the crowd waiting outside the pit of the Divorce Court. Lady HIGHTONE having given evidence in support of the charge, the defendant explained that he was merely trying to get his barrow through the crowd on his way from Covent Garden.

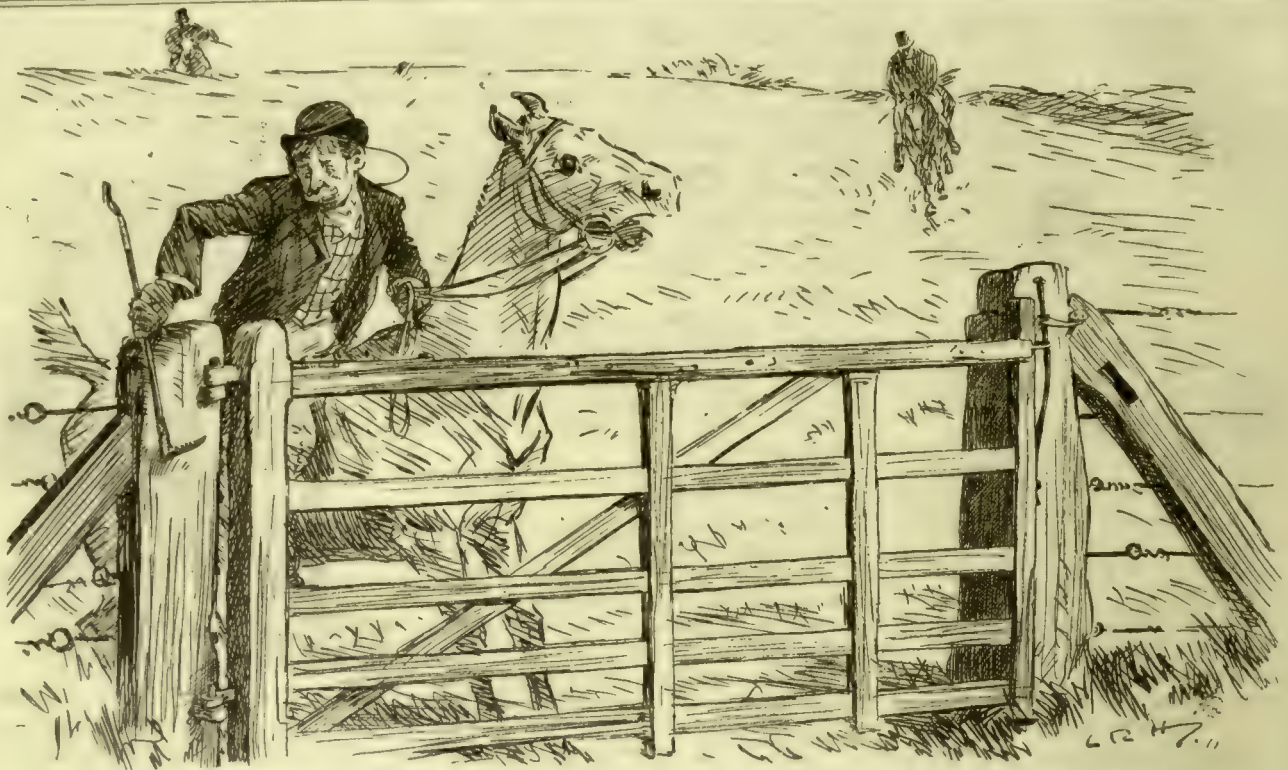
The magistrate said that the pleasure-seeking public must be protected, and fined him five pounds and costs.

At the same Court, the Earl of BLANKLEY was charged with having driven a motor car to the public danger, and further with having run down a boy with fatal result.

His Lordship explained that he was co-respondent in a divorce suit and was on his way to the Law Courts when the accident occurred. The speed may have been a little excessive.

The magistrate said, that bearing in mind the public character of the business on which the defendant was engaged, he would discharge him on payment of half-a-crown and the funeral expenses.

The fine was at once paid.



'Arry (encountering a shut gate for the first time). "WONDER WHICH END THE THING OPENS? AH, 'ERE Y'ARE! 'ERE'S THE 'OOKS AN' EYES!"

MUSICAL GOSSIP IN 1920.

WE understand that no fewer than 36 rehearsals have already taken place of the new Symphonic Poem which the eminent composer, Herr CAMILLE HUMPERSCHECK, has graciously consented to conduct at the concert to be held on Saturday next at the King's Hall.

The work in question, which is entitled *Tohu va Bohu*, is a superbly successful attempt to express in musical terms the salient features of the forty millions of years which elapsed between the cooling of the earth's crust and the birth of KHU-FU (*alias* CHEOPS), the great Pyramid builder. It is laid out in 22 movements, and alike in length, complexity of structure and sonority of orchestration, exceeds the efforts of all composers, ancient or modern. The full score occupies ten large folio volumes, each weighing close on two hundred-weight.

To give full scenic effect to this massive and monumental manifestation of the Teutonic *Zeitgeist*, the King's Hall has been entirely redecorated by a firm of Berlin upholsterers, and only German will be allowed to be spoken in the intervals.

We have to record the death in a London workhouse of the once well-known English pianist, Mr. ARTHUR WELLINGTON JONES. It will be remembered that at the period of the German invasion he refused to uncover at the

command of the conductor of a German band, and was sentenced to death, a penalty which was afterwards commuted, on the intercession of Herr RICHARD STRAUSS, to imprisonment for ten years.

The magnificent humorous orchestral suite, "*Graf von Bülow's Lustige Streiche*," will form the chief fixture at the Philharmonic Concert next Tuesday. With his usual generosity Herr GOLUCHOWSKY, the conductor, has invited an English performer on the triangle to take part in the performance.

For the first time for many years a native singer was heard at the Popoffsky concerts on Saturday. No satisfactory reason has been given by the Directors for this rash act, which met with well-merited reprobation. We understand that the popular member for Marylebone, Mr. WILHELM BUNGERT, has announced his intention of asking a question in the House on the subject at the earliest opportunity.

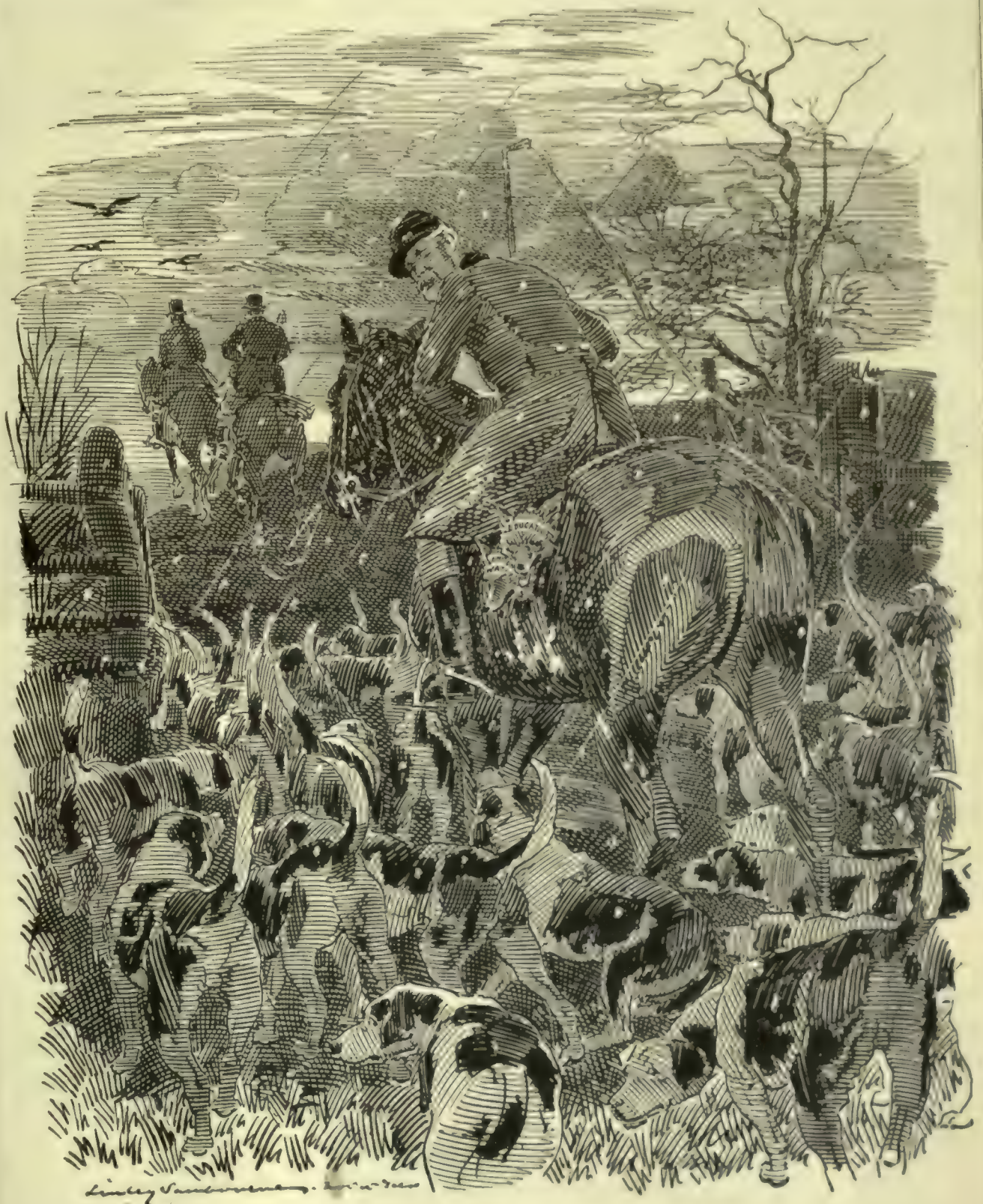
The *Musical Directory* for 1920 has just been issued. It contains the names of 14,324 persons, of whom no fewer than 53 are English. Of these, however, 41 are upwards of eighty years of age.

The Minister of Fine Arts, Mr. CARL GOLDFLEISCH, has granted special permission to Sir HUBERT STANBRIDGE to set to music some lyrics by the German poet, SCHAKSPIER.

"TIS PLEASANT IN (STEINWAY) HALL."

HAD PETER the Packer, or any member of Packer's Band (once upon a time well known to those who dance in circles) had the filling of Steinway Hall on the occasion of HAYDEN COFFIN's Nineteenth Concert and Recital, it could not have been more crammed than it was, with any regard to individual comfort. Mr. COFFIN in excellent form generally, though a trifle annoyed at the late arrivals of a few unfortunate persons who could not manage to be in time, for his turn, and for the one in which Miss ELDEE cleverly assisted him. Those who have not heard M. MAURICE FARKOA's French version of "*Mrs. Enery Aukins*" must not lose the next opportunity of doing so. Mr. H. B. IRVING recited W. S. GILBERT's immensely funny *Etiquette*, and complied with a vociferous encore (a word signifying "over again if you please") by giving a totally different recitation. The next concert is advertised for February 2. This is full notice—about two months ahead. Certainly "Sharp's" the word, and the name of the "Agent in Advance."

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—With the approach of milder weather the Thames Steamboat Company will inaugurate a service of cheap boats. We understand it will be called the Twopenny Tub.



THE END OF THE DAY.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour (jogging home). "WE'VE KILLED A BRACE; NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Dec. 8.—Question of who is Leader of Opposition popped up to-night with fresh activity. Is it LOUGH? is it SYDNEY BUXTON? is it WALTER LONG? or is it merely C.-B.? Enquiry arises on London Water Bill with reference to proceedings last Friday. Arrangement then come to between WALTER LONG in charge of Bill and SYDNEY BUXTON, the boy standing on the burning deck of Front Opposition Bench, whence all but he had fled. Settled that in consideration of certain concessions made by Minister Opposition will permit Bill to run through Committee to-night. This afternoon down comes C.-B., and amid cheers from Mr. LOUGH throws over SYDNEY BUXTON, demands another day for Committee. This too much for seraphic temper of PRINCE ARTHUR. Sixty days and nights he spent in the wilderness of Committee on Education Bill, never once betraying lapse of patience or fracture of temper. But, really, this is going a step too far. If understandings openly come to across floor of House between representatives of parties are to be ignored or upset, how is business of the country to be carried on?

Whilst PRINCE ARTHUR put this question murmur of conversation rose from lower end of Treasury Bench where Under-Secretaries flock. Turning in that direction and transfixing innocent



The Chief Whip of the Tories.
(Sir Al-x-nd-r Acl-nd-H-d.)
"Please, Sir, it wasn't me!"

ACLAND-HOOD with flaming glance he sharply said, "Don't let us all be speaking at once." ACLAND-HOOD not had such a shock since he was at Tel-el-Kebir.

Standing between the Deep Sea

(represented by C.-B.) and Mr. LOUGH, SYDNEY BUXTON tremblingly explained. Deserted by his leader and his colleagues on Front Bench, recognising value of concessions made by Minister, anxious only to improve the Bill, he had struck a bargain approved by every Member taking active part in discussion save the plumbless LOUGH. At same time he was bound to say—here he folded round him imaginary white cloth—before taking action he should have consulted his leader. He apologised to his right hon. friend, and joined in his request for extension of the debate.

PRINCE ARTHUR looked on scornfully at this exhibition of generalship; would hold no further parley in the matter. Moved to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule so as to make sure of carrying Water Bill before House rose. LOUGH insisted upon taking division; of distracted Opposition only eleven went into Lobby against proposal, the rest fleeing till the thing was over.

"Getting on nicely, don't you think?" said SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, of late so much engaged before other tribunals as to have neglected High Court of Parliament. "Quite unnecessary for fellows opposite to do or say anything with intent to keep us out and themselves in. They may safely leave the whole thing in our hands."

Business done.—Water Bill through Committee.

House of Lords, Tuesday night.—A new word added to authorised Parliamentary phraseology. Bishop of HEREFORD called Leader of the House a Laocoon, and no one offered reproof. Certainly this was not in the Commons but in the Lords, where all sorts of queer things are done. To-night, for example, having formally gone into Committee on Education Bill, TWEEDMOUTH protested on behalf of certain Peers who prepared speeches for Second Reading, found no opportunity for delivering them, and were promised to have opening specially made on motion to go into Committee.

Idea of grown-up men insisting on making-believe to debate in order to work off belated speeches seems more like a wheeze from Wonderland than a matter of fact from Westminster. Is simply true. House having actually got into Committee in preparation for real business, positively got out again so that two or three Peers and prelates might deliver speeches prepared for Second Reading!

The absurdity unexpectedly justified by notable speech from Bishop of HEREFORD. No small measure of courage needed to rise from midst of the heavenly and surpliced choir whitening benches below Gangway, and denounce a measure primarily designed

in interests of the Church. Holy HEREFORD performed his task with a courage, a dignity, an occasional note of pathos, that commanded respectful attention. Since the wrangle began no such weighty and powerful denunciation of the Measure has been spoken in Parliament or on the platform.

It led up to the startling imagery of COUNTY GUY as "a pathetic and noble Laocoon." The serpents who in their fatal embrace crushed the son of PRIAM and HECUBA were two in number. The Bishop of HEREFORD, more generous, threw in three for the entanglement and excuse of COUNTY GUY.

"The noble Duke," he said, "is bound in the triple coil of a disastrous, ill-starred union of the old-fashioned Tory, the traditional Whig, and the Birmingham Radical."

This supplementary reference to an eminent statesman at the moment on the seas bent on serving his country sent a shudder through an Assembly that had not turned a hair when it heard its esteemed Leader called a Laocoon.

Business done.—In the Commons



Cranborne thinks it over.
(Is life worth living at the Foreign Office?)

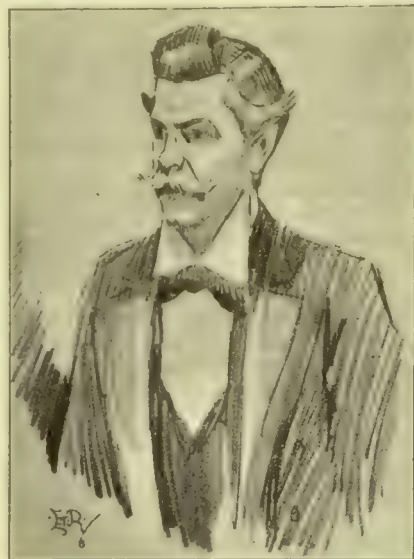
Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs has bad time with Uganda Railway Bill.

Friday night.—I have in a pigeon-hole, harvest of many years, collection of bulls turned out in House, not all by Irish Members. Just come upon one in country paper which I sorrowfully admit is in its absolute perfection equal to our very best. A subscription being got up in the little town, one of the most ancient in Britain, for a prize golf cup; subscriptions coming in slowly, soul of editor of local paper stirred within him.

"This must no longer be," so says leading article, stirring up the townspeople; alluding to scantiness of subscriptions it thus concludes:—"If our

readers will cast their eyes down the list which appears in another column they will find names that are conspicuous by their absence."

Business done.—Complaints on Ministerial benches of bad management of Militia and Yeomanry Bill. HARRY CUST



An Independent Supporter.

Harry Cust and the Government swore.

in particular doesn't think much of his Leaders.

Tuesday, December 16.—Winding up business of a Session which, beginning in mid-January, finds conclusion almost in lap of Christmas Eve. Parting hours soothed by piece of news SARK brings along. Tells me Irish Nationalist Members have resolved to invite GEORGE WYNNDHAM to dinner. Admit the idea is not original. Rival restaurants have seen entertainment of several leaders of united Opposition. At beginning of Autumn Session, in heat of fight round Education Bill, PRINCE ARTHUR dined with the Welsh Members. Why should Ireland wait?

Preliminary difficulty arisen in matter of nominating chairman. Shall it be WILLIAM O'BRIEN, JOHN REDMOND, TIM HEALY, or the tumultuous TULLY? Not yet settled, but will arrange itself. Meanwhile the "smiling assassin" much pleased at projected honour. Only stipulation he makes is that in consideration of family ties he may at the feast be seated in convenient contiguity to a door arranged on the principle of Cousin HUGH's ideal school-room, leading not necessarily into church, but into sanctuary. In the event of a "regrettable incident" developing in the heat of dinner, the Chief Secretary might at the critical moment withdraw, leaving his hosts to

fight it out in fashion proverbial in Kilkenny.

Business done.—Arranging for Prorogation on Thursday.

REFLECTIONS.

["Mr. LONG has perhaps more frequent occasion than any other speaker in Parliament to begin his observations with a reference to the empty condition of the benches around him."—*Manchester Guardian.*]

WHEN Mr. BALFOUR speaks, or JOE,
Why are the benches crowded so
Until they almost overflow?

I wonder.

Why do the eager Members run
Forsaking tea and Sally Lunn,
Cake, crumpet, buttered toast and bun,

I wonder.

But when I catch the Speaker's eye,
Why do no eager Members fly
To hear my oratory? Why?

I wonder.

Why do they linger where they are,
Inhaling perfumes of cigar
In smoking-rooms remote and far?

I wonder.

Nay, why do Members who are in
The House, become so few and thin
As soon as ever I begin?

I wonder.

And where but now a crowd has been
Assembled, why is nothing seen
But empty benches, bare and green?

I wonder.

Why do distinguished strangers beat,
With common herds, a swift retreat
As soon as I get on my feet?

I wonder.

Why do they flee with language strong?
Perhaps they think, this madding throng,
That life is short and I am Long?

I wonder.

PICKWICK UP TO DATE.

I.—MR. JINGLE'S ELOPEMENT.

"THEY'RE gone, Sir—gone clean off, Sir!" gasped the servant.

"Who's gone?" said Mr. WARDLE fiercely.

"Mister JINGLE and Miss RACHEL—started off in a motor hired ten minutes since, and—"

"Quick!" shouted Mr. WARDLE, "my car, at once! JOHN, HARRY—some of you—go and get the petrol! Tom, my respirator and spectacles this instant! Come along, PICKWICK, we'll catch 'em in less than no time—out of the way, WINKLE, out of the way! Here we are—jump in, PICKWICK. Stand clear there!"

And in less time than it takes to

describe the event the two intrepid old gentlemen had started on their chase. Away they went, down the narrow lanes; jolting in and out of the cart-ruts, and bumping against the hedges on either side.

"Is it—is it safe?" mumbled Mr. PICKWICK behind his respirator, as he peered anxiously through his goggles into the surrounding darkness.

"Hope so," replied WARDLE, fumbling with the speed-gear. "Wish I understood this blessed machinery better, though. Only had a motor a week, and—"

A violent cannon against a signpost cut the remark short.

For a while there was silence. Then Mr. PICKWICK, who had been sniffing uneasily, broke the silence once more.

"My dear good friend," he gasped, "what is this abominable smell?"

"Acetylene," rejoined Mr. WARDLE abruptly. "Something gone wrong with the lamp. Look out, sharp corner here—and now we go downhill. Sit tight!"

But to comply with this direction was impossible. Mr. PICKWICK was thrown up and down in his seat like a cork. His goggles were jerked from his nose, his cap blown like a feather towards the sky, his whole body converted into one tremendous bruise.

"Ah, we're moving now," cried Mr. WARDLE exultingly—and indeed they were moving. Fields, hedges, and trees seemed to rush from them with the velocity of a whirlwind. Suddenly Mr. PICKWICK exclaimed with breathless eagerness: "Here they are!"

Yes, a few hundred yards ahead of them was a motor, on which the well-known form of JINGLE was plainly discernible. It was travelling quite slowly, and Mr. WARDLE increased his speed yet further with a shout of triumph. "We have them, PICKWICK, we have them!" he cried, while the car flew like a streak of lightning. And then suddenly—a bump—a crash—and Mr. WARDLE and Mr. PICKWICK found themselves seated in the middle of the road, which was strewn with fragments of their machine. Two members of the constabulary were coiling up a rope which, stretched across the highway, had procured their downfall. A third policeman licked his pencil, and produced a notebook.

"Thought our rope would spoil your little game. Thirty-seven miles an hour, I make it. Names and addresses, please?"

JINGLE's car had stopped a short way ahead. "Ta-ta, PICKWICK," he shouted, "good-bye, WARDLE—measured mile—scorching a mistake—police waiting—twigged 'em directly—slowed down. If lucky—option of fine—probably imprisonment. Well, so long!" and re-starting his machine, he disappeared.



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"I AM DOWN AGAIN!"—*Cymbeline*, Act V., Sc. 5.

A FIRST-RATE BAG—IN THE BOND STREET COVERTS.

ALL Partridges, fifty-five brace and a half of 'em, every one of 'em in excellent condition, all the better for hanging, ready and waiting, and a great treat for everybody. Walk in and see the uncommonly Fine Art Show at 148, New Bond Street. Now then, Ladies and Gents, walk your chalks, enter within the pastellated walls, and see what can be done with crayon, wash, and body colours (sounds like sending you to "Bath!") in this most interesting show.

2. "Clementina." We do not know who CLEMENTINA is, whether related to Argentina or Concertina, but we make her acquaintance here and admire her immensely.

4. *A Single Figure.* Why single? Ought to be married.

5. *Lady Teazle* as she walked off in a huff after the great scene with *Sir Peter*.

9. Encore "Clementina." All the better for a "wash."

13. Venetian symphony. Sensational moment. Flight of gondolier, skeddaddling at the very sight of a giant's shoe. Giant himself invisible in foreground, or rather in fore-water. Further description useless. Notice shoe to your right.

13. *The Dentist's Chair.* Lady with hand on her left side where the pain is—probably the stitch in time which saves nine—while her right cheek rests on pillow. Evidently severe toothache: tooth not yet drawn by artist: with a touch he will give her the "relief" she so much needs.

31. Delightful pastel. A Norman peasant woman, easily mistaken for "My old Dutch."

33. *Sir Henry Irving.* Admirable portrait of him as *Louis XI.* or "Unlimited Loo."

44. *Mlle. Augustine Malville.* She ought to obtain an engagement as "companion" to No. 31.

47. "Cream and Roses." What sort of "cream"? Ahem! state of costume quite sufficient to account for the "roses" on the "young person's" cheeks.

50. Encore *Sir HENRY IRVING!* Now as "*The Lyons Male*": of course *The Lion*. So like him! "We thought it was *IRVING!*" as *LORD BRANDON THOMAS* used to say in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*.

56. "The Red Scarf," or "Looking Back." Portrait of a "Woman with a Past"—el.

62. *The Jester*, with an empty skull. Bitter satire: preserved in oil.

67. *On the Banks of the Turpentine.*

69. A perfect little water-colour, as (76), "*Principal* (or perhaps *Unprincipled*) *Ballerina*," is a perfect pastel.

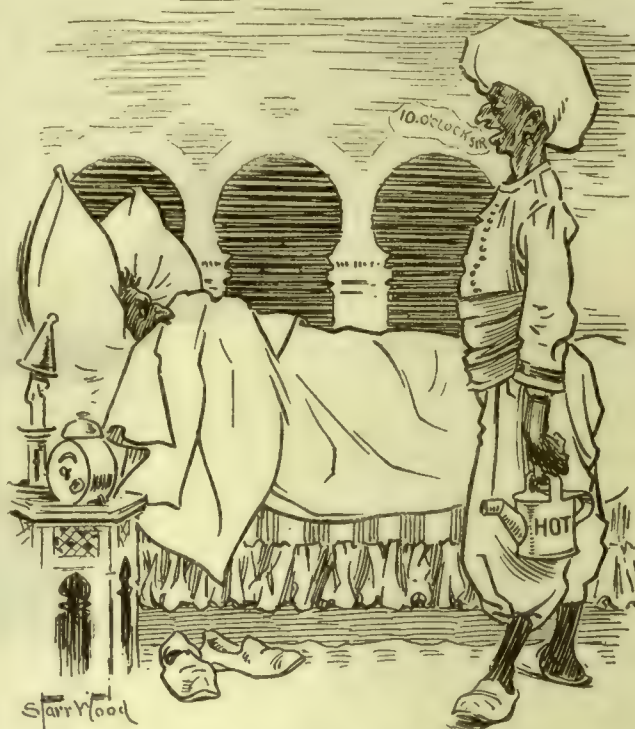
71. "A Sketch in Reds." A fancy portrait of "*La Dame de St. Blaize*." It should have been dedicated to Mr. SMAUKER, chairman and president of the Bath Footmen's Club. Permit us the "reference to character":—

"Sorry to keep the fire off you, WELLER," said Mr. TUCKLE, with a familiar nod. "Hope you're not cold, WELLER."

"Not by no means, Blazes," replied SAM. "It 'ud be a wery chilly subject as felt cold wen you stood opposit. You 'd save coals if they put you behind the fender in the waitin' room at a public office, you would."

"As this retort appeared to convey rather a personal allusion to Mr. TUCKLE's crimson livery, &c., &c."

The mere sight of picture warmed us to our task, and divesting ourselves of overcoat and wrapper, we continued our inspection in a perfect glow. That is, we would have done so, but this painting by a Reddy Wit in glowing colours only equal to those in which we would describe the entire exhibition, sent us off at high pressure, and though we dipped into No. 90, a Thames Creek, so refreshing, so silent and quiet (a noiseless creak,) and though we fain would have lingered over (100), "*Sketch of Myself*" as



THE LATE RISING IN MOROCCO.

nobody ever saw me, and which ought to have been underlined with BURNS'S lines—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us;"

and should have loved to stand before No. 109, trying to make out who the mysterious "G. B. S." as there portrayed might possibly be, yet were we bound to issue forth into the outer air, readjust our "elegant wrapper," and still with most vivid and inspiring memories of *The Scarlet Lady* (Heavens! was *this* the cryptic idea?), to hurry off to lunch. Let us advise all lovers of the Black Art, combined with the White Art, to visit this Gallery, where never will the true connoisseur complain of satiety or want of variety, though 'tis all "*Toujours Perdrix*."

AWKWARD.

Mr. A., who has recently married for the second time, is assisting his wife to show a book of photographic portraits lying on the table to a little girl on a visit.

Little Girl. Oh! what a beautiful face! Who is it?

Mr. A. (a trifle uncomfortable). That, my dear, is a picture of my first wife. (Continuing hurriedly) She is dead; I don't think you remember her; and (about to turn the page over)—

Little Girl (insisting on keeping the photograph well before her, and appealing enthusiastically to Mrs. A.) Oh! but she's so pretty! What a pity she died! (Turning suddenly to Mr. A.) Isn't it? [She finds herself alone.]

RECENT NEWS EN VOYAGE.—The *Good Hope* seems to be one of the "*Ships that pass in the Night*." All's well.



Jones (arriving in the middle of the Overture to "Tristan und Isolde")—quite audibly. "WELL, THANK GOODNESS WE'RE IN PLENTY OF TIME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Three Years' War (CONSTABLE), loyally dedicated by its author, General DE WET, "to my fellow-subjects of the British Empire," is unquestionably the book of the year. It pretends, says my Nautical Retainer, to no sort of literary charm, but, what is of still greater value, it gives with eloquent simplicity an immediate record of the most brilliant strategist that the War produced. The actual narrative of events in which the author played his part with such rare intelligence and gallantry is told with an obvious desire for honesty and the avoidance of boastfulness. When he passes beyond facts to the expression of opinion he is liable to show something of the bitterness of the partisan who can see only one side of a question. His comments upon "War against women" take no sort of account of the military necessity imposed upon us by the action of the Boer women in sheltering combatants, conveying information, and concealing ammunition. On certain questions his views differ widely from those of General BOTHA. The blockhouses are declared by DE WET to have been practically useless; by BOTHA (Appendix A) they are described as "likely to prove the ruin of our commandos." Of the purpose of the Boer Delegates in Europe, DE WET emphatically states that they never entertained the idea of European intervention; yet at the Vereeniging meeting (of which the minutes, here reproduced for the first time in English, are of unique interest) BOTHA distinctly refers to the failure of their hopes in this direction.

As a personal history of hazardous enterprise against odds, the book remains the most remarkable of human documents. Mr. SARGENT's frontispiece portrait is a fine achievement; and the volume is produced with that sound workmanship which characterises all Messrs. CONSTABLE's productions.

To their Highway and Byway Series Messrs. MACMILLAN have added *Highways and Byways in London*. The narrative and description are from the picturesque pen of Mrs. E. T. COOK, the abundant illustrations from the pencils of HUGH THOMSON and F. L. GRIGGS. The book differs in plan from the works of WALTER THORNBURY, JAMES THORNE, and

other tillers of the fruitful field. Whilst not neglecting ancient records and sources of information, Mrs. COOK, having diligently trodden the highways and byways, chats about them in personal and pleasant fashion.

Celebrities and I (HUTCHINSON) opens with some dangerously puerile reminiscences and reflections. Miss HENRIETTE CORKRAN begins her story when she is in the nursery, and it is, naturally, concerned with tarts, jams, and comfits. My Baronite was beginning to get tired of the book when about a third way through he found it grow interesting. Miss CORKRAN, a typical Irishwoman educated in France, has through her life gazed on the world with sharp eyes, on the whole not fully appreciative, or obtrusively friendly. Whilst still in the nursery THACKERAY gave her tarts, and five-franc pieces. So he's all right. But she sees spots on other suns. The habit does not make the book less attractive for others beyond the family circles immediately concerned. Miss CORKRAN has come into contact with a remarkable succession of notable people, and, evidently not being what you would call shy, has made the most of her opportunities of observation. The scrappy chapters are full of vivid pictures, crudely coloured but effective. The description of Mrs. LYNN LINTON, who seems to have been kind to the young girl and taken her about a good deal, and her graphic description of a Sunday evening at WESTLAND MARSTON'S, are fair examples of her talent, taste, and temper. And what do admirers of ROBERT BROWNING think of the discovery made on looking out of the back window at Warwick Crescent of the author of *The Ring and the Book* "nursing a goose, absolutely carrying it in his arms"?

"'Tis a gruesome title," quoth the Baron, meditatively. "What title may that be, an' please you?" inquired a Junior Baronitess. Responded the Baron, frowningly, "Marry, 'tis 'The Woman who went to —,' a place unmentionable to ears polite, let us say 'to Tartarus,' eh?" "Compris," answered the Baronitess. "Yet 'tis a booklet of gracious aspect." "Ay," returned the Baron, "and of excellent quality, the quantity being limited. Its authoress is DONA SIGERSON, and the work is published by *The de la More Press*

in its up-to-date style, since the motto of the Company can never be "de la More remains behind!" "Prosit!"

"So as I weepe and wayle and pleade in vaine
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still
remanne."

Those who affect such *amoretti* will find SPENSER'S best, and a portrait of the poet to boot, in a pretty little pocket volume of the *York Library* series (BRIMLEY JOHNSON).

Christmas at the Mermaid (no sort of relation to *The Lady from the Sea*), by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON (JOHN LANE) is one of those fragrant "*Flowers of Parnassus*" suitable as a poetic evergreen for the literary button-hole at Christmas. The illustrations by HERBERT COLE make perfect a delightful booklet.

Sir EDWARD REED—so runs the report of the Baron's Assistant—has published a volume of *Poems* (GRANT RICHARDS). Many men less justly celebrated than Sir EDWARD have done the same without any such warrant as he possesses. He has designed mighty ships of war, actual ships with turrets and guns and all that may belong to a ship, and now he sends forth a varied fleet of verses to sail the waters of approval. I drop the metaphor, and beg to declare that there is the real right stuff in these poems. The verse is emphatically good in technique; not only is the voice resonant and manly, but it is the voice of one who has a refined nature and a sensitive ear for melody.

Fairy Fancies and Fun, by EDITH KING-HALL (FOXWELL), with love "to my nephew Eddy," is the Eddy-fying dedication of a dainty little book in a fancifully-decorated cover, containing some quaint conceits, such as might be expected from a clever student of *Alice in Wonderland*. No doubt little EDDY'S eddy-cation will be hereby considerably assisted.

Those who may have read (in various Magazines named in a prefatorial note) "several of the tales" which appear in *Tales by Three Brothers* (ISBISTER)—the three brothers being *Phil*, *Kay*, and *Percy Robinson*—will, doubtless, be delighted to meet them again in a form which proves that they have the "power to add to their number." The book offers just that sort of "appetiser" to which we can sit down for half an hour on our way "from labour to refreshment."

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.—Mistakes will happen even in the best regulated printing-offices. The *Daily Express* of the 8th inst. waxed merry on page 4



THOSE LOVELY CURLS TOO!

Mother (entering). "WHAT EVER ARE YOU BOYS DOING?"

Bobby. "OH, ON'Y PLAYING BARBERS. WILLY'S DONE ME, AND NOW I'M DOING HIM!"

over the following printer's jumble in a Swansea paper:—

"Lady Chesterfield is Lady Hartopp's sister, and Miss Muriel Wilson, who has reigned as a leading beauty for several years, is her cousin, too strong when a half quantity only is used in comparison to other Cocoas, a further reduction in the quantity used is advisable."

On page 1 of the same issue of the *Daily Express* there appeared the following:—

"A riotous scene occurred in the French frost clouds to great heat, ended in the wreck of the balloon on touching earth near Marlborough."

Swansea smiled.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

WHEN of coming Christmas Day
Eager children prattle;
When the 'buses all display
Counterfeits of cattle;

In the grate when grateful fires
Glow with greater brightness;
When the surly guard acquires
Suddenly politeness.

When resolves made months ago
You—too late—remember;—
These are certain signs to show
That it is December.



THE ADVANCE IN ROAD LOCOMOTION.

CHRISTMAS, 1702 (IN SNOW).

CHRISTMAS, 1902 (IN SNOW).

ALL EXTRAVAGANCE
DURBARRED.

In deference to the wish of the *Daily News* that there should be no "extravagance or oriental splendour" at the coming Durbar, in view of the distressful state of India, we are given to understand that the following resolutions have been come to:—

(1) The VICEROY will take a "second return" to Delhi.

(2) And will go up from the railway station to the Durbar Hall in a four-wheeled cab.

(3) The VICE-ROY'S suite will travel third class to Delhi, and walk from the station.

(4) Instead of the State Banquet, ham sandwiches, buns and sherry ("good sound wine at one and three—nutty flavour") will be handed round, on trays.

(5) The State elephants, brought by the native Princes and Rajahs, will be let on hire at a reasonable price per hour, the proceeds to go in reduction of their provender bill.

(6) Whilst the Heralds are sounding a fanfare immediately after the KING is proclaimed Emperor of India, the bag will be sent round and our Indian guests invited to contribute a trifle towards the expenses of the show.

(7) The whole Tamasha will be run by a "cutting-price" contractor.

WIRE FROM VICEROY TO MR. PUNCH, REPLY PAID.—*Invitation*: Sorry you cannot come personally. Please send representative to Delhi. *Reply*: Delhi-ted.

"My Countryman! and yet I know him not!"

"SPECIAL SCOTCH."—Above this signature a correspondent writes to ask if the celebrated "D. CAMERON, of Beau Kartchio," of whom he has heard frequent mention, was a Highlander in the service of an Italian, or was Beau Kartchio the name of the estate abroad where he had become a naturalised Italian? "Special Scotch" adds that he will be most glad of the correct information, as he intends lecturing on "My Countrymen Abroad."

"WITH GENERAL FRENCH." — "That's exactly what I want," exclaimed an intending traveller, who, not parley-vooing fluently, was thinking of spending a few days in Paris; "of course it's a conversational handbook." He had omitted to read the remainder of the advertisement of this account of the cavalry in South Africa.



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—MR. PUNCH'S CHILDREN'S PARTY.

A CHRISTMAS BOWL.

OH, London's streets are a dismal sight
 If you wander about on a Christmas night;
 The doors are barred and the blinds made trim,
 And the fronts of the houses are black and grim.
 I warrant there's plenty of laughter there,
 Jollity, jokes and warmth to spare,
 With food in abundance and wine, no doubt,
 But it's all within while you stand without,
 And shiver and gaze and stamp and dream,
 And watch your breath as it goes in steam,
 Curling, lingering, floating, wreathing,
 And you wonder idly what keeps you breathing,
 And sending these ghosts of yourself to follow
 The vanishing ghosts that the dim mists swallow.
 So there I walked, and my thoughts were sinister
 As those of a—what shall I say?—a Minister
 Who is chased by a loud-voiced Opposition
 From his pride of place and his high condition,
 While nobody marks him or heeds his wishes,
 And his foes fall-to on the loaves and fishes;
 Or a Bishop, it may be, of this place or that place—
 No opulent See, and by no means a fat place—
 Who, while he has trimmed and toiled and waited,
 Has seen no end of the rest translated,
 And himself grows lean in despair of a fatter See—
 So I walked till at last I came to Battersea.
 And there on the bridge I stood set high,
 And the river below went sliding by:
 Dark and gloomy and deep and old,
 With spears of light on its ebb a-shiver
 That broke its eddies with glints of gold,
 Solemnly slid the ancient river
 Between dark banks where the mist clung damp
 To the glittering serpent of lamp on lamp
 That trailed to the east where the moon hung low—
 Never was seen a larger or rougher ring—
 With her face all scarred and a brick-dust glow
 That served to set off her expression of suffering.
 Then after a minute I turned, and back
 I trudged and trudged with my thoughts still black;
 And there, as I stolidly trudged, I knew
 That somebody else was trudging too.
 Faster I went, but I never outpaced him,
 So I set my teeth and I turned and faced him.
 I never saw a jollier sight
 Than my fellow-trudger that Christmas night:
 A pilot-jacket the man was wrapped in,
 And his eyes were gleaming with fun, and glancing
 Like a couple of fairies dancing, dancing;
 And he looked like a storm-tossed old sea captain,
 With a face so battered by every weather
 That a man might meet from Penang to Porlock,
 That it made you just pull yourself together
 And hitch your trousers and touch your forelock,
 As if, while still for the shore you hanker,
 You had got rowed out to a ship at anchor,
 You being at that time rated A.B.,
 With a roll in your walk like a two-year baby,
 And had climbed the ladder and stepped aboard her,
 With your ear cocked sharp for the Captain's order.
 Now where had I met the man? I knew
 He had never commanded a ship or crew;
 His face and his figure, I knew them well,
 But what was his name I couldn't tell.
 Stay, there was—"Tush" to myself I said,
 "It can't be he, for he's long been dead,
 Dead and buried this many a year,
 And Westminster Abbey had his bier,

And Westminster Abbey's storied stones
 Are the vault that covers the great man's bones.
 But still there's a look in his face, a quip
 Of roguish spirits that haunt his lip,
 A tilt of his head with its bold, strong high brow,
 And a quick sharp trick of his lifted eye-brow—
 If it's not—but I know it's not, because
 CHARLES DICKENS is dead"—but, *by Zeus, it was!*
 And, oh, what a joy to take his hand
 There in the street where he came and found me,
 Back, straight back from the shadow-land,
 And his glorious capturing smile thrown round me.
 DICKENS, hurrah! he was back again—
 Back with his store of jovial laughter!
 Off went he; in his rushing train,
 I, all wonder, went rushing after.
 He stopped at a house, made up his mind,
 Passed right into it, I behind;
 I don't know whose and I can't say where,
 But well I know that a house stood there.
 And then like a flash we seemed to enter
 A great room fixed in the house's centre,
 Where, to judge by the table spread and lighted,
 An army of guests had been invited.
 But, when we were in and the big door thrust-to,
 I couldn't see anyone else save us two.
 At the end of the table stood a bowl,
 A bowl built in like a landlord's fixture,
 And into it swift he poured his soul,
 And he filled it full, and he stirred the mixture
 With a business air till there came an aroma
 Better than rum, lemon, water and cinnamon,
 That had roused old RIP from his state of coma
 With a leap like an eel's from the board that you skin
 him on.

And oh, but the magical air was humming
 With the cheeriest songs I used to know;
 And in through the door old friends kept coming,
 Dear companions of long ago.
 Dear old gardens I used to roam in,
 Dear old voices I thought were lost,
 Dear old scenes that I had my home in,
 Jolly old days of sun or frost,
 Where every day had a bright to-morrow,
 And nobody dreamt of pain or sorrow;
 Childhood's merriment, childhood's noise,
 Boyhood's frolic and jokes and joys;
 And full in the midst a Christmas tree,
 Loaded and lit as they used to be—
 These sights I saw and these sounds I heard
 While the bubbling mixture was stirred and stirred.
 Till—lo, with a flash that leaves you darkling,
 Out went the vision gay and sparkling,
 And the bright hall turned to a gloomy, dead room—
 And I was alone in my own dull bedroom. R. C. L.

ONLY BARS OF MUSIC.—Disciples of Sir W-LFR-D L-WS-N should be grateful to the firm of BROADWOOD for the good example they are setting. Not only are their concerts short, without an interval for refreshment, but they actually use a "Barless" Piano. Continuing in this line the pianos used here may soon be the best "*Bar-none*."

CORRESPONDENCE UNANSWERED.—SIR,—I read about an extension of "Bart's" in connection with Christ's Hospital. Is "Bart's" a Home for decayed Baronets started originally by a Beneficent "Bart.," and hence the name "Bart's"? I don't know, or of course I should not ask and sign myself
 I. G. NORAMUS.



AN UNPOPULAR IDOL !

HOW BILLY AND HIS SUNDAY-SCHOOLMATES INTEND TO WREAK THEIR VENGEANCE, IF ONLY A SNOW-STORM BE PROPITIOUS, ON THE EMBANKMENT SOME SUNDAY AFTERNOON ABOUT CHRISTMAS-TIME.



"WHY HAS THAT HORSE A RED RIBBON ON HIS TAIL, UNCLE?"

"OH, I EXPECT HE'S INCLINED TO KICK."

"BUT SURELY THAT CAN'T REALLY PREVENT HIM?"

TO THE SMART WOMAN.

Do you breakfast in bed every morning?
 Do you spend half the night on the gad?
 Do you sally forth daily to meet Him,
 Like a lass that is seeking a lad?
 Do the youths of your coterie call you
 Or Bibi or Tou-tou or Midge?
 Are your brains, if you happen to have them,
 Exclusively turned upon Bridge?
 Do you profit by tips on the race-course?
 Do you lay reprehensible snares,
 Hunting elderly gents into corners,
 To chatter of gold mines and shares?
 Do you fly to a Restaurant dinner
 In dread of an evening *chez vous*?
 Are you shocked when you hear of the Others
 What the Others are whisp'ring of you?
 Do you post half your letters in secret?
 Do you blush when you read what is writ?
 Do you flavour your speech with suggestion,
 And fondly mistake it for wit?
 Do you think that your mate is a fool, Ma'am?
 Do you think that your lover is true?
 Or is it not rather your rule, Ma'am,
 All serious thought to eschew?

A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER IN PANTON STREET.

IN *Monsieur Beaucaire* at the Comedy Theatre Messrs. TARKINGTON and SUTHERLAND have presented the public with a pretty play. The story here dramatised has, I believe, already achieved some success as a novel; and indeed it will have occurred to many who have applauded the acting at the Comedy, that the novel, as a work of descriptive art, must have enjoyed no small advantage over the play. The dialogue that would "read" well in the study is apt to become prolix on the stage; while characters that are "people of some importance" in the pages of romance, when concreted as *dramatis personæ*, appear as, more or less, merely decorative accessories of the scene. Thus it comes about that on the broad back of Mr. LEWIS WALLER as *Beaucaire*, and on the comely shoulders of Miss GRACE LANE as *Lady Mary*, is laid the burden of the comedy, and admirably they carry it off; Mr. WALLER, as in chivalrous duty bound, imposing on himself two-thirds of the task, and acquitting himself thereof to perfection, or as near it as possible.

Miss CONSTANCE WALTON is a *piquante Lady Rollerton*, and Mr. EDWARD FERRIS gives a clever rendering of the wicked *Duke of Winterset*, whose title, judging from his own conduct and that of his boon companions, would have been more to the purpose had it been *Duke of Whataset*! Comparatively uneventful as is the progress of the first two Acts, the curtain is raised again and again after the final tableau of the Second Act to enthusiastic applause aroused by the contents, as it were, of a "surprise packet" being suddenly disclosed to the audience in the person of an old lady of fashion, got up to the very life of the period, and leaning

NEW BOOK IN PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.—*Underlying Raisins*, by the author of *Upper Currents*. Appropriate. Next volume, in the cold weather, *Slap*, by the author of *Pat*.



Tommy. "I SAY, ELSIE, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL COME AND SEE YOU EVERY DAY WHILST YOU ARE ILL."

on the arm of her chivalrous cavalier, *Monsieur Beaucaire*. This lady, Miss MINNIE GRIFFEN, impersonating *The Countess of Greenbury* ("by the kind permission of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON," who is not at present requiring the services of this actress as *Desdemona* to his *Othello*) has merely to appear, has not a word to say, and, lo and behold, the house rises at her, cheering her to the echo! The climax of this Second Act is a great *coup de théâtre*.

After this there are ambushes, and skirmishes, and clashing of swords, and smashing of sticks, and cracking of whips, and some impressive acting by Mr. H. SAVILE as *François* the faithful valet of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, who is always on the point of letting his master's title out of the bag.

As in *The Admirable Crichton*, so here, an entirely new character is sprung upon the audience in the last Act; and at the supreme moment it is Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS, representing the *Marquis de Mirepoix*, French Ambassador, who enters as the *deus ex machina*, and on his word, we, and everybody present, accept *Monsieur Beaucaire* as the most noble prince *Monseigneur le Duc d'Orléans*. Strong indeed, and a firm favourite with the audience, must be the actor whose popularity can sustain two such shocks as these startlingly effective introductions of new personages, one at the end of the Second Act, and the other at the close of the play. Yet this does Mr. WALLER, and his *Monsieur Beaucaire* may be regarded as a triumph over dramatic conventionality, and a real success in spite of the dramatists.

GAMLÉ NORGE VERSUS CHICAGO.—The Yankee boasts that he can make use of the whole hog, "bar the squeak." The hardy Norseman says that he can use the entire cod, "including the sound."

DIARY OF THE M.F.H.

Friday.—Eheu! fugaces. Another Christmas and another so-called "Boxing" Day. Why, oh why was Boxing Day ever invented to plague and harass the wretched M.F.H.? It releases hordes of "operatives" from the neighbouring town of Grimyville, others—too numerous to mention—from workshop, desk, and counter, to crowd round coverts, shout, rush about, and head foxes. And, crowning nuisance of all, "TOMMY" and his young friends are home from school. We all know what that means in the hunting field! Whoa—I mean woe—is me!

Arrived at the meet, Sir PORCSON POSHBORO, our Member, seized me and introduced his two sons.

"They're home from Cambridge, and want to see whether your pack can get along as fast as their own Draghounds there!"

I "squirmed," and humbly begged these hopeful youths to remember that fox catchers are not supposed to race like a Drag; adding that I would feel obliged by their *not* riding on top of hounds. *Par parenthèse*, I may observe that these giddy undergrads subsequently left open a gate, thus releasing fifty head of horned cattle to rove over the county—smashed a flight of new rails, and then galloped, "Hades for leather," across big field of strawberry plants, doing absolutely inestimable damage.

Scene at meet beggared description. Shoals of pedestrians, motorists, costers' barrows, bicyclists, mill-hands, operatives, and five brake-loads of the genus 'Arry, with paper ornaments in their hats, playing mouth organs, most of them half drunk. Hurried hounds into opportune paddock, but not before two had been badly kicked. Noise deafening. Think Spion Kop must have been comparatively peaceful.

Enormous "field." Every human being within a ten-mile radius who could raise anything with four legs, a head and a tail, present.

Got hounds through crowd at last, and off to first covert, which was immediately surrounded by people on foot, people on bicycles, people in motor-cars, people of all descriptions, and all making as much noise as they conveniently could. At least a dozen boys on ponies, exchanging school reminiscences at top of their voices. Just as a much mystified fox endeavoured to break at down-wind side, BROWN minor shouted to SMITH major, "Blow the hounds! can't we have a go at these fences, without all this beastly waiting?"

Fox promptly turned back and was chopped in covert. D—ear little boys! D—elightful Boxing Day!

Abandoned attempt in despair, and gave orders for Hangers' Wood, two miles off. Nondescript crowd followed, but we managed to pick up outlying fox before they could catch us. Little WILLIE rushed his pony to only jumpable place in first fence. Pony refused, and little TOMMY promptly fell over him. Unable to stop my horse, pulled off to unjumpable part. Result, bad fall. Scrambled up, and had to ride my horse's tail off to catch up hounds. Just as I got on terms with them again, they checked—most unaccountably—at a road. Fearsome-looking object—which I found to be a live man—sitting in motor-car, clad in wild-beast skins and goggles, yelled, "Hi, Mister, I've seen the fox! Directly he caught sight of me, he turned short back!"

I thought of the trials and tribulations of the day, and of our lost run. Then I said, freezingly, looking at the Ancient-Briton-like, skin-clad man before me,

"I think, Sir, our fox showed most excellent taste!"

Then I gave the word for "Home."

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "LITTLE LATIN AND NO GREEK," would be glad if we informed him whether "Bacillus" is Latin for "Bachelor"?

[As our complete answer to this necessitates more pages of print than we have at our present disposal we will defer the explanation, or perhaps he would like a reference to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. See article "Typical Developments 'B' for Bachelor 'Bacillus,' how pronounced, when first applied," &c., &c.]

TRIUMPHANT MOTTO FOR A LABOUR CANDIDATE AT THE POLL.—"My election's a 'cert.' I assert this because '*Labor omnia vincit*.'"



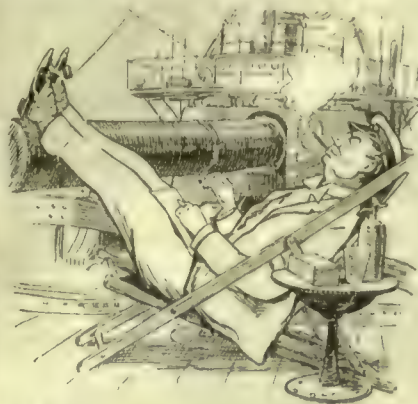
WILL IT EVER COME TO THIS?

["A letter in the *Field* upon dress in the hunting field pleads for a more rational garb to replace the traditional scarlet, buckskin breeches, and 'top' hat."—*Daily Mail*.]

LETTERS FROM JOE.

H.M.S. *Good Hope*.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—Here we are in mid-ocean. You have been at sea too



G.R.H.

"The perfect rest I am enjoying."

often yourself to need any description of what it is like; but a short account of the perfect rest cure I am enjoying, far from Lobbies and Deputations, LLOYD GEORGE and Dr. CLIFFORD, will, I know, give you pleasure to peruse and, perhaps, serve to recreate your mind amid the stress of the Third Reading.

My dear fellow, there's nothing like the sea—even on a man-of-war. I don't say that a liner would not have suited me better—there's such a confounded flavour of ARNOLD-FORSTER about all these guns and blue-jackets—but the sea's the same; and whenever I feel homesick I have but to listen to the screw, and there I am at dear old Birmingham once more!

Have you ever seen blue-jackets drilling? That's my idea of how one's Party should behave. One movement animating several hundred men, taking their orders from the officer in command—yourself, of course!—who else could it be? Any individual conscience dictating independent lines of action, and the man's in irons. That's discipline. I wish we could get some of it into the House. We must see; I have great plans in my head. Wait till I come back.

But the sea, ARTHUR; the sea! We had a gale in the Bay—a regular Opposition night—but I never turned a hair. When I get tired of politics, I must take up the Navy as a hobby. CHARLEY BERESFORD will require looking after one of these days. Besides, there is always room for a good Admiral; and I believe one could grow orchids near the engine-room, where there's a steady heat.

Off Gibraltar I made a rather neat joke. We had exchanged fatuities by wireless telegraphy, and the Captain was telling me of the monkeys that are

sometimes seen through a glass. I looked, but could distinguish nothing. "No," I said, "I see no monkeys; only one Marconi of the Rock." You might try that on DEVONSHIRE, and let me know his comment.

Yesterday, wandering about the hind-quarters of the vessel, which they call, I believe, the stern, I came upon a petty officer who knows Birmingham. I foresee that I shall be much less bored than I was beginning to fear I should be. He explained to me the difference between a Scotch and a Belleville boiler. By the way, how is WALTER LONG getting on with his Water Bill? I am rather afraid that, in spite of his efforts in stamping out rabies, he is likely to infect the Radicals with hydrophobia. You might tell that to HARCOURT with my love.



"We had a gale in the Bay—a regular Opposition night—but I never turned a hair."

Red Sea, Dec. 10.—Since I last wrote I have refreshed my memories of Egypt. With Port Said I was not favourably impressed. As a coaling station it may be excellent, but it does not appeal to the Egyptologist. I am sorry to express such an opinion, but as you know, what I have Port Said I have Port Said. Otherwise I enjoyed my stay greatly. The name JOSEPH of itself makes me feel at home in Egypt, which I found in many ways much improved since my last visit. CROMER is going strong, as he always does, and the KHEDIVE was most tractable.

I went by tram



"There is always room for a good Admiral."

to see the Pyramids, but was disappointed in the Sphinx. The absence of her nose is a terrible blemish. Can you, for example, connect me in any way with a snub? It was a pity I couldn't stop to see the opening of the Assouan dam, but *il faut se borner*, as NAPOLEON said. Forty centuries looked down on him, but forty-one look up at me. The dam pleases me, however, though I did not visit it—a most effective form of closure. Couldn't we adapt it to such Nilism as SWIFT MACNEILL talks? You should come out here, ARTHUR, for your favourite game. Sandy lies everywhere; capital bunkers the Pyramids; and the Sphinx is every



G.R.H.

"The absence of her nose is a terrible blemish."



THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST."

bit as fine a hazard to negotiate as the "Maiden" at Sandwich.

I should say, in spite of what we read in the French papers, that Egypt is happy, although it is true that the camels all have humps. If JESSE were to come out here, there should be no difficulty in getting him three acres and a camel. The Arabs are affable, but I prefer the free voters of Birmingham. What is wrong with Egypt, between you and me, is that it is not a British Colony. So long.

JOSEPH.

P.S.—I have just heard, by Marconi-gram, that at a sale at SOTHEBY'S a letter of mine fetched only five shillings, while one of CROMWELL'S was sold for £7. What is the use of having AUSTEN at the Post Office if my letters are treated in this way? The moral effect of this news, which has doubtless already reached Mombasa and Durban, is distinctly prejudicial to the cause of Imperial unity.

THE GOURMET'S LOVE SONG.

How strange is Love; I am not one
Who Cupid's power belittles,
For Cupid 'tis who makes me shun
My customary victuals.
Oh, EFFIE, since that painful scene
That left me broken-hearted,
My appetite, erstwhile so keen,
Has utterly departed.

My form, my friends observe with pain,
Is growing daily thinner.
Love only occupies the brain
That once could think of dinner.
Around me myriad waiters flit,
With meat and drink to ply men;
Alone, disconsolate, I sit,
And feed on thoughts of Hymen.

The kindly waiters hear my groan,
They strive to charm with curry;
They tempt me with a devilled bone—
I beg them not to worry.
Soup, whitebait, entrées, fricassees,
They bring me uninvited.
I heed them not, for what are these
To one whose life is blighted?

They show me dishes rich and rare,
But ah! my pulse no joy stirs.
For savouries I've ceased to care,
I hate the thought of oysters.
They bring me roast, they bring me
boiled,
But all in vain they woo me;
The waiters softly mutter, "Foiled!"
The chef, poor man, looks gloomy.

So, EFFIE, turn that shell-like ear,
Nor to my sighing close it,
You cannot doubt that I'm sincere—
This ballad surely shows it.
No longer spurn the suit I press,
Respect my agitation,
Do change your mind, and answer,
"Yes,"
And save me from starvation.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to the United States census returns, the oldest white American is 120 years of age, while there is a negro 145, and an Indian 150. It was only the influence of GEORGE WASHINGTON that prevented the white American being 150.

It is stated that Mr. MARCONI will shortly surprise the world with another invention. His opponents are wondering whether it will be that he has surmounted all the difficulties of Transatlantic wireless telegraphy.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD says he is regarded as a mustard-plaster on the back of Authority in the House of Commons. We should have thought there was more of the Salt than the mustard about LORD CHARLES.

The practice of Crown Princes making love to American actresses has received a blow from which it may take some years to recover. Miss MAYBELLE GILMAN, who was courted by the Crown Prince of SIAM, has given some of the Prince's love-letters to the New York papers for publication.

The trouble with the Volunteers continues. Those of the officers who are not resigned to the new Regulations are resigning.

The Public are cautioned against a man who is going about soliciting alms, and, among other statements, declares he had a horse shot under him at Trafalgar. The Police believe he is an impostor.

During the past week, large cargoes of geese and turkeys have been arriving daily from the Continent, and there is little doubt that Christmas will be held on the 25th December this year as usual.

It has been prophesied that, on the evening of that day, many little boys will complain that their tailors have made their waistcoats too tight, while others will quietly prepare for death.

A curious epidemic has made its appearance with the beginning of the dark mornings. A number of persons, on being awakened, find themselves overcome by an irresistible feeling of drowsiness, and drop off into a sleep again, from which comatose condition they are only aroused with the greatest difficulty.

The whole matter is wrapped in a certain amount of mystery, but there is, it seems, some danger that the duel which was arranged a considerable time ago between French expert swordsmen and Italian expert swordsmen, may take place.

The Mad Mullah has written a letter in which, as the price of peace, he demands the concession of a port, the recognition of his sphere of influence, and the removal of the restrictions on the importation of rifles. The Jingo press is urging the British Government not to submit to these terms.

The Prince of MONACO, who has an army of some thirty-two men, holds that all international disputes should in future be settled by arbitration, instead of by an appeal to force, and is about to disband his army.

CHRISTMAS SAYING (after Shakespeare).
—"All the world's a—stodge."



Small Child (who has been pecked on the finger while trying to stroke the parrot). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE A NOSE, AND IT'S A TOOTH!"

PICKWICK UP TO DATE.

II.—CHRISTMAS AT DINGLEY DELL.

THE best sitting-room at Manor Farm was a good, long, sanitary apartment, fitted with patent ventilators in abundance, and on Christmas Eve it looked its very best. Bowls of primroses and cowslips decked the tables, flowers culled earlier in the day by the fair hands of ARABELLA ALLEN. Mr. Pickwick, who was seen to be busily engaged with his tablets, was believed to be meditating a letter to the *Times* on the phenomenal abundance of these flowers in mid-December.

"Come," cried old WARDLE, boisterously, "come, bring up your chairs to the hot-water-pipes! Fill your glasses! The jug of barley-water isn't nearly empty yet! It's Christmas Eve—and the clock shall strike ten to-night before one of us shall even think of going to bed! JOE—where's that boy?"

"Here I be, Sir," replied the Fat Boy, starting from a remote corner, where

he had been taking his temperature on the sly.

"Have you weighed yourself to-day?"

"Yes, Sir," said the Fat Boy.

"And taken your baths and your medicine? Well, then, it's Christmas time, and you shall have one extra charcoal biscuit in honour of it! Here—and now be off and run half-a-mile!"

"Werry generous, too," said Mr. WELLER, approvingly. "Out you go, young adiposity! You're a disgrace to hygienic science, as the sawbones said to his wife ven she died o' blood-poisonin'!"

"Health before all things," said WARDLE. "Still, at Christmas—yes, EMMA, I will have a drop of that lemonade—and a piece of dry toast. WINKLE, you're looking feverish. I've a brand of quinine in my cellar that'll make you as right as a trivet!"

"This," observed Mr. PICKWICK, edging still nearer to the hot-water-pipes, "this is, indeed, comfort."

"Our invariable custom," replied Mr. WARDLE. "Everybody sits down with us on Christmas Eve, as you see them now—servants and all. (Of course we quarantine 'em first, and then spray them with iodoform.) And here we sit, and tell stories."

"Ghost stories?" asked Mr. PICKWICK.

"No, no; uncommon bad for the nervous system, ghost stories—we talk about microbes and influenza, and someone reads aloud from the medical papers. TRUNDLE, my boy, where are those purple pills? Come, PICKWICK, give us a tale!"

"But I don't know any," protested that gentleman, taking off his spectacles and looking rather confused. There was a general murmur of protest.

"Dear Mr. PICKWICK," giggled one of the poor relations on the outside of the circle, "perhaps can tell us—something—about—his liver!"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. PICKWICK.



Hairdresser. "HAIR BEGINS TO GET VERY THIN, SIR."

Customer. "YES."

Hairdresser. "HAVE YOU TRIED OUR TONIC LOTION?"

Customer. "YES. THAT DIDN'T DO IT THOUGH."

RARA AVIS.

RAREST visitor my way,
How to welcome you I scamper!
Harbinger of Christmas Day,
Carrier laden with a hamper;
Filled with choicest stores, no doubt—
Fur and feathers peeping out.

Who has sent it—I would guess—
With its stock of "pretty eating,"

My too meagre board to bless
With a seasonable greeting?
Hurriedly I rack my brain
For the donor—but in vain!

Half-a-crown as tip—no less—
Marks my jubilation's measure.
Now the label and address
I can scrutinise at leisure. . . .
Why did I not look before?—
It was meant for JONES next door.

ALEXANDRA'S FEAST.

(After Dryden.)

. . . At last kind ALEXANDRA came,
Lending mild lustre to a martial name;
The sweet enthusiast, with her bounteous store,
Descending from her high estate to cheer
The widow, and to wipe the orphan's tear,
And ease the aching misery of War.
Let her great namesake yield the praise
And lay his sceptre down;
He won the Victor's bloodstained bays,
She earned the Healer's crown.

NURSERY NOTES AND QUEER QUERIES.

LEARNED Philologists, Rhymenologists, and Christmas Holiday-ologists will be interested in the following *excursus De Nursere Rimâ*:—

For ages the origin of the first couplet of the well-known verse

"Hi Diddle Diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,"

has presented difficulties almost insuperable to students of all ages. It is now almost certain that the author of this piece of early poetry was a distinguished maker of musical instruments, who was protesting against the passing off of inferior violins as genuine Cremonas. "Hi" is an allusion to the price; "Diddle Diddle" to the cheating, and if for "the cat" is read (which is far more probable) "the kit," it will then be found that the line is meant to warn unwary amateurs against being taken in, i.e., diddled when paying an exorbitant ("Hi") price both for the small violin (i.e., "kit") or for the full-sized "fiddle." The remaining lines the Professor will examine and report upon later, before publishing his most interesting work, entitled *De Dryasdustibus non Disputandum*.

THE following announcement appeared in the *Ballymoney Free Press* of the 11th inst.:—

PRIVATE PROPOSALS for a Good Goat, a Turkey Cock and Two Hens, a number of Buff Minorca Hens and a Cock, and a quantity of White Leghorn Hens and Cocks, all bred off Cook's Eggs.—Apply, &c.

An eggstrordinary way of breeding goats!

'ARRY AND 'ARRIET'S FAVOURITE ITALIAN POET.—'Ariosto.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS IN VENEZUELA.—Will English and Germans let off *Ca-ra-cas*?



ALEXANDRA'S FEAST.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA. "THIS WAY, FATHER CHRISTMAS!"

"THE SWEET ENTHUSIAST, WITH HER ROUNTEOUS STORE."—Dryden adapted.



PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

Marseilles, Dec. 12.

DEAR Mr. *Punch*, you are, we know,
 Regarded as the guide of youth,
 And would not willingly forego
 Your love of undiluted truth;
 And yet the rare inventive art
 That shines in your immortal pages
 Locates you on a peak apart
 From other merely truthful sages.

While they, along the lower slopes,
 Confine themselves to stolid fact,
 Coloured by literary tropes,
 Tempered with journalistic tact,
 You take a broader point of view,
 Embracing realms of myth and
 mystery;
 They chronicle events, while you
 Out of your head are *making history*.

The aims that lurk in Liberal Leagues
 (Escaping popular remark)—
 How JASPER TULLY's strange intrigues
 Came to the cognisance of "SARK"—
 The thoughts of JOSEPH on the blue
 (Rightly reserved against detection)—
 No secret but you find its clue
 Simply by force of introspection.

This being thus, I ask my soul
 What am I doing here to-day?
 Why should I pace Massilia's mole
 And peer across her prancing bay?
 If you, in London, stage by stage,
 Could touch it off from inspiration,
 Is not this Eastern pilgrimage
 A work of supererogation?

Ah! what a tale for you to write,
 Setting your winged fancy free,
 Unhampered by the actual sight
 Of what we others need to see!
 Still, just to spare those busy wings,
 We'll go and tell you how superb are
 The elephants and other things
 Performing at the Delhi Durbar.

Meantime I hope you understand
 It is across the waves we fare
 With opportunities to land
 Provided only here and there;
 So please to wait a little while
 (One has to ask these small concessions)
 Till, somewhere near the mouth of Nile,
 We send you home our sea-impressions.
 O. S.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XIII.—HONEST TOIL.

I AM beginning to wish that I had
 accepted my host's invitation to stay
 the night. I had no idea that it was so
 far from Wimbledon to Putney. The
 road is distinctly too lonely to suit my
 taste, for I have no stick. I am glad,
 anyhow, that there is a moon. I quicken
 my pace.

That is a most peculiar figure on the
 road ahead of me. It looks like a man



She. "How's the Motor-Car getting on, Sir Charles?"

He. "Well, fact is, I've seen very little of it. You see I've only had it three months, and when it isn't in hospital, I am!"

with two gigantic horns. No, one of them is his hat. He has it in his left hand. What on earth is that in his right? It looks unpleasantly like a bludgeon. Shall I turn back?

It is all right, he is singing. I hear allusions to an angel mother. On reflection I do not know whether I have yet cause to be reassured.

I draw nearer. He seems to be waiting for me. I see now what he has in his right hand. It is a huge pair of shears. He is still singing as I reach him:

"Ho no, my che-ild,
 H-you'll be a nangel——"

Suddenly he breaks off, and shifting the shears to join the hat in his left hand, extends his right to me.

It is without exception the dirtiest hand I have ever seen. Moreover it is wet. I hesitate.

"It's a bit—er—wet, isn't it?" I venture to remark.

He surveys me for some time with a bleary eye. I am ready to put up my guard. Eventually he speaks.

"I have got," he says slowly, "a bloomin' good 'eart."

"I am delighted," I reply, "to hear it."

Of a sudden he flings down his hat and the shears in the road, and extricates himself with difficulty from his coat. I again get ready. He picks up the shears. I prepare for flight. Much to my relief he directs his attack at the trim hedge bounding a front garden at the side of us, and proceeds to chop at it wildly. After a moment he desists and turns to me.

"Yer can't 'elp it, now, can yer?—I ask yer, can you 'elp 'avin' a good 'eart?"

"There have been instances," I



CHRISTMAS TIME.

"THEY SMILE AT ME WHO SHORTLY SHALL BE DEAD."—*Richard the Third*, Act III., Sc. 4.

remark, "of people who have successfully resisted it."

He looks at me intently.

"D'you know," he observes, "I'm a edgercated man like yerself."

"You surprise me," I answer.

"I've 'ad," he continues, "a college edgercation. Yer need it, yer know, fer my work."

He takes another clip at the hedge.

"Botany," he murmurs vaguely.

He turns to me again.

"I needn't work, yer know," he informs me. "My fam'ly've got money. Any day that I was ter go down ter the Commercial Road I could get it. But I won't. I'll tell yer wot it is. I'm proud. An' I've got a bloomin' good 'eart. All bloomin' right my 'eart is."

I congratulate him.

"Yes," he repeats, "I'm too proud, that's wot's wrong with me. Sooner than be subservient on them—I'll—I'll ask any stranger. Now you ain't got sich a thing as an ole pair o' trousers?"

"Not here," I reply; "at least that I can spare at present."

He sets to work on the hedge again, chopping it recklessly into the fanciest of shapes.

"D'you know," he observes between the snips, "I've took a fancy ter you. I sor at once that you was a gentleman—like myself. Edgercated man."

He desists again, and throws down the shears.

"Evenin' dress," he observes, "tall

'at—excuse my pointin'—why, I've orfen wore 'em. Oh, I've seen days."

I am sympathetically silent.

"My mother," he resumes, "was a lady—a real lady. Curls over the ears just there, an' a tortoiseshell comb. Excuse me pointin'."

He picks up the shears and takes a jagged piece out of the middle of the hedge, then throws them down again.

"But I've got a bloomin' good 'eart," he observes. "I'll tell yer wot's brought me ter this. I got boozed one night. That's the truth. I tell yer straight."

"I believe you," I assure him.

He seems gratified.

"Yes," he repeats, "one night I got boozed, an' my pore ole father—"

Without the slightest warning he puts one arm round my neck and bursts into tears.

"My pore ole father," he sobs, "'e sez ter me, 'Never darken my doors again.'"

I glance at the hand which he has just removed from my neck. He stretches it out to me.

"Yer see that 'and," he says, smiling through his tears, "there's somethin' there that won't rub off."

"That," I observe, "is reassuring."

"Somethin'," he continues, "that yer can't rub off—yer may try ever so." (I make no such attempt.) "Shall I tell yer wot it is?—H-onesty. I'm h-onest, I am. I can't 'elp it."

Again he attacks the hedge, by this time assuming the shape of a battered cogwheel.

"You ain't got sich a thing," he inquires, again turning to me, "as an ole pair o' trousers?"

I produce sixpence, which he pockets absently.

"Look 'ere," he begins, "will you do me a favour if I ask yer?"

"What is it?" I inquire.

He lowers the shears and looks at me fixedly.

"Do you believe," he demands, "in my h-onesty?"

"I am certain," I reply, "that it is quite as true as your other accounts of yourself."

"You're right," he observes. "Can yer lend me a shillin' until termorrer?"

I give it to him.

"Look 'ere," he suggests promptly, "can yer make it 'arf-a-crown?"

Here I stand firm. He abandons the request with nonchalance.

"Yes," he observes, "I'm h-onest, I am. Sixpence you've given me an' a shillin' you've lent me. I'm treatin' yer straight. I've taken a fancy ter you, an' when I take a fancy to a man I stick to 'im."

I examine my neck.

"I'm h-onest, I am," he repeats. "Now the lady of the 'ouse 'ere 'oose 'edge I'm a-clippin'—excuse me pointin'—she sez ter me, 'ALF BONES, 'ere's the money in advance; I trust yer because I know you're h-onest.' An' she was right. I've 'ad the money, an' 'ere I am a-doin' the work."

It does not appear to me that he is doing anything of the kind. Perhaps this strikes him also, for he again attacks the hedge.

I prepare to resume my way. He desists promptly, and addresses me again.

"There's nothin'," he declares, "I enjoy so much as a chat like this with a pleasant feller. I'm a pleasant feller myself."

Suddenly a flood of light pours out upon the front garden. I look up and see a red-faced gentleman with a white moustache standing in the open doorway.

"What are you doing heah?" he demands, loudly.

My companion looks up from his work.

"I'm clippin' the 'edge," he answers cheerily.

The old gentleman advances down the path.

"What the devil d'you mean by touching the hedge?" he demands, angrily. "Clear out of this."

There follows a brief but lively dialogue, to which I listen from a distance.

"Orl right, sir," concludes my companion, in an injured tone, as he puts on his coat, "it's only a mistake. Same as yer might make yerself if you'd 'ad



ARTFUL.

Harold (innocently). "I DON'T THINK I SHALL HANG MY STOCKING UP, MAMMA."
Mamma. "WHY NOT?"
Harold. "BECAUSE SANTA CLAUS CAN'T GET A BICYCLE INTO IT."



AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF OUR GOOSE CLUB.

a glass. You ain't got such a thing as an ole pair o' trousers?"

The old gentleman has just observed the state of his hedge. He explodes.

"Orl right," responds the other, "it's only a mistake. Me an' my mate was a chattin'. I'm not askin' yer ter pay for it, am I?"

I begin to retire at this.

"You d—d scoundrels!" gasps the old gentleman. "I'll set the dog on you."

I am increasing the distance rapidly.

"I ain't afraid o' no dogs," I hear my friend answer. "I've got a bloomin' good 'eart."

I press on. The lively dialogue still continues. After a time I hear no more. I look back. The square of light has disappeared from the front garden. My late companion is making a tortuous way towards Wimbledon. A distant clock strikes midnight.

VAUXHALL BRIDGE.

In the year 1895 an intelligent young foreigner climbed into a hansom. "I go," said he, "to see your great Gallery of British Art. It is on the quay of your great river." But the cabman had never heard of it, and spent nearly an hour in slums before he got there. The intelligent

young foreigner paid the fare, which was only five shillings, and, before entering the Gallery, gazed around him. "Your municipality," said he to a policeman, "is improving this quarter of the city. It might well be better. I see that they begin the construction of a new bridge, since there is a temporary one in wood."

"I dunno, Sir," said the policeman; "the County Council's going to do something." Then the young foreigner thanked him politely, inspected the pictures, and went away.

In 1905 the intelligent foreigner visited London again. In the interval he had married. "Let us go," said he to his wife, "to the Gallery of English Pictures, and then we shall see the magnificent new bridge constructed by the municipality." So they drove in a cab, and again he paid five shillings, and then he looked around.

"Heaven," cried he, "they have not yet finished! They have not yet begun! There is the same bridge in wood which I have already seen." Then addressing a policeman—it was not the same one—he asked, "When will your magnificent new bridge be finished?"

"Can't say, Sir," said the policeman; "the County Council's got the job in hand."

In 1915 the intelligent foreigner paid a third visit to London. This time he brought his eldest boy. "Ah," said he, "I will show the little man the English pictures. At the same time we shall see the superb new bridge opposite. It must have been finished long ago." So they went in an electric cab, and he paid five shillings—he began to know the fare by this time—but when he got out he could hardly speak for amazement.

"What!" he cried at last. "I come here for the third time to see the improvements effected by the municipality, and there is nothing but that miserable, dirty, hideous temporary wooden bridge! Temporary? It is eternal!" Then he perceived a young policeman—again a different one—and he asked, "Will this wooden bridge always be here?"

"Most likely, Sir," answered the policeman. "It's been here ever since I can remember."

"But your municipality," persisted the foreigner, "have they no intention of beginning the new bridge?"

"Well, Sir," said the policeman, "you see there's a sort of a hitch. I've heard say the County Council started some foundations twenty years ago, and then found out they weren't strong enough, or didn't do somehow. So ever since they've been trying to make up their minds what to do."

Then the other thanked him, and went away.

In 1930 the intelligent foreigner

visited London for the fourth time. His eldest son, a rising young painter, accompanied him.

"Let us go," said the father, laughing, "to the Gallery of English Pictures, and I will show you the sort of bridge which the citizens of London use patiently for thirty or forty years, or perhaps for ever."

So they went in a compressed-air cab, and as he was going to pay the fare, he perceived an extraordinary change. The wooden bridge had vanished.

"Where is the old bridge?" cried he to the cabman, "has it fallen down?"

"No, Sir," said the man, "the new one was finished last year. There it is."

So the intelligent elderly foreigner jumped from the cab, and gazed at the new structure.

"Heaven forbid," cried he to his son, "that you should see this! You are an artist. The temporary bridge was mean, but it was not so hideous as this. Let us go away as fast as we can, and never come near the Gallery of British Art again." So he got back into the cab, and went away for ever.



GHOSTLY GRUMBLERS.

(See Dec. 25, 1901.)

The ex-Ghost of Rotham Grange. "You remember last Christmas they turned my Grange into an Asylum for Idiots. Well, last night, hoping to frighten just one more person to death before leaving the place for ever, I suddenly appeared with my most blood-curdling shriek to an attendant in the darkest corridor. What do you think she did?"

The other Ghost. "Expired, or went mad at least?"

The ex-Ghost. "No, she only said, 'Half a mo'. I'll get my camera and take your photo!'"

WAR NEWS.

(Somewhat delayed in transmission. From our South African Correspondent.)

FLEET STREET, Dec. 5.

THE war has now entered upon a most dangerous and desperate phase. It is no longer a *guerra al cuchillo*, but what is ten thousand times more deadly—a war to the *paper-knife*. Three years have now passed since the black December of 1899, and the enemy are now stronger than ever. They have lately been reinforced by a large number of English and Continental publishers, determined men who will stick at nothing. To these are being daily added a motley collection of translators, lecturers, canvassers, advertisers, and other cut-throat desperadoes of all kinds. "Free-lances" of every nation-



"Yes, let me like a soldier fall!"

ality under the sun have given their adhesion, and the result is a most complete system of communication, distribution and organisation of forces.

To give precise particulars of the strength and whereabouts of the foe is at present forbidden by the Censor, but I may darkly hint that Ex-President KR-G-R has taken the field with a circulation of many thousand Memoirs in the neighbourhood of Paternoster Spruit, the redoubtable CHRISTIAN DE W-T has manned a vast number of *Kopjes* with his new "Constables" in the Withall-plaats district, and General BEN V-L-I-X is ranging the country with a body of picked Reminiscences, while a commando of 700 Boer authors shows signs of aggressive activity at Ahmadrnagar. K-ST-LL's levies must not be neglected, and last, but by no means least, D-L-R-Y and B-THA may be expected to threaten us shortly at some *fontein* or other of print.

TOY TABLEAUX.



"Who's that a-calling?"

Meanwhile, what are the War Office people about? Is position after position to be surrendered ere the official counterstroke is prepared? Are rivers of British ink to be shed, as usual, too late? The nation pauses, and the British Lion paws the air for a reply.

(Signed)

MR. PUNCH'S OWN SCARE-HEAD.

(From our Pro-Venezuelan Expert.)

BOUVERIE STREET, Dec. 12.

Great Britain, indifferent to the severe thrashing she has received in South Africa, is again essaying the rôle of international bully. She has had the effrontery to land thirty blue-jackets at La Guayra to rescue the English directors of the Harbour Company, who were being justly detained as hostages by an indignant populace. Into what further complications the hot-headed recklessness of the British commander will lead us, I positively shudder to think. We shall hear of further high-handed releases and piratical abductions of the



"Oh! Woodman, spare that tree!"

wives and families of English "helots" by their compatriots from the sacred Venezuelan soil. No philo-Caribbean, however, could read unmoved the soul-stirring manifesto of the heroic Castro, in which the peace-loving defender of his country pleads the inalienable right of a South American Republic to repudiate all its petty financial obligations and ignore the sordid claims of a foreign and mercenary race. In order that so touching an appeal may not lack response among the anti-freebooters of the metropolis, it is arranged that a mass meeting of sympathisers shall be held next Sunday on the upper plinth of the monument in Trafalgar Square, out of reach of the fountains and the hustling of the usual unthinking mob.

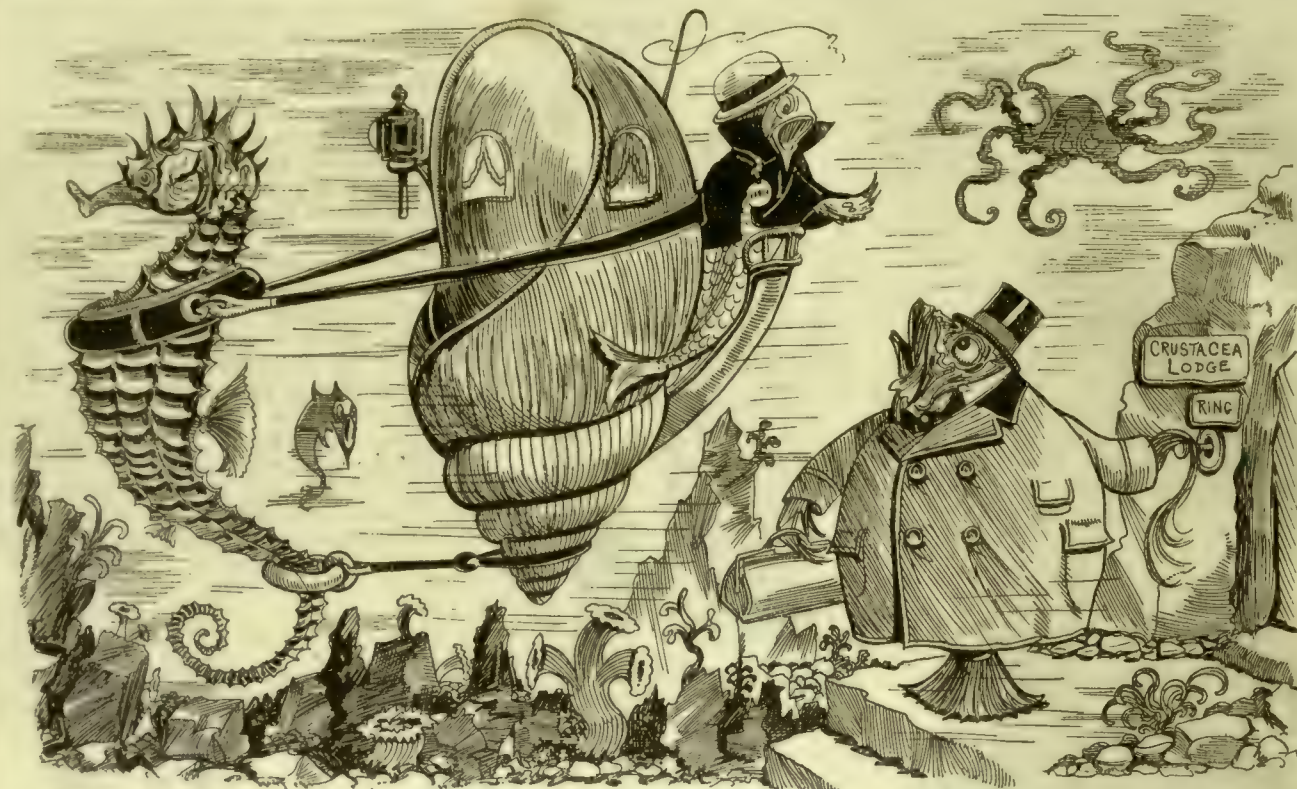
Refuges and ambulances for pro-Venezuelans will be provided within the temporary wooden covers for Land-seer's lions.



A.T.S.

A warrior bou'd!

DIPLOMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—An examination for the position of "Attaché" will be held in London shortly. The following questions are an intelligent anticipation of the test the candidates will have to undergo:—(1) Draw an accurate plan of the "Backstairs;" (2) Define the social precedence of (a) A *Chevalier d'industrie*, (b) The owner of a "*château en Espagne*;" (3) Write a brief note either to a lady, enclosing opera tickets, or to a tailor, not enclosing cheque (N.B. In the former case great attention must be paid to punctuation and orthography); (4) Describe an original figure for the "*cotillon*;" (5) Give six synonyms for the word "spade," or, Prove that black is light grey; (6) Write a short essay on the statement that "One ultimatum does not make a war."



SUBMARINE PANTOMIME.

Driver of Submarine Hansom. "BLEST IF I'D 'AVE DRIVEN YER DOWN 'ERE FOR EIGHTEENPENCE, IF I'D 'AVE KNOWN THE STATE OF THE ROADS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is a difficult task to write the biography of a sovereign who died yesterday. Mr. SIDNEY LEE accomplished the almost-impossible in a masterly monograph, one of the features of the last volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* of which he was editor. SMITH, ELDER now issue in a volume of six hundred pages the article partly re-written, considerably extended. Unlike the majority of analogous endeavours, the work is improved rather than weakened by extension. Instead of being watered down it is braced up. The volume is enriched by two portraits of the QUEEN, one from the original sketch by Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, done at Windsor Castle when the QUEEN was in her twentieth year, the other when her MAJESTY had reached the age of seventy-eight. Even more interesting is a draft in the QUEEN's handwriting of a historical document dated February 17, 1874. It is addressed to Mr. DISRAELI, informing him that Mr. GLADSTONE has tendered his resignation. "She therefore writes Mr. DISRAELI to ask him to undertake to form a Government." The main difficulty in accomplishing the task Mr. LEE set himself was the vastness of time and the range of incident he had to bring within the limits of a reasonable canvas. Aided by a nice sense of proportion, a capacity for condensation, and a rare gift of lucidity, he has fully succeeded. He has, in brief, written a compendious history of England during the past seventy years, adding to it the personal interest of a long busy life passed in the very centre of affairs.

To the Christmas parent, blessed in the possession of a boy who likes his reading to be of an adventurous kind, I can recommend *Stan Lynn*, by GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. *Stan*, who displays the most remarkable courage through a

series of blood-curdling risks in China, is evidently the boy to deal with the Dowager-Empress of the pig-tailed ones. Equally adventurous and exciting is *Jack and Black*, by ANDREW HOME. The undaunted daring and marvellous resource of the British schoolboy were never better depicted. Finally, there is *Grit and Go*, short stories by a variety of authors, including the late G. A. HENTY, GUY BOOTHBY, D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, and others. It is a capital and a dashing collection. This "leash" of books comes from Messrs. W. & R. CHAMBERS.

Uncles, aunts, and other amiable people on the outlook for pretty things for good little folk at Christmas, should glance through Mr. GRANT RICHARDS' *Dumpy Books for Children*. They run to nineteen volumes, are rich in variety of subject, most of them are illustrated in colours, and all are daintily bound, whilst the price is within the limits of the most avaricious aunt or the least unctuous uncle.

Several charming booklets have reached me from the De la More and more Press (298, Regent Street), including *Adonais*, *the Eve of Saint Agnes*, and *The Philobiblion of Richard de Bury*, all under the able editorship of Mr. GOLLANCZ, who has, however, omitted to inform those of the higher culture who have neglected their Greek that *Phil O'Biblion* was not an Irishman, with further explanation which it is useless to set out here at length.

If you want some capital stories, as original in idea as they are thoroughly amusing in the telling, take the Baron's advice, and for your Christmas holiday and after get hold of *The Disentanglers*, by ANDREW LANG (LONGMANS & Co.). The illustrations, by H. J. FORD, are good.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A REMONSTRANCE.

["In all created nature there is not, perhaps, anything so completely ugly as a pillar-box."
— *Essay on William Morris, "Twelve Types,"*
by G. K. Chesterton.]

ALAS! if men would only think
Before they play with pen and ink,
What misery is sometimes wrung
From those at whom their words are
flung.

For years upon the public way
I've done my duty day by day,
Content to be of use to men,
For people blindly loved me then.

Unhappy now I stand, confused,
By every one alike abused,
The letters, posted with a frown,
Half choke me as I gulp them down.

My colour, once a "cheerful red,"
Now fills the passer-by with dread,
I'm called as ugly as can be
By followers of G. K. C.

Come, London fogs, enwrap me round,
Conceal me and my grief profound;
No martyr catalogued by Fox
Has suffered as this pillar-box!

CHARIVARIA.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have published a book entitled *Britain at Work*. This is not, as its name might lead one to believe, a treatise on Sport.

The publisher of *The Unspeakable Scot* announces that *The Egregious English* is now nearly ready. Other volumes in the series are, we hear, to be *The Indolent Irish*, *The Wobblesome Welsh*, *The Frivolous French*, *The Gregarious German*, *The Unreliable Russ*, and *The Double Dutch*.

People are asking what an article on "London Cemeteries" is doing in "Living" London.

The *Academy* recently tried to discover which was the best read book of the season. A work modestly entitled *The Little Red Book* has now appeared.

A Misogynist writes to draw our attention to the publication of what he imagines to be a new Lady's paper, entitled *The Cat World*.

Books on Gardens and Gardening seem to be quite the rage just now. In order to be in the swim the Board of Agriculture has just issued a little brochure on "Onions." It is something of a novelty for a Government Department to be up-to-date.

Coincidences are always interesting. In a recent list of Messrs. THACKER's the following items appear next to one

another: "The Management of Children in India" and "The Rod in India."

And it sounds like exaggeration, but the latter book is by Dr. BIRCH. Which makes us wonder whether "THACKER" is a misprint for "THWACKER."

We are not surprised to hear that Messrs. W. H. SMITH & Co. are at last considering what steps can be taken to prevent their bookstalls being used by mean persons as public libraries. It seems that a most flagrant instance has recently been brought under their notice. At a station near London a gentleman was not only in the habit of taking up a book from the stall to read while he was waiting for his train, but he would actually insert a bookmarker in the place where he left off, so that he could resume his reading the next day.

We have often heard that those engaged in commerce will always throw in their weight to prevent a War. In future the huge reading public will do

likewise. Over 150 books have been written on the Boer War.

THE OLD YEAR'S BURDEN.

THE old year's passing-bell once more
On midnight's solemn hush is break-
ing;

Now "right guid willie-waughts" galore
Unnumbered Scots are freely taking.
Now o'er the twelvemonth that is 'past
I let my recollections wander,
And while its sands are running fast,
Over its chequered haps I ponder.

I reckon up its many scars—
The traces of the wounds it gave me;
I rue the bruises and the jars
From which my caution could not
save me,

Then, when the balance has been struck,
To ease my debt of melancholy
I claim full credit for my luck,
And curse the old year for my folly.

MOTTO FOR DECORATION OF A ROOM
DEDICATED TO THE PREVAILING SCOURGE.
"Honi soit qui mal y ping-pongse."



FORE!

"Now, Sir, be judge yourself, whether I in any just term am affi'd to love the Moor."
Othello, Act I, Sc. 1.



SEEING THE OLD YEAR OUT. TIME—Midnight, December 31.

DELHI.*

JANUARY 1, 1903.

Out of the East, with lifted heart,
 England, Empress, isled in the West!
 Far from our face, unseen of our eyes,
 But ever in dreams made near and dear,
 But ours, by knowledge of faith, confessed;—
 Out of the East, with lifted heart,
 From under the glare of brazen skies,
 From trackless jungle and steaming mart,
 From the palms that fringe our Southward seas,
 From upland valleys of green Kashmir,
 Cool with the kiss of the mountain breeze,
 Where the snows lie white on our Northern wall—
 Out of the East we call, we call!

We bow to gods not thine;
 Time-old our temples stand for sign
 Of creeds we fostered ere thy Christ was born,
 And yet, because thou gavest life
 Loosed from the strain of inward strife,
 Larger, more whole, more free;
 Because thy lips were not forsworn,
 But righteousness, with fearless face,
 Spoke gently from thy judgment-place;
 Therefore to thee—
 Yielding the rest for this one pride alone,
 Just for the right to have our part
 In that high splendour reared about thy throne—
 Out of the East we call with lifted heart!

* These lines, appearing on the eve of the Coronation Durbar, anticipate the special attention which Mr. Punch proposes to devote to that theme in his next issue.

League-wide over the laughing plain
 Where the tents are strewn and the pennons dance,
 Delhi, washed of her ancient stain,
 Gleams to the glint of sabre and lance
 Proved in the heat of a hundred fights,
 By the thunder of Kabul's ford in spate,
 On Egypt's sand, in the havoc of Tirah's heights.
 Voice of the East that names thy name:
 England, to thee, to thee—
 Since thine in all that our hearts may spend,
 Strength or beauty, thine we are to the end:
 For peace, the Pearl of thine Orient sea;
 For war, the leopard to guard thy landward gate;
 Thine to share in thy fame or shame,
 To stand with thee, with thee to fall—
 Out of the East, thy East, we call, we call. O. S.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(Made on New Year's Eve, 1902.)

LIST to their aims, and bow your head in wonder!

W. S. Gilbert.

The Lord Mayor's. Troth to give good example to my
 successors!—Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*, iii. 1).

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour's.

(To) Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
 And ever be more knowing than you seem.

Bp. Stillingfleet.

General Botha's. (To) Open-handed sit upon the clouds
 And press the liberality of Heaven.

Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*, i. 1).

Sir Francis Jeune's. To look matrimony in the face.

Congreve (*Love for Love*, i. 2).

Sir Thomas Lipton's. (To be) In every dish and pot,
 In every cup and company, My lords.

Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*, ii. 2).

Sir John Aird's. More dams I'll make.

Shakespeare (*The Tempest*, ii. 2).

Mr. William Redmond's. To confine my tongue, lest it
 confine me.—Maxim.

Mr. Keir Hardie's.

Costly (my) habit as (my) purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

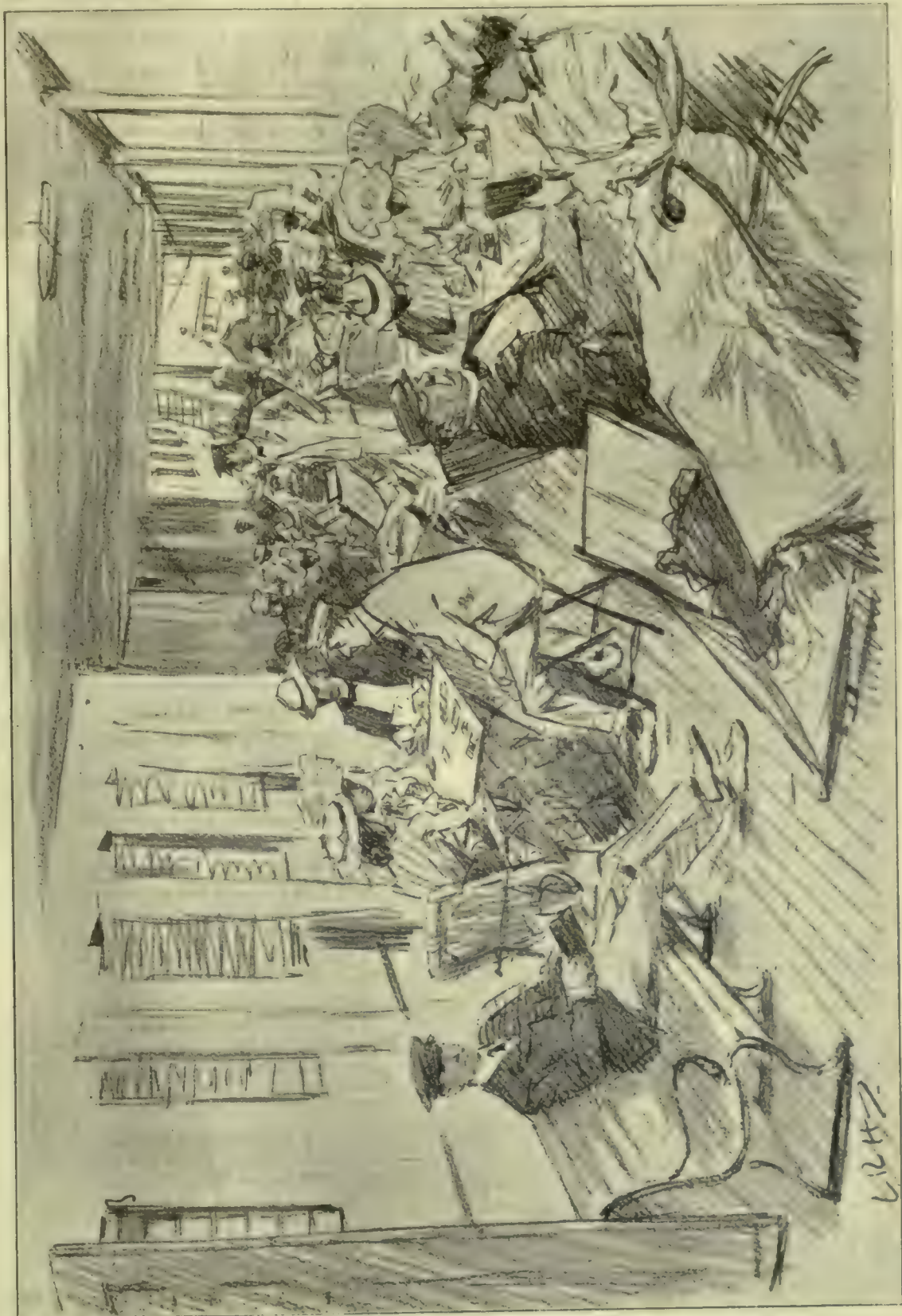
Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, i. 3).

Miss Marie Corelli's. I would rail in my writings and be
 revenged.—Congreve (*Love for Love*, i. 2).

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's. (To) Always . . . conjugate
 Bibo, I drink, correctly.—Browning.

M. Santos-Dumont's. He means to erect a castle in the air
 And fly.—Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*, ii. 2).

Mr. Punch's. To make the hearts of a whole nation smile.
 Ben Jonson (*The New Inn*).



DURBAR PUZZLES.—No. 1.

TO FIND YOUR LADY-LOVE'S CHAIR, CUSHION, OR NOVEL, WHEN ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT IT IS "SOMEWHERE ABOUT THE D.P.N."

OF CRITICS.

[“The persons who sneer at a public success are wallowing in the backwater of their own incompetence.” *Mr. Hall Caine.*]

WHEN carping critics preach and prate,
And when they try to tell us
That greatness is not really great,
We know what's wrong: they're jealous.
Their sight is crossed; to men of sense
It must quite clearly follow
That in their own incompetence
They wallow.

And when I see such fellows write
Their vitriolic pages
All filled with jealousy and spite,
The wrath within me rages.
Their criticism is absurd,
And their pretensions hollow;
They cannot judge us—in a word
They wallow.

What right have they to think they know
Real drama? Could they ever
Compose *Eternal Cities*? No!
Or even *Hamlets*? Never!
The sickly offspring of their brains
The public would not swallow,
And since they cannot be all CAINES,
They wallow.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Who's Who (A. AND C. BLACK) makes its appearance in anticipation of the New Year. It is fifty-five years old, and shows in its figure something of that embonpoint which gentlemen (even ladies) occasionally acquire at a similar age. The circumstance is pleasing and encouraging as indicating that the list of persons qualified to find a place in its pages is increasing. In other words Great Britain is, among civilised nations, growing *Who's Whoer* than ever. In order to prevent the volume becoming unwieldy, various tables appearing in earlier editions have been eliminated to make room for the newcomers to the circle of the elect. This, though inevitable, is regrettable, regret not being soothed by promise of the Publishers to re-issue the tables in a handy form. How would it be as an alternative to cut down the autobiographies somewhat? In the vast majority of cases the materials supplied by the pleased subjects are masterfully condensed. By odd accident the longest, most minute in detail, and most laudatory in tone is that under the name of MARIE CORELLI, whose aversion to self-advertisement is well known. Next in length is that of Mr. BURDETT-COUTTS, M.P. My Baronite will undertake to say that nothing would please this modest couple more than to find in the next edition of this indispensable work that the editor's blue pencil has been vigorously at play on pages 190 and 294.

My Hibernian retainer writes of the new volume by MARTIN ROSS and E. CE. SOMERVILLE:—

“All ye who found joy in the *Irish R. M.*,
Of rollicking humour that emerald gem,
Your grave obligations immediately shunt,
And revel forthwith in the *Patrick's Day Hunt*—
A galloping medley of picture and brogue,
Describing the chase of the little red rogue.
The publisher's CONSTABLE, shortly to be
Enrolled in the ranks of the famed R. I. C.”

The Frig in Prison would be, thinks the Baron, a more suitable title for a work, which he has just perused, called *Twenty-five Years in Prisons*, by No. 7 (F. E. ROBINSON).

The “illustrations by FRANK WRIGHT” are—well—wright enough, but the matter is only occasionally interesting. With so much literary talent as has sufficed for this book, surely the writer need not have been necessarily acquainted with more than one prison, if any.

“Better late than never,” quoth the Baron as, while casually looking over some odd volumes, he found that he had overlooked one among them, published about a year ago, entitled *Fables de Le Puits (De Sagesse), Arrière-petit-fils de La Fontaine, d'après un Manuscrit non encore retrouvé, par Max Hecht* (FIELD PEARSON & Co.). In this little volume of eccentric verse the go-as-you-please French, in which KIKI DU MAURIER would have delighted, is very amusing, the author apologising for it prefentially, thus:

Lecteurs, si ce volume	Et votre diction,
Qui sort de mon enclume	Tire-lon-lon,
Choque votre grammaire,	Faites-en votre deuil:
Tira-lon-laïre.	Car moi, je m'en bats l'œil.

Among the many good things in this work, which by this time must be nigh upon two years of age, the Baron signalises one, “*Le Diplomate et La Tortue*,” for the special attention of those to whom the collection is a stranger.

Among Christmassy and Newyearsy Books Phil Robinson's *Bubble and Squeak* (ISBISTER & Co.) will be found not only amusing, but also, as, for example, in the visits to the Zoo, far more interesting than the nonsensical 't'it'e would have led anyone to expect. The absurd sketches by J. A. SHEPHERD are excellent specimens of his eccentric humour, and the life-like animal portraits by CECIL ALDIN are admirable.

And so to writers, printers, publishers, and readers, A Very Prosperous and Happy New Year is, on this New Year's Eve, the salutation of yours, all of you, sincerely and heartily,

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HAPPY CHANCE.

On happy and delightful Chance!

By all men ardently pursued,
Swift through a tangled maze you dance;
Your trailing skirts their grasp elude;
And none your airy flight may stem,
Or catch your gauzy garment's hem.

Now from a mine the maiden smiles,
And now the mart her quips control.
Her lures outmatch the merchant's wiles;
Her glamour cheats the poet's soul;
And kings and outcasts, at her glance,
Meet in the race for Happy Chance.

Myself have followed, followed far,
O'er barren wastes and blustering seas;
Have swum the flood and leaped the bar,
Nor sought nor gained a moment's ease.
No toil, no daring could advance
My vain pursuit of Happy Chance.

And still throughout this waning year
I thought to seize her at the last,
For, lo, sometimes she drew me near—
Then with a laugh the vision passed;
And I, whom she could so entrance,
Still failed to clutch my Happy Chance.

New Year! attend, and hear me swear
I would not hold her if I might!
So let her still be far and fair,
And unpossessed, and still a sprite.
Pursuit and failure but enhance
The high delights of Happy Chance. R. C. L.

AMANDA'S CAKE.

"CAKE, dear?" said AMANDA, with a veiled eagerness which aroused my suspicions; and her hand shook as she laboriously backed out for me a generous slice. Also the cake had, to my mind, an unusual appearance. It was flatter than most cakes, with a curious depression in the middle; its complexion was brunette—almost negro—though it did its best to hide the fact under a heavy powdering of sugar. Even my masculine mind realised that this cake was not as other cakes.

"I—I hope it is nice?" said AMANDA.

"I haven't tasted it yet," I answered cautiously; and I bit a piece out of my slice, and laid the rest of it hastily down. My suspicions took a definite and terrible form. I had no ground at all for supposing that my wife wished to poison me, but—"AMANDA," said I sternly, "what is this?"

"It is a cake that I have made myself!" said AMANDA, flushed and beaming.

I gasped, and was silent.

"I saw in *Home Chirps*," AMANDA continued blithely, "that home-made cakes are much better and much cheaper than bought cakes, so I thought I would try. It is quite easy. I shall always make them at home now! Of course this one may not be quite right—"

She was waiting to be contradicted. I answered guardedly that it was not absolutely like a shop cake.

"Oh, well, it is the first I ever made, you see!" said AMANDA. "And *Home Chirps* says that a little practice is the only thing necessary."

"It is a little—gritty," said I, hunting for the least offensive word.

"Oh, that is entirely my fault, then!"

AMANDA assured me cheerfully. "*Home Chirps* did say that the currants should be washed, but it hardly seemed worth while. I can do it another time, though."

"It seems rather hard on the outside, too," I remarked, trying vainly to make an impression on the adamant crust.

"Yes, I did burn it a little," AMANDA admitted. "But I hoped that you would not notice. I burnt my hand too—look!"

"AMANDA," I cried hastily, "that settles the question. I cannot have your pretty hands spoilt."

"I don't mind a bit—for you, dear," said AMANDA. "It is quite reward enough for me to see you enjoying something I have made. Won't you have some more? Why, you haven't finished your first piece! Oh, LAWRENCE, don't you like my cake?"

"I appreciate your kind thought immensely, darling," said I. "But—"



G. L. SARGENT.

Blind Man (who has just been given a penny). "THANK YOU, AND WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR, BEAUTIFUL LADY."

Lady. "D'YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAYS TO ME? THE WRETCH MUST BE ABLE TO SEE!"

"But not my cake?" cried AMANDA, on the brink of tears.

"I suppose the fact is, that I have got used to shop cakes," I said desperately.

"But I shall be able to make them better than any shop—with a little practice," AMANDA persisted. "Why shouldn't I? It's only just eggs and sugar and butter—why shouldn't I be able to mix them just as well as a cook in a shop?"

I held my tongue, and stared at the depression in the middle of the cake.

"The fact is, you don't think I am clever enough to make a cake!" cried AMANDA tempestuously; and she helped herself to a large slice with ostentation.

Shortly afterwards I felt bound to remark that we had made it a rule not to feed Carlo at meal-times.

"I shall not stay here to be insulted by my own husband!" said AMANDA,

rising in her wrath. "But I don't care in the least. I shall just go on practising, till even you own that I can make a cake as good as any shop!" And so swept out of the room, and left me forlorn and hopeless.

There was no knowing how this new development might end. Visions of underdone mutton and leaden pastry rose before my mind's eye, and filled me with exceeding horror. Something must be done to avert the impending tragedy. Seized with a sudden inspiration I glanced hurriedly at the clock, and snatched up my hat. It was still early; I had a clear two hours before dinner.

I went to Madame FLEURETTE'S establishment for the first and, I fervently hope, the last time. To a mere man, not conspicuously brave, it is a place of terror: my dreams will be haunted to my dying day by the air and demeanour

of the imposing personage who demanded my pleasure at the door, and the icy manners and French accent of the young damsel to whose tender mercies I was finally handed over. She seemed to have a difficulty in understanding what I wanted, or in believing in my sanity when she did understand. She persisted in trying to convince me that I wanted the finished production, and not the raw material; she seemed hurt, and even offended, to find that I knew my own mind, and meant to have what I asked for. Finally she gave in, and supplied me with my demands in a huge pasteboard box, at an appalling price. Worn out, but triumphant, I drove home in a hansom, stole into the house unseen of AMANDA, and locked myself into my den.

It was a Herculean task. Never in my life have I done a harder day's work: never again shall I be able to complain of the cost of Madame FLEURETTE's confections, knowing, as I do by personal experience, the vast amount of labour they entail. I will confess frankly that, even in the end, it was not an unqualified success; but it was certainly quaint and unique, and AMANDA is never likely to have anything in the least like it again. I tied it up securely in its box, and marched boldly into the drawing-room.

She had not forgiven me. It was hardly to have been expected. She sat stiff and upright by the window, with her eyes glued to her book, and would neither look nor speak.

"I have brought you something," I said tentatively.

"Oh!" said AMANDA, without looking up.

I put the box before her. "You said the other day something about wanting a new hat," I remarked meekly.

AMANDA struggled vainly with her pride. Then she observed in an off-hand way that it was really very sweet of me, and cut the string. There was a moment's awful pause.

"What—is—this?" said AMANDA faintly, holding it out at arm's length.

I replied boldly: "It is a hat. I have trimmed it myself."

"A hat—that you have trimmed!" AMANDA turned it over and burst into hysterical laughter.

"I don't know what you are laughing at," I remarked stiffly.

"Oh, LAWRENCE, it's too funny for words!" gasped AMANDA. "Look at the feather! Look at the seven little roses all in a row! And don't you see that you've made the bent part the back, when it ought to be the front?"

"Do you mean to imply that I can't trim a hat?" I inquired, in a tone of deep offence. "Why shouldn't I be able to do it just as well as Madame

FLEURETTE? It's only straw and flowers and ribbon."

There was a dead silence. AMANDA had stopped laughing.

"The fact is," I continued bitterly, "I suppose you think I'm not clever enough to trim a hat! I intend to trim all your hats in future. Home-trimmed hats are both cheaper and better than the bought kind. With a little practice—"

My remarks became incoherent, and then ceased abruptly, for the excellent reason that both AMANDA's hands were over my mouth. "LAWRENCE," she observed very softly in my ear, "shall we go out now and buy a real good cake at the best confectioner's? We have just time before dinner."

"All right," I responded amiably; "and then you might as well go on to FLEURETTE's and see about a hat. I won't go in with you, but I'll wait any reasonable length of time outside."

THE CHANGES OF THE SEASONS.

WHEN DORA dons her Spring attire,
And trips abroad to take the air,
Expectant neighbours all admire
Her virgin grace and beauty rare;
And as through primrose paths alone
We wander, while the woodlands ring,
I vow my heart has never known
So passionate a love (in Spring).

When April joys have passed away,
And gorgeous Summer rules supreme,
Among the girls who coastward stray
My DAPHNE is a perfect dream;
And when beside the sea we stand,
And watch its wayward twists and
twirls,
I clasp my darling DAPHNE's hand,
And own her Queen of (Summer) girls.

When Autumn cools Apollo's fire,
And Nature wears a russet hue,
What sweeter sport could heart desire
Than nutting in the lanes with PRUE?
That Quaker bonnet softly shades
A dimpled cheek I've oft caressed—
Ah, yes, of all delicious maids
My PRUE is much the (Autumn) best.

But oh, as Winter's choler stirs,
And frost is rife, and tempests beat,
Fair IVY, warm in gloves and furs,
With grateful glance I turn to greet.
Her sunny smile and voice of gold
Amid the gloom such bliss recall
That, come what will, I proudly hold
My (Winter) love surpasses all.

THE WELSH EIGHTY CLUB.—The *Daily Mail* of the 17th inst. under "items of interest" inserts the following:—

"Only persons over eighty are allowed to join one of the classes at a Llandudno Sunday School."

SOME POLICIES FOR 1903.

It is now possible to insure against appendicitis, a premium of five shillings securing a return of £200. We venture to suggest that the field might be still further extended so as to include certain other sporting contingencies. For instance:—

Against the ever-increasing necessity of buying trinkets and other 'useless' Christmas tributes to persons who don't want them, birthday gifts to people who would rather not be reminded of the flight of time, and wedding presents to couples you will never be likely to see again.

Against street acquaintances of a fugitive nature who are addicted to borrowing loans so small that you don't like to ask for them to be repaid.

Against being summoned to serve on a jury or inquest, or to undergo similar interesting penalties of citizenship.

Against the invidiousness of the hedge-row constable, when motoring through darkest Surrey or sleepiest Sussex.

Against all business losses and wear of temper caused by delays on certain railway lines and streets under repair.

Against invitations to country houses, and the exorbitant tips required by their gamekeepers and domestics.

Against unforeseen Christmas boxes and unsuspected claims in general on the British householder's generosity.

Against bad luck at Bridge and Billiards.

Against too rapid changes of fashion, necessitating unusually frequent interviews of your wife with the dressmaker and milliner.

Against your own tailor's bills.

Against overdrafts in one's banking account.

Against the rejection of MSS. by editors and ladies to whom you are, or would like to be, engaged.

Against missing your train or the last bus.

Against losing the next Derby sweepstake.

Against failing to purchase *Mr. Punch's* Vol. CXXIII., and studying it from cover to cover.

We leave to more practised accountants the task of calculating the respective premiums, but trust that these lucrative risks will be taken up at once by the various Insurance Companies.

AN Inquiring Correspondent writes:—Sir, I have often heard "The Canons of Good Taste" quoted as authorities. To what ecclesiastical establishment do they belong? What are these canonries worth per annum, or are they merely honorary appointments?—Yours,

A MATTEROFACITOR.

LETTERS FROM JOE.

II.

MY DEAR ARTHUR.—Although passengers are forbidden to cross the line, we have done it. Great fun! Not even the House on an Irish night equals the heat of the Equator. Neptune came aboard early—rather like WILLIAM ALLAN—and I was carefully shaved, but not, I regret to say, by a Birmingham razor. Subsequently he conferred upon me the freedom of the sea, which may



Part of the time we rode on the cow-catcher.

be useful on Naval nights when ARNOLD-FORSTER is in difficulties. He also conferred on me the Most Noble Order of the Sardine, a Mediterranean decoration, which will turn PELLETAN green with jealousy. One has to go to sea to get advantages like these.

We landed soon after at Mombasa, and I hurried through the recent cables. Very useful having a thoughtful fellow like AUSTEN as P.M.G. I was amused by the Venezuelan difficulty. What a time you are having, my dear ARTHUR! But you have no notion how remote, how unreal all this trouble with CASTRO seems to me out here under this tropical sky. And yet the name CASTRO has a strangely familiar sound. Why, of course, the Claimant called himself CASTRO when he lived at Wagga-Wagga. That, of course, accounts for the President's hoisting the "Jolly Roger!"

Your Education agony seems to be nearing an end. That titled relative of yours is peculiarly *difficile* now and then. Dr. CLIFFORD will be sure to label you The Two Cozens. By the way, AUSTEN posted me your pamphlet, too. A fine piece of work, ARTHUR, but not so strong in invective as others might have made it—one other at any rate. Why mince matters so? Whenever you see a head,

hit it, is the true principle in political controversy—or, as they would say here, whenever you see an enemy, eat him.

At Mombasa we had a curious instance of the power of a Colonial Secretary. Orchids have never grown here before. But just before we arrived a charming assortment sprang up in the night, like mushrooms, and were presented to us by a nice little English girl of four, who seems to have settled here for the purpose.

The English are truly a wonderful people! I expected to lunch off tough elephant steak and fricasseed *okapi*; and really they couldn't have done us better at the Athenæum. By the way, FAWKES, who has a rough maritime humour, made a rather good joke at lunch. He said, "The elephants must make you feel at home, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, because, as of course you know, they're preserved on account of their 'Ighbury tusks.'"

From Mombasa we went by train to Nairobi (which sounds like the name of your uncle's black man). Part of the time we rode on the cow-catcher, but caught, I regret to say, no cows—so I have nothing to send to JESSE but my unalterable love. We slept on the Miau summit, where FAWKES (owing to his fine appetite we call him "Knives and Forks") invited us to have "summit to eat," but we were not, as you may conjecture, kept awake by cats.

Nairobi is an enterprising little town, quite a young Birmingham—"well laid out" was the epithet I applied to it in the infectious warmth of the banquet—but more interesting than Birmingham in its natives, the Masai, who went through the convolutions of a war dance for me, with the coffee and liqueurs. FAWKES said that the band



The Masai Waltz.

was playing the overture to *Masainello*, but you know I'm not musical. To me it sounded much more like "Tom-tom, the Piper's son." I took some snapshots of the scene for BRODRICK. Perhaps the weakness of our Army is due to the absence of war-dances. I must go into the question when I get back. Some of the Masai are curiously like the old folks at home. I kodaked three for their ingratiating resemblance to C.-B., HARCOURT, and FOWLER.

Yours loyally as ever, JOE.

P.S.—We have seen some natives suffering from that terrible scourge, the sleeping sickness. Judging from the symptoms I feel sure that this is the cause of D-V-NSH-RE's disconcerting fits of coma.



Some of the Masai are curiously like the old folks at home.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XIV.—JO SATURNALIA!

AFTER as careful consideration as my frozen brain is at present capable of giving to any subject, I have come to the conclusion that there can be no nearer imitation of the North Pole than the platform of this local London station at a quarter of an hour before midnight this New Year's Eve. A few pinched passengers besides myself, having been informed that the Rishall train is the next, tramp noisily up and down the wintry waste, breathing visible blasts upon their blue fingers, envying even the pale young lady encased in the glass Temperance Bar; even she has wrapped a shawl round her shoulders, and is warming her hands against the coffee tank. For nearly ten minutes the train indicator has mocked us with a blank glassy stare; now at last a faint rumble is heard from the tunnel, and we stride expectantly to the edge of the platform. A youthful official approaches the indicator, and at last with a rattle it throws some meaning into its empty countenance.

"Hash Hammigan an' He Haw Hain—her har howard," observes the official cheerfully.

We all brighten considerably except a man with side-whiskers, who for some time has been holding the official personally responsible for the Company's refusal to provide trains every five minutes to Dumbleham.

The rumble grows louder and louder, and we make our way forward to be ready to enter. At last the engine light appears at the further end, and then, with a vast deal of rumbling and clanking, an asthmatic goods-train lumbers slowly along the platform and past us out of the station.

There is a general thirst for the blood of the youthful official. For my own part I turn on my heel and pass from the icy gales of the platform into a barren little refrigerator of a waiting-room adjoining the Refreshment Bar, and separated from it by a ground-glass partition, through which I see shrouded in mist the ghostly outlines of Bovril jars and coffee cups. Three minutes of this is enough for me, finding as I do the sole difference to consist in the fact that the cold is concentrated here instead of movable.

I am further attracted by peculiar scuffling and whooping noises from the platform, and passing out again find there has been a new arrival in the person of a happy gentleman in lavender trousers, accompanied by a shiny lady in red velvet. The pair are engaged in a species of Anglo-Highland fling, to which the gentleman, perspiring freely, chants a kind of hymn to the effect that,

"Whatever may come
(Chi idleum dum)
We'll merrily sing
God save the KING:—

Chi idleum dike chi idleum dike chi idleum
dike chi ay."

The lady contents herself with joining in the last line, which is obviously regarded by both as the most important part of the declaration. It is at this stage that they link arms, duck their heads madly, and stamp round in a circle. In the course of this latter part of the figure the gentleman cannons violently into the disagreeable man with side-whiskers, nearly throwing him on to the line. Side-Whiskers grabs his hat and recovers his balance.

"Steady, ole man," remarks the other cheerfully, "y' nearly 'ad me over. Come on, TILLY. Chi idleum dike chi idleum dike."

Side-Whiskers splutters wildly.

"What the—conf—d——!" he observes eventually, but the pair have resumed their dance with no abatement of spirit. Side-Whiskers diverts his wrath on to the youthful official.

"When's this train coming?" he demands savagely. "Of all the scandalous mismanagement I ever—I—I shall go by cab next time. I—I don't care if it costs me half-a-sovereign!"

The youthful official is on the whole, I should think, glad to hear it. Meanwhile the jovial pair have abandoned Terpsichore for the superior diversion of playing hide-and-seek round the outside of the waiting-room. In course of time the shiny lady appears among us, bubbling insanely, and noticing Side-Whiskers, who is truculently scanning a time-table board, conceals herself behind his back. Soon her swain appears, spies his quarry, and makes for her with roars of delight. The lady dodges between Side-Whiskers and the time-table, and the swain following her, a chase ensues round and round that spluttering citizen, who has been suddenly aroused to an understanding of his own function in the game.

"Confound you—what the—get away!" he gasps irately, spinning round on his axis, "hi you! woman!"

Her swain suddenly pauses.

"Orl right ole man, no 'arm done," he observes easily. "Ave a glass o' something?"

"No," returns Side-Whiskers shortly.

"Oh—beg yer pawdon," says the swain. "Teetoraller? Then 'ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

Side-Whiskers makes no answer.

"Go on yer dirty-tempered brute," observes the lady shrilly; "no one ain't done you no 'arm, 'ave they?"

"You leave 'im alone, TILLY," says her swain cheerily. "'E's orl right 'e is. We're seein' it in, mister, that's

orl. Noo Year's time. 'Ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

Side-Whiskers, very red in the face, turns on his heel.

"Worro mister," urges the swain, following him round, "don't go gettin' the pahder alight abaht it. We ain't no 'arm. We're enjoyin' of ourselves."

"Don't yer want no one else t' enjoy themselves?" demands the lady with hostility.—"Ole Kroojer-Whiskers?"

"'E's orl right, TILLY," resumes the swain, "I'm explainin' of it to 'im. Tell yer wot it is. I'm an Englishman. Noo Year's time I enjoy myself—like a man."

"Disagreeable tyke," puts in the lady. "You ought t' 'ave whiskers you did."

"Like a man," repeats her swain; "that's wot I do."

He pauses, meditating darkly.

"I ain't no bloomin' Anarchist," he adds with feeling.

"Whiskers," continues the lady, "like a—like a great——"

The lady is obviously in difficulties for a simile, but eventually concludes triumphantly with "drummerderry."

"I ain't no bloomin' Anarchist," repeats the swain with pride. "I see it in—like a man. 'Ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

"I wouldn't 'ave whiskers like a drummerderry," declares the lady with conviction.

"You leave 'is whiskers alone, TILLY," says her swain, "they ain't doin' you no 'arm. 'E's orl right 'e is. 'E's enjoyin' of 'imself. Like a man. No Anarchists 'ere. 'Ave a borrelergingerbeer?"

At this stage of the dialogue the youthful official approaching the indicator confidently forecasts the Rishall train, adds the same loose oral interpretation as before, and is forthwith put to confusion by the arrival of a train indisputably marked Dumbleham. Side-Whiskers, still bristling with indignation, enters a first-class carriage. The convivial pair frolic down to the third-class end, where they suddenly link hands and begin to sing, and are eventually hustled into the train at the last moment by the guard, loudly asserting their intention of taking a right gude willie-waught for auld lang syne.

The train streams out and we are left shivering on the platform, which seems suddenly colder and bleaker than before. Even the Temperance Bar has been closed for the night by the pale young lady, who has put on her hat and jacket and is departing briskly up the steps. At the top I hear her exchange a remark with the ticket-collector. I look at the clock and find that the New Year has begun.



BEFORE THE ICE WILL BEAR.

A Mid-Winter Day's Dream.



TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—No. 1.

Tommy (popping in and out of formidable-looking brook, which has stopped a number of the field). "FORWARD ON! FORWARD ON! DIDN'T YOU KNOW IT'S ONLY A FOOT DEEP!"

TO WILLIAM (WHOM WE HAVE MISSED).

BRIGHT are the days which the Fates hold in store for us,
BUFFALO BILL, you are with us at last.

Magical name! What a joy it once bore for us!

How it recalls all the tales of the past,
Some that we read of in prose or in verse,
Others, perhaps, which we heard from our nurse.

Tales of the days when to rob and assassinate
Filled the poor Indian with exquisite glee,
Formed an amusement which ne'er ceased to fascinate,
Set up his health like a week by the sea.
Nothing could hinder his playful proclivities,
Till *you* looked in on the genial festivities.

Then, as a pigeon attempts to fly from a hawk,
Hastily winging its way through the blue,
So did the reveller, dropping his tomahawk,
Flee at the sight, Colonel CODY, of you.
Glancing behind with uneasiness palpable,
Feeling his, too, was a head that was scalpable.

And, at the speed at which lovers, who pant, elope,
You, with a look both determined and grim,
Covered the ground like an ostrich or antelope,
Thoroughly bent upon collaring him.
That was the duty you owed the community,
Not to allow him to raid with impunity.

Once I considered these tales of your quality
Nought but a beautiful, wonderful myth,
Scorned to believe that you were, in reality,
Merely a mortal like BROWN, JONES, and SMITH.
Briefly, I classed you with ORSON's friend VALENTINE,
ROBINSON CRUSOE, and heroes of BALLANTYNE.

Now that the years have brought hairs that are silvery,
Ills that are painful, and views that are fresh,
Only in one thing unchanged, I am still very
Anxious to look upon you in the flesh.
Last time I saw you not (owing to gout) at all.
SQUILLS would not hear of my venturing out at all.

WILLIAM, I'm loth to examine futurity,
Speak as a prophet regarding your show,
Say if the pageant is doomed to obscurity,
Or, on the contrary, if it will "go,"
Whether 'twill charm or displease, when we view it, us.
Accurate forecasts are very fortuitous.

Still, when your ochred and plume-covered savages
Make preparations for raising the hair,
And when your Cowboys are stemming their ravages,
I, it may please you to know, shall be there.
One, if no more, of the thousands who pen you in
Looks on your feats with a pleasure that's genuine.



HIS LAST APPEARANCE.



Fitzfoozle (a beginner, who is "teaching" a lady on the men's links, and loses a club). "PARDON ME, SIR. HAVE YOU SEEN A LADY'S CLUB ANYWHERE?"

Admiral Peppercorn (very irate at being delayed, wishes ladies would play on their own course). "NO, SIR; BUT THERE'S A GOOSE CLUB AT THE 'PIG AND WHISTLE,' I BELIEVE. TRY THAT!"

THE DREAM.

WITH mellow, long, deliberate stroke
Great Tom the midnight silence broke,
And straightway with amœbic clang
The hundred bells of Oxford rang
A merry welcome, blithe and clear,
To usher in the new-born year.
I sat with sported oak—heigho!
How many, many years ago!—
And snoozing in my great arm-chair
With nodding HOMER nodded there.
Scarce had I sunk in slumber deep,
Scarce were my loosened limbs asleep,
When, daring *Mrs. Grundy's* frown,
And Vice, austere in cap and gown,
And all the Academic law,
Two maidens entered. One I saw
Was sad and solemn, and I caught
On her pale brow the cast of thought.
Her mien was noble; from her eyes
A great soul shone, APOLLO-wise,
Irradiating all her face
With some sweet, subtle, nameless
grace.

In gorgeous raiment, gaily slashed
With cloth of gold, the other flashed.
Bright diamonds glittered in her hair,
And on her breast were diamonds
rare.

So gay her garb, so strong the light
That sparkled from those facets bright,
So rich and wonderful the lace
I had no thought to mark her face.
She stood beside me. "Follow me,
And fortune shall be thine," said she.
"For I am Trade, and in my hands
Is all the wealth of all the lands.
Fair palaces and gardens gay
To whom I love I give away,
With acres spreading broad; a stud
Of thorough-breds of purest blood,
And flunkies waiting in the hall
To do their master's bidding—all
That heart of man can want. Be mine,
And great possessions shall be thine."

Then spake the second: "I am Art:
On other things I set my heart:
I strive to win another goal;
She loves the body, I the soul.
With me thou shalt not, lord-like, fare
On dainty meats and vintage rare;
Of things like this thy thoughts are few
When it is given to pursue
The Good, the Beautiful, the True.
Ennobling aims, ideals high,
These shall be thine!"

"Enough!" said I,
"The richer, though the poorer, part
I choose me. I am thine, O Art."

To-night again, with sported oak,
I sit in Garden Court and smoke
Beside my dying fire, and hear
Big Ben boom in another year,
While endless bells take up the
tale,
And bid the new-born infant hail.
Upon my knee a sheet lies fair—
For weeks it has been lying there
In faith and patient expectation
Awaiting Art and inspiration.
But she is fickle; she delights
To win herself new proselytes,
The while she leaves me to my
fate—

The terrors of an empty pate.

O mistress mine, when I reflect
How Trade her minions doth protect,
How King of Corpus drives his pair,
And owns a mansion in Mayfair,
How JONES of Jesus entertains
The peerage on the best champagnes,
(Though KING and JONES were utter
fools,

And scarcely scrambled through their
schools)—

How can I but regret the part
I chose in choosing you, O Art,
Upon that New Year's Eve—heigho,
How many, many years ago!



THE TABLES TURNED.

Fair Girl (on sofa, to her neighbour during New Year's Eve Festivity). "How DELIGHTFUL IT MUST BE FOR YOU, MRS. FEATHERSTONE, TO HEAR ALL THE DEAR PROFESSOR'S LECTURES!"
Mrs. Featherstone. "Oh, I NEVER HEAR HIS LECTURES. BUT HE'LL HAVE TO HEAR ONE OF MINE TO-NIGHT!"



BERNARD PARTRIDGE

IT was daybreak at Delhi, and the domes and minarets of the capital of the Moguls were flushed with auroral splendours. The vast amphitheatre of the Coronation Durbar, soon to be thronged with busy workmen hastening the great work, was deserted save for a solitary figure, rotund with the graceful curves of eternal juvenility and mounted on a coal-black elephant.

Need it be said that it was Mr. PUNCH, who, true to his character of universal supervisor, was taking a final look round at the preparations for the great *tamasha*.

The city of tents lay silent beneath the amber glow of the newly risen sun as Mr. PUNCH passed to the parade ground. Suddenly he became aware of the approach of a magnificent white elephant, bearing on its back a sumptuously caparisoned howdah, from the recesses of which peered the bright eyes of the ever vigilant VICEROY, who also was upon a mission of matutinal surveillance.

"Mr. PUNCH, I presume?" observed the exalted personage.

"Howdah do, your Excellency?" replied the Potentate, condescending to a verbal pleasantry. "I thought to find no one here, but *les beaux esprits se rencontrent*. I hope I see you well."

"You do," responded Lord CURZON. "Nothing has occurred so far to impair my imperdurbability. Excuse me; but your example is infectious." The Sage condoned the indiscretion with a gracious nod, and the VICEROY continued, "The absence of Mr. W. S. CAINE, M.P., is a surprise, but we submit to it with resignation. Everything has been done, humanly speaking, to render the function a conspicuous success. The elephants, in Lord KITCHENER'S phrase, are splendid. The sunshades are like Ascot. It is giving India a great leg-up, I can assure you. And time too; the world's eye has been upon Africa far too long."

The Sage acquiesced.

"And how are they getting on in England, Mr. PUNCH; for 'what can we know of England who only India know?'"

"Well, Sir, I don't think you have missed so very much. We are getting more and more cosmopolitan at home. Literature monopolised by the Boer Generals. Foreign policy dictated by the Germans. London undermined by Mr. YERKES."

"But surely Oxford stands where it did?"

"For the present. But, to quote our old friend GALILEO, it moves. The colonists and Americans are upon it, the RHODES scholars draw nearer every minute."

"Well, speaking as a Fellow of All Souls, I have no tremors as to the result. But you have not finished your report of home news yet."

"No," said Mr. PUNCH. "There remain three great events—three good things to look back upon: the Peace, the KING's recovery, and his Coronation."

"And now," added Lord CURZON, "India has an Emperor of her own for the first time."

"Well, she deserves it," replied Mr. PUNCH with enthusiasm. "We owe a great deal to India, and I am sure you could suggest many other ways in which we could profit by her example."

"True," replied the VICEROY. "What we have done for English cricket needs no commendation of mine. But, as you hint, much might yet be profitably borrowed from the East. The elephant, for example, now that horseflesh seems likely to be superseded by petrol. I recommend the suggestion to the Surrey magistrates. I see that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been riding on a cow-catcher. How much more impressive would his progress have been had he been mounted on a cow elephant! Again, why not employ punkahs to ventilate the Tube? If I had not been engaged in my campaign against absentee Rajahs and white Baboos, reorganising the University system, and nursing my new province—the G. N. Chersonese as they call it—I should have reported to the Home Government in favour of some or all of these innovations."

"I fear," said Mr. PUNCH, "that your Excellency is overwhelmed by your multifarious labours."

"Yes," responded the VICEROY, "I am. Formerly I had time to write books; now I have not the leisure even to read them. Still, my life has its alleviations. The burden of office is heavy, but the VICEREINE——"

"Helps," Mr. PUNCH interjected, with a charming smile, "to make it LEITER."

The VICEROY beamed with pleasure. "However," he continued, "when these arduous festivities have been completed, I propose to give myself a holiday, and then I shall take to reading again."

At this juncture Mr. PUNCH slid from his well-trained steed, clapped his hands thrice, and there immediately appeared upon the scene from the Sage's chryselephantine pagoda a thousand ebon slaves bearing a handsome filigree casket, which, with a profound salaam, they deposited at his feet.

"Ah, your Excellency, that reminds me," said Mr. PUNCH, "that I have brought with me a magic gift—the best companion for a busy man who has no time to read ordinary books; the best guide to the exile from England who wishes to know how the old country is faring; the best adviser in all seasons of difficulty and stress; the best tonic for a mind fatigued; the best token of kindness that could pass from Bouverie Street to yourself."

At these words the friendly and intelligent pachyderm extended his trunk, and lifted into the air Mr. PUNCH's

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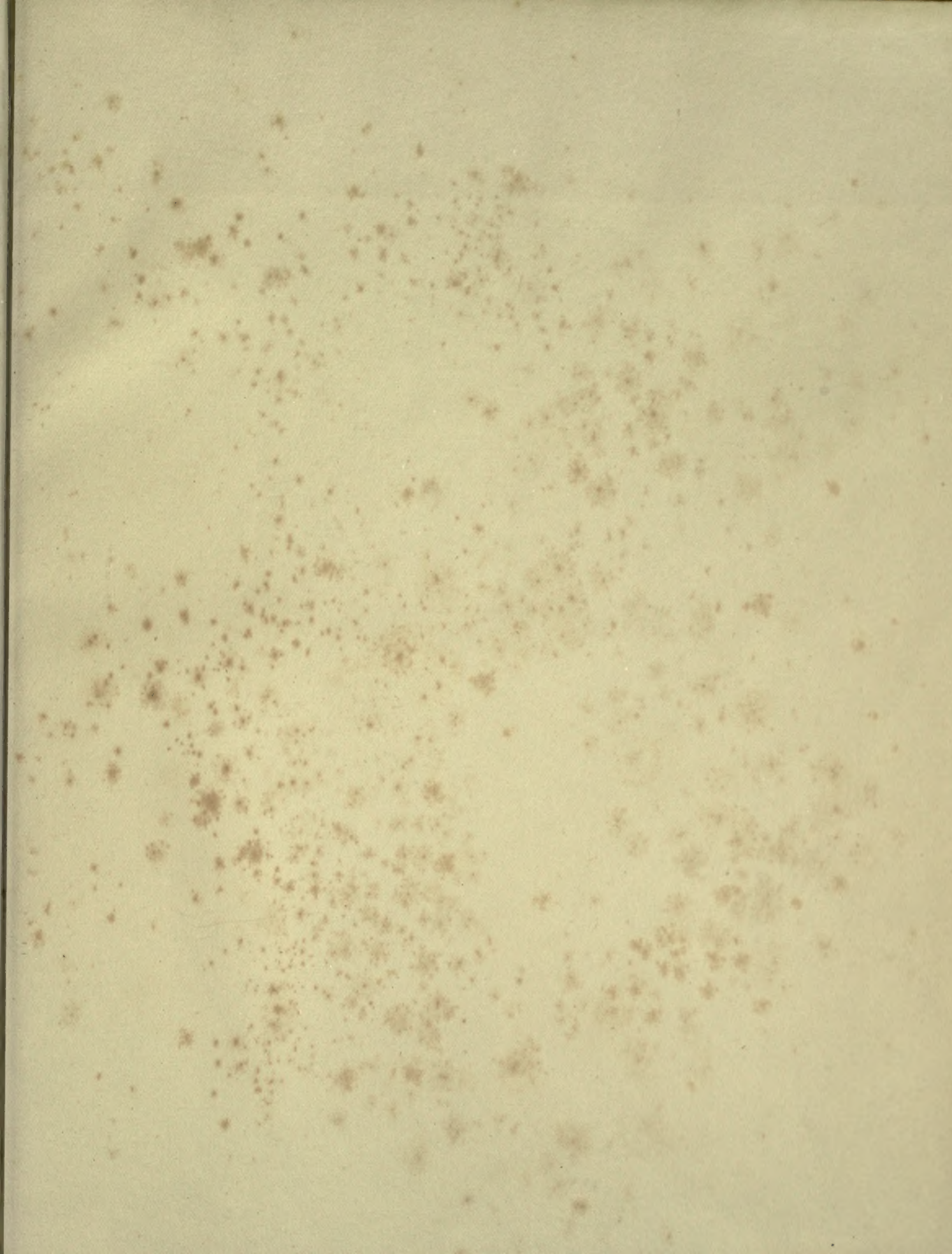
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